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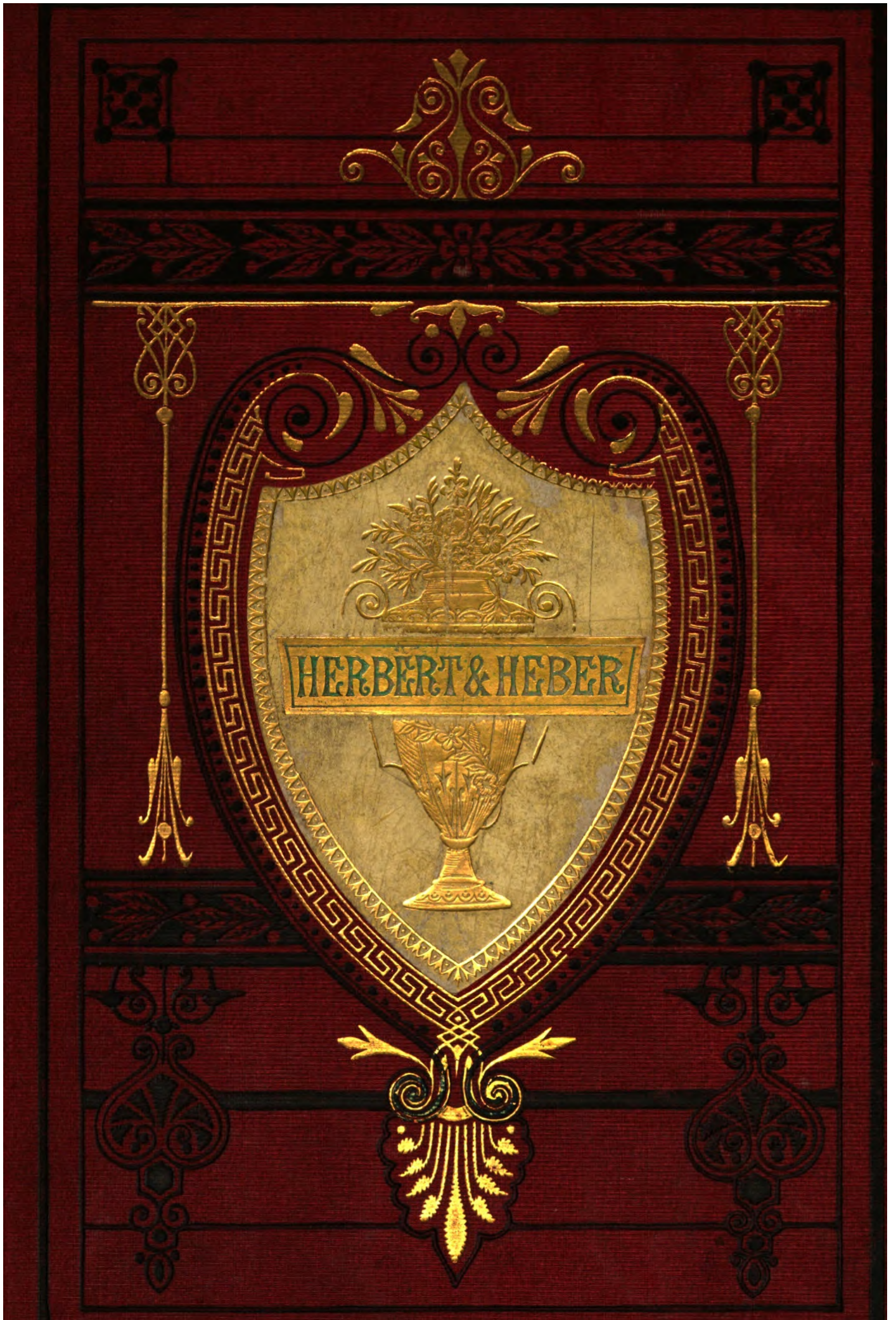
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HERBERT & HEBER

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He takes care that there be not a beggar or
idle person in his parish, but that all be in a
competent way of getting their living.

The Parsons Charity p.199.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE HERBERT
AND
REGINALD HEBER.

WITH MEMOIRS.

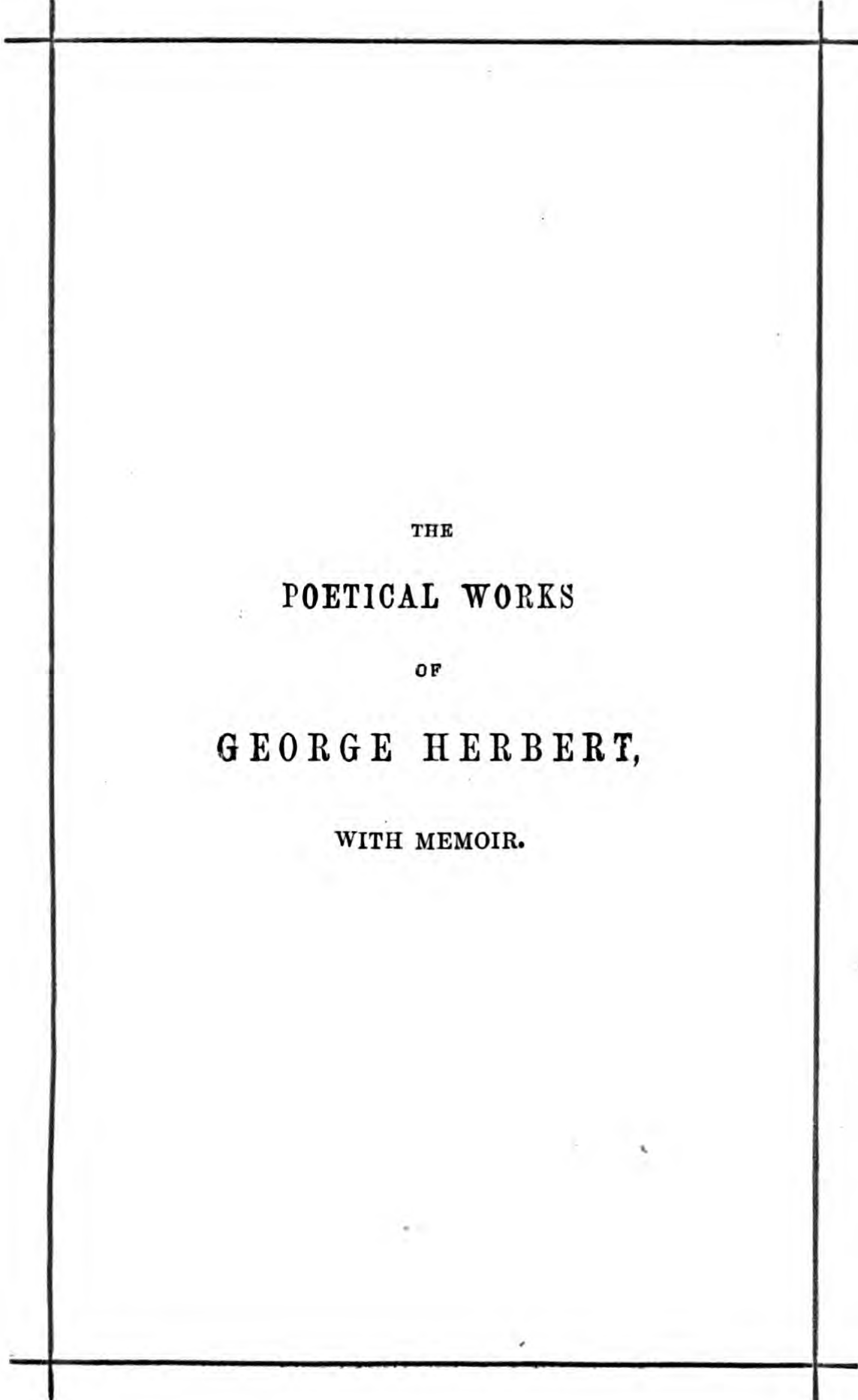
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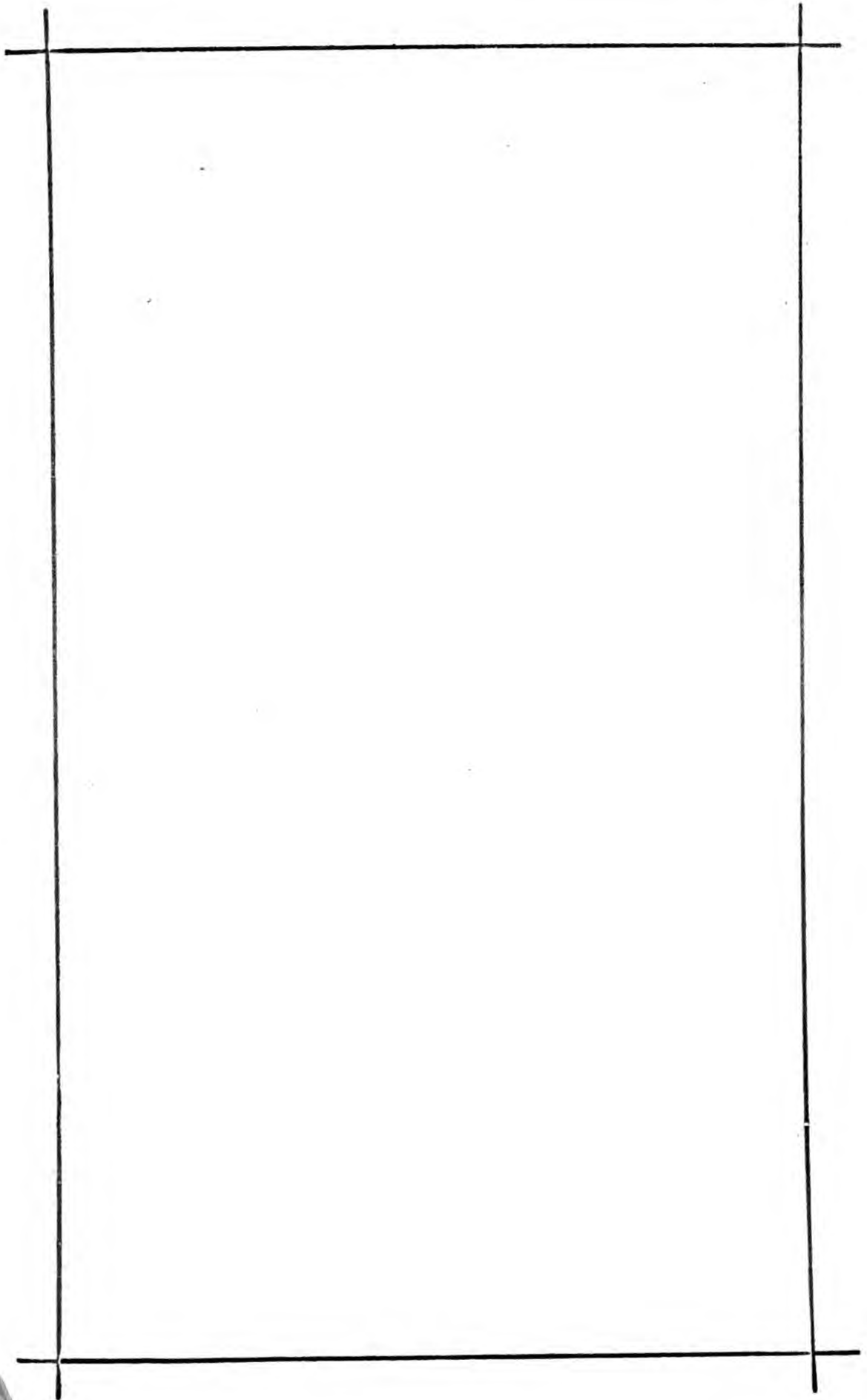
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THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
GEORGE HERBERT,
WITH MEMOIR.



MEMOIR OF GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT was born on the 3d April 1598, at the ancient seat of the family, Montgomery Castle. George was the fifth of seven sons; the eldest, Edward, was ennobled by the first Charles, and is known in history and philosophy as Lord Cherbury, author of "De Veritate prout distinguitur," a *Revelatione*, a work aiming to prove that natural religion is a perfect guide to "the whole duty of man." The father of George Herbert dying when he was but four years of age, the discipline and education of the child henceforth specially devolved upon his mother, a woman celebrated at once for her beauty and her worth, who devoted herself with the most zealous care to the godly upbringing of her family. At the age of twelve, George passed from beneath the maternal roof to Westminster School, where, under the tuition of the masters of that institution, he shone no less in wit than wisdom. His classical attainments, especially in Greek, secured his election, at the early age of fifteen, to Trinity College, Cambridge. George had already given earnest of the tendency of his mind to his pious mother; but knowing the snare a university so often proves to the susceptible heart of youth, and anxious that the fair promise should not be withered by the frosts of vice, the good woman recommended him to the special charge of the Master of the College, Dr Nevil, then Dean of Canterbury. The Dean proved to him a second father.

In the first year of his university career, George sent a New Year's gift to his mother; a pious sonnet, accompanied by the assurance of his resolution to consecrate all he was, all he had, to God's glory. Few early vows are so well performed. In 1615 he became a Master of Arts, and in 1619 Orator for the University. In the riot of university life George Herbert had no share. While his fellows were haunting the house of mirth, he communed with the mighty dead, or perchance relaxed severer studies by practising on the lute. Like Milton, Herbert was passionately fond of music. Companions, in the ordinary sense of the term, he had none; save when Dr Nevil sometimes broke in upon his labours, the solitude of his study was rarely ever invaded. The author of the "Temple" lived to regret this early isolation, which, though it kept him pure, severed him from the sympathies of his kind; keeping him shy, reserved, aloof from human life. Some eminent critics have not scrupled to express their dissent from the poet's criticism on the tenor of his young life, expressing their conviction that it was well it was even so. Without disputing that such a life was peculiarly fitted to develop the meditative element in his nature, yet, looking at the special characteristics of Herbert's poetry, he would, we think, have profited by a wider intercourse with the world.

Herbert continued Orator of the University for eight years. During his period of office, our Scottish Solomon, James sent Cambridge one of the effusions of his pedant mind, *Basilicon Doron*. It was Herbert's duty to thank the royal author for his gift. He did so in a style that completely fascinated the monarch, who pronounced him "the jewel of the University." A sinecure of £120 a-year, that Sir Philip Sidney formerly held from Elizabeth, was bestowed on Herbert, as a mark of James's special grace. In the sunshine of royal favour, the holy Herbert felt the stirrings of worldly ambition: he aspired to be a secretary of state. To qualify himself for that position, he set about the study of the modern tongues of the Continent. Wherever the Court

now was, there, says an old biographer, Herbert never failed to come. The king's death, to which may be added the deaths of the Duke of Richmond, the Marquis of Hamilton, and other powerful friends, laid these hopes in the dust. Retiring from London to Kent, after a severe conflict between the kindling taste for court life and the study of theology, Herbert, submissive to his mother's pious wish, devoted himself to the Church. Within a year from the formation of this resolution he took deacon's orders, and in July 1626 was appointed Prebendary of "Layton Ecclesia," in the diocese of Lincoln. Three years after his settlement at Layton he was seized with a "quotidian ague," which, though recovered from by strict attention to dietary arrangements, seemed to have developed the seeds of pulmonary disease. Subsequently, however, he removed to Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, where his health became so completely established that he resolved to take priest's orders and to marry. It had been a long wish of Herbert's mother to see her son thus situated, but death deprived her of the pleasure. She died in 1627.

Charles Danvers had a family of nine daughters. Often had he expressed a desire that Mr Herbert should marry one of them. Jane was the name of the beloved of the family, and it was specially her on whom Danvers desired that the choice of Mr Herbert should fall. The match had been so often talked over to Herbert and Jane, that they already loved, while yet they had not seen each other. After a three days' acquaintance the marriage was consummated. Some marry in a hurry, only to *rue* at leisure; but Herbert's marriage was of the happiest. Old Walton has beautifully said of it, "The eternal lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affection and compliance; indeed, so happy that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it was a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires." Shortly subsequent to this most felicitous union, the rectory of Bemerton was presented to him by the Earl of Pembroke.

On the 26th April 1630, in the thirty-sixth year of his age, he was inducted to its sacred duties. The night of his induction he told his friend Mr Woodmot, that "he was sure to live well, because the virtuous life of a clergyman is the most powerful eloquence to persuade all that see it to reverence and love, and at least to desire to live like him;" adding, "We live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts." The sword and silks of the courtier were now flung aside for the pastoral staff and the canonical coat, and the short term of existence that remained to the holy man was devoted to the earnest and enthusiastic service of his Master. His own beautiful strain will best describe for us this brief day of "Christian life:"—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky."

To pity the distressed and remember the forgotten, was Herbert's chief employment at Bemerton. His preaching was practical, in the best sense of the word. With his soul's soul he strove to be a genuine Christian priest. He was little more than two years in his parish. When he went there he found religion little more than a form—he left it a thing of life. Twice every day he, together with his wife and family, went to prayers. In a short time a large proportion of his parishioners followed his example. "While Mr Herbert's saints' bell rung," the plough was left in mid-furrow, the good man's blessing being deemed more than an equivalent for the rest from toil.

Music was Herbert's principal recreation; the hymns and anthems he composed were set and sung by himself to the lute or viol. Twice every week he walked to Salisbury Cathedral, to enjoy its majestic organ and magnificent choir. Severely simple in his habits, his charity was bounded only by his resources. While the spirit of the "good priest" was thus "meetening for the inheritance of the saints in life," the earthly house was dissolving. That disease of which ague had left the seeds now developed itself with fearful rapidity. Still, though confined to his house, he continued

to conduct the services of the sanctuary, until he became so weak that he was compelled to call in the assistance of a brother clergyman.

Mr Herbert's friends knew him to be in the habit of composing, but no one suspected the existence of "The Temple," until on his deathbed he handed Mr Dunçan a little book, with instructions to deliver it to his dear brother Ferrar. "Tell him," said the dying poet, "he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed between God and my soul, before I could subject mine to the will of Jesus my master, in whose service I have now found perfect freedom. Desire him to read it, and then, if he can think it may turn to the advantage of any dejected poor soul, let it be made public; if not let him burn it, for I and it are less than the least of God's mercies." The inspiration of the "good hope through grace" cheered the last days of Herbert. In the closing hours of life the dreams of his youthful ambition rose before his soul—rose only to give him a glimpse of their nothingness. The Sabbath before his death he called for his lute, and to its strains he composed a portion of his beautiful hymn "Sunday." On his death-day he expressed his sorrow that he had "nothing to present to God but sin and misery; but," said he, "the first is pardoned, and a few hours will put a period to the second." The words "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit!" were the closing aspiration of the sainted son of genius. A few minutes after their faint and feeble utterance, "mortality was swallowed up of life."

From an imperfect conception of the character of this poet of the sanctuary, he has been set down by many as a mere religious recluse, to whom all else than something bordering upon cloister life was unknown. Never was there a greater mistake. His prose and verse alike abound with the maxims of a shrewd common sense. In this respect we trace a considerable resemblance between Herbert and a later religious poet—Cowper. The author of "The Task," like the author of "The Temple," retired from the world, carrying into his

retirement a keenly observant faculty, which seemed only to gather acuteness from being sequestered from the din and bustle of life. The astuteness of the following passages from the Church Porch of "The Temple" is seen at a glance :—

"Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind ; so both are lost thereby."

"The way to make thy son rich is to fill
His mind with rest, before his trunk with riches ;
For wealth without contentment climbs a hill
To feel these tempests which fly over ditches."

"Nothing can need a lie .
A fault which needs it most grows two thereby."

"Spend not on hopes."

These gems, culled at random from a few pages of Herbert's poetry, show the richness of the treasure to which the reader's attention is invited. Sometimes the mould in which the poetry is cast—the dress of the thought—may seem a little antiquated. But if the outward form appear on occasion mean, the meanness reaches no further : all is glorious within. With this conviction we invite attention to these works of sacred art, which, though in recent years receiving more attention than in times long past, have, we are persuaded, never obtained that place in the family circle and Christian household their pre-eminent merit so well entitle them to occupy.

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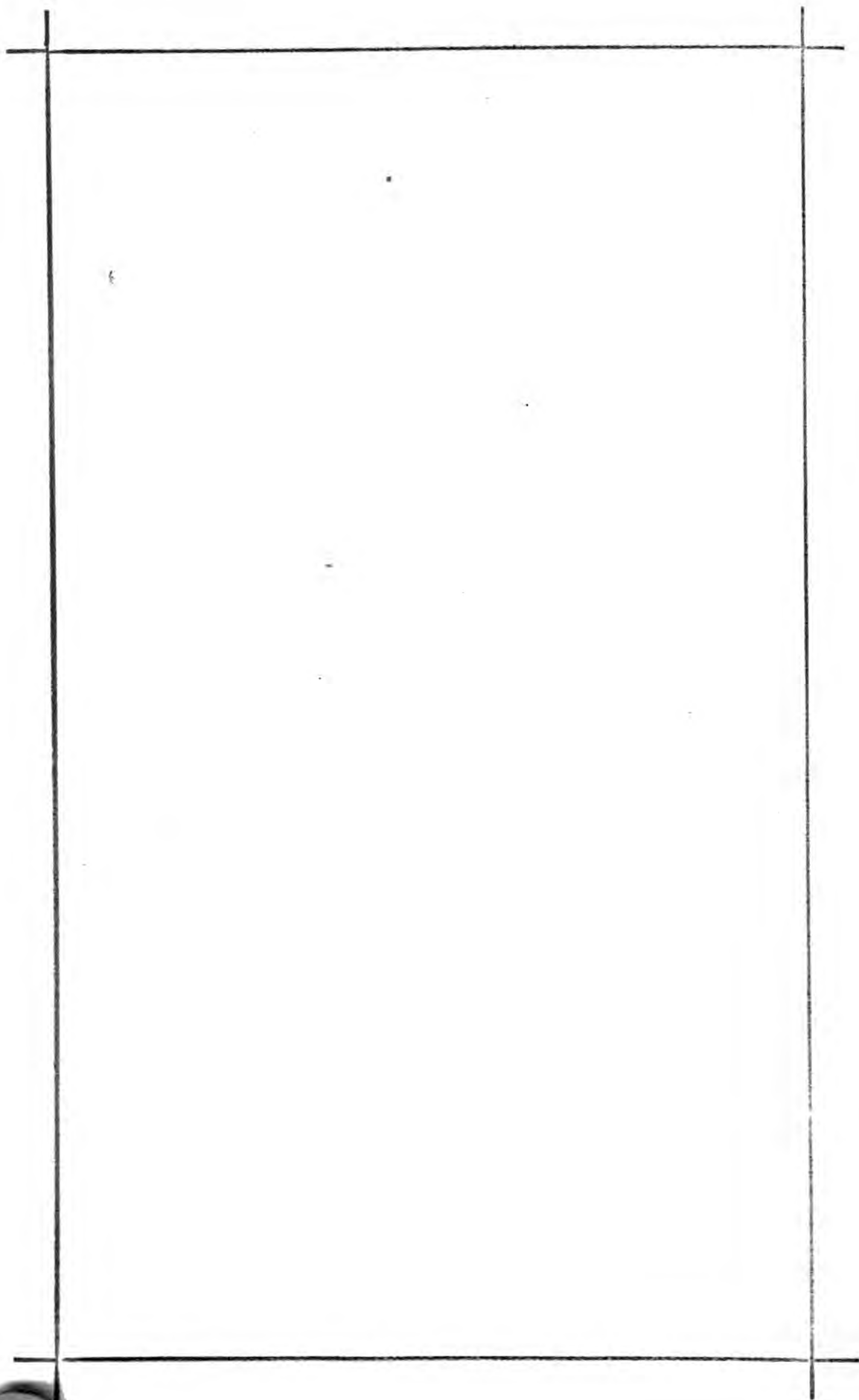
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THE TEMPLE.



I. THE TEMPLE.

THE DEDICATION.

*Lord, my first fruits present themselves to thee
Yet not mine neither: for from thee they came,
And must return. Accept of them and me,
And make us strive, who shall sing best thy name.
Turn their eyes hither, who shall make a gain;
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.*

THE CHURCH-PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

THOU, whose sweet youth and early hopes inhance
Thy rate and price, and mark thee for a treasure,
Hearken unto a Verser, who may chance
Ryme thee to good, and make a bait of pleasure :
A verse may finde him who a sermon flies,
And turn delight into a sacrifice.

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
Whom God in baptisme washt with his own blood :
It blots thy lesson written in thy soul ;
The holy lines cannot be understood.
How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
Much lesse towards God, whose lust is all their book !

Abstain wholly, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
Allows thee choise of paths : take no by-wayes ;
But gladly welcome what he doth afford ;
Not grudging, that thy lust hath bounds and staies.
Continnence hath his joy : weigh both ; and so
If rottennesse have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
 Man would have been th' incloser : but since now
 God hath impal'd us, on the contrarie
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
 O what were man, might he himself misplace !
 Sure to be crosse he would shift feet and face.

Drink not the third glasse, which thou canst not tame,
 When once it is within thee ; but before
 Mayst rule it, as thou list : and poure the shame,
 Which it would poure on thee, upon the floore.
 It is most just to throw that on the ground,
 Which would throw me there, if I keep the round.

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
 Bigge with his sister : he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlaw'd by himself : all kinde of ill
 Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
 The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth devest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung minde,
 Lose all mine own? God hath giv'n me a measure
 Short of his canne, and bodie ; must I finde
 A pain in that, wherein he findes a pleasure ?
 Stay at the third glasse : if thou lose thy hold,
 Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not Gallants, quit the room ;
 (All in a shipwrack shift their severall way)
 Let not a common ruine thee intombe:
 Be not a beast in courtesie, but stay,
 Stay at the third cup, or forego the place.
 Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sinne in wine or wantonnesse,
 Boast not thereof ; nor make thy shame thy glorie.
 Frailtie gets pardon by submissivenesse ;
 But he that boasts, shuts that out of his storie :
 He makes flat warre with God, and doth defie
 With his poore clod of earth the spacious sky.

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

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

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

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

Flie idlenesse, which yet thou canst not flie
By dressing, mistressing, and complement.
If those take up thy day, the sunne will crie
Against thee ; for his light was onely lent.
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

Art thou a Magistrate ? then be severe :
If studious ; copie fair what time hath blurr'd ;
Redeem truth from his jawes : if souldier,
Chase brave employments with a naked sword

Throughout the world. Fool not ; for all may have,
If they dare try, a glorious life, or grave.

O England ! full of sinne, but most of sloth ;
Spit out thy flegme, and fill thy breast with glorie :
Thy Gentrie bleats, as if thy native cloth
Transfus'd a sheepishnesse into thy storie :
Not that they all are so ; but that the most
Are gone to grasse, and in the pasture lost.

This losse springs chiefly from our education.
Some till their ground, but let weeds choke their sonne :
Some mark a partridge, never their childe's fashion :
Some ship them over, and the thing is done.
Studie this art, make it thy great designe ;
And if God's image move thee not, let thine.

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mast'ring minde ; so both are lost thereby :
Or els they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave : this is flat povertie.
For he, that needs five thousand pounds to live
Is full as poore as he, that needs but five.

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

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

Doe all things like a man, not sneakingly :
Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.

Simpring is but a lay-hypocrisie :
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill, sets himself to task :
Who fears to do well, sure should wear a mask.

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

Slight those who say amidst their sickly healths,
Thou liv'st by rule. What doth not so, but man ?
Houses are built by rule, and common-wealths.
Entice the trusty sunne, if that you can,
From his Ecliptick line ; becken the skie.
Who lives by rule then, keeps good companie.

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

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

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

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Ev'n with the yeare: but age, if it will hit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

Thy children, kindred, friends upon thee call;
Before thy journey fairly part with all.

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

What skills it, if a bag of stones or gold
About thy neck do drown thee? raise thy head;
Take starres for money; starres not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchased.

None is so wastefull as the scraping dame:
She loseth three for one; her soul, rest, fame.

By no means runne in debt; take thine own measure.
Who cannot live on twentie pound a yeare,
Cannot on fourtie: he's a man of pleasure,
A kinde of thing that's for itself too deere.

The curious unthrift makes his cloth too wide,
And spares himself, but would his taylor chide.

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

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

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

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

Play not for gain, but sport. Who playes for more,
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart :
Perhaps his wives too, and whom she hath bore :
Servants and churches also play their part.
Onely a herauld, who that way doth passe,
Findes his crackt name at length in the church-glasse.

If yet thou love game at so deere a rate,
Learn this, that hath old gamesters deerely cost :
Dost lose ? rise up : dost winne ? rise in that state.
Who strive to sit out losing hands, are lost.
Game is a civil gunpowder, in peace
Blowing up houses with their whole increase.

In conversation boldnesse now bears sway.
But know, that nothing can so foolish be,
As empty boldnesse : therefore first assay
To stufte thy mind with solid braverie ;
Then march on gallant : get substantiall worth
Boldnesse guilds finely, and will set it forth.

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

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

If that thy fame with ev'ry toy be pos'd,
'Tis a thinne web, which poysonous fancies make ;

But the great souldiers honour was compos'd
 Of thicker stuffe, which would endure a shake.
 Wisdome picks friends ; civilitie playes the rest.
 A toy shunn'd cleanly passeth with the best.

Laugh not too much : the wittie man laughs least :
 For wit is newes only to ignorance.
 Lesse at thine own things laugh ; lest in the jest
 Thy person share, and the conceit advance.
 Make not thy sport, abuses : for the fly,
 That feeds on dung, is coloured thereby.

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
 Profanenesse, filthinesse, abusivenesse.
 These are the scumme, with which course wits abound ;
 The fine may spare these well, yet not go lesse.
 All things are bigge with jest : nothing that's plain
 But may be wittie, if thou hast the vein.

Wit's an unruly engine, wildly striking
 Sometimes a friend, sometimes the engineer :
 Hast thou the knack ? pamper it not with liking :
 But if thou want it, buy it not too deere.
 Many affecting wit beyond their power,
 Have got to be a deare fool for an houre.

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion,
 That leads the van, and swallows up the cities.
 The gigler is a milk-maid, whom infection,
 Or a fir'd beaçon frighteth from his ditties.
 Then he's the sport: the mirth then in him rests,
 And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldnesse :
 That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
 Nothing from thine : in service, care, or coldnesse
 Doth ratably thy fortunes marre or make.
 Feed no man in his sinnes : for adulation
 Doth make thee parcell-devil in damnation.

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

When basenesse is exalted, do not bate
 The place its honour, for the person's sake.
 The shrine is that which thou dost venerate;
 And not the beast, that bears it on his back.
 I care not though the cloth of state should be
 Not of rich arras, but mean tapestrie.

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

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

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

In thy discourse, if thou desire to please:
 All such is courteous, useful, new, or wittie:
 Usefulness comes by labour, wit by ease;
 Courtesie grows in court; news in the citie.

Get a good stock of these, then draw the card ;
That suites him best, of whom thy speech is heard.

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

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

Be calm in arguing : for fiercenesse makes
Errour a fault and truth discourtesie.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses or povertie ?
In love I should : but anger is not love,
Nor wisdome neither ; therefore gently move.

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

Mark what another sayes : for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equall care
Ballance each dramme of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both,
Share in the conquest, and confesse a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want, and wish thy pleasing presence still.

Kindnesse, good parts, great places are the way
 To compasse this. Finde out men's wants and will,
 And meet them there. All worldly joyes go lesse
 To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Pitch thy behaviour low, thy projects high ;
 So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be :
 Sink not in spirit: who aimeth at the sky
 Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
 A grain of glorie mixt with humblenesse
 Cures both a fever and lethargicknesse.

Let thy minde still be bent, still plotting where,
 And when, and how the businesse may be done.
 Slacknesse breeds worms ; but the sure traveller,
 Though he alight sometimes, still goeth on.
 Active and stirring spirits live alone
 Write on the others, Here lies such a one.

Slight not the smallest losse, whether it be
 In love or honour ; take account of all :
 Shine like the sunne in every corner : see
 Whether thy stock of credit swell, or fall.
 Who say, I care not, those I give for lost ;
 And to instruct them, 'twill not quit the cost.

Scorn no man's love, though of a mean degree
 (Love is a present for a mightie king,)
 Much lesse make any one thine enemy.
 As gunnes destroy, so may a little sling.
 The cunning workman never doth refuse
 The meanest tool, that he may chance to use.

All forrain wisdom doth amount to this,
 To take all that is given ; whether wealth,
 Or love, or language ; nothing comes amisse :
 A good digestion turneth all to health :
 And then as farre as fair behaviour may,
 Strike off all scores ; none are so cleare as they

Keep all thy native good, and naturalize
 All forrain of that name ; but scorn their ill :
 Embrace their activenessse, not vanities.
 Who follows all things, forfeiteth his will.
 If thou observest strangers in each fit,
 In time they'l runne thee out of all thy wit.

Affect in things about thee cleanlinessse,
 That all may gladly board thee, as a flowre.
 Slovens take up their stock of noisomenesse
 Beforehand, and anticipate their last houre.
 Let thy mindes sweetness have his operation
 Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In Almes regard thy means, and others merit.
 Think heav'n a better bargain, then to give
 Onely thy single market-money for it.
 Joyn hands with God to make a man to live.
 Give to all something ; to a good poore man,
 Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poore man is
 Christ's stamp to boot : both images regard.
 God reckons for him, counts the favour his :
 Write, So much giv'n to God ; thou shalt be heard.
 Let thy almes go before, and keep heav'n's gate
 Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

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

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

Thwart not th' Almighty God : O be not crosse.
Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis gain, not losse.

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

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

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

In time of service seal up both thine eies,
And send them to thine heart ; that spying sinne,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doores being shut, all by the eare comes in.
Who marks in church-time other symmetrie,
Makes all their beautie his deformitie.

Let vain or busie thoughts have there no part :
Bring not thy plough, thy plots, thy pleasures thither.
Christ purg'd his temple ; so must thou thy heart.
All worldly thoughts are but theeves met together
To couzin thee. Look to thy actions well ;
For churches either are our heav'n or hell.

Judge not the preacher ; for he is thy Judge :
If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st him not.

God calleth preaching folly. Do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speaks something good: if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

He that gets patience, and the blessing which
 Preachers conclude with, hath not lost his pains.
 He that by being at church escapes the ditch,
 Which he might fall in by companions, gains.
 He that loves God's abode, and to combine
 With saints on earth, shall one day with them shine.

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

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

Summe up at night, what thou hast done by day;
 And in the morning, what thou hast to do.
 Dresse and undresse thy soul: mark the decay
 And growth of it: if with thy watch, that too
 Be down, then winde up both, since we shall be
 Most surely judg'd, make thy accounts agree.

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

 THE CHURCH.

SUPERLIMINARE.

Thou, whom the former precepts have
 Sprinkled and taught, how to behave
 Thy self in church ; approach, and taste
 The churches mysticall repast.

Avoid profanenesse ; come not here :
 Nothing but holy, pure, and cleare,
 Or that which groneth to be so,
 May at his perill further go.

 THE ALTAR.

A broken ALTAR, Lord, thy servant reares,
 Made of a heart, and cemented with teares :
 Whose parts are as thy hand did frame ;
 No workman's tool hath touch'd the same.

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

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

Arise, arise ; they come. Look how they runne !
Alas ! what haste they make to be undone !
How with their lanterns do they seek the sunne !
Was ever grief like mine ?

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

Judas, dost thou betray me with a kisse ?
Canst thou finde hell about my lips ? and misse
Of life, just at the gates of life and blisse ?
Was ever grief like mine ?

See, they lay hold on me, not with the hands
Of faith, but furie ; yet at their commands
I suffer binding, who have loos'd their bands :
Was ever grief like mine ?

All my Disciples flie ; fear puts a barre
Betwixt my friends and me. They leave the starre,
That brought the wise men of the East from farre :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then from one ruler to another bound
They leade me : urging, that it was not found
What I taught : Comments would the text confound.
Was ever grief like mine ?

The Priests and rulers all false witnessse seek
'Gainst him, who seeks not life, but is the meek
And readie Paschal Lambe of this great week :
Was ever grief like mine ?

Then they accuse me of great blasphemie,
That I did thrust into the Deitie,
Who never thought that any robberie :
Was ever grief like mine ?

In healing not myself, there doth consist
 All that salvation, which ye now resist ;
 Your safetie in my sicknesse doth subsist :

Was ever grief like mine ?

Betwixt two theeves I spend my utmost breath.
 As he that for some robbie suffereth,
 Alas ! what have I stollen from you ? death :

Was ever grief like mine ?

A king my title is, prefixt on high ;
 Yet by my subjects am condemn'd to die
 A servile death in servile companie :

Was ever grief like mine ?

They gave me vineger mingled with gall,
 But more with malice : yet, when they did call,
 With manna, angel's food, I fed them all :

Was ever grief like mine ?

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

Was ever grief like mine ?

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

Was ever grief like mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finished.
 My wo, man's weal : and now I bow my head :
 Onely let others say, when I am dead,
 Never was grief like mine !

THE THANKSGIVING.

Oh King of grief ! (a title strange, yet true,
 To thee of all kings onely due)
 Oh King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me ?
 Shall I weep bloud ? why, thou hast wept such store,
 That all thy body was one doore.

Shall I be scourged, flouted, boxed, sold?
 'Tis but to tell the tale is told.
My God, my God, why dost thou part from me?
 Was such a grief as cannot be.
 Shall I then sing, skipping, thy dolefull storie,
 And side with thy triumphant glorie?
 Shall thy strokes be my stroking? thorns, my flower?
 Thy rod, my posie? crosse, my bower?
 But how then shall I imitate thee, and
 Copie thy fair, though bloudie hand?
 Surely I will revenge me on thy love,
 And trie who shall victorious prove.
 If thou dost give me wealth; I will restore
 All back unto thee by the poore.
 If thou dost give me honour; men shall see,
 The honour doth belong to thee.
 I will not marry; or, if she be mine,
 She and her children shall be thine.
 My bosom friende, if he blaspheme thy name,
 I will tear thence his love and fame.
 One half of me being gone, the rest I give
 Unto some Chapell, die or live.
 As for thy passion—But of that anon,
 When with the other I have done.
 For thy predestination, I'll contrive,
 That three years hence, if I survive,
 I'll build a spittle, or mend common wayes,
 But mend mine own without delays.
 Then I will use the works of thy creation,
 As if I us'd them but for fashion.
 The world and I will quarrell; and the yeare
 Shall not perceive, that I am here.
 My musick shall finde thee, and ev'ry string
 Shall have his attribute to sing;
 That all together may accord in thee,
 And prove one God, one harmonie.
 If thou shalt give me wit, it shall appeare,
 If thou hast given it me, 'tis here.

Nay, I will reade thy booke, and never move
 Till I have found therein thy love ;
 Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on thee,
 Oh my dear Saviour, Victorie !
 Then for thy passion—I will do for that—
 Alas, my God, I know not what.

THE REPRISALL.

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

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

Ah ! was it not enough that thou
 By thy eternall glorie didst outgo me ?
 Couldst thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
 But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

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

THE AGONIE.

PHILOSOPHERS have measur'd mountains,
 Fathom'd the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
 Walk'd with a staffe to heav'n, and traced fountains :
 But there are two vast, spacious things,
 The which to measure it doth more behove :
 Yet few there are that found them ; Sinne and Love.

Who would know Sinne, let him repair
 Unto mount Olivet ; there shall he see
 A man so wrung with pains, that all his hair,
 His skinne, his garments bloudie be.
 Sinne is that presse and vice, which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruell food through ev'ry vein.

Who knows not Love, let him assay,
 And taste that juice, which on the crosse a pike
 Did set again abroach ; then let him say
 If ever he did taste the like.
 Love in that liquour sweet and most divine,
 Which my God feels as bloud ; but I, as wine.

THE SINNER.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
 What I have treasured in my memorie !
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to thee.
 I finde there quarries of pil'd vanities,
 But shreds of holinesse, that dare not venture
 To shew their face, since crosse to thy decrees :
 There the circumference earth is, heav'n the centre.
 In so much dregs the quintessence is small :
 The spirit and good extract of my heart
 Comes to about the many hundreth part.
 Yet, Lord, restore thine image, heare my call :
 And though my hard heart scarce to thee can grone,
 Remember that thou once didst write in stone.

GOOD FRIDAY.

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

Shall I thy woes
 Number according to thy foes ?
 Or, since one starre shew'd thy first breath,
 Shall all thy death ?

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

Then let each houre
 Of my whole life one grief devoure ;
 That thy distresse through all may runne,
 And be my sunne.

Or rather let
 My severall sinnes their sorrows get ;
 That as each beast his cure doth know,
 Each sinne may so.

Since bloud is fittest, Lord, to write
 Thy sorrows in, and bloudie fight ;
 My heart hath store ; write there, where in
 One box doth lie both ink and sinne :

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

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

REDEMPTION.

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

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

I straight return'd, and knowing his great birth,
 Sought him accordingly in great resorts ;
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts :
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of theeves and murderers : there I him espied,
 Who straight, *Your suit is granted*, said, and died.

SEPULCHRE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

EASTER WINGS.

LoRD, who createdst man in wealth and store,
 Though foolishly he lost the same,
 Decaying more and more,
 Till he became
 Most poor:
 With thee
 O let me rise
 As larks, harmoniously,
 And sing this day thy victories
 Then shall the fall further the flight in me.

My tender age in sorrow did beginne:
 And all with sicknesses and shame
 Thou didst so punish sinne
 That I became
 Most thinne.
 With thee
 Let me combine,
 And feel this day thy victorie,
 For, if I imp my wing on thine,
 Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

HOLY BAPTISME.

As he that sees a dark and shadie grove,
 Stayes not, but looks beyond it on the skie;
 So when I view my sinnes, mine eyes remove
 More backward still, and to that water flie,

Which is above the heav'ns, whose spring and rent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's pierced side.
 O blessed streams ! either ye do prevent
 And stop our sinnes from growing thick and wide,
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaister equall to the crime :
 You taught the book of life my name, that so,
 Whatever future sinnes should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

HOLY BAPTISME.

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

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

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

NATURE.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
 Or fight, or travell, or denie

That thou hast ought to do with me.
 O tame my heart ;
 It is thy highest art
 To captivate strong holds to thee.

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

O smooth my rugged heart, and there
 Engrave thy rev'rend law and fear ;
 Or make a new one, since the old
 Is saplesse grown,
 And a much fitter stone
 To hide my dust, then thee to hold.

SINNE.

LORD, with what care hast thou begirt us round !
 Parents first season us : then schoolmasters
 Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
 To rules of reason, holy messengers,
 Pulpits and sundayes, sorrow dogging sinne,
 Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
 Fine nets and stratagemes to catch us in,
 Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,
 Blessings beforehand, tyes of gratefulnessse,
 The sound of glorie ringing in our eares ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternall hopes and fears.
 Yet all these fences and their whole aray
 One cunning bosome-sinne blows quite away.

AFFLICTION.

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

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

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

At first thou gav'st me milk and sweetnesses ;
I had my wish and way :
My dayes were straw'd with flow'rs and happinesse ;
There was no moneth but May.
But with my yeares sorrow did twist and grow,
And made a partie unawares for wo.

My flesh began unto my soul in pain,
Sicknesses cleave my bones,
Consuming agues dwell in ev'ry vein,
And tune my breath to grones :
Sorrow was all my soul ; I scarce beleaved,
Till grief did tell me roundly, that I lived.

When I got health, thou took'st away my life,
And more ; for my friends die :

My mirth and edge was lost ; a blunted knife
Was of more use then I.
Thus thinne and lean without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and winde.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town ;
Thou didst betray me to a lingring book,
And wrap me in a gown.
I was entangled in the world of strife,
Before I had the power to change my life.

Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise.
Not simpring all mine age,
Thou often didst with academick praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetened pill, till I came neare ;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

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

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

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

REPENTANCE.

LORD, I confesse my sinne is great ;
Great is my sinne. Oh ! gently treat
With thy quick flow'r, thy momentarie bloom ;
Whose life still pressing
Is one undressing,
A steadie aiming at a tombe.

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

Oh let thy height of mercie then
Compassionate short-breathed men,
Cut me not off for my most foul transgression :
I do confesse
My foolishnesse ;
My God, accept of my confession.

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl,
Which thou hast pour'd into my soul ;
Thy wormwood turn to health, windes to fair weather,
For if thou stay,
I and this day,
As we did rise we die together.

When thou for sinne rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth wo and wan :
Bitternesse fills our bowels ; all our hearts
Pine, and decay,
And drop away,
And carrie with them th' other parts.

But thou wilt sinne and grief destroy ;
That so the broken bones may joy,

And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of his praises
 Who dead men raises.
 Fractures well cur'd make us more strong.

FAITH.

LORD, how couldst thou so much appease
 Thy wrath for sinne, as when man's sight was dimme,
 And could see little, to regard his ease,
 And bring by Faith all things to him?

Hungrie I was, and had no meat:
 I did conceit a most delicious feast;
 I had it straight, and did as truly eat,
 As ever did a welcome guest.

There is a rare outlandish root,
 Which when I could not get, I thought it here:
 That apprehension cur'd so well my foot,
 That I can walk to heav'n well neare.

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

Faith makes me any thing, or all
 That I beleeve is in the sacred storie:
 And where sinne placeth me in Adam's fall,
 Faith sets me higher in his glorie.

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

If blisse had lien in art or strength,
 None but the wise or strong had gained it:
 Where now by Faith all arms are of a length,
 One size doth all conditions fit.

A peasant may beleeve as much
 As a great clerk, and reach the highest stature.
 Thus dost thou make proud knowledge bend and crouch
 While grace fills up uneven nature.

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

That which before was darkned clean
 With bushie groves, pricking the looker's eie,
 Vanisht away, when Faith did change the scene
 And then appeared a glorious skie.

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

PRAYER.

PRAYER, the Church's banquet, angel's age,
 God's breath in man returning to his birth,
 The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
 The Christian plummet sounding heav'n and earth :

Engine against th' Almightye, sinner's towre,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six daies' world-transposing in an houre,
 A kinde of tune, which all things heare and feare ;

Softnesse, and peace, and joy, and love, and blisse,
 Exalted manna, gladnesse of the best,
 Heaven in ordinarie, man well drest,
 The milkie way, the bird of paradise.

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

THE HOLY COMMUNION.

Not in rich furniture, or fine array,
Nor in a wedge of gold,
Thou, who from me wast sold,
To me dost now thyself convey ;
For so thou should'st without me still have been,
Leaving within me sinne :

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

Yet can these not get over to my soul,
Leaping the wall that parts
Our souls and fleshly hearts ;
But as th' outworks, they may controll
My rebel-flesh, and carrying thy name,
Affright both sinne and shame.

Onely thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privie key,
Op'ning the soul's most subtile rooms :
While those to spirits refin'd, at doore attend
Despatches from their friend.

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

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

For sure when Adam did not know
 To sinne, or sinne to smother ;
 He might to heav'n from Paradise go,
 As from one room t' another.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy heav'nly bloud,
 Which I can go to, when I please,
 And leave th' earth to their food.

 ANTIPHON.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

Vers. The heav'ns are not too high,
 His praise may thither flie :
 The earth is not too low,
 His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

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

Cho. Let all the world in ev'ry corner sing,
My God and King.

 LOVE.

I.

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

While mortall love doth all the title gain !
 Which siding with invention, they together
 Bear all the sway, possessing heart and brain,
 (Thy workmanship) and give thee share in neither.

Wit fancies beautie, beautie raiseth wit :
 The world is theirs ; they two play out the game,
 Thou standing by : and though thy glorious name
 Wrought our deliverance from the infernall pit,

 Who sings thy praise ? onely a skarf or glove
 Doth warm our hands, and make them write of love.

II.

Immortal Heat, O let thy greater flame
 Attract the lesser to it : let those fires
 Which shall consume the world, first make it tame,
 And kindle in our hearts such true desires,

 As may consume our lusts, and make thee way.
 Then shall our hearts pant thee ; then shall our brain
 All her invention on thine altar lay,
 And there in hymnes send back thy fire again :

 Our eies shall see thee, which before saw dust ;
 Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blinde :
 Thou shalt recover all thy goods in kinde,
 Who wert diseased by usurping lust :

 All knees shall bow to thee ; all wits shall rise,
 And praise him who did make and mend our eies.

 THE TEMPER.

How should I praise thee, Lord ! how should my rymes
 Gladly engrave thy love in steel,
 If what my soul doth feel sometimes,
 My soul might ever feel !

Although there were some fourtie heav'ns, or more,
 Sometimes I peere above them all ;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to hell I fall.

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

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

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

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

Whether I flie with angels, fall with dust,
 Thy hands made both, and I am there.
 Thy power and love, my love and trust,
 Make one place ev'ry where.

THE TEMPER.

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

The grosser world stands to thy word and art ;
 But thy diviner world of grace

Thou suddenly doth raise and race,
And ev'ry day a new Creatour art.

O fix thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence :

For when thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in thy bowers.

Scatter, or binde them all to bend to thee :

Though elements change, and heaven move ;

Let not thy higher court remove,
But keep a standing majestie in me.

JORDAN.

Who says that fictions onely and false hair
Become a verse ? Is there in truth no beautie ?
Is all good structure in a winding stair ?
May no lines passe, except they do their dutie
Not to a true, but painted chair ?

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

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

EMPLOYMENT.

If as a flowre doth spread and die,
Thou wouldst extend me to some good,
Before I were by frost's extremitie
Nipt in the bud ;

The sweetnesse and the praise were thine ;
 But the extension and the room,
 Which in thy garland I should fill, were mine
 At thy great doom.

For as thou dost impart thy grace,
 The greater shall our glorie be.
 The measure of our joyes is in this place,
 The stuffe with thee.

Let me not languish then, and spend
 A life as barren to thy praise
 As is the dust, to which that life doth tend,
 But with delaies.

All things are busie ; only I
 Neither bring hony with the bees,
 Nor flowres to make that, nor the husbandrie
 To water these.

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

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

Oh Book ! infinite sweetnesse ! let my heart
 Suck ev'ry letter, and a hony gain,
 Precious for any grief in any part ;
 To cleare the breast, to mollifie all pain.
 Thou art all health, health thriving, till it make
 A full eternitie : thou art a masse
 Of strange delights, where we may wish and take.
 Ladies, look here ; this is the thankfull glasse,
 That mends the looker's eyes : this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can indeare
 Thy praise too much ? thou art Heav'n's lidger here,
 Working against the states of death and hell.

Thou art joyes handsell : heav'n lies flat in thee,
Subject to ev'ry mounters bended knee.

2.

Oh that I knew how all thy lights combine,
And the configurations of their glorie!
Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
But all the constellations of the storie.

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

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

Starres are poore books, and oftentimes do misse ;
This book of starres lights to eternall blisse.

WHITSUNDAY.

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

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

Such glorious gifts thou didst bestow,
That th' earth did like a heav'n appeare :
The starres were coming down to know
If they might mend their wages, and serve here.

The sunne, which once did shine alone,
Hung down his head, and wisht for night,
When he beheld twelve sunnes for one
Going about the world, and giving light.

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

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

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

GRACE.

My stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandrie improve :
O let thy graces without cease
Drop from above !

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

The dew doth ev'ry morning fall ;
And shall the dew outstrip thy dove ?
The dew, for which grasse cannot call,
Drop from above.

Death is still working like a mole,
And digs my grave at each remove :

Let grace work too, and on my soul
Drop from above.

Sinne is still hammering my heart
Unto a hardnesse, void of love :
Let suppling grace, to crosse his art.
Drop from above.

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

PRAISE.

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

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

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

A herb destill'd, and drunk, may dwell next doore,
On the same floore,
To a brave soul : Exalt the poore,
They can do more.

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

AFFLICTION.

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

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

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

MATTENS.

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

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

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

Indeed man's whole estate
 Amounts (and richly) to serve thee :
 He did not heav'n and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.
 Teach me thy love to know ;
 That this new light, which now I see,
 May both the work and workman show :
Then by a sunne-beam I will climbe to thee.

SINNE.

O THAT I could a sinne once see !
 We paint the devil foul, yet he
 Hath some good in him, all agree.
 Sinne is flat opposite to th' Almighty, seeing
 It wants the good of *vertue*, and of *being*.
 But God more care of us hath had,
 If apparitions make us sad,
 By sight of sinne we should grow mad.
 Yet as in sleep we see foul death, and live ;
 So devils are our sinnes in perspective.

EVEN-SONG.

BLEST be the God of love,
 Who gave me eyes, and light, and power this day,
 Both to be busie, and to play.
 But much more blest be God above,
 Who gave me sight alone,
 Which to himself he did denie :
 For when he sees my waies, I dy :
 But I have got his Sonne, and he hath none.
 What have I brought thee home
 For this thy love ? have I discharg'd the debt
 Which this day's favour did beget ?
 I ranne ; but all I brought, was fome.

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

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

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

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

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

CHURCH-MONUMENTS.

WHILE that thy soul repairs to her devotion,
 Here I entombe my flesh, that it betimes
 May take acquaintance of this heap of dust ;
 To which the blast of death's incessant motion,
 Fed with the exhalation of our crimes,
 Drives all at last. Therefore I gladly trust

My bodie to this school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and finde his birth
 Written in dustie heraldrie and lines ;
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at Jeat, and Marble put for signes,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them,
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kisse those heaps, which now they have in trust
 Deare flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stemme
 And true descent ; that when thou shalt grow fat,
 And wanton in thy cravings, thou mayst know,
 That flesh is but the glasse, which holds the dust
 That measures all our time ; which also shall
 Be crumbled into dust. Mark here below,
 How tame these ashes are, how free from lust,
 That thou mayst fit thyself against thy fall.

CHURCH-MUSICK.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you: when displeasure
 Did through my bodie wound my minde,
 You took me thence ; and in your house of pleasure
 A daintie lodging me assign'd.

Now I in you without a bodie move,
 Rising and falling with your wings :
 We both together sweetly live and love,
 Yet say sometimes, *God help poore Kings.*

Comfort, I'll die ; for if you poste from me,
 Sure I shall do so and much more :
 But if I travell in your companie,
 You know the way to heaven's doore.

CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sinne, which locks thine eares,
 And bindes thy hands !
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears ;
 Or else the chilnesse of my faint demands.
 But as cold hands are angrie with the fire,
 And mend it still ;

But when thou dost anneal in glasse thy storie,
 Making thy life to shine within
 The holy preacher's, then the light and glorie
 More rev'rend grows, and more doth win;
 Which else shows watrish, bleak, and thin.

Doctrine and life, colours and light, in one
 When they combine and mingle, bring
 A strong regard and aw: but speech alone
 Doth vanish like a flaring thing,
 And in the eare, not conscience ring.

TRINITIE SUNDAY.

LORD, who hast formed me out of mud,
 And hast redeemed me through thy bloud,
 And sanctified me to do good;

Purge all my sinnes done heretofore;
 For I confesse my heavie score,
 And I will strive to sinne no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
 With faith, with hope, with charitie;
 That I may runne, rise, rest with thee.

CONTENT.

PEACE, mutt'ring thoughts, and do not grudge to keep
 Within the walls of your own breast.

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

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

Mark how the fire in flints doth quiet lie,
 Content and warm t' it self alone:

But when it would appeare to other's eye,
Without a knock it never shone.

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE QUIDDITIE.

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

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

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

HUMILITIE.

I SAW the Vertues sitting hand in hand
 In sev'rall ranks upon an azure throne,
 Where all the beasts and fowls, by their command,
 Presented tokens of submission.
 Humilitie, who sat the lowest there
 To execute their call,
 When by the beast the presents tendred were,
 Gave them about to all.

The angrie Lion did present his paw,
 Which by consent was giv'n to Mansuetude.
 The fearfull Hare her eares, which by their law
 Humilitie did reach to Fortitude.
 The jealous Turkie brought his corall-chain,
 That went to Temperance.
 On Justice was bestow'd the Fox's brain,
 Kill'd in the way by chance.

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

CONSTANCIE.

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

Whose honestie is not
 So loose or easie, that a ruffling winde
 Can blow away, or glittering look it blinde :
 Who rides his sure and even trot,
 While the world now rides by, now lags behinde.

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

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

Who never melts or thaws
 At close tentations : when the day is done,
 His goodnesse sets not, but in dark can runne :
 The sunne to others writeth laws,
 And is their vertue ; Vertue is his Sunne.

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

Whom nothing can procure,
 When the wide world runnes bias, from his will

To writhe his limbes, and share, not mend the ill.
 This is the Mark-man, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prayes to be so still.

AFFLICTION.

My heart did heave, and there came forth, *O God!*
 By that I knew that thou wast in the grief,
 To guide and govern it to my relief,
 Making a scepter of the rod :
 Hadst thou not had thy part,
 Sure the unruly sigh had broke my heart.

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

 Or if some yeares with it escape,
 The sigh then onely is
 A gale to bring me sooner to my blisse.

Thy life on earth was grief, and thou art still
 Constant unto it, making it to be
 A point of honour, now to grieve in me,
 And in thy members suffer ill.
 They who lament one crosse,
 Thou dying dayly, praise thee to thy losse.

THE STARRE.

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

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

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

So disengag'd from sinne and sicknesse.
 Touch it with thy celestiall quicknesse
 That it may hang and move
 After thy love.

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

Get me a standing there, and place
 Among the beams, which crown the face
 Of him, who dy'd to part
 Sinne and my heart:

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

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

SUNDAY.

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

The other dayes and thou
Make up one man ; whose face thou art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow :
The worky-daies are the back-part ;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoup and bow,
Till thy release appeare.

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

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

The Sundaies of man's life,
Thredded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternall glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope ;
Blessings are plentifull and rife,
More plentifull then hope.

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

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

The brightnesse of that daye
 We sullied by our foul offence:
 Wherefore that robe we cast away,
 Having a new at his expense,
 Whose drops of bloud paid the full price,
 That was requir'd to make us gay,
 And fit for Paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
 And where the week-dayes trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from sev'n to sev'n,
 Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
 Flie hand in hand to heav'n!

AVARICE.

MONEY, thou bane of blisse, and source of wo,
 Whence com'st thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
 I know thy parentage is base and low:
 Man found thee poore and dirtie in a mine.

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdome, which thou now hast got,
 That he was fain, when thou wert destitute,
 To digge thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
 Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we

All worship is prerogative, and a flower
Of his rich crown, from whom lyes no appeal

At the last houre :

Therefore we dare not from his garland steal,
To make a posie for inferiour power.

Although then others court you, if ye know
What's done on earth, we shall not fare the worse,

Who do not so ;

Since we are ever ready to disburse,
If any one our Master's hand can show.

EMPLOYMENT.

HE that is weary, let him sit.

My soul would stirre

And tread in courtesies and wit,

Quitting the furre

To cold complexions needing it.

Man is no starre, but a quick coal

Of mortall fire :

Who blows it not, nor doth controll

A faint desire,

Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When th' elements did for place contest

With him, whose will

Ordain'd the highest to be best :

The earth sat still,

And by the others is opprest.

Life is a busnesse, not good cheer ;

Ever in warres.

The sunne still shineth there or here,

Whereas the starres

Watch an advantage to appeare.

Oh that I were an orange-tree,

That busie plant !

Then should I ever laden be,
 And never want
 Some fruit for him that dressed me
 But we are still too young or old ;
 The man is gone,
 Before we do our wares unfold :
 So we freeze on,
 Until the grave increase our cold.

DENIALL.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
 Thy silent eares ;
 Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;
 My heart was full of fears
 And disorder,
 My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
 Did flie asunder :
 Each took his way ; some would to pleasures go,
 Some to the warres and thunder
 Of alarms.
 As good go any where, they say,
 As to benumme
 Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
Come, come, my God, O come,
 But no hearing.
 O thou that shouldst give dust a tongue
 To cry to thee,
 And then not hear it crying ! all day long
 My heart was in my knee,
 But no hearing.
 Therefore my soul lay out of sight,
 Untun'd, unstrung :
 My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
 Like a nipt blossome, hung
 Discontented.

O cheer and tune my heartlesse breast,
 Deferre no time ;
 That so thy favoures granting my request,
 They and my minde may chime,
 And mend my ryme.

CHRISTMAS.

ALL after pleasures as I rid one day,
 My horse and I, both tir'd, bodie and minde,
 With full crie of affections, quite astray ;
 I took up in the next inne I could finde.

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

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

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

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
 My God no hymne for thee ?
 My soul's a shepherd too : a flock it feeds
 Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
 The pasture is thy word ; the streams, thy grace
 Enriching all the place.
 Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
 Out-sing the day-light houres.
 Then we will chide the sunne for letting night
 Take up his place and right :
 We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
 Himself the candle hold.

I will go searching, till I finde a sunne
 Shall stay, till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly,
 As frost-nipt sunnes look sadly.
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till ev'n his beams sing, and my musick shine.

 UNGRATEFULNESSE.

LORD, with what bountie and rare clemencie
 Hast thou redeem'd us from the grave !
 If thou hadst let us runne,
 Gladly had man ador'd the sunne,
 And thought his god most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better gods then he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
 The *Trinitie*, and *Incarnation* :
 Thou hast unlockt them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of thy creation
 Unto thyself in everlasting pleasure.

The statelier cabinet is the *Trinitie*,
 Whose sparkling light access denies :
 Therefore thou dost not show
 This fully to us, till death blow
 The dust into our eyes ;
 For by that powder thou wilt make us see.

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

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

SIGHS AND GRONES.

O do not use me
 After my sinnes ! look not on my desert,
 But on thy glorie ! then thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me : for thou onely art
 The mighty God, but I a sillie worm :
 O do not bruise me !

O do not urge me !
 For what account can thy ill steward make ?
 I have abus'd thy stock, destroy'd thy woods,
 Suckt all thy magazens : my head did ake,
 Till it found out how to consume thy goods :
 O do not scourge me !

O do not blind me !
 I have deserv'd that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers ; because my lust
 Hath still sow'd fig-leaves to exclude thy light :
 But I am frailtie, and already dust :
 O do not grinde me !

O do not fill me
 With the turn'd viall of thy bitter wrath !
 For thou hast other vessels full of bloud,
 A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
 Ev'n unto death : since he died for my good,
 O do not kill me !

But O reprieve me !
 For thou hast *life* and *death* at thy command ;

Thou art both *Judge* and *Saviour*, *feast* and *rod*,
Cordiall and *corrosive* : put not thy hand
 Into the bitter box ; but O my God,
 My God, relieve me !

 THE WORLD.

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

Then *Pleasure* came, who liking not the fashion.
 Began to make *Balcones*, *Terraces*,
 Till she had weakned all by alteration :
 But rev'rend *laws*, and many a *proclamation*
 Reformed all at length with menaces.

Then enter'd *Sinne*, and with that *Sycomore*,
 Whose leaves first sheltred man from drought and dew,
 Working and winding slyly evermore,
 The inward walls and Sommers cleft and tore :
 But *Grace* shor'd these, and cut that as it grew.

Then *Sinne* combined with *Death* in a firm bands
 To rase the building to the very floore :
 Which they effected, none could them withstand ;
 But *Love* and *Grace* took *Glorie* by the hand,
 And built a braver Palace than before.

 COLOSS. iii. 3.

Our life is hid with Christ in God.

My words and thoughts do both expresse this notion,
 That *Life* hath with the sun a double motion.
 The first *Is* straight, and our diurnall friend ;
 The other *Hid*, and doth obliquely bend.

One life is wrapt *In* flesh, and tends to earth :
 The other winds towards *Him*, whose happie birth
 Taught me to live here so, *That* still one eye
 Should aim and shoot at that which *Is* on high ;
 Quitting with daily labour all *My* pleasure,
 To gain at harvest an eternall *Treasure*.

VANITIE.

THE fleet Astronomer can bore
 And thred the spheres with his quick-piercing minde
 He views their stations, walks from doore to doore,
 Surveys, as if he had design'd
 To make a purchase there: he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before,
 Both their full-ey'd aspects, and secret glances.

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

The subtil Chymick can devest
 And strip the creature naked, till he finde
 The callow principles within their nest :
 There he imparts to them his minde,
 Admitted to their bed-chamber, before
 They appeare trim and drest
 To ordinarie suitours at the doore.

What hath not man sought out and found,
 But his deare God? who yet his glorious law
 Embosomes in us, mellowing the ground
 With showres and frosts, with love and aw ;
 So that we need not say, Where's this command?
 Poore man ! thou searchest round
 To finde out *death*, but missest *life* at hand.

LENT.

WELCOME, deare feast of Lent : who loves not thee,
 He loves not Temperance, or Authoritie,
 But is compos'd of passion.
 The Scriptures bid us *fast*; the Church says, *now* :
 Give to thy Mother what thou wouldst allow
 To ev'ry Corporation.

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

True Christians should be glad of an occasion
 To use their temperance, seeking no evasion,
 When good is seasonable ;
 Unlesse Authoritie, which should increase
 The obligation in us make it lesse,
 And Power it self disable.

Besides the cleanness of sweet abstinence,
 Quick thoughts and motions at a small expense,
 A face not fearing light :
 Whereas in fulnesse there are sluttish fumes,
 Sowre exhalations, and dishonest rheumes,
 Revenging the delight.

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

It's true, we cannot reach Christ's forti'th day ;
 Yet to go part of that religious way
 Is better than to rest :

We cannot reach our Saviour's puritie ;
 Yet are we bid, "*Be holy ev'n as he.*"
 In both let's do our best.

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

Yet, Lord, instruct us to improve our fast
 By starving sinne and taking such repast
 As may our faults controll :
 That ev'ry man may revell at his doore,
 Not in his parlour ; banquetting the poore,
 And among those his soul.

VERTUE.

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

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

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

Onely a sweet and vertuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives ;
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 Then chiefly lives.



Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The Bridal of the earth and skie;
The dew shall weep thy fall tonight;
For thou must die

Vertue p.72.



THE PEARL.

MATT. XIII.

I KNOW the wayes of learning ; both the head
 And pipes that feed the presse, and make it runne ;
 What reason hath from nature borrowed,
 Or of itself, like a good huswife, spunne
 In laws and policie ; what the starres conspire,
 What willing nature speaks, what forc'd by fire ;
 Both th' old discoveries, and the new-found seas,
 The stock and surplus, cause and historie :
 All these stand open, or I have the keyes :
 Yet I love thee.

I know the wayes of honour, what maintains
 The quick returns of courtesie and wit :
 In vies of favours whether partie gains,
 When glorie swells the heart, and moldeth it
 To all expressions both of hand and eye,
 Which on the world a true-love-knot may tie,
 And bear the bundle, wheresoe're it goes :
 How many drammes of spirit there must be
 To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
 Yet I love thee.

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

I know all these, and have them in my hand
 Therefore not sealed, but with open eyes

I fie to thee, and fully understand
 Both the main sale, and the commodities ;
 And at what rate and price I have thy love ;
 With all the circumstances that may move :
 Yet through the labyrinths, not my groveling wit,
 But thy silk twist let down from heav'n to me,
 Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
 To climb to thee.

AFFLICTION.

BROKEN in pieces all asunder,
 Lord, hunt me not,
 A thing forgot,
 Once a poore creature, now a wonder,
 A wonder tortur'd in the space
 Betwixt this world and that of grace.

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
 Wounding my heart
 With scatter'd smart ;
 As watring pots give flowers their lives.
 Nothing their furie can controll,
 While they do wound and prick my soul.

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

Oh help, my God ! let not their plot
 Kill them and me,
 And also thee,
 Who art my life : dissolve the knot,
 As the sunne scatters by his light
 All the rebellions of the night.

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

 MAN.

MY God, I heard this day
 That none doth build a stately habitation
 But he that means to dwell therein.
 What house more stately hath there been
 Or can be, then is Man ? to whose creation
 All things are in decay.

For Man is ev'ry thing,
 And more : He is a tree, yet bears no fruit ;
 A beast, yet is, or should be more :
 Reason and speech we onely bring.
 Parrats may thank us, if they are not mute,
 They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetrie,
 Full of proportions, one limbe to another,
 And all to all the world besides :
 Each part may call the farthest, brother :
 For head with foot hath private amitie,
 And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so farre,
 But Man hath caught and kept it, as his prey.
 His eyes dismount the highest starre :
 He is in little all the sphere.
 Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they
 Finde their acquaintance there.

For us the windes do blow ;
 The earth doth rest, heav'n move, and fountains flow

Nothing we see, but means our good,
 As our *delight*, or as our *treasure* :
 The whole is, either our cupboard of *food*,
 Or cabinet of *pleasure*.

The starres have us to bed ;
 Night draws the curtain, which the sunne withdraws :
 Musick and light attend our head.
 All things unto our *flesh* are kinde
 In their *descent* and *being* ; to our *minde*
 In their *ascent* and *cause*.

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

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

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

ANTIPHON.

Chor. PRAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above :
Chor. Who hath dealt his mercies so,
Ang. To his friend,
Men. And to his foe ;

Chor. That both grace and glorie tend

Ang. Us of old,

Men. And us in th' end.

Chor. The great Shepherd of the fold

Ang. Us did make,

Men. For us was sold.

Chor. He our foes in pieces brake :

Ang. Him we touch ;

Men. And him we take.

Chor. Wherefore since that he is such,

Ang. We adore,

Men. And we do crouch.

Chor. Lord, thy praises should be more.

Men. We have none,

Ang. And we no store.

Chor. Praised be the God alone

Who hath made of two folds one.

UNKINDNESSE.

LOBD, make me coy and tender to offend :

In friendship, first I think, if that agree,

Which I intend,

Unto my friends intent and end.

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

If any touch my friend, or his good name,

It is my honour and my love to free

His blasted fame

From the least spot or thought of blame.

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

My friend may spit upon my curious floore :

Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;

But let the poore,

And thou within them starve at doore.

I cannot use a friend, as I use Thee.

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

But when thy grace
Sues for my heart, I thee displace ;
Nor would I use a friend, as I use Thee.

Yet can a friend what thou hast done fulfill ?

O write in brass, *My God upon a tree*
His bloud did spill,
Onely to purchase my good will :
Yet use I not my foes, as I use Thee.

LIFE.

I MADE a posie, while the day ran by :

Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band.
But Time did becken to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And wither'd in my hand.

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

Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,
And after death for cures.
I follow straight without complaints or grief,
Since if my scent be good, I care not, if
It be as short as yours.



Farewell, dear flowers, sweetly your time ye spent,
Fit, while ye lived, for smell or ornament,

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SUBMISSION.

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

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

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

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

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

JUSTICE.

I CANNOT skill of these thy ways:
Lord, thou didst make me, yet you woundest me:
Lord, thou dost wound me, yet thou dost relieve me:
Lord, thou relievest, yet I die by thee:
Lord, thou dost kill me, yet thou dost reprove me.

But when I mark my life and praise,
 Thy justice me most fitly payes:

*For, I do praise thee, yet I praise thee not :
 My prayers mean thee, yet my prayers stray :
 I would do well, yet sinne the hand hath got :
 My soul doth love thee, yet it loves delay.
 I cannot skill of these my ways.*

CHARMS AND KNOTS.

Who reade a chapter when they rise,
 Shall ne're be troubled with ill eyes.

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

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

Who goes to bed, and doth not pray,
 Maketh two nights to ev'ry day.

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

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

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

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

In shallow waters heav'n doth show :
 But who drinks on to hell may go.

AFFLICTION.

My God, I read this day,
 That planted Paradise was not so firm
 As was and is thy floting Ark ; whose stay
 And anchor thou art onely, to confirm

And strengthen it in ev'ry age,
When waves do rise, and tempests rage.

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

There is but joy and grief ;
If either will convert us, we are thine :
Some Angels us'd the first ; if our relief
Take up the second, then thy double line
And sev'rall baits in either kinde
Furnish thy table to thy minde.

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

MORTIFICATION.

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

When boyes go first to bed,
They step into their voluntarie graves ;
Sleep binds them fast ; onely their breath
Makes them not dead :
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

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

When man grows staid and wise,
 Getting a house and home, where he may move
 Within the circle of his breath,
 Schooling his eyes ;
 That dumbe inclosure maketh love
 Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

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

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

DECAY.

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

One might have sought and found thee presently
 At some fair oak, or bush, or cave, or well ;

Is my God this way? No, they would reply;
 He is to Sinai gone, as we heard tell:
 List, ye may heare great Aaron's bell.

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

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

MISERIE.

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

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

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

The bird that sees a daintie bowre
 Made in the tree, where she was wont to sit,
 Wonders and sings, but not his power
 Who made the arbour : this exceeds her wit.
 But Man doth know
 The spring, whence all things flow :

And yet as though he knew it not,
 His knowledge winks, and lets his humours reigne :
 They make his life a constant blot,
 And all the bloud of God to run in vain.
 Ah, wretch ! what verse
 Can thy strange wayes rehearse ?

Indeed at first Man was a treasure,
 A box of jewels, shop of rarities,
 A ring, whose posie was, *My pleasure* :
 He was a garden in a Paradise :
 Glorie and grace
 Did crown his heart and face.

But sinne hath fool'd him. Now he is
 A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
 To raise him to the glimpse of blisse :
 A sick toss'd vessel, dashing on each thing ;
 Nay, his own shelf :
 My God, I mean myself.

 JORDAN.

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

Thousands of notions in my brain did runne,
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped :

I often blotted what I had begunne ;
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.
 Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sunne,
 Much lesse those joyes which trample on his head.

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

PRAYER.

OF what an easie quick accesse,
 My blessed Lord, art thou ! how suddenly
 May our requests thine care invade !
 To shew that state dislikes not easinesse,
 If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made :
 Thou canst no more not heare, than thou canst die.

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

Of what unmeasurable love
 Art thou possest, who, when thou couldst not die,
 Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
 And for our sakes in person sinne reprove ;
 That by destroying that which ty'd thy purse,
 Thou mightst make way for liberalitie !

Since then these three wait on thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love ; I value prayer so,

That were I to leave all but one,
 Wealth, fame, endowments, vertues, all should go ;
 I and deare prayer would together dwell,
 And quickly gain, for each inch lost, an ell.

OBEDIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

Besides, thy death and bloud
 Show'd a strange love to all our good :

Thy sorrows were in earnest ; no faint proffer,
 Or superficial offer
 Of what we might not take, or be withstood.

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

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

How happie were my part,
 If some kinde man would thrust his heart
 Into these lines ; till in heav'n's court of rolls
 They were by winged souls
 Entred for both, farre above their desert !

CONSCIENCE.

PEACE, pratler, do not lowre :
 Not a fair look, but thou dost call it foul :
 Not a sweet dish, but thou dost call it sowre :
 Musick to thee doth howl.
 By listning to thy chatting fears
 I have both lost mine eyes and eares.

Pratler, no more, I say :
 My thoughts must work, but like a noiselesse sphere,
 Harmonious peace must rock them all the day :

No room for pratlers there.
 If thou persistest, I will tell thee,
 That I have physick to expell thee.

And the receipt shall be
 My Saviour's bloud ; whenever at his board
 I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,

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

Yet if thou talkest still,
 Besides my physick, know there's some for thee :
 Some wood and nails to make a staffe or bill
 For those that trouble me :
 The bloudie cross of my deare Lord
 Is both my physick and my sword.

 SION.

LORD, with what glorie wast thou serv'd of old,
 When Solomon's temple stood and flourished !
 Where most things were of purest gold ;
 The wood was all embellished
 With flowers and carvings mysticall and rare :
 All show'd the builder's, crav'd the seer's care.
 Yet all this glorie, all this pomp and state,
 Did not affect thee much, was not thy aim :
 Something there was that sow'd debate :
 Wherefore thou quitt'st thy ancient claim :
 And now thy Architecture meets with sinne ;
 For all thy frame and fabrick is within.
 There thou art struggling with a peevish heart,
 Which sometimes crosseth thee, thou sometimes it :
 The fight is hard on either part.
 Great God doth fight, he doth submit.
 All Solomon's sea of brass and world of stone
 Is not so deare to thee as one good grone.
 And truly brasse and stones are heavie things,
 Tombes for the dead, not temples fit for thee :
 But grones are quick, and full of wings,
 And all their motions upward be ;
 And ever as they mount, like larks they sing :
 The note is sad, yet musick for a king.

HOME.

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

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

When man was lost, thy pitie lookt about,
To see what help in th' earth or skie :
But there was none ; at least no help without :
The help did in thy bosome lie.
O show thy self, &c.

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

He did, he came : O my Redeemer deare,
After all this canst thou be strange ?
So many yeares baptiz'd, and not appeare ;
As if thy love could fail or change ?
O show thy self, &c.

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

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

What is this woman-kinde, which I can wink
Into a blacknesse and distaste ?

O show thy self to me,
Or take me up to thee !

With one small sigh thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joyes about me :

And scouling on them as they pin'd away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me,

O show thy self, &c.

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way soe're I look, I see.

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

O show thy self, &c.

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

There is no fruitfull yeare, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadfull day.

O show thy self, &c.

Oh loose this frame, this knot of man untie !

That my free soul may use her wing,
Which now is pinion'd with mortalitie,
As an intangled, hamper'd thing.

O show thy self, &c.

What have I left, that I should stay and grone ?

The most of me to heav'n is fled :
My thoughts and joyes are all packt up and gone,
And for their old acquaintance plead.

O show thy self, &c.

Come, dearest Lord, passe not this holy season,
My flesh and bones and joynts do pray :

And ev'n my verse, when by the ryme and reason
The word is, *Stay*, says ever, *Come*.

O show thy self, &c.

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

I JOY, deare Mother, when I view
Thy perfect lineaments, and hue
Both sweet and bright :

Beautie in thee takes up her place,
And dates her letters from thy face,
When she doth write.

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

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

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferr'd,

Hath kiss'd so long her painted shrines,
That ev'n her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

She in the valley is so shie
Of dressing, that her hair doth lie
About her eares :

While she avoids her neighbour's pride,
She wholly goes on th' other side,
And nothing wears.

But, dearest Mother, (what those misse)
The mean thy praise and glorie is,
And long may be.

Blessed be God, whose love it was
To double-moat thee with his grace,
And none but thee.

THE QUIP.

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

First, Beautie crept into a rose ;
Which when I pluckt not, Sir, said she,
Tell me, I pray, Whose hands are those ?
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

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

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

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

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

VANITIE.

POORE silly soul, whose hope and head lies low ;
Whose flat delights on earth do creep and grow
To whom the starres shine not so fair, as eyes ;
Nor solid work, as false embroyderies ;
Hark and beware, lest what you now do measure,
And write for sweet, prove a most sowre displeasure.

O heare betimes, lest thy relenting
 May come too late !
 To purchase heaven for repenting
 Is no hard rate.
 If souls be made of earthly mould,
 Let them love gold ;
 If born on high,
 Let them unto their kindred flie :
 For they can never be at rest,
 Till they regain their ancient nest,
 Then silly soul take heed ; for earthly joy
 Is but a bubble, and makes thee a boy.

THE DAWNING.

AWAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns :
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth,
 Unfold thy forehead gather'd into frowns :
 Thy Saviour comes, and with him mirth :
 Awake, awake ;
 And with a thankfull heart his comforts take,
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and crie ;
 And feel his death, but not his victorie.
 Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's resurrection thine may be :
 Do not by hanging down break from the hand,
 Which as it riseth, raiseth thee ;
 Arise, arise ;
 And with his buriall-linen drie thine eyes.
 Christ left his grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
 Draws tears, or bloud, not want an handkerchief.

JESU.

JESU is in my heart, his sacred name
 Is deeply carved there ; but th' other week

A great affliction broke the little frame,
 Ev'n all to pieces ; which I went to seek :
 And first I found the corner where was *J*,
 After, where *ES*, and next where *U* was graved.
 When I had got these parcels, instantly
 I sat me down to spell them, and perceived
 That to my broken heart he was *I ease you*,
 And to my whole is *JESU*.

 BUSINESSSE.

CANST be idle ? canst thou play,
 Foolish soul who sinn'd to-day ?

Rivers run, and springs each one
 Know their home, and get them gone :
 Hast thou tears, or hast thou none ?

If, poore soul, thou hast no tears ;
 Would thou hadst no faults or fears !
 Who hath these, those ill forbears.

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

If thou hast no sighs or grones,
 Would thou hadst no flesh or bones !
 Lesser pains scape greater ones.

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

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

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

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

If he had not died for thee,
Thou hadst liv'd in miserie.
Two lives worse than ten deaths be.

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

He that loseth gold, though drosse,
Tells to all he meets, his crosse :
He that sinnes, hath he no losse ?

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

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

DIALOGUE.

SWEETEST Saviour, if my soul
Were but worth the having,
Quickly should I then controll
Any thought of waving.
But when all my care and pains
Cannot give the name of gains
To thy wretch so full of stains ;
What delight or hope remains ?

*What (childe), is the ballance thine,
Thine the poise and measure ?*

*If I say, Thou shalt be mine,
Finger not my treasure.*

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

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

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

DULNESSE.

WHY do I languish thus, drooping and dull,
 As if I were all earth ?
 Oh give me quicknesse, that I may with mirth
 Praise thee brim-full !

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

Thou art my lovelinesse, my life, my light,
 Beautie alone to me :
 Thy bloody death and undeserv'd, makes thee
 Pure red and white.

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

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

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugred lyes
 Still mock me, and grow bold:
 Sure thou didst put a minde there, if I could
 Finde where it lies.

Lord, cleare thy gift, that with a constant wit
 I may but look towards thee:
Look onely; for to *love* thee, who can be,
 What angel fit?

LOVE-JOY.

As on a window late I cast mine eye,
 I saw a vine drop grapes with *J* and *C*
 Anneal'd on every bunch. One standing by
 Ask'd what it meant. I (who am never loth
 To spend my judgement) said, It seem'd to me
 To be the bodie and the letters both
 Of *Joy* and *Charitie*; Sir, you have not miss'd,
 The man reply'd; It figures *JESUS CHRIST*.

PROVIDENCE.

O SACRED Providence, who from end to end
 Strongly and sweetly movest! shall I write,
 And not of thee, through whom my fingers bend
 To hold my quill? shall they not do thee right?
 Of all the creatures both in sea and land,
 Onely to Man thou hast made known thy wayes,
 And put the penne alone into his hand,
 And made him Secretarie of thy praise.

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

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

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

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

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

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

For either thy *command* or thy *permission*
Lay hands on all : they are thy *right* and *left* :
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs sinnes stealing pace and theft :

Nothing escapes them both : all must appeare,
And be dispos'd and dress'd and tun'd by thee,
Who sweetly temper'st all. If we could heare
Thy skill and art, what musick would it be !

Thou art in small things great, not small in any :
Thy even praise can neither rise, nor fall.

Thou art in all things one, in each thing many :
For thou art infinite in one and all.

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

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

Nothing ingendred doth prevent his meat ;
Flies have their table spread, ere they appeare ;
Some creatures have in winter what to eat ;
Others do sleep, and envie not their cheer.

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

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

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

Sheep eat the grasse, and dung the ground for more :
Trees after bearing drop their leaves for soil :
Springs vent their streams, and by expense get store :
Clouds cool by heat, and baths by cooling boil.

Who hath the vertue to expresse the rare
And curious vertues both of herbs and stones ?
Is there an herb for that ? O that thy care
Would show a root, that gives expressions !

And if an herb hath power, what hath the starres ?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure.
Doubtlesse our plagues and plentie, peace and warres,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

Thou hast hid metals : man may take them thence ;
But at his perill : when he digs the place,
He makes a grave ; as if the thing had sense,
And threatned man, that he should fill the space.

Ev'n poysons praise thee. Should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed their due ?
Since where are poysons, antidotes are most ;
The help stands close, and keeps the fear in view.

The sea, which seems to stop the traveller,
Is by a ship the speedier passage made.
The windes, who think they rule the mariner,
Are rul'd by him, and taught to serve his trade.

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

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

Light without winde is glasse : warm without weight
Is wooll and fures : cool without closenesse, shade :
Speed without pains, a horse : tall without height,
A servile hawk : low without losse, a spade.

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

Nothing wears clothes, but Man ; nothing doth need
But he to wear them. Nothing useth fire,

But Man alone, to show his heav'nly breed :
And onely he hath fuell in desire.

When th' earth was dry, thou mad'st a sea of wet :
When that lay gather'd, thou didst broach the mountains :
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The windes grew gard'ners, and the clouds good fountains.

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

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

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

Most herbs that grow in brooks, are hot and dry.
Cold fruits warm kernells help against the winde.
The lemmon's juice and rinde cure mutually.
The whey of milk doth loose, the milk doth binde.

Thy creatures leap not, but expresse a feast,
Where all the guests sit close, and nothing wants.
Frogs marry fish and flesh ; bats, bird and beast ;
Sponges, non-sense and sense ; mines, th' earth and plants.

To show thou art not bound, as if thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes thou shiftest hands.
Most things move th' under-jaw ; the Crocodile not.
Most things sleep lying, th' Elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can expresse thy works, but he that knows them ;
And none can know thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but onely he that owes them.

All things that are, though they have sev'ral wayes,
 Yet in their being joyn with one advice
 To honour thee : and so I give thee praise
 In all my other hymnes, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many wayes in store
 To honour thee ; and so each hymne thy fame
 Extolleth many wayes, yet this one more.

HOPE.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine : but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old prayer-book I did present :
 And he an optick sent.
 With that I gave a viall full of tears :
 But he a few green eares.
 Ah Loyterer ! I'le no more, no more I'le bring :
 I did expect a ring.

SINNE'S ROUND.

SORRIE I am, my God, sorrie I am,
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busie flame,
 Untill their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts.
 My words take fire from my inflamed thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill.
 They vent the wares, and passe them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill.
 But words suffice not, where are lewd intentions :
 My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :

My hands do joyn to finish the inventions :
 And so my sinnes ascend three stories high,
 As Babel grew before there were dissentions.
 Yet ill deeds loyter not : for they supplie
 New thoughts of sinning ; wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorrie I am, my God, sorrie I am.

TIME.

MEETING with Time, slack thing, said I,
 Thy sithe is dull ; whet it for shame.
 No marvell Sir, he did replie,
 If it at length deserve some blame :
 But where one man would have me grinde it,
 Twentie for one too sharp do finde it.

Perhaps some such of old did passe,
 Who above all things lov'd this life ;
 To whom thy sithe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning-knife.
 Christ's coming hath made man thy debter,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better.

And in his blessing thou art blest :
 For where thou onely wert before
 An executioner at best,
 Thou art a gard'ner now, and more.
 An usher to convey our souls
 Beyond the utmost starres and poles.

And this is that makes life so long,
 While it detains us from our God.
 Ev'n pleasures here increase the wrong :
 And length of dayes lengthen the rod.
 Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of hell.

Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which ev'n eternitie excludes !

Thus farre Time heard me patiently :
 Then chafing said, This man deludes :
 What do I here before his doore ?
 He doth not crave lesse time, but more.

GRATEFULNESSE.

THOU that hast giv'n so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a grateful heart.
 See how thy beggar works on thee
 By art.

He makes thy gifts occasion more,
 And sayes, If he in this be crost,
 All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
 Is lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,
 What it would come to at the worst
 To save.

Perpetuall knockings at thy doore,
 Tears sullyng thy transparent rooms,
 Gift upon gift ; much would have more.
 And comes.

This notwithstanding, thou wentst on,
 And didst allow us all our noise :
 Nay thou hast made a sigh and grone
 Thy joyes.

Not that thou hast not still above
 Much better tunes, then grones can make ;
 But that these countrey-aies thy love
 Did take.

Wherefore I crie, and crie again ;
 And in no quiet canst thou be,
 Till I a thankfull heart obtain
 Of thee :

There sprang twelve stalks of wheat :
Which many wondring at, got some of those
To plant and set.

It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth :
For they that taste it do rehearse,
That vertue lies therein ;
A secret vertue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sinne.

Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you ;
Make bread of it : and that repose
And peace, which ev'ry where
With so much earnestnesse you do pursue
Is onely there.

CONFESSION.

O WHAT a cunning guest
Is this same Grief ! Within my heart I made
Closets ; and in them many a chest ;
And like a master in my trade,
In those chests, boxes ; in each box, a till :
Yet Grief knows all, and enters when he will.

No scrue, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and winde,
As God's afflictions into man,
When he a torture hath design'd.
They are too subtill for the subt'lest hearts ;
And fall, like rheumes, upon the tendrest parts.

We are the earth ; and they,
Like moles within us, heave and cast about :
And till they foot and clutch their prey,
They never cool, much lesse give out.

No smith can make such locks, but they have keyes;
Closets are halls to them; and hearts, high-wayes.

Onely an open breast
Doth shut them out, so that they cannot enter;
Or, if they enter, cannot rest,
But quickly seek some new adventure.
Smooth open hearts no fastning have ; but fiction
Doth give a hold and handle to affliction.

Wherefore my faults and sinnes,
Lord, I acknowledge ; take thy plagues away :
For since confession pardon winnes,
I challenge here the brightest day,
The clearest diamond : let them do their best,
They shall be thick and cloudie to my breast.

GIDDINESSE.

Oh, what a thing is man ! how farre from power,
From settled peace and rest !
He is some twentie sev'rall men at least
Each sev'rall houre.

One while he counts of heav'n, as of his treasure :
But then a thought creeps in,
And calls him coward, who for fear of sinne
Will lose a pleasure.

Now he will fight it out, and to the warres ;
Now eat his bread in peace,
And snudge in quiet : now he scorns increase ;
Now all day spares.

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwinde blew
And crusht the building : and it's partly true,
His minde is so.

O what a sight were Man, if his attires
 Did alter with his minde ;
 And like a Dolphin's skinne, his clothes combin'd
 With his desires !

Surely if each one saw another's heart,
 There would be no commerce,
 No sale or bargain pass : all would disperse,
 And live apart.

Lord, mend or rather make us : one creation
 Will not suffice our turn :
 Except thou make us dayly, we shall spurn
 Our own salvation.

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

Joy, I did lock thee up : but some bad man
 Hath let thee out again :
 And now, methinks, I am where I began
 Sev'n years ago : one vogue and vein,
 One aire of thoughts usurps my brain,
 I did toward Canaan draw ; but now I am
 Brought back to the Red Sea, the sea of shame.

For as the Jews of old by God's command
 Travell'd, and saw no town ;
 So now each Christian hath his journeys spann'd :
 Their storie pennes and sets us down.
 A single deed is small renown.

God's works are wide, and let in future times ;
 His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

Then have we too our guardian fires and clouds :
 Our Scripture-dew drops fast :
 We have our sands and serpents, tents and shrowds,
 Alas ! our murmurings come not last.
 But where's the cluster ? where's the taste
 Of mine inheritance ? Lord, if I must borrow,
 Let me as well take up their joy, as sorrow.

But can he want the grape, who hath the wine ?
 I have their fruit and more.
 Blessed be God, who prosper'd *Noah's* vine,
 And made it bring forth grapes good store.
 But much more him I must adore,
 Who of the law's sowre juice sweet wine did make,
 Ev'n God himself, being pressed for my sake.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

DEARE friend, sit down, the tale is long and sad :
 And in my faintings I presume your love
 Will more complie, then help. A Lord I had,
 And have, of whom some grounds, which may improve,
 I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
 To him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
 And in the middle plac'd my heart. But he
 (I sigh to say)
 Lookt on a servant, who did know his eye
 Better than you know me, or (which is one)
 Then I my self. The servant instantly
 Quitting the fruit, seiz'd on my heart alone,
 And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
 A stream of bloud, which issu'd from the side
 Of a great rock : I well remember all,
 And have good cause : there it was dipt and died,
 And washt, and wrung : the very wringing yet
 Enforceth tears. *Your heart was foul, I fear.*
 Indeed 'tis true. I did and do commit
 Many a fault more than my lease will bear ;
 Yet still askt pardon, and was not denied.
 But you shall heare. After my heart was well,
 And clean and fair, as I one even-tide
 (I sigh to tell)
 Walkt by myself abroad, I saw a large
 And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
 A boyling caldron, round about whose verge

Was in great letters set *AFFLICTION*.
The greatnesse shew'd the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that, which I did thus present,
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan ;
My heart, that brought it (do you understand ?)
The offerer's heart. *Your heart was hard, I fear.*
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there :
But with a richer drug then scalding water
I bath'd it often, ev'n with holy bloud,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Ev'n taken inwardly, and most divine
To supple hardnesses. But at the length
Out of the caldron getting, soon I fled
Unto my house, where to repair the strength
Which I had lost, I hasted to my bed :
But when I thought to sleep out all these faults,
(I sigh to speak)
I found that some had stuff'd the bed with thoughts,
I would say *thorns*. Deare, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures ev'n my rest was gone ?
Full well I understood, who had been there :
For I had giv'n the key to none, but one :
It must be he. *Your heart was dull, I fear.*
Indeed a slack and sleepe state of minde
Did oft possesse me, so that when I pray'd,
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behinde.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon him. *Truly, Friend,*
For ought I heare, your Master shows to you
More favour then you wot of. Mark the end.
The Font did onely, what was old, renew :
The Caldron suppld, what was grown too hard :

*The Thorns did quicken, what was grown too dull:
 All did but strive to mend, what you had marr'd.
 Wherefore be cheer'd, and praise him to the full
 Each day, each houre, each moment of the week,
 Who fain would have you be, new, tender, quick.*

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HEARK, how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring.
 All creatures have their joy, and Man hath his.
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
 Rather hereafter, then in present, is
 To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence.
 In th' other Angels have a right by birth:
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
 With th' one hand touching heav'n, with th' other earth.
 In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
 He wears a stuffe whose thread is course and round,
 But trimm'd with curious lace,
 And should take place
 After the trimming, not the stuffe and ground.
 Not, that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer:
 But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head;
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
 He may attain to, after he is dead.
 But as his joyes are double,
 So is his trouble.

He hath two winters, other things but one:
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip:
 And bite his lip;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.
 Yet ev'n the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right, and in their wayes.
 Happie is he, whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

 THE STORM.

If as the windes and waters here below
 Do flie and flow,
 My sighs and tears as busy were above;
 Sure they would move
 And much affect thee, as tempestuous times
 Amaze poore mortals, and object their crimes.
 Starres have their storms, ev'n in a high degree,
 As well as we.
 A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
 Hath a strange force:
 It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
 Dares to assault thee, and besiege thy doore.
 There it stands knocking, to thy musick's wrong,
 And drowns the song.
 Glorie and honour are set by till it
 An answer get.
 Poets have wrong'd poore storms: such dayes are best;
 They purge the aire without, within the breast.

 PARADISE.

I BLESSE thee, Lord, because I GROW
 Among thy trees, which in a ROW
 To thee both fruit and order ow.

What open force, or hidden CHARM
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,
 While the inclosure is thine ARM?

Inclose me still for fear I START.
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,
 Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgements SPARE,
 And with thy knife but prune and PARE,
 Ev'n fruitfull trees more fruitfull ARE.

Such sharpnes shows the sweetest FRIEND:
 Such cuttings rather heal than REND:
 And such beginnings touch their END.

THE METHOD.

POORE heart, lament,
 For since thy God refuseth still,
 There is some rub, some discontent,
 Which cools his will.

Thy Father *could*
 Quickly effect, what thou dost move;
 For he is *Power*: and sure he *would*;
 For he is *Love*.

Go search this thing.
 Tumble thy breast and turn thy book:
 If thou hadst lost a glove or ring,
 Wouldst thou not look?

What do I see
 Written above there? *Yesterday*
I did behave me carelessly,
When I did pray.

And should God's eare
 To such indifferents chained be,
 Who do not their own motions heare?
 Is God lesse free?

But stay! what's there?
*Late when I would have something done,
 I had a motion to forbear,
 Yet I went on.*

And should God's care,
 Which needs not man, be ty'd to those
 Who heare not him, but quickly heare
 His utter foes?

Then once more pray:
 Down with thy knees, up with thy voice:
 Seek pardon first, and God will say,
Glad heart rejoyce.

 DIVINITIE.

As men, for fear the starres should sleep and nod,
 And trip at night, have spheres supplied;
 As if a starre were duller than a clod,
 Which knows his way without a guide:

Just so the other heav'n they also serve,
 Divinitie's transcendent skie:
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve.
 Reason triumphs and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdome, which first broacht the wine,
 Have thicken'd it with definitions?
 And jagg'd his seamlesse coat, had that been fine,
 With curious questions and divisions?

But all the doctrine, which he taught and gave,
 Was cleare as heav'n, from whence it came.
 At least those beams of truth, which onely save,
 Surpasse in brightnesse any flame.

*Love God, and love your neighbour. Watch and pray.
 Do as you would be done unto.*

O dark instructions, ev'n as dark as day!
 Who can these Gordian knots undo?

But he doth bid us take his bloud for wine.
 Bid what he please ; yet I am sure,
 To take and taste what he doth there designe,
 Is all that saves, and not obscure.

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man ;
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head ;
 Faith needs no staffe of flesh, but stoutly can
 To heav'n alone both go, and leade.

EPHES. iv. 30.

Grieve not the Holy Spirit, etc.

AND art thou grieved, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sowre,
 And crosse thy love ?
 Grieved for me ? the God of strength and power
 Griev'd for a worm, which when I tread,
 I passe away and leave it dead ?
 Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve :
 Weep, foolish heart,
 And weeping live ;
 For death is drie as dust. Yet if ye part,
 End as the night, whose sable hue
 Your sinnes expresse ; melt into dew.
 When sawcie Mirth shall knock or call at doore,
 Cry out, Get hence,
 Or cry no more.
 Almighty God doth grieve, he puts on sense :
 I sinne not to my grief alone,
 But to my God's too ; he doth grone.
 O take thy lute, and tune it to a strain,
 Which may with thee
 All day complain.
 There can no discord but in ceasing be.
 Marbles can weep ; and surely strings
 More bowels have, than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
 Ev'n endlesse tears
 Without relief.
 If a cleare spring for me no time forbears,
 But runnes, although I be not drie ;
 I am no Crystall, what shall I ?
 Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
 Nature denies ;
 And flesh would fail,
 If my deserts were masters of mine eyes :
 Lord, pardon, for thy Sonne makes good
 My want of tears with store of bloud.

 THE FAMILIE.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my heart,
 As if they had a part ?
 What do these loud complaints and pulling fears,
 As if there were no rule or eares ?
 But, Lord, the house and familie are thine,
 Though some of them repine.
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile thy seat :
 For where thou dwellest all is neat.
 First Peace and Silence all disputes controll,
 Then Order plaies the soul ;
 And giving all things their set forms and houres,
 Makes of wilde woods sweet walks and bowres.
 Humble Obedience neare the doore doth stand,
 Expecting a command :
 Then whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.
 Joyes oft are there, and griefs as oft as joyes ;
 But griefs without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder, then distemper'd fears :
 What is so shrill as silent tears ?

This thy house, with these it doth abound :
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps thou com'st sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

THE SIZE.

CONTENT thee, greedie heart.
 Modest and moderate joyes to those, that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part,
 Are passing brave.

Let th' upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow.

What though some have a fraught
 Of cloves and nutmegs, and in cinamon sail ?
 If thou hast wherewithall to spice a draught,
 When griefs prevail,

And for the future time art heir
 To th' Isle of spices, Is't not fair ?

To be in both worlds full
 Is more then God was, who was hungrie here.
 Wouldst thou his laws of fasting disanull ?

Enact good cheer ?
 Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it ?
 Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it ?

Great joyes are all at once ;
 But little do reserve themselves for more :
 Those have their hopes ; these what they have renounce,
 And live on score :

Those are at home ; these journey still,
 And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenc'd joy,
 And in the flesh condemn'd it as unfit,
 At least in lump : for such doth oft destroy ;
 Whereas a bit

Doth tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present health restore.

A Christian's state and case
Is not a corpulent, but a thinne and spare,
Yet active strength : whose long and bonie face
Content and care
Do seem to equally divide,
Like a pretender, not a bride.

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou locest all.
If comforts fell according to desert,
They would great frosts and snows destroy :
For we should count, Since the last joy.

Then close again the seam,
Which thou hast open'd ; do not spread thy robe
In hope of great things. Call to mind thy dream,
An earthly globe,
On whose meridian was engraven,
These seas are tears, and heav'n the haven.

ARTILLERIE.

As I one ev'ning sat before my cell,
Me thought a starre did shoot into my lap.
I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well,
That from small fires come oft no small mishap :
When suddenly I heard one say,
Do as thou usest, disobey,
Expell good notions from thy breast,
Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.

I, who had heard of musick in the spheres,
But not of speech in starres, began to muse :
But turning to my God, whose ministers
The starres and all things are ; If I refuse,

Dread Lord, said I, so oft my good ;
 Then I refuse not ev'n with bloud
 To wash away my stubborn thought ;
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.

But I have also starres and shooters too,
 Born where thy servants both artilleries use,
 My tears and prayers night and day do woove,
 And work up to thee ; yet thou dost refuse.

Not but I am (I must say still)
 Much more oblig'd to do thy will,
 Than thou to grant mine : but because
 Thy promise now hath ev'n set thee thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and thou dost deigne
 To enter combate with us, and contest
 With thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
 Shunne not my arrows, and behold my breast.

Yet if thou shunnest, I am thine :
 I must be so, if I am mine.
 There is no articing with thee :
 I am but finite, yet thine infinitely.

CHURCH-RENTS AND SCHISMES.

BRAVE rose (alas !) where art thou ? In the chair,
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A worm doth sit, whose many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
 And bottome of the leaves : which when the winde
 Did once perceive, it blew them under foot,
 Where rude unhallow'd steps do crush and grinde
 Their beauteous glories. Onely shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush ? is she the rose,
 And shows it so ? Indeed Christ's precious bloud

Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher then before.
 But when debates and fretting jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your colour faded, and calamities
 Turned your ruddie into pale and bleak :
 Your health and beautie both began to break.

Then did your sev'rall parts unloose and start ;
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north-winde
 They rushed in, and cast them in the dirt
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother deare and kinde,
 Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep,
 As many eyes as starres ? since it is night,
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
 And ev'n all Africk ; would at least I might
 With these two poore ones lick up all the dew
 Which falls by night, and poure it out for you !

JUSTICE.

O DREADFULL Justice, what a fright and terrour
 Wast thou of old,
 When sinne and errour
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glasse discolour thee !
 He that did but look up, was proud and bold.
 The dishes of thy ballance seem'd to gape,
 Like two great pits ;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tott'ring engine show :
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Danting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.
 But now that Christ's pure vail presents the sight,
 I see no fears :
 Thy hand is white,

Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.
 For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee,
 God's promises hath made thee mine:
 Why should I justice now decline?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELL'D ON, seeing the hill, where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way.
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on th' one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.
 And so I came to Phansies meadow strow'd
 With many a flower:
 Fain would I here have made abode,
 But I was quicken'd by my houre.
 So to Care's cops I came, and there got through
 With much ado.
 That led me to the wilde of Passion; which
 Some call the wold;
 A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
 Here I was robb'd of all my gold,
 Save one good Angell, which a friend had tied
 Close to my side.
 At length I got unto the gladsome hill,
 Where lay my hope,
 Where lay my heart; and climbing still,
 When I had gain'd the brow and top,
 A lake of brackish waters on the ground
 Was all I found.

With that abash'd and struck with many a sting
 Of swarming fears,
 I fell, and cry'd, Alas my King ;
 Can both the way and end be tears ?
 Yet taking heart I rose, and then perceiv'd
 I was deceiv'd :
 My hill was further : so I flung away,
 Yet heard a crie
 Just as I went, *None goes that way*
And lives : If that be all, said I,
 After so foul a journey death is fair,
 - And but a chair.

 THE HOLDFAST.

I **T**HREATNED to observe the strict decree
 Of my deare God with all my power and might :
 But I was told by one, it could not be ;
 Yet I might trust in God to be my light.
 Then will I trust, said I, in him alone.
 Nay, ev'n to trust in him, was also his :
 We must confesse, that nothing is our own.
 Then I confesse that he my succour is :
 But to have nought is ours, not to confesse
 That we have nought. I stood amaz'd at this,
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend expresse,
That all things were more ours by being his.
 What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
 Christ keepeth now, who cannot fail or fall.

 COMPLAINING.

Do not beguile my heart,
 Because thou art
My power and wisdom. Put me not to shame,
 Because I am
 Thy clay that weeps, thy dust that calls.

Thou art the Lord of glorie;
 The deed and storie
 Are both thy due : but I a silly flie,
 That live or die,
 According as the weather falls.

Art thou all justice, Lord ?
 Shows not thy word
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye
 To weep or crie ?
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not thy wrathfull power
 Afflict my houre,
 My inch of life : or let thy gracious power
 Contract my houre,
 That I may climbe and finde relief.

THE DISCHARGE.

BUSIE enquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?
 Why dost thou prie,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
 Look high and low ;
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?
 Hast thou not made thy counts, and summ'd up all ?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
 Let what will fall :
 That which is past who can recall ?
 Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
 And is his right.
 He is thy night at noon : he is at night
 Thy noon alone.
 The crop is his, for he hath sown.
 And well it was for thee, that this befell,
 That God did make

Thy businesse his, and in thy life partake :
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

Onely the present is thy part and fee.
And happy thou,
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things requir'd of thee.

They ask enough ; why shouldst thou further go ?
Raise not the mudde
Of future depths, but drink the cleare and good.
Dig not for wo
In times to come ; for it will grow.

Man and the present fit : if he provid,
He breaks the square.
This houre is mine : if for the next I care,
I grow too wide,
And do encroach upon death's side :

For death each houre environs and surrounds :
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds,
But thro' a Church-yard which them bounds.

Things present shrink and die : but they that spend
Their thoughts and sense
On future grief, do not remove it thence,
But it extend,
And draw the bottome out an end.

God chains the dog till night : wilt loose the chain,
And wake thy sorrow ?
Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to morrow,
And then again
Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come : or if it must,
 Do not forecast :
 And while it cometh, it is almost past.
 Away distrust :
 My God hath promis'd ; he is just.

PRAISE.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
 I will love thee :
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move thee.
 Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me :
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spar'd me.
 Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring thee.
 Though my sinnes against me cried,
 Thou didst cleare me ;
 And alone when they replied,
 Thou didst heare me.
 Sev'n whole dayes, not one in seven,
 I will praise thee.
 In my heart, though not in heaven,
 I can raise thee.
 Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst.
 And when Justice call'd for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.
 Small it is, in this poore sort
 To enroll thee :
 Ev'n eternitie is too short
 To extoll thee.

AN OFFERING.

COME, bring thy gift. If blessings were as slow
 As men's returns, what would become of fools ?
 What hast thou there? a heart? but is it pure ?
 Search well and see, for hearts have many holes.
 Yet one pure heart is nothing to bestow :
 In Christ two natures met to be thy cure.

O that within us hearts had propagation,
 Since many gifts do challenge many hearts !
 Yet one, if good, may title to a number ;
 And single things grow fruitfull by deserts.
 In publick judgments one may be a nation,
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is lest thy heart displease,
 As neither good, nor one : so oft divisions
 Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone ;
 Thy passions also have their set partitions.
 These parcell out thy heart : recover these
 And thou mayst offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsome, or indeed a bloud,
 Dropping from heav'n, which doth both cleanse and close
 All sorts of wounds ; of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose,
 Until thou finde, and use it to thy good :
 Then bring thy gift ; and let thy hymne be this ;

SINCE my sadnesse
 Into gladnesse,
 Lord thou dost convert,
 O accept
 What thou hast kept,
 As thy due desert.
 Had I many,
 Had I any,

(For this heart is none)
 All were thine
 And none of mine,
 Surely thine alone.

Yet thy favour
 May give savour
 To this poore oblation ;
 And it raise
 To be thy praise,
 And be my salvation.

LONGING.

WITH sick and famisht eyes,
 With doubling knees and weary bones,
 To thee my cries,
 To thee my grones,
 To thee my sighs, my tears ascend :
 No end ?

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is wither'd like a ground
 Which thou dost curse.
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddie ; Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From thee all pitie flows.
 Mothers are kinde, because thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants, them ; and they suck thee
 More free.

Bowels of pitie, heare !
 Lord of my soul, love of my minde.
 Bow down thine care !

Let not the winde
 Scatter my words, and in the same
 Thy name!

Look on my sorrows round!
 Mark well my furnace! O what flames,
 What heats abound!
 What griefs, what shames!
 Consider, Lord; Lord, bow thine eare,
 And heare!

Lord Jesu, thou didst bow
 Thy dying head upon the tree:
 O be not now
 More dead to me!
 Lord, heare! *Shall he that made the eare*
Not heare?

Behold, thy dust doth stirre;
 It moves, it creeps, it aims at thee:
 Wilt thou deferre
 To succour me,
 Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumme
 Sayes, Come?

To thee help appertains.
 Hast thou left all things to their course,
 And laid the reins
 Upon the horse?
 Is all lockt? hath a sinner's plea
 No key?

Indeed the world's thy book,
 Where all things have their leafe assign'd:
 Yet a meek look
 Hath interlin'd.
 Thy board is full, yet humble guests
 Finde nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
 And fall to nothing: thou dost reigne,

And rule on high,
 While I remain
 In bitter grief: yet am I stil'd
 Thy childe.

Lord, didst thou leave thy throne.
 Not to relieve? how can it be,
 That thou art grown
 Thus hard to me?
 Were sinne alive, good cause there were
 To bear.

But now both sinne is dead,
 And all thy promises live and bide.
 That wants his head;
 These speak and chide,
 And in thy bosome poure my tears,
 As theirs.

Lord JESU, heare my heart,
 Which hath been broken now so long,
 That ev'ry part
 Hath got a tongue!
 Thy beggars grow; rid them away
 To-day.

My love, my sweetnesse, heare!
 By these thy feet, at which my heart
 Lies all the yeare,
 Pluck out thy dart,
 And heal my troubled breast which cries,
 Which dyes.

THE BAG.

AWAY despair; my gracious Lord doth heare,
 Though windes and waves assault my keel,
 He doth preserve it: he doth steer,
 Ev'n when the boat seems most to reel.

Storms are the triumph of his art :
Well may he close his eyes, but not his heart.

Hast thou not heard, that my Lord JESUS died ?
Then let me tell thee a strange storie.
The God of power, as he did ride
In his majestick robes of glorie,
Resolv'd to light ; and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The starres his tire of light and rings obtain'd,
The cloud his bow, the fire his spear,
The sky his azure mantle gain'd.
And when they ask'd, what he would wear ;
He smil'd, and said as he did go,
He had new clothes a making here below.

When he was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inne.
Both then, and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancell sinne:
And having giv'n the rest before,
Here he gave up his life to pay our score.

But as he was returning, there came one
That ran upon him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Receiv'd the blow upon his side,
And straight he turn'd, and to his brethren cry'd,

If ye have any thing to send or write,
(I have no bag, but here is room)
Unto my Father's hands and sight
(Beleeve me) it shall safely come.
That I shall minde, what you impart ;
Look, you may put it very neare my heart.

Or if hereafter any of my friends
Will use me in this kinde, the doore

Shall still be open ; what he sends
 I will present, and somewhat more,
 Not to his hurt. Sighs will convey
 Anything to me. Hark despair, away.

THE JEWS.

Poore nation, whose sweet sap and juice
 Our cyens have purloin'd, and left you drie :
 Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluce,
 And use in baptisme, while ye pine and die :
 Who by not keeping once, became a debter ;
 And now by keeping lose the letter :

Oh that my prayers ! mine, alas !
 Oh that some Angel might a trumpet sound :
 At which the Church falling upon her face
 Should crie so loud, untill the trump were drown'd,
 And by that crie of her deare Lord obtain,
 That your sweet sap might come again !

THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cry'd, No more ;
 I will abroad.
 What ? shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the rode,
 Loose as the winde, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me bloud, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordiall fruit ?
 Sure there was wine,
 Before my sighs did drie it : there was corn,
 Before my tears did drown it.
 Is the yeare onely lost to me ?
 Have I no bayes to crown it ?

No flowers, no garlands gay? all blasted?
 All wasted?
 Not so, my heart: but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures: leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit, and not forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which pettie thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away; take heed:
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there: tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need,
 Deserves his load.
 But as I rav'd and grew more fierce and wilde,
 At every word,
 Methought I heard one calling, *Childe*:
 And I reply'd, *My Lord*.

 THE GLIMPSE.

WHITHER away, Delight?
 Thou cam'st but now; wilt thou so soon depart,
 And give me up to night?
 For many weeks of lingring pain and smart
 But one half hour of comfort for my heart?

 Methinks Delight should have
 More skill in musick, and keep better time.
 Wert thou a winde or wave,
 They quickly go and come with lesser crime:
 Flowers look about, and die not in their prime,

Thy short abode and stay
 Feeds not, but addes to the desire of meat.
 Lime begg'd of old (they say)
 A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat ;
 Which by the spring's accesse grew much more great.

In hope of thee my heart
 Pickt here and there a crumme, and would not die ;
 But constant to his part,
 When as my fears foretold this, did replie,
 A slender thread a gentle guest will tie.

Yet if the heart that wept
 Must let thee go, return when it doth knock.
 Although thy heap be kept
 For future times, the droppings of the stock
 May oft break forth, and never break the lock.

If I have more to spinne,
 The wheel shall go, so that thy stay be short.
 Thou knowst how grief and sinne
 Disturb the work. O make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a court !

ASSURANCE.

O SPITEFULL bitter thought !
 Bitterly spitefull thought! Couldst thou invent
 So high a torture ? Is such poyson bought ?
 Doubtlesse, but in the way of punishment,
 When wit contrives to meet with thee,
 No such rank poyson can there be.

Thou said'st but even now,
 That all was not so fair, as I conceiv'd,
 Betwixt my God and me ; that I allow
 And coin large hopes; but, that I was deceiv'd :
 Either the league was broke, or neare it ;
 And, that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this? what more
Could poyson, if it had a tongue, expresse?
What is thy aim? wouldst thou unlock the doore
To cold despairs, and gnawing pensiveness?
Wouldst thou raise devils! I see, I know,
I writ thy purpose long ago.

But I will to my Father,
Who heard thee say it. O most gracious Lord,
If all the hope and comfort that I gather,
Were from myself, I had not half a word,
Not half a letter to oppose
What is objected by my foes.

But thou art my desert:
And in this league, which now my foes invade,
Thou art not onely to perform thy part,
But also mine; as when the league was made,
Thou didst at once thyself indite,
And hold my hand, while I did write.

Wherefore if thou canst fail,
Then can thy truth and I: but while rocks stand,
And rivers stirre, thou canst not shrink or quail:
Yea, when both rocks and all things shall disband,
Then shalt thou be my rock and tower,
And make their ruine praise thy power.

Now foolish thought go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame: for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy throat.
What for it self love once began,
Now love and truth will end in man.

THE CALL.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life:
Such a Way, as gives us breath:

Such a Truth, as ends all strife :
 Such a Life, as killeth death.
 Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength :
 Such a Light as shows a feast :
 Such a Feast, as mends in length :
 Such a Strength, as makes his guest.
 Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart :
 Such a Joy, as none can move :
 Such a Love, as none can part :
 Such a Heart, as joyes in love.

CLASPING OF HANDS.

LORD, thou art mine, and I am thine,
 If mine I am : and thine much more,
 Than I or ought, or can be mine.
 Yet to be thine, doth me restore ;
 So that again I now am mine,
 And with advantage mine the more.
 Since this being mine, brings with it thine.
 And thou with me dost thee restore.
 If I without thee would be mine,
 I neither should be mine nor thine.

Lord, I am thine, and thou art mine :
 So mine thou art, that something more
 I may presume thee mine, then thine.
 For thou didst suffer to restore
 Not thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since thou in death wast none of thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore.
 O be mine still ! still make me thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and Mine !

PRAISE.

LORD, I will mean and speak thy praise,
Thy praise alone.
My busie heart shall spin it all my dayes :
And when it stops for want of store,
Then will I wring it with a sigh or grone,
That thou mayst yet have more.

When thou dost favour any action,
It runnes, it flies :
All things concurre to give it a perfection.
That which had but two legs before,
When thou dost blesse, hath twelve: one wheel doth rise
To twentie then, or more.

But when thou dost on businesse blow,
It hangs, it clogs :
Not all the teams of Albion in a row
Can hale or draw it out of doore.
Legs are but stumps, and Pharaoh's wheels but logs,
And struggling hinders more.

Thousands of things do thee employ
In ruling all
This spacious globe : Angels must have their joy,
Devils their rod, the sea his shore,
The windes their stint : and yet when I did call,
Thou heardst my call, and more.

I have not lost one single tear :
But when mine eyes
Did weep to heav'n, they found a bottle there
(As we have boxes for the poore)
Readie to take them in ; yet of a size
That would contain much more.

But after thou hadst slipt a drop
From thy right eye
(Which there did hang like streamers neare the top

Of some fair church to show the sore
 And bloudie battell which thou once didst trie)
 The glasse was full and more.

Wherefore I sing. Yet since my heart,
 Though press'd, runnes thin;
 O that I might some other hearts convert,
 And so take up at use good store:
 That to thy chests there might be coming in
 Both all my praise, and more!

JOSEPH'S COAT.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed, and rest:
 Sorrow hath chang'd its note: such is his will
 Who changeth all things, as him pleaseth best.
 For well he knows, if but one grief and smart
 Among my many had his full career,
 Sure it would carrie with it ev'n my heart,
 And both would runne until they found a biere
 To fetch the bodie; both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoil'd the race; and giv'n to anguish
 One of Joyes coats, ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.
 I live to show his power, who once did bring
 My joyes to weep, and now my *griefs* to sing.

THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glasse of blessings standing by;
 Let us (said he) poure on him all we can:
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
 Contract into a span.
 So strength first made a way;
 Then beautie flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:

When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottome lay.

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

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlesnesse:
Let him be rich and wearie, that at least,
If goodnesse leade him not, yet wearinesse
May tosse him to my breast.

THE PRIESTHOOD.

BLEST Order, which in power dost so excell,
That with th' one hand thou liftest to the sky,
And with the other throwest down to hell
In thy just censures; fain would I draw nigh,
Fain put thee on, exchanging my lay-sword
For that of th' holy word.

But thou art fire, sacred and hallow'd fire;
And I but earth and clay: should I presume
To wear thy habit, the severe attire
My slender compositions might consume.
I am both foul and brittle, much unfit
To deal in holy writ.

Yet have I often seen, by cunning hand
And force of fire, what curious things are made
Of wretched earth. Where once I scorn'd to stand,
That earth is fitted by the fire and trade
Of skilfull artists, for the boards of those
Who make the bravest shows.

Yet can I mark how herbs below
Grow green and gay ;
As if to meet thee they did know,
While I decay.

Yet can I mark how starres above
Simper and shine,
As having keyes unto thy love,
While poore I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Wing'd like an arrow : but my scout
Returns in vain.

I tun'd another (having store)
Into a grone,
Because the search was dumbe before :
But all was one.

Lord, dost thou some new fabrick mold
Which favour winnes,
And keeps thee present, leaving th' old
Unto their sinnes ?

Where is my God ? what hidden place
Conceals thee still ?
What covert dare eclipse thy face ?
Is it thy will ?

O let not that of any thing :
Let rather brasse,
Or steel, or mountains be thy ring,
And I will passe.

Thy will such an intrenching is,
As passeth thought :
To it all strength, all subtilties
Are things of nought.

Thy will such a strange distance is,
As that to it

East and West touch, the poles do kisse.
And parallels meet.

Since then my grief must be as large
As is thy space,
Thy distance from me ; see my charge,
Lord, see my case.

O take these barres, these lengths away :
Turn, and restore me :
Be not Almightye, let me say,
Against, but for me.

When thou dost turn, and wilt be neare ;
What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appeare
To come between ?

For as thy absence doth excell
All distance known :
So doth thy nearnesse bear the bell,
Making two one.

GRIEF.

O WHO will give me tears ? Come all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes: come, clouds, and rain :
My grief hath need of all the watry things,
That nature hath produc'd. Let ev'ry vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes too drie for me,
Unlesse they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow foords, two little spouts
Of a lesse world ? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows : cease, be dumb and mute,

Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
 And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
 Whose grief allows him musick and a ryme:
 For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time.
 Alas, my God!

THE CROSSE.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
 To make me sigh, and seek, and faint, and die,
 Untill I had some place, where I might sing,
 And serve thee; and not onely I,
 But all my wealth, and familie might combine
 To set thy honour up, as our designe.

And then when after much delay,
 Much wrastling, many a combate, this deare end,
 So much desir'd, is giv'n, to take away
 My power to serve thee: to unbend.
 All my abilities, my designes confound,
 And lay my threatnings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
 Another in my soul (the memorie
 What I would do for thee, if once my grones
 Could be allow'd for harmonie):
 I am in all a weak disabled thing,
 Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
 Ev'n when my will doth studie thy renown:
 Thou turnest th' edge of all things on me still,
 Taking me up to throw me down:
 So that, ev'n when my hopes seem to be sped,
 I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
 Farther from it than when I bent my bow;
 To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
 Of all my woes another wo,

Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And ev'n in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah my deare Father, ease my smart!
These contrarieties crush me: these crosse actions
Doe winde a rope about, and cut my heart:
And yet since these thy contradictions
Are properly a crosse felt by thy sonne
With but foure words, my words, *Thy will be done.*

THE FLOWER.

How fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
Are thy returns! ev'n as the flowers in spring;
To which, besides their own demean,
The late-past frosts tributes of pleasure bring.
Grief melts away
Like snow in May,
As if there were no such cold thing.

Who would have thought my shrivel'd heart
Could have recover'd greenesse? It was gone
Quite under ground; as flowers depart
To see their mother-root, when they have blown;
Where they together
All the hard weather,
Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are thy wonders, Lord of power,
Killing and quickning, bringing down to hell
And up to heaven in an houre;
Making a chiming of a passing-bell.

We say amisse,
This or that is:
Thy word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
Fast in thy Paradise, where no flower can wither!
Many a spring I shoot up fair,

Off'ring at heav'n, growing and groning thither :
 Nor doth my flower
 Want a spring-showre,
 My sinnes and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
 Still upwards bent, as if heav'n were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline :
 What frost to that? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When thou dost turn,
 And the least frown of thine is shown ?

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

These are thy wonders, Lord of love,
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide :
 Which when we once can finde and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us, where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

 DOTAGE.

FALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happinesse,
 Foolish night-fires, women's and children's wishes,
 Chases in arras, gilded emptinesse,
 Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
 Embroider'd lyes, nothing between two dishes ;
 These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
 Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,

Yet slight not these few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art.
 The finenesse which a hymne or psalme affords,
 Is, when the soul unto the line accords.

He who craves all the minde,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words onely ryme,
 Justly complains, that somewhat is behinde.
 To make his verse, or write a hymne in kinde.

Whereas if th' heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supplie the want.
 As when th' heart sayes (sighing to be approved)
O, could I love! and stops ; God writeth, *Loved.*

THE ANSWER.

My comforts drop and melt away like snow :
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends,
 Which my fierce youth did bandie, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,
 Flyes of estates and sunne-shine. But to all,
 Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
 But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
 As a young exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky ;
 But cooling by the way, grows pursie and slow,
 And settling to a cloud, doth live and die
 In that dark state of tears : to all, that so
 Show me, and set me, I have one reply,
 Which they that know the rest, know more then I.

A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

Christian, Death.

Chr. ALAS, poore Death ! where is thy glorie ?
 Where is thy famous force, thy ancient sting ?
Dea. *Alas, poore mortall, void of storie,*
Go spell and reade how I have kill'd thy King.
Chr. Poore Death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
 Thy curse being laid on him makes thee accurst.
Dea. *Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die ;*
These arms shall crush thee. *Chr.* Spare not, do
 thy worst.
 I shall be one day better then before :
 Thou so much worse, that thou shalt be no more.

THE WATER-COURSE.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
 Since the condition of this world is frail,
 Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow ;
 If troubles overtake thee, do not wail :
 For who can look for lesse, that loveth { Life.
 { Strife.

But rather turn the pipe, and waters course
 To serve thy sinnes, and furnish thee with store
 Of sov'raigne tears, springing from true remorse :
 That so in purenesse thou mayst him adore
 Who gives to man, as he sees fit, { Salvation.
 { Damnation.

SELF-CONDEMNATION.

THOU who condemnest Jewish hate,
 For choosing Barabbas a murderer
 Before the Lord of glorie ;
 Look back upon thine own estate,

Call home thine eye (that busie wanderer)
That choice may be thy storie.

He that doth love, and love amisse
This world's delights before true Christian joy,
Hath made a Jewish choice :
The world an ancient murderer is ;
Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
With her enchanting voice.

He that hath made a sorrie wedding
Between his soul and gold, and hath preferr'd
False gain before the true,
Hath done what he condemnes in reading :
For he hath sold for money his deare Lord,
And is a Judas-Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
And judge our selves. That light which sin and passion
Did before dimme and choke,
When once those snuffes are ta'en away,
Shines bright and cleare, ev'n unto condemnation,
Without excuse or cloak.

BITTER-SWEET.

AH, my deare angrie Lord,
Since thou dost love, yet strike ;
Cast down, yet help afford ;
Sure I will do the like.
I will complain, yet praise ;
I will bewail, approve :
And all my sowre-sweet dayes
I will lament, and love.

THE GLANCE.

WHEN first thy sweet and gracious eye
Vouchsaf'd ev'n in the midst of youth and night

To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltring in sinne ;
 I felt a sugred strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalme, and overrunne my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, ev'n able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway :
 But still thy sweet originall joy
 Sprung from thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, controll,
 And got the day.

If thy first glance so powerfull be,
 A mirth but open'd, and seal'd up again ;
 What wonders shall we feel, when we shall see
 Thy full-ey'd love !
 When thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of thine spend in delight
 More then a thousand sunnes disburse in light,
 In heav'n above.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALME.

THE God of love my shepherd is,
 And he that doth me feed :
 While he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want or need ?
 He leads me to the tender grasse,
 Where I both feed and rest ;
 Then to the streams that gently passe :
 In both I have the best.
 Or if I stray, he doth convert,
 And bring my minde in frame :

And all this not for my desert,
But for his holy name.

Yea, in death's shadie black abode
Well may I walk, not fear :
For thou art with me, and thy rod
To guide, thy staffe to bear.

Nay, thou dost make me sit and dine,
Ev'n in my enemies' sight ;
My head with oyl, my cup with wine
Runnes over day and night.

Surely thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my dayes ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

MARIE MAGDALENE.

WHEN blessed Marie wip'd her Saviour's feet,
(Whose precepts she had trampled on before)
And wore them for a jewell on her head,
Shewing his steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humblenesse would live and tread .

She being stain'd herself, why did she strive
To make him clean, who could not be defil'd ?
Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
And not his feet ? Though we could dive
In tears like seas, our sinnes are pil'd
Deeper then they, in words, and works, and thoughts.

Deare soul, she knew who did vouchsafe and deigne
To bear her filth ; and that her sinnes did dash
Ev'n God himself : wherefore she was not loth,
As she had brought wherewith to stain,
So to bring in wherewith to wash :
And yet in washing one, she washed both.

AARON.

HOLINESSE on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To lead them unto life and rest :
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profanenesse in my head,
 Defects and darknesse in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest :
 Poore priest thus am I drest.

Onely another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another musick, making live not dead,
 Without whom I could have no rest :
 In him I am well drest.

Christ is my onely head,
 My alone onely heart and breast,
 My onely musick, striking me ev'n dead ;
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in him new drest.

So holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my deare breast,
 My doctrine tun'd by Christ, (who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest).
 Come, people; Aaron's drest.

THE ODOUR.

2 Cor. II.

How sweetly doth *My Master* sound! *My Master!*
 As amber-greese leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster :
 So do these words a sweet content,
 In orientall fragrancie, *My Master.*

With these all day I do perfume my minde,
 My minde ev'n thrust into them both ;
 That I might finde
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my minde.

My Master, shall I speak ? O that to thee
My servant were a little so,
 As flesh may be ;
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spicinesse to thee !

Then should the Pomander, which was before
 A speaking sweet, mend by reflection,
 And tell me more :
 For pardon of my imperfection
 Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when *My Master*, which alone is sweet,
 And ev'n in my unworthinesse pleasing,
 Shall call and meet,
My servant, as thee not displeasing,
 That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetning me
 (As sweet things traffick when they meet)
 Return to thee.

And so this new commerce and sweet
 Should all my life employ, and busie me.

 THE FOIL.

IF we could see below
 The sphere of vertue, and each shining grace,
 As plainly as that above doth show ;
 This were the better skie, the brighter place.

God hath made starres the foil
 To set off vertues ; griefs to set off sinning .
 Yet in this wretched world we toil,
 As if grief were not foul, nor vertue winning.

THE FORERUNNERS.

THE harbingers are come. See, see their mark ;
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain ? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions, which therein was bred ?
 Must dulnesse turn me to a clod ?
 Yet have they left me, *Thou art still my God.*

Good men ye be, to leave me my best room,
 Ev'n all my heart, and what is lodged there :
 I passe not, I, what of the rest become,
 So, *Thou art still my God*, be out of fear.
 He will be pleased with that dittie ;
 And if I please him, I write fine and wittie.

Farewell sweet phrases, lovely metaphors ;
 But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels onely knew the doores,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to church well drest and clad :
 My God must have my best, ev'n all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
 Hony of roses, whither wilt thou flie ?
 Hath some fond lover tic'd thee to thy bane ?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a stie !
 Fie, thou wilt soil thy broider'd coat,
 And hurt thyself, and him that sings the note.

Let foolish lovers, if they will love dung,
 With canvas, not with arras clothe their shame :
 Let Follie speak in her own native tongue.
 True beautie dwells on high : ours is a flame
 But borrow'd thence to light us thither.
 Beautie and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I passe not ; take your way :
 For, *Thou art still my God*, is all that ye

Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
 Go, birds of spring : let Winter have his fee ;
 Let a bleak palenesse chalk the doore,
 So all within be livelier then before.

THE ROSE.

PRESSE me not to take more pleasure
 In this world of sugred lies,
 And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict, yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
 Colour'd griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes, that look as cleare,
 As if they could beautie spare.

Or if such deceits there be,
 Such delights I meant to say ;
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have pass'd my right away.

But I will not much oppose
 Unto what you now advise :
 Onely take this gentle rose,
 And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer then a rose ?
 What is sweeter ? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmitie disclose,
 Enmitie forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose ;
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joyes to be a scourge :
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physick choose :
 Onely though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a rose.

DISCIPLINE.

THROW away thy rod,
 Throw away thy wrath :
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.
 For my heart's desire
 Unto thine is bent :
 I aspire
 To a full consent.
 Not a word or look
 I affect to own,
 But by book,
 And thy book alone.
 Though I fail, I weep :
 Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
 To the throne of grace.
 Then let wrath remove ;
 Love will do the deed :
 For with love
 Stonie hearts will bleed.
 Love is swift of foot ;
 Love's a man of warre,
 And can shoot,
 And can hit from farre.
 Who can scape his bow ?
 That which wrought on thee,
 Brought thee low,
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod ;
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God :
Throw away thy wrath.

THE INVITATION.

COME ye hither all, whose taste
 Is your waste ;
Save your cost, and mend your fare.
God is here prepar'd and drest,
 And the feast,
God, in whom all dainties are.

COME ye hither all, whom wine
 Doth define,
Naming you not to your good :
Weep what ye have drunk amisse,
 And drink this,
Which before ye drink is bloud.

COME ye hither all, whom pain
 Doth arraigne,
Bringing all your sinnes to sight :
Taste and fear not : God is here
 In this cheer,
And on sinne doth cast the fright.

COME ye hither all, whom joy
 Doth destroy,
While ye graze without your bounds :
Here is joy that drowneth quite
 Your delight,
As a floud the lower grounds.

COME ye hither all, whose love
 Is your dove,
And exalts you to the skie :

Here is love, which, having breath
 Ev'n in death,
 After death can never die.

Lord I have invited all,
 And I shall
 Still invite, still call to thee:
 For it seems but just and right
 In my sight,
 Where is all, there all should be.

THE BANQUET.

WELCOME sweet and sacred cheer,
 Welcome deare;
 With me, in me, live and dwell:
 For thy neatnesse passeth sight,
 Thy delight
 Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetnesse from the bowl
 Fills my soul,
 Such as is, and makes divine!
 In some starre (fled from the sphere)
 Melted there,
 As we sugar melt in wine?

Or hath sweetnesse in the bread
 Made a head
 To subdue the smell of sinne,
 Flowers, and gummes, and powders giving
 All their living,
 Lest the enemy should winne?

Doubtlesse, neither starre nor flower
 Hath the power
 Such a sweetnesse to impart:
 Onely God, who gives perfumes,
 Flesh assumes,
 And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pomanders and wood
 Still are good,
 Yet being bruise'd are better sented ;
 God, to show how farre his love
 Could improve,
 Here, as broken, is presented.
 When I had forgot my birth,
 And on earth
 In delights of earth was drown'd ;
 God took bloud, and needs would be
 Spilt with me,
 And so found me on the ground.
 Having raised me to look up,
 In a cup
 Sweetly he doth meet my taste.
 But I still being low and short,
 Farre from court,
 Wine becomes a wing at last.
 For with it alone I flie
 To the skie :
 Where I wipe mine eyes, and see
 What I seek, for what I sue ;
 Him I view
 Who hath done so much for me.
 Let the wonder of this pitie
 Be my dittie,
 And take up my lines and life :
 Hearken under pain of death,
 Hands and breath.
 Strive in this, and love the strife.

 THE POSIE.

LET wits contest,
 And with their words and posies windows fill :
 Lesse than the least
Of all thy mercies, is my posie still.

This on my ring,
 This by my picture, in my book I write ;
 Whether I sing,
 Or say, or dictate, this is my delight.

Invention rest ;
 Comparisons go play ; wit use thy will :
 Lesse than the least
Of all God's mercies, is my posie still.

— — —
 A PARODIE.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone,
 And I alone,
 Which cannot be,
 Because thou dost abide with me,
 And I depend on thee ;

Yet when thou dost suppress
 The cheerfulness
 Of thy abode,
 And in my powers not stirre abroad,
 But leave me to my load :

O what a damp and shade
 Doth me invade !
 No stormie night
 Can so afflict or so affright
 As thy eclipsed light.

Ah Lord ! do not withdraw,
 Lest want of aw
 Make sinne appear ;
 And when thou dost but shine lesse cleare,
 Say, that thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
 While Sinne doth rave,
 And falsely boast,

That I may seek, but thou art lost;
 Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
 Doth me infold !
 I half beleeve,
 That Sinne says true : but while I grieve,
 Thou com'st and dost relieve.

THE ELIXER.

TEACH me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see,
 And what I do in any thing,
 To do it as for thee :

Not rudely, as a beast,
 To runne into an action ;
 But still to make thee prepossest,
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glasse,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or if he pleaseth, through it passe,
 And then the heav'n espie.

All may of thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean,
 Which with his tincture (for thy sake)
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgerie divine :
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,
 Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold :
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for lesse be told.

A WREATH.

A WREATHED garland of deserved praise,
 Of praise deserved, unto thee I give,
 I give to thee, who knowest all my wayes,
 My crooked winding wayes, wherein I live,
 Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to thee,
 To thee, who art more farre above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicitie.
 Give me simplicitie, that I may live,
 So live and like, that I may know thy wayes,
 Know them and practise them : then shall I give
 For this poore wreath, give thee a crown of praise.

DEATH.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
 Nothing but bones,
 The sad effect of sadder grones :
 Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.
 For we consider'd thee as at some six
 Or ten yeares hence,
 After the losse of life and sense,
 Flesh being turn'd to dust, and bones to sticks.
 We lookt on this side of thee, shooting short ;
 Where we did finde
 The shells of fledge souls left behinde,
 Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.
 But since our Saviour's death did put some bloud
 Into thy face ;
 Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
 Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
 As at dooms-day ;
 When souls shall wear their new aray,
 And all thy bones with beautie shall be clad.
 Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
 Half that we have
 Unto an honest faithfull grave ;
 Making our pillows either down, or dust.

 DOOMS-DAY.

COME away,
 Make no delay.
 Summon all the dust to rise,
 Till it stirre, and rubbe the eyes ;
 While this member jogs the other,
 Each one whispering, *Live you, brother ?*

Come away,
 Make this the day.
 Dust, alas, no musick feels,
 But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
 As peculiar notes and strains
 Cure Tarantulaes raging pains.

Come away,
 O make no stay !
 Let the graves make their confession,
 Lest at length they plead possession :
 Fleshes stubbornnesse may have
 Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
 Thy flock doth stray.
 Some to the windes their bodie lend,
 And in them may drown a friend :
 Some in noisome vapours grow
 To a plague and publick wo.

Come away,
 Help our decay.
 Man is out of order hurl'd,
 Parcel'd out to all the world.
 Lord, thy broken consort raise,
 And the musick shall be praise.

JUDGEMENT.

ALMIGHTIE JUDGE, how shall poore wretches brook
 Thy dreadfull look,
 Able a heart of iron to appall,
 When thou shalt call
 For ev'ry man's peculiar book ?
 What others mean to do, I know not well ;
 Yet I heare tell,
 That some will turn thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sinne,
 That they in merit shall excell.
 But I resolve, when thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into thy hand :
 Let that be scann'd.
 There thou shalt finde my faults are thine.

HEAVEN.

O WHO will show me those delights on high ?
Echo. *I.*
 Thou Echo, thou art mortall, all men know.
Echo. *No.*
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?
Echo. *Leaves.*
 And are there any leaves, that still abide ?
Echo. *Bide.*

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.

Echo. *Holy.*

Are holy leaves the Echo then of blisse?

Echo. *Yes.*

Then tell me what is that supreme delight?

Echo. *Light.*

Light to the minde : what shall the will enjoy?

Echo. *Joy.*

But are there cares and businesse with the pleasure?

Echo. *Leisure.*

Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere?

Echo. *Ever.*

LOVE.

Love bade me welcome : yet my soul drew back,
Guiltie of dust and sinne.

But quick-ey'd Love, observing me grow slack
From my first entrance in,
Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
If I lack'd any thing.

A guest, I answer'd, worthy to be here :
Love said, You shall be he.
I the unkinde, ungratefull? Ah my deare,
I cannot look on thee.

Love took my hand, and smiling did reply,
Who made the eyes but I?

Truth Lord, but I have marr'd them : let my shame
Go where it doth deserve.

And know you not, sayes Love, who bore the blame?
My deare, then I will serve.

You must sit down, sayes Love, and taste my meat :
So I did sit and eat.

*Glorie be to God on high, and on earth peace,
good will towards men.*

II. THE CHURCH MILITANT.

ALMIGHTIE LORD, who from thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things ev'n as one :
The smallest ant or atome knows thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour :
Much more do Common-weals acknowledge thee,
And wrap their policies in thy decree,
Complying with thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternall thought.
But above all, thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more indeare it to be thine.
Spices come from the East ; so did thy Spouse,
Trimme as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of *Noah's* shadie vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepar'd and fitted to receive thy love.
The course was westward, that the sunne might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where th' Ark did rest, there *Abraham* began
To bring the other Ark from *Canaan*.
Moses pursu'd this : but King *Solomon*
Finish'd and fixt the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again.
But to the Gentiles he bore crosse and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Onely whereas the Ark in glorie shone,
Now with the crosse, as with a staffe, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrime, westward bent,
Knocking at all doores, ever as she went.
Yet as the sunne, though forward be his flight,

Listens behinde him, and allows some light,
 Till all depart : so went the Church her way,
 Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
 Among the Eastern nations for a time,
 Till both removed to the western clime.
 To *Egypt* first she came, where they did prove
 Wonders of anger once, but now of love.
 The ten Commandments there did flourish more
 Than the ten bitter plagues had done before.
 Holy *Macarius* and great *Anthonie*
 Made *Pharaoh Moses*, changing th' historie.
Goshen was darknesse, *Egypt* full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
 Such power hath mightie Baptisme to produce,
 For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Religion thence fled into *Greece*, where arts
 Gave her the highest place in all men's hearts.
 Learning was pos'd, Philosophie was set,
 Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and *Aristotle* were at a losse,
 And wheel'd about again to spell *Christ-Crosse*.
 Prayers chas'd syllogismes into their den,
 And *Ergo* was transform'd into *Amen*.
 Though *Greece* took horse as soon as *Egypt* did,
 And *Rome* as both ; yet *Egypt* faster rid,
 And spent her period and prefixed time
 Before the other. *Greece* being past her prime,
 Religion went to *Rome*, subduing those,
 Who, that they might subdue, made all their foes.
 The Warriar his deere skarres no more resounds,
 But seems to yeeld Christ hath the greater wounds ;
 Wounds willingly endur'd to work his blisse,
 Who by an ambush lost his Paradise.
 The great heart stoops, and taketh from the dust
 A sad repentance, not the spoils of lust :
 Quitting his spear, lest it should pierce again

Him in his members, who for him was slain.
 The shepherd's hook grew to a scepter here,
 (Giving new names and numbers to the yeare.
 But th' Empire dwelt in *Greece*, to comfort them,
 Who were cut short in *Alexander's* stemme.
 In both of these Prowesse and Arts did tame
 And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came :
 Which using, and not fearing skill in th' one,
 Or strength in th' other, did erect her throne,
 Many a rent and struggling th' Empire knew
 (As dying things are wont,) untill it flew
 At length to *Germanie*, still westward bending,
 And there the Churches festivall attending :
 That as before Empire and Arts made way,
 (For no lesse Harbingers would serve then they)
 So they might still, and point us out the place,
 Where first the Church should raise her down-cast face.
 Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there ;
 Then showres Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shar'd with *Germanie*,
 But *England* in the higher victorie ;
 Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
 And not go lesse than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
 And did this mysterie wrap up and fold
 Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
 From time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
 Thus both the Church and Sunne together ran
 Unto the farthest old meridian.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Much about one and the same time and place,
 Both where and when the Church began her race,
 Sinne did set out of Eastern *Babylon*,
 And travell'd westward also : journeying on
 He chid the Church away, where e're he came,
 Breaking her peace, and tainting her good name.
 At first he got to *Egypt*, and did sow

*Gardens of gods, which ev'ry yeare did grow,
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearely a sallet lost.
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlick with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat !
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be sever'd infinitely !
What wretchednesse can give him any room,
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom ?
None will beleve this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolerie.
Thus Sinne in *Egypt* sneaked for a while ;
His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poore game. Thence he to *Greece* doth passe,
And being craftier much then Goodnesse was,
He left behinde him garrisons of sinnes,
To make good that which ev'ry day he winnes.
Here Sinne took heart, and for a garden-bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchased :
He grew a gallant, and would needs foretell
As well what should befall, as what befell.
Nay, he became a poet, and would serve
His pills of sublimate in that conserve.
The world came both with hands and purses full
To this great lotterie, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poore truths were shuffled for a bait
To credit him, and to discredit those,
Who after him should braver truths disclose.
From *Greece* he went to *Rome* : and as before
He was a god, now he's an Emperour.
Vero and others lodg'd him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Romane sphere.
Glorie was his chief instrument of old :
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold :
Which soon was blown to such a mightie flame,

That though our Saviour did destroy the game,
 Disparking oracles, and all their treasure,
 Setting affliction to encounter pleasure ;
 Yet did a rogue, with hope of carnall joy,
 Cheat the most subtill nations. Who so coy,
 So trimme, as *Greece* and *Egypt*? yet their hearts
 Are given over, for their curious arts,
 To such Mahometan stupidities
 As the old heathen would deem prodigies.

How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare?

Onely the West and *Rome* doth keep them free
 From this contagious infidelitie.

And this is all the Rock, whereof they boast,
 As *Rome* will one day finde unto her cost.

Sinne not being able to extirpate quite
 The Churches here, bravely resolv'd one night
 To be a Church-man too, and wear a Mitre :
 The old debauched ruffian would turn writer.

I saw him in his studie, where he sate
 Busie in controversies sprung of late.

A gown and pen became him wondrous well :
 His grave aspect had more of heav'n then hell :

Onely there was a handsome picture by,
 To which he lent a corner of his eye.

As Sinne in *Greece* a Prophet was before,
 And in old *Rome* a mightie Emperour ;
 So now being Priest he plainly did professe
 To make a jest of Christ's three offices :

The rather since his scatter'd jugglings were
 United now in one both time and sphere.

From *Egypt* he took pettie deities,
 From *Greece* oracular infallibilities,

And from old *Rome* the libertie of pleasure,
 By free dispensings of the Churches treasure.

Then in memoriall of his ancient throne,
 He did surname his palace, *Babylon*.

Yet that he might the better gain all nations,

And make that name good by their transmigrations ;
 From all these places, but at divers times,
 He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes :
 From *Egypt* anchorisme and retirednesse,
 Learning from *Greece*, from old Rome stateliness ;
 And blending these, he carri'd all men's eyes,
 While Truth sat by, counting his victories :
 Whereby he grew apace, and scorn'd to use
 Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
 But did bewitch, and finelly work each nation
 Into a voluntarie transmigration.

All poste to *Rome*: Princes submit their necks
 Either t' his publick foot or private tricks.
 It did not fit his gravitie to stirre,
 Nor his long journey, nor his gout and furre :
 Therefore he sent out able ministers,
 Statesmen within, without doores cloisterers ;
 Who without spear, or sword, or other drumme,
 Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
 And having conquer'd, did so strangely rule,
 That the whole world did seem but the Pope's mule.
 As new and old *Rome* did one empire twist ;
 So both together are one Antichrist ;
 Yet with two faces, as their *Janus* was,
 Being in this their old crackt looking-glasse.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !

Who may with thee compare ?

Thus Sinne triumphs in Western *Babylon* ;
 Yet not as Sinne, but as Religion.
 Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
 And to defray his journey from the east.
 Old and new *Babylon* are to hell and night,
 As is the moon and sunne to heav'n and light.
 When th' one did set, the other did take place,
 Confronting equally the law and grace.
 They are hell's land-marks, Satan's double crest :
 They are Sinne's nipples, feeding th' east and west.
 But as in vice the copie still exceeds

The pattern, but not so in vertuous deeds ;
 So though Sinne made his latter seat the better,
 The latter Church is to the first a debter.
 The second Temple could not reach the first :
 And the late reformation never durst
 Compare with ancient times and purer yeares ;
 But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
 Nay, it shall ev'ry yeare decrease and fade ;
 Till such a darknesse do the world invade
 At Christ's last coming, as his first did finde :
 Yet must there such proportions be assign'd
 To these diminishings, as is between
 The spacious world and *Jurie* to be seen.
 Religion stands on tip-toe in our land,
 Readie to passe to the *American* strand.
 When height of malice, and prodigious lusts,
 Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts,
 (The marks of future bane,) shall fill our cup
 Unto the brimme, and make our measure up ;
 When *Seine* shall swallow *Tiber*, and the *Thames*
 By letting in them both, pollutes her streams :
 When *Italie* of us shall have her will,
 And all her calendar of sinnes fulfill ;
 Whereby one may foretell, what sinnes next yeare
 Shall both in *France* and *England* domineer :
 Then shall Religion to *America* flee :
 They have their times of Gospel, ev'n as we.
 My God, thou dost prepare for them a way,
 By carrying first their gold from them away :
 For gold and grace did never yet agree :
 Religion alwaies sides with povertie.
 We think we rob them, but we think amisse :
 We are more poore, and they more rich by this.
 Thou wilt revenge their quarrell, making grace
 To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
 To go to them, while that, which now their nation
 But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
 Yet as the Church shall thither westward flie,

So Sinne shall trace and dog her instantly :
 They have their period also and set times
 Both for their vertuous actions and their crimes.
 And where of old the Empire and the Arts
 Usher'd the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
 The Church shall come, and Sinne the Church shall
 smother :

That when they have accomplished the round,
 And met in th' east their first and ancient sound,
 Judgement may meet them both, and search them round.
 Thus do both lights, as well in Church as Sunne,
 Light one another, and together runne.
 Thus also Sinne and Darknesse follow still
 The Church and Sunne with all their power and skill
 But as the Sunne still goes both west and east ·
 So also did the Church by going west
 Still eastward go ; because it drew more neare
 To time and place, where judgement shall appeare.
How deare to me, O God, thy counsels are !
Who may with thee compare ?

 L'ENVOY.

KING of glorie, King of peace,
 With the one make warre to cease ;
 With the other blesse thy sheep,
 Thee to love, in thee to sleep.
 Let not Sinne devoure thy fold,
 Bragging that thy bloud is cold ;
 That thy death is also dead,
 While his conquests dayly spread ;
 That thy flesh hath lost his food,
 And thy Crosse is common wood.
 Choke him, let him say no more,
 But reserve his breath in store,
 Till thy conquest and his fall

Make his sighs to use it all ;
 And then bargain with the winde
 To discharge what is behind.

*Blessed be God alone,
 Thrice blessed Three in One.*

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

A SONNET,

TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

My God, where is that ancient heat towards thee,
 Wherewith whole shoals of Martyrs once did burn,
 Besides their other flames ? Doth poetry
 Wear Venus' livery ? only serve her turn ?
 Why are not sonnets made of thee ? and lays
 Upon thine altar burnt ? Cannot thy love
 Heighten a spirit to sound out thy praise
 As well as any she ? Cannot thy Dove
 Outstrip their Cupid easily in flight ?
 Or, since thy ways are deep, and still the same,
 Will not a verse run smooth that bears thy name !
 Why doth that fire, which by thy power and might
 Each breast does feel, no braver fuel choose
 Than that which, one day, worms may chance refuse.
 Sure, Lord, there is enough in thee to dry
 Oceans of ink ; for, as the Deluge did
 Cover the earth, so doth thy Majesty :
 Each cloud distils thy praise, and doth forbid
 Poets to turn it to another use.
 Roses and lilies speak thee ; and to make
 A pair of cheeks of them, is thy abuse.
 Why should I women's eyes for crystal take ?
 Such poor invention burns in their low mind
 Whose fire is wild, and doth not upward go
 To praise, and on thee, Lord, some ink bestow.

Open the bones, and you shall nothing find
 In the best face but filth ; when Lord, in thee
 The beauty lies, in the discovery.

INSCRIPTION,

IN THE PARSONAGE, BEMERTON, TO MY SUCCESSOR.

If thou chance for to find
 A new house to thy mind
 And built without thy cost :
 Be good to the poor,
 As God gives thee store,
 And then my labour's not lost.

ON LORD DANVERS.

SACRED marble, safely keep,
 His dust, who under thee must sleep,
 Until the years again restore
 Their dead, and time shall be no more.
 Meanwhile, if he (which all things wears)
 Does ruin thee, or if thy tears
 Are shed for him ; dissolve thy frame.
 Thou art requited : for his fame,
 His virtue, and his worth shall be
 Another monument to thee.

A PARADOX,

THAT THE SICK ARE IN A BETTER CASE THAN THE WHOLE

You who admire yourselves because
 You neither groan nor weep,
 And think it contrary to Nature's laws
 To want one ounce of sleep,
 Your strong belief
 Acquits yourselves, and gives the sick all grief.

Your state to ours is contrary,
That makes you think us poor,
So Black-moors think us foul, and we
Are quit with them, and more,
Nothing can see
And judge of things but mediocrity.
The sick are in themselves a state
Which health hath nought to do.
How know you that our tears proceed from woe,
And not from better fate!
Since that Mirth hath
Her waters also and desired bath.
How know you that the sighs we send
From want of breath proceed,
Not from excess? and therefore we do spend
That which we do not need;
So trembling may
As well show inward warbling, as decay.
Cease then to judge calamities
By outward form and show,
But view yourselves, and inward turn your eyes,
Then you shall fully know
That your estate
Is, of the two, the far more desperate.
You always fear to feel those smarts
Which we but sometimes prove,
Each little comfort much affects our hearts,
None but gross joys you move;
Why then confess
Your fears in number more, your joys are less
Then for yourselves not us embrace
Plaints to bad fortune due,
For though you visit us, and plaint or case,
We doubt much whether you
Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE;
OR,
THE COUNTRY PARSON,
HIS CHARACTER, AND RULE OF HOLY LIFE

THE AUTHOR TO THE READER.

BEING desirous (through the mercy of God) to please him, for whom I am, and live, and who giveth me my desires and performances ; and considering with myself, that the way to please him is to feed my flock diligently and faithfully, since our Saviour hath made that the argument of a Pastor's love, I have resolved to set down the form and character of a true Pastor, that I may have a mark to aim at : which also I will set as high as I can, since he shoots higher that threatens the moon, than he that aims at a tree. Not that I think, if a man do not all which is here expressed, he presently sins, and displeases God, but that it is a good strife to go as far as we can in pleasing him, who hath done so much for us. The Lord prosper the intention to myself and others, who may not despise my poor labours, but add to those points which I have observed, until the bock grow to a complete pastoral.

GEO. HERBERT.

A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE.

CHAPTER I.

OF A PASTOR.

A PASTOR is the deputy of Christ for the reducing of man to the obedience of God. This definition is evident, and contains the direct steps of pastoral duty and authority. For, first, man fell from God by disobedience. Secondly, Christ is the glorious instrument of God for the revoking of man. Thirdly, Christ being not to continue on earth, but after he had fulfilled the work of reconciliation to be received up into heaven, he constituted deputies in his place, and these are Priests. And therefore St Paul, in the beginning of his Epistles, professeth this : and in the first to the Colossians plainly avoucheth that he fills up that which is behind of the afflictions of Christ in his flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church, wherein is contained the complete definition of a minister. Out of this charter of the priesthood may be plainly gathered both the dignity thereof and the duty : The dignity, in that a priest may do that which Christ did, and by his authority, and as his vicegerent ; the duty, in that a priest is to do that which Christ did, and after his manner, both for doctrine and life.

CHAPTER II.

THEIR DIVERSITIES.

OF Pastors (intending mine own nation only, and also therein setting aside the reverend prelates of the Church, to

whom this discourse ariseth not), some live in the universities, some in noble houses, some in parishes residing on their cures. Of those that live in the universities, some live there in office, whose rule is that of the apostle, Romans xii. 6 : " Having gifts, differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophesy, let us prophecy according to the proportion of faith ; or ministry, let us wait on our ministering ; or he that teacheth, on teaching, &c. ; he that ruleth, let him do it with diligence," &c. Some in a preparatory way, whose aim and labour must be not only to get knowledge, but to subdue and mortify all lusts and affections : and not to think, that when they have read the Fathers or Schoolmen, a minister is made, and the thing done. The greatest and hardest preparation is within : for unto the godly saith God, " Why dost thou preach my laws, and take my covenant in thy mouth ?" (Psalm l. 16). Those that live in noble houses are called Chaplains, whose duty and obligation being the same to the houses they live in as a Parson's to his parish, in describing the one (which is indeed the bent of my discourse) the other will be manifest. Let not chaplains think themselves so free, as many of them do, and because they have different names, think their office different. Doubtless they are Parsons of the families they live in, and are entertained to that end, either by an open or implicit covenant. Before they are in orders, they may be received for companions or discoursers ; but after a man is once minister, he cannot agree to come into any house, where he shall not exercise what he is, unless he forsake his plough, and look back. Wherefore they are not to be over-submissive and base, but to keep up with the lord and lady of the house, and to preserve a boldness with them and all, even so far as reproof to their very face, when occasion calls, but seasonably and discreetly. They who do not thus, while they remember their earthly lord, do much forget their heavenly ; they wrong the priesthood, neglect their duty, and shall be so far from that which they seek with their over-submissiveness and cringing, that they shall ever be despised. They who for the hope of promotion neglect any

necessary admonition or reproof, sell (with Judas) their Lord and Master.

CHAPTER III.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE country Parson is exceeding exact in his life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And because the two highest points of life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are patience and mortification ; patience in regard of afflictions, mortification in regard of lusts and affections, and the stupifying and deading of all the clamorous powers of the soul, therefore he hath thoroughly studied these, that he may be an absolute master and commander of himself, for all the purposes which God hath ordained him. Yet in these points he labours most in those things which are most apt to scandalize his parish. And first, Because country people live hardly, and therefore as feeling their own sweat, and consequently knowing the price of money, are offended much with any who, by hard usage, increase their travail, the country Parson is very circumspect in avoiding all covetousness, neither being greedy to get, nor niggardly to keep, nor troubled to lose any worldly wealth ; but in all his words and actions slighting and disesteeming it, even to a wondering that the world should so much value wealth, which in the day of wrath hath not one dram of comfort for us. Secondly, Because luxury is a very visible sin, the Parson is very careful to avoid all kinds thereof, but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice ; into which if he come, he prostitutes himself both to shame and sin, and by having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, he disableth himself of authority to reprove them ; for sins make all equal whom they find together ; and then they are worst who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns, or taverns, or alehouses, to the dishonour of his person and office. The Parson doth

not so, but orders his life in such a fashion, that when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as He did, "I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple." Thirdly, Because country people (as indeed all honest men) do much esteem their word, it being the life of buying and selling and dealing in the world ; therefore the Parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hindrance, as knowing that if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and disregarded : neither will they believe him in the pulpit, whom they cannot trust in his conversation. As for oaths, and apparel, the disorders thereof are also very manifest. The Parson's yea is yea, and nay, nay ; and his apparel plain, but reverend and clean, without spots, or dust, or smell ; the purity of his mind breaking out, and dilating itself even to his body, clothes, and habitation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE PARSON'S KNOWLEDGE.

THE country Parson is full of all knowledge. They say it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone : and there is no knowledge but, in a skilful hand, serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge. He condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not. But the chief and top of his knowledge consists in the book of books, the storehouse and magazine of life and comfort, the Holy Scriptures. There he sucks, and lives. In the Scriptures he finds four things ; precepts for life, doctrines for knowledge, examples for illustration, and promises for comfort : these he hath digested severally. But for the understanding of these ; the means he useth are, first, a holy life, remembering what his Master saith, that "if any do God's will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John vii.) ; and assuring himself that wicked men, however learned, do not

know the Scriptures, because they feel them not, and because they are not understood but with the same Spirit that writ them. The second means is prayer, which if it be necessary even in temporal things, how much more in things of another world, where the well is deep, and we have nothing of ourselves to draw with? Wherefore he ever begins the reading of the Scripture with some short inward ejaculation, as, "Lord open mine eyes, that I may see the wondrous things of thy law," &c. The third means is a diligent collation of Scripture with Scripture. For all truth being consonant to itself, and all being penned by one and the self-same Spirit, it cannot be but that an industrious and judicious comparing of place with place, must be a singular help for the right understanding of the Scriptures. To this may be added the consideration of any text with the coherence thereof, touching what goes before, and what follows after, as also the scope of the Holy Ghost. When the apostles would have called down fire from heaven, they were reprov'd, as ignorant of what spirit they were. For the Law required one thing, and the Gospel another: yet as diverse, not as repugnant: therefore the spirit of both is to be considered, and weigh'd. The fourth means are commenters and fathers, who have handled the places controverted, which the Parson by no means refuseth. As he doth not so study others, as to neglect the grace of God in himself, and what the Holy Spirit teacheth him; so doth he assure himself, that God in all ages hath had his servants, to whom he hath revealed his truth, as well as to him; and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce, so neither hath God opened or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God, for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture, and ploughing with this, and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasur'd in the Holy Scripture.

CHAPTER V.

THE PARSON'S ACCESSORY KNOWLEDGES.

THE country Parson hath read the Fathers also, and the Schoolmen, and the later writers, or a good proportion of all, out of all which he hath compiled a book and body of divinity, which is the storehouse of his sermons, and which he preacheth all his life ; but diversely clothed, illustrated, and enlarged. For though the world is full of such composures, yet every man's own is fittest, readiest, and most savoury to him. Besides, this being to be done in his younger and preparatory times, it is an honest joy ever after to look upon his well-spent hours. This body he made by way of expounding the Church Catechism, to which all divinity may easily be reduced. For it being indifferent in itself to choose any method, that is best to be chosen of which there is likeliest to be most use. Now catechising being a work of singular and admirable benefit to the Church of God, and a thing required under canonical obedience, the expounding of our catechism must needs be the most useful form. Yet hath the Parson, besides this laborious work, a slighter form of catechising, fitter for country people ; according as his audience is, so he useth one or other, or sometimes both, if his audience be intermixed. He greatly esteems also of cases of conscience, wherein he is much vexed. And indeed herein is the greatest ability of a Parson, to lead his people exactly in the ways of truth, so that they neither decline to the right hand nor to the left. Neither let any think this a slight thing. For every one hath not digested, when it is a sin to take something for money lent, or when not ; when it is a fault to discover another's fault, or when not ; when the affections of the soul in desiring and procuring increase of means or honour be a sin of covetousness or ambition, and when not ; when the appetites of the body in eating, drinking, sleep, and the pleasure that comes with sleep, be sins of gluttony, drunkenness, sloth, lust, and when

not; and so in many circumstances of actions. Now if a shepherd know not what grass will bane, or which not, how is he fit to be a shepherd? Wherefore the Parson hath thoroughly canvassed all the particulars of human actions, at least all those which he observeth are most incident to his parish.

CHAPTER VI.

THE PARSON PRAYING.

THE country Parson, when he is to read divine services, composeth himself to all possible reverence; lifting up his heart and hands and eyes, and using all other gestures which may express a hearty and unfeigned devotion. This he doth, first, as being truly touched and amazed with the majesty of God, before whom he then presents himself; yet not as himself alone, but as presenting with himself the whole congregation; whose sins he then bears, and brings with his own to the heavenly altar to be bathed and washed in the sacred laver of Christ's blood. Secondly, as this is the true reason of his inward fear, so he is content to express this outwardly to the utmost of his power; that being at first affected himself, he may affect also his people, knowing that no sermon moves them so much to reverence, which they forget again when they come to pray, as a devout behaviour in the very act of praying. Accordingly, his voice is humble, his words treatable and slow; yet not so slow neither as to let the fervency of the supplicant hang and die between speaking, but with a grave liveliness, between fear and zeal, pausing yet pressing, he performs his duty. Besides his example, he having often instructed his people how to carry themselves in divine service, exacts of them all possible reverence, by no means enduring either talking, or sleeping, or gazing, or leaning, or half-kneeling, or any undutiful behaviour in them, but causing them, when they sit, or stand, or kneel, to do all in a straight and steady posture, as attending to what is done in the church, and every one, man and child, answering aloud

both Amen, and all other answers, which are on the clerk's and people's part to answer ; which answers also are to be done not in a huddling or slubbering fashion, gaping or scratching the head, or spitting even in the midst of their answer, but gently and pausably, thinking what they say ; so that while they answer, "As it was in the beginning," &c., they meditate as they speak, that God hath ever had his people, that have glorified him as well as now, and that he shall have so for ever. And the like in other answers. This is that which the apostle calls a reasonable service (Romans xii.), when we speak not as parrots, without reason, or offer up such sacrifices as they did of old, which was of beasts devoid of reason ; but when we use our reason, and apply our powers to the service of Him that gives them. If there be any of the gentry or nobility of the parish who sometimes make it a piece of state not to come at the beginning of service with their poor neighbours, but at mid-prayers, both to their own loss and of theirs also who gaze upon them when they come in, and neglect the present service of God, he by no means suffers it, but after divers gentle admonitions, if they persevere, he causes them to be presented : or if the poor churchwardens be affrighted with their greatness, notwithstanding his instruction that they ought not to be so, but even to let the world sink, so they do their duty, he presents them himself ; only protesting to them, that not any ill-will draws him to it, but the debt and obligation of his calling, being to obey God rather than men.

CHAPTER VII.

THE PARSON PREACHING.

THE country Parson preacheth constantly ; the pulpit is his joy and his throne. If he at any time intermit, it is either for want of health, or against some great festival, that he may the better celebrate it, or for the variety of the hearers, that he may be heard at his return more attentively.

When he intermits, he is ever well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he entreats to press some point, that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so, in the mouth of two or three witnesses, the truth may be more established. When he preacheth, he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech, it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing, and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who not; and with particularizing of his speech now to the younger sort, then to the elder; now to the poor, and now to the rich: This is for you; and, This is for you; for particulars ever touch, and awake more than generals. Herein also he serves himself of the judgments of God, as of those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones; and those most which are nearest to his parish; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him; for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations, which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, who are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things; that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or worse; that none is careless before his Judge, and that the Word of God shall judge us. By these and other means the Parson procures attention. The character of his sermon is holiness; he is not witty, or learned, or eloquent, but holy: a character that Hermogenes never dreamed of, and therefore he could give no precept thereof. But it is gained, first, by choosing texts of devotion, not controversy—moving and ravishing texts, whereof the Scriptures are full. Secondly, by dipping and seasoning all our words and sentences in our hearts, before they come

into our mouths, truly affecting and cordially expressing all that we say ; so that the auditors may plainly perceive that every word is heart-deep. Thirdly, by turning often, and making many apostrophes to God ; as, O Lord bless my people, and teach them this point ; or, O my Master, on whose errand I come, let me hold my peace, and do thou speak thyself ; for thou art love, and when thou teachest, all are scholars. Some such irradiations scatteringly in the sermon carry great holiness in them. The prophets are admirable in this. So Isaiah lxiv., " O that thou wouldst rend the heavens, that thou wouldst come down," &c. And Jeremiah x., after he had complained of the desolation of Israel, turns to God suddenly, " O Lord, I know that the way of man is not in himself," &c. Fourthly, by frequent wishes of the people's good, and joying therein, though he himself were with St Paul even sacrificed upon the service of their faith. For there is no greater sign of holiness than the procuring and rejoicing in another's good. And herein St Paul excelled in all his Epistles. How did he put the Romans in all his prayers (Rom. i. 9) ; and ceased not to give thanks for the Ephesians (Eph. i. 16), and for the Corinthians (chap. i. 4) ; and for the Philippians made request with joy (chap. i. 4) ; and is in contention for them, whether to live or die ; be with them, or Christ (verse 23), which, setting aside his care of his flock, were a madness to doubt of ? What an admirable epistle is the Second to the Corinthians ! how full of affections ! he joys, and he is sorry ; he grieves, and he glories ; never was there such care of a flock expressed, save in the great Shepherd of the fold, who first shed tears over Jerusalem, and afterwards blood. Therefore this care may be learned there, and then woven into sermons, which will make them appear exceeding reverend and holy. Lastly, by an often urging of the presence and majesty of God, by these or such like speeches : Oh let us all take heed what we do ! God sees us ; He sees whether I speak as I ought or you hear as you ought : He sees hearts as we see faces ; He is among us, for if we be here he must be here, since we are here by him, and without him could not be here. Then turning the

discourse to his majesty: And he is a great God and terrible, as great in mercy, so great in judgment. There are but two devouring elements, fire and water; he hath both in him: "His voice is as the sound of many waters" (Revelation i.), and "He himself is a consuming fire" (Hebrews xii.) Such discourses show very holy. The Parson's method in handling of a text consists of two parts: First, a plain and evident declaration of the meaning of the text; and, secondly, some choice observations drawn out of the whole text, as it lies entire and unbroken in the Scripture itself. This he thinks natural, and sweet, and grave. Whereas the other way of crumbling a text into small parts, as the person speaking or spoken to, the subject and object, and the like, hath neither in it sweetness, nor gravity, nor variety, since the words apart are not Scripture, but a dictionary, and may be considered alike in all the Scripture. The Parson exceeds not an hour in preaching, because all ages have thought that a competency; and he that profits not in that time will less afterwards, the same affection which made him not profit before making him then weary, and so he grows from not relishing to loathing.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARSON ON SUNDAYS.

THE country Parson, as soon as he awakes on Sunday morning, presently falls to work, and seems to himself so as a market-man is when the market-day comes, or a shop-keeper when customers come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day. That nothing befall him unworthy of that Majesty before which he is to present himself, but that all may be done with reverence to his glory, and with edification to his flock, humbly beseeching his Master, that how or whenever he punish him, it be not in his ministry. Then he turns to

request for his people that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they may come with holy hearts and awful minds into the congregation, and that the good God would pardon all those who come with less prepared hearts than they ought. This done, he sets himself to the consideration of the duties of the day ; and if there be any extraordinary addition to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the State, or from God ; by a child born, or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce it to the best advantage. Afterwards when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people either openly or to himself. Then having read divine service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechised in the afternoon, he thinks he hath in some measure, according to poor and frail man, discharged the public duties of the congregation. The rest of the day he spends either in reconciling neighbours that are at variance, or in visiting the sick, or in exhortations to some of his flock by themselves, whom his sermons cannot or do not reach. And every one is more awaked, when we come and say, Thou art the man. This way he finds exceeding useful and winning ; and these exhortations he calls his privy purse, even as princes have theirs, besides their public disbursements. At night he thinks it a very fit time, both suitable to the joy of the day and without hinderance to public duties, either to entertain some of his neighbours or to be entertained of them, where he takes occasion to discourse of such things as are both profitable and pleasant, and to raise up their minds to apprehend God's good blessing to our Church and State ; that order is kept in the one, and peace in the other, without disturbance or interruption of public divine offices. As he opened the day with prayer so he closeth it, humbly beseeching the Almighty to pardon and accept our poor services, and to improve them, that we may grow therein, and that our feet may be like hind's feet, ever climbing up nigher and higher unto Him.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PARSON'S STATE OF LIFE.

THE country Parson considering that virginity is a higher state than matrimony, and that the ministry requires the best and highest things, is rather unmarried than married. But yet as the temper of his body may be, or as the temper of his parish may be, where he may have occasion to converse with women, and that among suspicious men, and other like circumstances considered, he is rather married than unmarried. Let him communicate the thing often by prayer unto God, and as his grace shall direct him, so let him proceed. If he be unmarried and keep house, he hath not a woman in his house, but finds opportunities of having his meat dressed and other services done by men-servants at home, and his linen washed abroad. If he be unmarried and sojourn, he never talks with any woman alone, but in the audience of others, and that seldom, and then also in a serious manner, never jestingly or sportfully. He is very circumspect in all companies, both of his behaviour, speech, and very looks, knowing himself to be both suspected and envied. If he stands steadfast in his heart, having no necessity, but hath power over his own will, and hath so decreed in his heart that he will keep himself a virgin, he spends his days in fasting and prayer, and blesseth God for the gift of continency, knowing that it can no way be preserved but only by those means by which at first it was obtained. He therefore thinks it not enough for him to observe the fasting days of the Church, and the daily prayers enjoined him by authority, which he observeth out of humble conformity and obedience; but adds to them, out of choice and devotion, some other days for fasting, and hours for prayers; and by these he keeps his body tame, serviceable, and healthful, and his soul fervent, active, young, and lusty as an eagle. He often readeth the lives of the primitive monks, hermits, and virgins, and wondereth not so much at their patient suffering and

cheerful dying under persecuting emperors (though that indeed be very admirable), as at their daily temperance, abstinence, watchings, and constant prayers and mortifications in the times of peace and prosperity. To put on the profound humility and the exact temperance of our Lord Jesus, with other exemplary virtues of that sort, and to keep them on in the sunshine and noon of prosperity, he findeth to be as necessary, and as difficult at least, as to be clothed with perfect patience and Christian fortitude in the cold midnight storms of persecution and adversity. He keepeth his watch and ward, night and day, against the proper and peculiar temptations of his state of life, which are principally these two, spiritual pride and impurity of heart; against these ghostly enemies he girdeth up his loins, keeps the imagination from roving, puts on the whole armour of God, and by the virtue of the shield of faith he is not afraid of the pestilence that walketh in darkness [carnal impurity], nor of the sickness that destroyeth at noon-day [ghostly pride and self-conceit]. Other temptations he hath, which like mortal enemies may sometimes disquiet him likewise; for the human soul being bounded and kept in her sensitive faculty, will run out more or less in her intellectual. Original concupiscence is such an active thing, by reason of continual inward or outward temptations, that it is ever attempting or doing one mischief or other. Ambition or untimely desire of promotion to a higher state or place, under colour of accommodation or necessary provision, is a common temptation to men of any eminence, especially being single men. Curiosity in prying into high speculative and unprofitable questions, is another great stumbling-block to the holiness of scholars. These and many other spiritual wickednesses in high places doth the Parson fear, or experiment, or both; and that much more being single than if he were married; for then commonly the stream of temptations is turned another way, into covetousness, love of pleasure, or ease, or the like. If the Parson be unmarried, and means to continue so, he doth at least as much as hath been said. If he be married, the choice of his wife was made rather by his ear

than by his eye ; his judgment, not his affection, found out a fit wife for him, whose humble and liberal disposition he preferred before beauty, riches, or honour. He knew that (the good instrument of God to bring woman to heaven) a wise and loving husband could, out of humility, produce any special grace of faith, patience, meekness, love, obedience, &c., and out of liberality make her fruitful in all good works. As he is just in all things, so is he to his wife also, counting nothing so much his own as that he may be unjust unto it. Therefore he gives her respect both afore her servants and others, and half at least of the government of the house, reserving so much of the affairs as serve for a diversion for him ; yet never so giving over the reins, but that he sometimes looks how things go, demanding an account, but not by the way of an account. And this must be done the oftener, or the seldomer, according as he is satisfied of his wife's discretion.

CHAPTER X.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE

THE Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a copy and model for his parish. He knows the temper and pulse of every person in his house, and accordingly either meets with their vices or advanceth their virtues. His wife is either religious, or night and day he is winning her to it. Instead of the qualities of the world, he requires only three of her ; first, a training up of her children and maids in the fear of God, with prayers, and catechising, and all religious duties. Secondly, a curing and healing of all wounds and sores with her own hands ; which skill either she brought with her, or he takes care she shall learn it of some religious neighbour. Thirdly, a providing for her family in such sort, as that neither they want a competent sustentation, nor her husband be brought in debt. His children he first makes Christians, and then Commonwealth's men ; the

one he owes to his heavenly country, the other to his earthly, having no title to either, except he do good to both. Therefore having seasoned them with all piety, not only of words in praying and reading, but in actions, in visiting other sick children, and tending their wounds, and sending his charity by them to the poor, and sometimes giving them a little money to do it of themselves, that they get a delight in it, and enter favour with God, who weighs even children's actions (1 Kings xiv. 12, 13). He afterwards turns his care to fit all their dispositions with some calling, not sparing the eldest, but giving him the prerogative of his father's profession, which happily for his other children he is not able to do. Yet in binding them apprentices (in case he think fit to do so) he takes care not to put them into vain trades, and unbefitting the reverence of their father's calling, such as are taverns for men, and lace-making for women; because those trades, for the most part, serve but the vices and vanities of the world, which he is to deny and not augment. However, he resolves with himself never to omit any present good deed of charity, in consideration of providing a stock for his children; but assures himself, that money, thus lent to God, is placed surer for his children's advantage, than if it were given to the chamber of London. Good deeds, and good breeding, are his two great stocks for his children; if God give anything above those, and not spent in them, he blesseth God, and lays it out as he sees cause. His servants are all religious, and were it not his duty to have them so, it were his profit, for none are so well served as by religious servants, both because they do best, and because what they do is blessed and prospers. After religion, he teacheth them that three things make a complete servant, truth, and diligence, and neatness or cleanliness. Those that can read are allowed times for it, and those that cannot are taught; for all in his house are either teachers or learners, or both, so that his family is a school of religion, and they all account that to teach the ignorant is the greatest alms. Even the walls are not idle, but something is written or painted there, which may excite the reader to a thought of piety: espe-

cially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the beginner of good discourses, his children among children, his servants among other servants; so that as in the house of those that are skilled in music all are musicians, so in the house of a preacher all are preachers. He suffers not a lie or equivocation by any means in his house, but counts it the art and secret of governing, to preserve a directness and open plainness in all things; so that all his house knows that there is no help for a fault done but confession. He himself, or his wife, takes account of sermons, and how every one profits, comparing this year with the last: and besides the common prayers of the family, he straitly requires of all to pray by themselves before they sleep at night, and stir out in the morning, and knows what prayers they say, and till they have learned them, makes them kneel by him; esteeming that this private praying is a more voluntary act in them, than when they are called to others' prayers, and that which when they leave the family they carry with them. He keeps his servants between love and fear, according as he finds them; but generally he distributes it thus: to his children he shows more love than terror, to his servants more terror than love; but an old good servant boards as a child. The furniture of his house is very plain, but clean, whole, and sweet, as sweet as his garden can make; for he hath no money for such things, charity being his only perfume, which deserves cost when he can spare it. His fare is plain and common, but wholesome; what he hath is little, but very good; it consisteth most of mutton, beef, and veal: if he adds anything for a great day or a stranger, his garden or orchard supplies it, or his barn and yard: he goes no further for any entertainment, lest he go into the world, esteeming it absurd that he should exceed who teacheth others temperance. But those which his home produceth he refuseth not, as coming cheap and easy, and arising from the improvement of things which otherwise would be lost. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence

and thrift of the great Householder of the world: for there being two things which as they are, are unuseful to man, the one for smallness, as crumbs and scattered corn, and the like: the other for the foulness, as wash and dirt, and things thereinto fallen, God hath provided creatures for both; for the first, poultry, for the second, swine. These save man the labour and doing that which either he could not do, or was not fit for him to do, by taking both sorts of food into them, do as it were and dress and prepare both for man in themselves, by growing themselves fit for his table. The Parson in his house observes fasting days; and particularly, as Sunday is his day of joy, so Friday his day of humiliation, which he celebrates not only with abstinence of diet, but also of company, recreation, and all outward contentments; and besides, with confession of sins and all acts of mortification. Now fasting days contain a treble obligation: First, of eating less that day than on other days: secondly, of eating no pleasing or over-nourishing things, as the Israelites did eat sour herbs: thirdly, of eating no flesh, which is but the determination of the second rule by authority to this particular. The two former obligations are much more essential to a true fast than the third and last; and fasting days were fully performed by keeping the two former, had not authority interposed; so that to eat little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh. For since fasting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh and not the fish, is to keep the fasting day naturally. And it is observable, that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot countries, where both flesh alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold regions, and where flesh may be much better spared, and with more safety than elsewhere, where both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic, the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain, that a weak stomach, being prepossessed with flesh, shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer, than if it had taken before either fish or roots, or such things;

which will discover itself by spitting, and rheum, or phlegm. To conclude, the Parson, if he be in full health, keeps the three obligations, eating fish or roots, and that for quantity little, for quality unpleasant. If his body be weak and obstructed, as most students' are, he cannot keep the last obligation, nor suffer others in his house that are so, to keep it; but only the two former, which also in diseases of exinanition (as consumptions) must be broken; for meat was made for man, not man for meat. To all this may be added, not for emboldening the unruly, but for the comfort of the weak, that not only sickness breaks these obligations of fasting, but sickliness also. For it is as unnatural to do anything that leads me to a sickness, to which I am inclined, as not to get out of that sickness, when I am in it, by any diet. One thing is evident, that an English body and a student's body are two great obstructed vessels, and there is nothing that is food, and not physic, which doth less obstruct than flesh moderately taken; as being immoderately taken, it is exceedingly obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.

CHAPTER XI.

THE PARSON'S COURTESY.

THE country Parson owing a debt of charity to the poor, and of courtesy to his other parishioners, he so distinguisheth that he keeps his money for the poor and his table for those that are above alms. Not but that the poor are welcome also to his table, whom he sometimes purposely takes home with him, setting them close by him, and carving for them, both for his own humility and their comfort, who are much cheered with such friendliness. But since both is to be done, the better sort invited, and meaner relieved, he chooseth rather to give the poor money, which they can better employ to their own advantage, and suitably to their needs, than so much given in meat at dinner. Having then invited some of his parish, he taketh his times to do the like

to the rest ; so that in the compass of the year, he hath them all with him, because country people are very observant of such things, and will not be persuaded but being not invited they are hated ; which persuasion the Parson by all means avoids, knowing that where there are such conceits, there is no room for his doctrine to enter. Yet doth he oftenest invite those whom he sees take best courses, that so both they may be encouraged to persevere, and others spurred to do well, that they may enjoy the like courtesy. For though he desire that all should live well and virtuously, not for any reward of his but for virtue's sake, yet that will not be so ; and therefore as God, although we should love him only for his own sake, yet out of his infinite pity hath set forth heaven for a reward to draw men to piety, and is content, if at least so they will become good ; so the country Parson, who is a diligent observer and tracker of God's ways, sets up as many encouragements to goodness as he can, both in honour, and profit, and fame ; that he may, if not the best way, yet any way, make his parish good.

CHAPTER XII.

THE PARSON'S CHARITY.

THE country Parson is full of charity ; it is his predominant element : for many and wonderful things are spoken of thee, thou great virtue ! To charity is given the covering of sins (1 Pet. iv. 8) ; and the forgiveness of sins (Matthew vi. 14, Luke vii. 47) ; the fulfilling of the law (Romans xiii. 10) ; the life of faith (James ii. 26) ; the blessings of this life (Proverbs xxii. 9, Psalm xli. 2) ; and the reward of the next (Matthew xxv. 35). In brief, it is the body of religion (John xiii. 35), and the top of Christian virtues. (1 Corinthians xiii.) Wherefore all his works relish of charity. When he riseth in the morning, he bethinketh himself what good deeds he can do that day, and presently doth them ; counting that day lost wherein he hath not exercised his charity. He first considers

his own parish, and takes care that there be not a beggar or idle person in his parish, but that all be in a competent way of getting their living. This he effects either by bounty, or persuasion, or by authority, making use of that excellent statute which binds all parishes to maintain their own. If his parish be rich, he exacts this of them; if poor, and he able, he easeth them therein. But he gives no set pension to any; for this in time will lose the name and effect of charity with the poor people, though not with God; for then they will reckon upon it as on a debt; and if it be taken away, though justly, they will murmur, and repine as much as he that is disseized of his own inheritance. But the Parson having a double aim, and making a hook of his charity, causeth them still to depend on him; and so by continual and fresh bounties, unexpected to them, but resolved to himself, he wins them to praise God more, to live more religiously, and to take more pains in their vocation, as not knowing when they shall be relieved; which otherwise they would reckon upon and turn to idleness. Besides this general provision, he hath other times of opening his hand; as at great festivals and communions; not suffering any that day that he receives to want a good meal suiting to the joy of the occasion. But specially, at hard times, and dearths, he even parts his living and life among them, giving some corn outright, and selling other at under rates; and when his own stock serves not, working those that are able to the same charity, still pressing it in the pulpit and out of the pulpit, and never leaving them till he obtain his desire. Yet in all his charity, he distinguisheth, giving them most who live best, and take most pains, and are most charged: so is his charity in effect a sermon. After the consideration of his own parish, he enlargeth himself, if he be able, to the neighbourhood; for that also is some kind of obligation; so doth he also to those at his door, whom God puts in his way, and makes his neighbours. But these he helps not without some testimony, except the evidence of the misery bring testimony with it. For though these testimonies also may be falsified, yet considering that the law allows these in case they be true, but

allows by no means to give without testimony, as he obeys authority in the one, so that being once satisfied, he allows his charity some blindness in the other; especially, since of the two commands, we are more enjoined to be charitable than wise. But evident miseries have a natural privilege and exemption from all law. Whenever he gives anything, and sees them labour in thanking of him, he exacts of them to let him alone, and say rather, God be praised! God be glorified! that so the thanks may go the right way, and thither only where they are only due. So doth he also before giving make them say their prayers first, or the Creed and Ten Commandments, and as he finds them perfect, rewards them the more. For other givings are lay and secular; but this is to give like a priest.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PARSON'S CHURCH.

THE country Parson hath a special care of his church, that all things there be decent, and befitting His name, by which it is called. Therefore, first, he takes order that all things be in good repair; as walls plastered, windows glazed, floor paved, seats whole, firm, and uniform, especially that the pulpit and desk, and communion table and font, be as they ought for those great duties that are performed in them. Secondly, that the church be swept and kept clean without dust or cobwebs, and at great festivals strewed and stuck with boughs, and perfumed with incense. Thirdly, that there be fit and proper texts of Scripture everywhere painted, and that all the painting be grave and reverend, not with light colours or foolish antics. Fourthly, that all the books appointed by authority be there, and those not torn or fouled, but whole and clean, and well bound; and that there be a fitting and sightly communion cloth of fine linen, with a handsome and seemly carpet of good and costly stuff or cloth, and all kept sweet and clean, in a strong and decent chest, with a chalice and cover, and a stoop or flagon, and a basin

for alm and offerings ; besides which, he hath a poor-man's box conveniently seated to receive the charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treasure for the sick and needy. And all this he doth, not as out of necessity, or as putting a holiness in the things, but as desiring to keep the middle way between superstition and slovenliness, and as following the Apostle's two great and admirable rules in things of this nature, the first whereof is, Let all things be done decently and in order : The second, Let all things be done to edification (1 Cor. xiv). For these two rules comprise and include the double object of our duty, God and our neighbour ; the first being for the honour of God, the second for the benefit of our neighbour. So that they excellently score out the way, and fully and exactly contain, even in external and indifferent things, what course is to be taken, and put them to great shame who deny the Scripture to be perfect.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE country Parson, upon the afternoons in the weekdays, takes occasion sometimes to visit in person now one quarter of his parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are, wallowing in the midst of their affairs : whereas on Sunday it is easy for them to compose themselves to order, which they put on as their holiday clothes, and come to church in frame, but commonly the next day put off both. When he comes to any house first he blesseth it, and then as he finds the persons of the house employed, so he forms his discourse. Those that he finds religiously employed, he both commends them much, and furthers them when he is gone, in their employment ; as if he finds them reading, he furnisheth them with good books ; if curing poor people, he supplies them with receipts, and instructs them further in that skill, showing them how acceptable such works are to God, and wishing them ever to do the cures with their own hands, and not to put them over

to servants. Those that he finds busy in the works of their calling, he commendeth them also : for it is a good and just thing for every one to do their own business. But then he admonisheth them of two things ; first, that they dive not too deep into worldly affairs, plunging themselves over head and ears into carking and caring ; but that they so labour, as neither to labour anxiously, nor distrustfully, nor profanely. Then they labour anxiously, when they overdo it, to the loss of their quiet and health : then distrustfully, when they doubt God's providence, thinking that their own labour is the cause of their thriving, as if it were in their own hands to thrive or not to thrive : then they labour profanely, when they set themselves to work like brute beasts, never raising their thoughts to God, nor sanctifying their labour with daily prayer ; when on the Lord's day they do unnecessary servile work, or in time of divine service on other holy days, except in the cases of extreme poverty, and in the seasons of seed-time and harvest. Secondly, he adviseth them so to labour for wealth and maintenance, as that they make not that the end of their labour, but that they may have wherewithal to serve God the better, and to do good deeds. After these discourses, if they be poor and needy whom he thus finds labouring, he gives them somewhat ; and opens not only his mouth, but his purse to their relief, that so they go on more cheerfully in their vocation, and himself be ever the more welcome to them. Those that the Parson finds idle or ill-employed, he chides not at first, for that were neither civil nor profitable, but always on the close, before he departs from them ; yet in this he distinguisheth for if he be a plain countryman, he reproveth him plainly ; for they are not sensible of fineness ; if they be of higher quality, they commonly are quick, and sensible, and very tender of reproof ; and therefore he lays his discourse so, that he comes to the point very leisurely, and oftentimes, as Nathan did, in the person of another, making them to reprove themselves. However, one way or other, he ever reproveth them, that he may keep himself pure, and not be entangled in others' sins. Neither in this doth he forbear

though there be company by: for as when the offence is particular, and against me, I am to follow our Saviour's rule, and to take my brother aside and reprove him; so when the offence is public, and against God, I am then to follow the apostle's rule (1 Tim. v. 20), and to rebuke openly that which is done openly. Besides these occasional discourses, the Parson questions what order is kept in the house, as about prayers, morning and evening on their knees, reading of Scripture, catechising, singing of psalms at their work on holy days: who can read, who not; and sometimes he hears the children read himself, and blesseth, encouraging also the servants to learn to read, and offering to have them taught on holidays by his servants. If the Parson were ashamed of particularizing in these things, he were not fit to be a Parson; but he holds the rule, that nothing is little in God's service; if it once have the honour of that name, it grows great instantly. Wherefore neither disdaineth he to enter into the poorest cottage, though he even creep into it, and though it smell never so loathsomely. For both God is there also, and those for whom God died: and so much the rather doth he so, as his access to the poor is more comfortable than to the rich; and in regard of himself, it is more humiliation. These are the Parson's general aims in his circuit; but with these he mingles other discourses for conversation sake, and to make his higher purposes slip the more easily.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PARSON COMFORTING.

THE country Parson, when any of his cure is sick, or afflicted with loss of friend, or estate, or any ways distressed, fails not to afford his best comforts, and rather goes to them than sends for the afflicted, though they can and otherwise ought to come to him. To this end he hath thoroughly digested all the points of consolation, as having continual use of them, such as are from God's general providence ex-

tended even to lilies; from his particular, to his Church; from his promises; from the example of all saints that ever were; from Christ himself, perfecting our redemption no other way than by sorrow; from the benefit of affliction, which softens and works the stubborn heart of man; from the certainty both of deliverance and reward, if we faint not; from the miserable comparison of the moments of griefs here with the weight of joys hereafter. Besides this, in his visiting the sick, or otherwise afflicted, he followeth the Church's counsel, namely, in persuading them to particular confession; labouring to make them understand the great good use of this ancient and pious ordinance, and how necessary it is in some cases: he also urgeth them to do some pious charitable works, as a necessary evidence and fruit of their faith, at that time especially: the participation of the holy sacrament, how comfortable and sovereign a medicine it is to all sin-sick souls; what strength, and joy, and peace it administers against all temptations, even to death itself, he plainly and generally intimateth to the disaffected or sick person, that so the hunger and thirst after it may come rather from themselves than from his persuasion.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PARSON A FATHER.

THE country Parson is not only a father to his flock, but also professeth himself thoroughly of the opinion, carrying it about with him as fully as if he had begot his whole parish. And of this he makes great use. For by this means, when any sins, he hateth him not as an officer, but pities him as a father: and even in those wrongs which either in tithing or otherwise are done to his own person, he considers the offender as a child, and forgives, so he may have any sign of amendment; so also, when, after many admonitions, any continue to be refractory, yet he gives him not over, but is long before he proceed to disinheriting, or perhaps never

goes so far ; knowing that some are called at the eleventh hour, and therefore he still expects, and waits, lest he should determine God's hour of coming ; which as he cannot touching the last day, so neither touching the intermediate days of conversion.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE PARSON IN JOURNEY.

THE country Parson, when a just occasion calleth him out of his parish (which he diligently and strictly weigheth, his parish being all his joy and thought), leaveth not his ministry behind him ; but is himself wherever he is. Therefore those he meets on the way he blesseth audibly, and with those he overtakes, or that overtake him, he begins good discourses, such as may edify, interposing some short and honest refreshments, which may make his other discourses more welcome and less tedious. And when he comes to his inn, he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the glory of God to the company he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying grace at meat, and at going to bed by giving the host notice that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake, they may resort thither. The like he doth in the morning, using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, That prayers and provender never hinder journey. When he comes to any other house, where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the state thereof to Godward, and that in two points: First, What disorders there are either in apparel, or diet, or too open a buttery, or reading vain books, or swearing, or breeding up children to no calling, but in idleness, or the like. Secondly, What means of piety, whether daily prayers be used, grace, reading of Scriptures, and other good books ; how Sundays, holidays, and fasting days are kept. And accordingly, as he find

any defect in these, he first considers with himself, what kind of remedy fits the temper of the house best, and then he faithfully and boldly applieth it, yet seasonably and discreetly, by taking aside the lord or lady, or master or mistress of the house, and showing them clearly, that they respect them most who wish them best, and that not a desire to meddle with other's affairs, but the earnestness to do all the good he can, moves him to say thus and thus.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE PARSON IN SENTINEL.

THE country Parson, wherever he is, keeps God's watch : that is, there is nothing spoken or done in the company where he is, but comes under his test and censure : if it be well spoken or done, he takes occasion to commend and enlarge it ; if ill, he presently lays hold of it, lest the poison steal into some young and unwary spirits, and possess them even before they themselves heed it. But this he doth discreetly with mollifying and suppling words : This was not so well said, as it might have been forborne ; we cannot allow this, or else the thing will admit interpretation ; your meaning is not thus, but thus ; or, so far indeed what you say is true, and well said ; but this will not stand : this is called keeping God's watch, when the baits which the enemy lays in company are discovered and avoided : this is to be on God's side, and be true to his party. Besides, if he perceive in company any discourse tending to ill, either by the wickedness or quarrelsomeness thereof, he either prevents it judiciously, or breaks it off seasonably by some diversion. Wherein a pleasantness of disposition is of great use, men being willing to sell the interest and engagement of their discourses for no price sooner than that of mirth ; whither the nature of man, loving refreshment, gladly betakes itself, even to the loss of honour.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE PARSON IN REFERENCE.

THE country Parson is sincere and upright in all his relations. And first, he is just to his country; as when he is set at an armour, or horse, he borrows them not to serve the turn, nor provides slight and unuseful, but such as are every way fitting to do his country true and laudable service when occasion requires. To do otherwise is deceit, and therefore not for him who is hearty and true in all his ways, as being the servant of Him in whom there was no guile. Likewise in any other country duty he considers what is the end of any command, and then he suits things faithfully according to that end. Secondly, he carries himself very respectfully as to all the Fathers of the Church, so especially to his diocesan, honouring him both in word and behaviour, and resorting unto him in any difficulty, either in his studies or in his parish. He observes visitations, and being there, makes due use of them as of clergy councils for the benefit of the diocese. And, therefore, before he comes, having observed some defects in the ministry, he then, either in sermon, if he preach, or, at some other time of the day, propounds among his brethren what were fitting to be done. Thirdly, he keeps good correspondence with all the neighbouring pastors round about him, performing for them any ministerial office which is not to the prejudice of his own parish. Likewise, he welcomes to his house any minister, how poor or mean soever, with as joyful a countenance as if he were to entertain some great lord. Fourthly, he fulfils the duty and debt of neighbourhood to all the parishes which are near him. For the apostle's rule (Philip. iv.) being admirable and large, that "we should do whatsoever things are honest, or just, or pure, or lovely, or of good report, if there be any virtue, or any praise;" and neighbourhood being ever reputed, even among the heathen, as an obligation to do good, rather than to those that are further, where

things are otherwise equal, therefore he satisfies this duty also. Especially if God have sent any calamity either by fire or famine to any neighbouring parish, then he expects no brief, but taking his parish together the next Sunday or holiday, and exposing to them the uncertainty of human affairs, none knowing whose turn may be next; and then, when he hath affrighted them with this, exposing the obligation of charity and neighbourhood, he first gives himself liberally, and then incites them to give; making together a sum either to be sent, or, which were more comfortable, all together choosing some fit day to carry it themselves, and cheer the afflicted. So, if any neighbouring village be overburdened with poor, and his own less charged, he finds some way of relieving it, and reducing the manna and bread of charity to some equality, representing to his people that the blessing of God to them ought to make them the more charitable, and not the less, lest he cast their neighbours' poverty on them also.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE country Parson is in God's stead to his parish, and dischargeth God what he can of his promises, wherefore there is nothing done, either well or ill, whereof he is not the rewarder or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester* for it, if the giver be fit to receive it; or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him, when he hath forgotten it, This I do, because at such and such a time you were charitable. This is in some sort a discharging of God; as concerning this life, who hath promised that godliness shall be gainful: but in the other, God is his own immediate pay-

* Sixpence.

master, rewarding all good deeds to their full proportion "The Parson's punishing of sin and vice is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courtesy from the parties offending, or by private or public reproof, as the case requires, than by causing them to be presented, or otherwise complained of. And yet, as the malice of the person, or heinousness of the crime may be, he is careful to see condign punishment inflicted, and, with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the person, hungreth and thirsteth after righteous punishment of unrighteousness. Thus, both in rewarding virtue and in punishing vice, the Parson endeavoureth to be in God's stead, knowing that country people are drawn or led by sense, more than by faith ; by present rewards or punishments, more than by future."

CHAPTER XXI.

THE PARSON'S CATECHISING.

THE country Parson values catechising highly : For there being three points of his duty ; the one, to infuse a competent knowledge of salvation in every one of his flock ; the other, to multiply and build up this knowledge to a spiritual temple ; the third, to inflame this knowledge, to press, and drive it to practice, turning it to reformation of life, by pithy and lively exhortations ; catechising is the first point, and but by catechising, the other cannot be attained. Besides, whereas in sermons there is a kind of state, in catechising there is an humbleness very suitable to Christian regeneration ; which exceedingly delights him as by way of exercise upon himself, and by way of preaching to himself, for the advancing of his own mortification : For in preaching to others, he forgets not himself, but is first a sermon to himself, and then to others ; growing with the growth of his parish. He useth and preferreth the ordinary Church Catechism, partly for obedience to authority, partly for uniformity sake, that the same common truths may be everywhere pro-

fessed, especially since many remove from parish to parish, who, like Christian soldiers, are to give the word, and to satisfy the congregation by their catholic answers. He exacts of all the doctrine of the Catechism ; of the younger sort, the very words ; of the elder, the substance. Those he catechiseth publicly, these privately, giving age honour, according to the apostle's rule, 1 Tim. v. 1. He requires all to be present at catechising : First, for the authority of the work ; secondly, that parents and masters, as they hear the answers prove, may, when they come home, either commend or reprove, either reward or punish. Thirdly, that those of the elder sort, who are not well grounded, may then, by an honourable way, take occasion to be better instructed. Fourthly, that those who are well grounded in the knowledge of religion may examine their grounds, renew their vows, and by occasion of both, enlarge their meditations. When once all have learned the words of the Catechism, he thinks it the most useful way that a pastor can take, to go over the same, but in other words : for many say the Catechism by rote, as parrots, without ever piercing into the sense of it. In this course the order of the Catechism would be kept, but the rest varied : as thus, in the Creed : How came this world to be as it is ? Was it made, or came it by chance ? Who made it ? Did you see God make it ? Then are there some things to be believed that are not seen ? Is this the nature of belief ? Is not Christianity full of such things, as are not to be seen, but believed ? You said, God made the world ; Who is God ? And so forward, requiring answers to all these, and helping and cherishing the answerer, by making the questions very plain with comparisons, and making much even of a word of truth from him. This order being used to one, would be a little varied to another. And this is an admirable way of teaching, wherein the catechised will at length find delight, and by which the catechiser, if he once get the skill of it, will draw out of ignorant and silly souls even the dark and deep points of religion. Socrates did thus in philosophy, who held that the seeds of all truth lay in every body, and accordingly, by questions well ordered,

he found philosophy in silly tradesmen. That position will not hold in Christianity, because it contains things above nature: but after that the Catechism is once learned, that which nature is towards philosophy, the Catechism is towards divinity. To this purpose, some dialogues in Plato were worth the reading, where the singular dexterity of Socrates in this kind may be observed and imitated. Yet the skill consists but in these three points: First, an aim and mark of the whole discourse, whither to drive the answerer, which the questionist must have in his mind before any question be propounded, upon which and to which the questions are to be chained. Secondly, a most plain and easy framing the question, even containing, in virtue, the answer also, especially to the more ignorant. Thirdly, when the answerer sticks, an illustrating the thing by something else which he knows, making what he knows to serve him in that which he knows not: as, when the parson once demanded, after other questions about man's misery; since man is so miserable, what is to be done? And the answerer could not tell; he asked him again, what he would do if he were in a ditch? This familiar illustration made the answer so plain, that he was even ashamed of his ignorance; for he could not but say, he would haste out of it as fast as he could. Then he proceeded to ask, whether he could get out of the ditch alone, or whether he needed a helper, and who was that helper. This is the skill, and doubtless the Holy Scripture intends thus much, when it condescends to the naming of a plough, a hatchet, a bushel, leaven, boys piping and dancing; showing that things of ordinary use are not only to serve in the way of drudgery, but to be washed and cleansed, and serve for lights even of heavenly truths. This is the practice which the Parson so much commends to all his fellow-labourers; the secret of whose good consists in this, that at sermons and prayers men may sleep or wander, but when one is asked a question, he must discover what he is. This practice exceeds even sermons in teaching: But there being two things in sermons, the one informing, the other inflaming; as sermons come short of questions in the one, so

they far exceed them in the other. For questions cannot inflame or ravish ; that must be done by a set, and laboured, and continued speech.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE PARSON IN SACRAMENTS.

THE country Parson being to administer the Sacraments, is at a stand with himself, how or what behaviour to assume for so holy things. Especially at communion times he is in a great confusion, as being not only to receive God, but to break and administer him. Neither finds he any issue in this, but to throw himself down at the throne of grace, saying, "Lord, thou knowest what thou didst, when thou appointedst it to be done thus ; therefore do thou fulfil what thou didst appoint ; for thou art not only the feast, but the way to it." At baptism, being himself in white, he requires the presence of all, and baptizeth not willingly, but on Sundays, or great days. He admits no vain or idle names, but such as are usual and accustomed. He says that prayer with great devotion, where God is thanked for calling us to the knowledge of his grace, baptism being a blessing that the world hath not the like. He willingly and cheerfully crosseth the child, and thinketh the ceremony not only innocent but reverend. He instructeth the godfathers and godmothers, that it is no complimental or light thing to sustain that place, but a great honour, and no less burden, as being done both in the presence of God and his saints, and by way of undertaking for a Christian soul. He adviseth all to call to mind their baptism often ; for if wise men have thought it the best way of preserving a State to reduce it to its principles by which it grew great ; certainly it is the safest course for Christians also to meditate on their baptism often (being the first step into their great and glorious calling) and upon what terms and with what vows they were baptized. At the times of the holy communion, he first takes order with the churchwardens, that the elements be of the best, not cheap, or coarse, much

less ill-tasted or unwholesome. Secondly, he considers and looks into the ignorance or carelessness of his flock, and accordingly applies himself with catechisings and lively exhortations, not on the Sunday of the communion only (for then it is too late), but the Sunday or Sundays before the communion, or on the eves of all those days. If there be any who having not received yet, is to enter into this great work, he takes the more pains with them, that he may lay the foundation of future blessings. The time of every one's first receiving is not so much by years as by understanding ; particularly the rule may be this : When any one can distinguish the sacramental from common bread, knowing the institution, and the difference, he ought to receive, of what age soever. Children and youths are usually deferred too long, under pretence of devotion to the sacrament, but it is for want of instruction ; their understandings being ripe enough for ill things, and why not then for better ? But parents and masters should make haste in this, as to a great purchase for their children and servants ; which while they defer, both sides suffer ; the one, in wanting many excitings of grace, the other, in being worse served and obeyed. The saying of the Catechism is necessary, but not enough ; because to answer in form may still admit ignorance : but the questions must be propounded loosely and wildly, and then the answer will discover what he is. Thirdly, for the manner of receiving, as the Parson useth all reverence himself, so he administers to none but to the reverent. The feast indeed requires sitting, because it is a feast ; but man's unpreparedness asks kneeling. He that comes to the sacrament, hath the confidence of a guest, and he that kneels, confesseth himself an unworthy one, and therefore differs from other feasters ; but he that sits or lies, puts up to an apostle : Contentiousness in a feast of charity is more scandal than any posture. Fourthly, touching the frequency of the communion, the Parson celebrates it, if not duly once a month, yet at least five or six times in the year ; as at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, before and after harvest, and the beginning of Lent. And this he doth, not only for the benefit of the work. but also for the discharge of the

churchwardens, who being to present all that receive not thrice a year; if there be but three communions, neither can all the people so order their affairs as to receive just at those times, nor the churchwardens so well take notice who receive thrice, and who not.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE PARSON'S COMPLETENESS.

THE country Parson desires to be all to his parish, and not only a pastor, but a lawyer also, and a physician. Therefore he endures not that any of his flock should go to law; but in any controversy, that they should resort to him as their judge. To this end, he hath gotten to himself some insight in things ordinarily incident and controverted, by experience, and by reading some initiatory treatises in the law, with Dalton's Justice of Peace, and the Abridgments of the Statutes, as also by discourse with men of that profession, whom he hath ever some cases to ask, when he meets with them; holding that rule, that to put men to discourse of that wherein they are most eminent is the most gainful way of conversation. Yet whenever any controversy is brought to him, he never decides it alone; but sends for three or four of the ablest of the parish to hear the cause with him, whom he makes to deliver their opinion first; out of which he gathers, in case he be ignorant himself, what to hold; and so the thing passeth with more authority, and less envy; in judging he follows that which is altogether right: so that if the poorest man of the parish detain but a pin unjustly from the richest, he absolutely restores it as a judge; but when he hath so done, then he assumes the Parson, and exhorts to charity. Nevertheless, there may happen sometimes some cases, wherein he chooseth to permit his parishioners rather to make use of the law than himself: as in cases of an obscure and dark nature, not easily deter-

minable by lawyers themselves ; or in cases of high consequence, as establishing of inheritances : or lastly, when the persons are of a contentious disposition, and cannot be gained, but that they still fall from all compromises that have been made. But then he shows them how to go to law, even as brethren, and not as enemies, neither avoiding therefore one another's company, much less defaming one another. Now, as the Parson is in law, so is he in sickness also : If there be any of his flock sick, he is their physician, or at least his wife, of whom instead of the qualities of the word, he asks no other, but to have the skill of healing a wound, or helping the sick. But if neither himself nor his wife have the skill, and his means serve, he keeps some young practitioner in his house for the benefit of his parish, whom yet he ever exhorts not to exceed his bounds, but in difficult cases to call in help. If all fail, then he keeps good correspondence with some neighbour physician, and entertains him for the cure of his parish. Yet it is easy for any scholar to attain to such a measure of physic as may be of much use to him, both for himself and others. This is done by seeing one anatomy, reading one book of physic, having one herbal by him. And let Fernelius be the physic author, for he writes briefly, neatly, and judiciously : especially let his method of physic be diligently perused, as being the practical part, and of most use. Now both the reading of him and the knowing of herbs may be done at such times as they may be a help and a recreation to more divine studies, nature serving grace both in comfort of diversion, and the benefit of application, when need requires : as also, by way of illustration, even as our Saviour made plants and seeds to teach the people : for he was the true householder, who bringeth out of his treasure things new and old ; the old things of philosophy and the new of grace, and maketh the one serve the other. And I conceive our Saviour did this for three reasons : First, that by familiar things he might make his doctrine slip the more easily into the hearts even of the meanest. Secondly, that labouring people (whom he chiefly considered) might have everywhere monuments of his doctrine, remembering in

gardens his mustard-seed and lilies ; in the field his seed-corn and tares ; and so not be drowned altogether in the works of their vocation, but sometimes lift up their minds to better things, even in the midst of their pains. Thirdly, that he might set a copy for Parsons. In the knowledge of simples, wherein the manifold wisdom of God is wonderfully to be seen, one thing should be carefully observed ; which is to know what herbs may be used instead of drugs of the same nature, and to make the garden the shop : for home-bred medicines are both more easy for the Parson's purse, and more familiar for all men's bodies. So, where the apothecary useth either for loosing, rhubarb ; or for binding, bolearmena, the Parson useth damask or white roses for the one, and plaintain, shepherd's purse, knot grass, for the other, and that with better success. As for spices, he doth not only prefer home-bred things before them, but condemns them for vanities, and so shuts them out of his family, esteeming that there is no spice comparable for herbs, to rosemary, thyme, savory, mints ; and for seeds, to fennel and carraway seeds. Accordingly for salves, his wife seeks not the city, but prefers her garden and fields, before all outlandish gums. And surely hyssop, valerian, mercury, adder's tongue, verrow, melilot, and St John's-wort, made into a salve ; and elder, camomile, mallows, comphrey and smallage, made into a poultice, have done great and rare cures. In curing of any, the Parson and his family use to premise prayers, for this is to cure like a Parson, and this raiseth the action from the shop to the church. But though the Parson sets forward all charitable deeds, yet he looks not in this point of curing beyond his own parish, except the person be so poor that he is not able to reward the physician : for as he is charitable, so he is just also. Now it is a justice and debt to the commonwealth he lives in, not to encroach on others' professions, but to live on his own. And justice is the ground of charity

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE PARSON'S ARGUING.

THE country Parson, if there be any of his parish that hold strange doctrines, useth all possible diligence to reduce them to the common faith. The first means he useth is prayer, beseeching the Father of lights to open their eyes, and to give him power so to fit his discourse to them, that it may effectually pierce their hearts and convert them. The second means is a very loving and sweet usage of them, both in going to and sending for them often, and in finding out courtesies to place on them ; as in their tithes or otherwise. The third means is the observation, what is the main foundation and pillar of their cause, whereon they rely ; as if he be a Papist, the church is the hinge he turns on ; if a schismatic, scandal. Wherefore the Parson hath diligently examined these two with himself, as "What the Church is ; how it began ; how it proceeded ; whether it be a rule to itself ; whether it hath a rule ; whether having a rule, it ought not to be guided by it ; whether any rule in the world be obscure ; and how then should the best be so, at least in fundamental things ; the obscurity in some points being the exercise of the Church, the light in the foundations being the guide ; the Church needing both an evidence and an exercise. So for scandal : What scandal is ; when given or taken ; whether there being two precepts, one of obeying authority, the other of not giving scandal, that ought not to be preferred, especially since in disobeying there is scandal also : whether things once indifferent, being made by the precept of authority more than indifferent, it be in our power to omit or refuse them." These and the like points he hath accurately digested, having ever besides two great helps and powerful persuaders on his side ; the one a strict religious life ; the other an humble and ingenuous search of truth, being unmoved in arguing, and void of all contentiousness : which are two great lights able to dazzle the eyes of the misled, while

they consider that God cannot be wanting to them in doctrine, to whom he is so gracious in life.

CHAPTER XXV.

THE PARSON PUNISHING.

WHENSOEVER the country Parson proceeds so far as to call in authority, and to do such things of legal opposition either in the presenting or punishing of any, as the vulgar ever construes for signs of ill-will: he forbears not in any wise to use the delinquent as before, in his behaviour and carriage towards him, not avoiding his company, or doing anything of averseness, save in the very act of punishment: neither doth he esteem him for an enemy, but as a brother still, except some small and temporary estranging may corroborate the punishment to a better subduing and humbling of the delinquent; which, if it happily take effect, he then comes on the faster, and makes so much the more of him, as before he alienated himself; doubling his regards, and showing, by all means, that the delinquent's return is to his advantage.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE PARSON'S EYE.

THE country Parson, at spare times from action, standing on a hill, and considering his flock, discovers two sorts of vices, and two sorts of vicious persons. There are some vices whose natures are always clear and evident, as adultery, murder, hatred, lying, &c. There are other vices, whose natures, at least in the beginning, are dark and obscure; as covetousness and gluttony. So likewise there are some persons, who abstain not even from known sins; there are others who, when they know a sin evidently, they commit it not. It is

true, indeed, they are long a knowing it, being partial to themselves, and witty to others who shall reprove them for it. A man may be both covetous and intemperate, and yet hear sermons against both, and himself condemn both in good earnest: and the reason hereof is, because the natures of these vices being not evidently discussed or known commonly, the beginnings of them are not easily observable: and the beginnings of them are not observed, because of the sudden passing from that which was just now lawful, to that which is presently unlawful, even in one continued action. So a man dining, eats at first lawfully; but proceeding on, comes to do unlawfully, even before he is aware; not knowing the bounds of the action, nor when his eating begins to be unlawful. So a man storing up money for his necessary provisions, both in present for his family and in future for his children, hardly perceives when his storing becomes unlawful: yet is there a period for his storing, and a point, or centre, when his storing, which was even now good, passeth from good to bad. Wherefore the Parson being true to his business, hath exactly sifted the definitions of all virtues and vices; especially canvassing those whose natures are most stealing, and beginnings uncertain. Particularly, concerning these two vices, not because they are all that are of this dark and creeping disposition, but for example sake, and because they are most common, he thus thinks: First for Covetousness, he lays this ground: Whosoever, when a just occasion calls, either spends not at all, or not in some proportion to God's blessing upon him, is covetous. The reason of the ground is manifest, because wealth is given to that end, to supply our occasions. Now, if I do not give every thing its end, I abuse the creature; I am false to my reason, which should guide me; I offend the supreme Judge, in perverting that order which he hath set both to things and to reason. The application of the ground would be infinite; but, in brief, a poor man is an occasion, my country is an occasion, my friend is an occasion, my table is an occasion, my apparel is an occasion; if in all these, and those more which concern me, I either do nothing, or pinch and scrape, and squeeze blood

indecently to the station wherein God hath placed me, I am covetous. More particularly, and to give one instance for all, if God hath given me servants, and I either provide too little for them, or that which is unwholesome, being sometimes baned meat, sometimes too salt, and so not competent nourishment, I am covetous. I bring this example, because men usually think, that servants for their money are as other things that they buy, even as a piece of wood, which they may cut, or hack, or throw into the fire; and so they pay them their wages, all is well. Nay, to descend yet more particularly, if a man have wherewithal to buy a spade, and yet he chooseth rather to use his neighbour's, and wear out that, he is covetous. Nevertheless, few bring covetousness thus low, or consider it so narrowly, which yet ought to be done, since "there is a justice in the least things, and for the least there shall be a judgment." Country people are full of these petty injustices, being cunning to make use of another and spare themselves: And scholars ought to be diligent in the observation of these, and driving of their general school-rules ever to the smallest actions of life; which while they dwell in their books, they will never find; but being seated in the country, and doing their duty faithfully, they will soon discover: especially if they carry their eyes ever open, and fix them on their charge, and not on their preferment. Secondly, for gluttony, the Parson lays this ground: he that either for quantity eats more than his health or employments will bear, or for quality is lickerish after dainties, is a glutton; as he that eats more than his estate will bear, is a prodigal: and he that eats offensively to the company, either in his order, or length of eating, is scandalous and uncharitable. These three rules generally comprehend the faults of "eating, and the truth of them needs no proof: so that men must eat, neither to the disturbance of their health nor of their affairs (which, being overburdened or studying dainties too much, they cannot well dispatch), nor of their estate, nor of their brethren." One act in these things is bad, but it is the custom and habit that names a glutton. Many think they are more at liberty

than they are, as if they were masters of their health, and so they will stand to the pain, all is well. But to eat to one's hurt comprehends, besides the hurt, an act against reason, because it is unnatural to hurt oneself ; and this they are not masters of. Yet of hurtful things, I am more bound to abstain from those which by my own experience I have found hurtful, than from those which by a common tradition and vulgar knowledge are reputed to be so. That which is said of hurtful meats extends to hurtful drinks also. As for the quantity, touching our employments, none must eat so as to disable themselves from a fit discharging either of divine duties, or duties of their calling. So that if after dinner they are not fit (or unwieldy) either to pray, or work, they are gluttons. Not that all must presently work after dinner, for they rather must not work (especially students, and those that are weakly) ; but that they must rise so, as that it is not meat or drink that hinders them from working. To guide them in this, there are three rules : First, the custom and knowledge of their own body, and what it can well digest : the second, the feeling of themselves in time of eating, which, because it is deceitful (for one thinks in eating, that he can eat more than afterwards he finds true) : the third is the observation with what appetite they sit down. This last rule, joined with the first, never fails. For knowing what one usually can well digest, and feeling when I go to meat in what disposition I am, either hungry or not, according as I feel myself, either I take my wonted proportion or diminish of it. Yet physicians bid those that would live in health not keep a uniform diet, but to feed variously, now more, now less : and Gerson, a spiritual man, wisheth all to incline rather to too much than to too little ; his reason is, because diseases of exinanition are more dangerous than diseases of repletion. But the Parson distinguisheth according to his double aim, either of abstinence a moral virtue, or mortification a divine. When he deals with any that is heavy and carnal, he gives him those freer rules ; but when he meets with a refined and heavenly disposition, he carries them higher, even sometimes to a forgetting of themselves,

knowing that there is one who, when they forget, remembers for them ; as when the people hungered and thirsted after our Saviour's doctrine, and tarried so long at it, that they would have fainted had they returned empty, he suffered it not ; but rather made food miraculously, than suffered so good desires to miscarry.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE PARSON IN MIRTH.

THE country Parson is generally sad, because he knows nothing but the Cross of Christ, his mind being defixed on it, with those nails wherewith his Master was : or if he have any leisure to look off from thence, he meets continually with two most sad spectacles, sin and misery ; God dishonoured every day, and man afflicted. Nevertheless, he sometimes refresheth himself, as knowing that nature will not bear everlasting droopings, and that pleasantness of disposition is a great key to do good ; not only because all men shun the company of perpetual severity, but also for that when they are in company, instructions seasoned with pleasantness both enter sooner and root deeper. Wherefore he condescends to human frailties both in himself and others ; and intermingles some mirth in his discourses occasionally, according to the pulse of the hearer.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE PARSON IN CONTEMPT.

THE country Parson knows well, that both for the general ignominy which is cast upon the profession, and much more for those rules which, out of his choicest judgment, he hath resolved to observe, and which are described in this book, he must be despised ; because this has been the portion of God his Master, and of God's saints his brethren, and this is fore-

told, that it shall be so, until things be no more. Nevertheless, according to the apostle's rule, he endeavours that none shall despise him; especially in his own parish, he suffers it not to his utmost power; for that, where contempt is, there is no room for instruction. This he procures, first, by his holy and unblameable life; which carries a reverence with it, even above contempt. Secondly, by a courteous carriage and winning behaviour: he that will be respected, must respect; doing kindnesses, but receiving none; at least of those who are apt to despise: for this argues a height and eminency of mind, which is not easily despised, except it degenerate to pride. Thirdly, by a bold and impartial reproof, even of the best in the parish, when occasion requires: for this may produce hatred in those that are reprov'd, but never contempt either in them or others. Lastly, if the contempt shall proceed so far as to do anything punishable by law, as contempt is apt to do, if it be not thwarted, the Parson having a due respect both to the person and to the cause, referreth the whole matter to the examination and punishment of those which are in authority; that so the sentence lighting upon one, the example may reach to all. But if the contempt be not punishable by law, or being so, the Parson think it in his discretion either unfit or bootless to contend, then when any despises him he takes it either in an humble way, saying nothing at all, or else in a slighting way, showing that reproaches touch him no more than a stone thrown against heaven, where he is, and lives; or in a sad way, grieved at his own and others' sins, which continually break God's laws, and dishonour him with those mouths which he continually fills and feeds: or else, in a doctrinal way, saying to the contemner, Alas, why do you thus? you hurt yourself, not me; he that throws a stone at another, hits himself; and so, between gentle reasoning and pitying, he overcomes the evil: or lastly, in a triumphant way, being glad and joyful that he is made conformable to his Master; and being in the world as he was, hath this undoubted pledge of his salvation. These are the five shields wherewith the godly receive the darts of the wicked; leaving anger, and

retorting, and revenge, to the children of the world, whom another's ill mastereth, and leadeth captive without any resistance, even in resistance to the same destruction. For while they resist the person that reviles, they resist not the evil which takes hold of them, and is far the worst enemy.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE PARSON WITH HIS CHURCHWARDENS.

THE country Parson doth often, both publickly and privately, instruct his churchwardens what a great charge lies upon them, and that indeed the whole order and discipline of the parish is put into their hands. If himself reform any thing, it is out of the overflowing of his conscience, whereas they are to do it by command and by oath. Neither hath the place its dignity from the ecclesiastical laws only, since even by the common statute-law they are taken for a kind of corporation, as being persons enabled by that name to take moveable goods or chattels, and to sue and to be sued at law concerning such goods, for the use and profit of their parish: and by the same law they are to levy penalties for negligence in resorting to church, or for disorderly carriage in time of divine service. Wherefore the Parson suffers not the place to be vilified or debased, by being cast on the lower rank of people; but invites and urges the best unto it, showing that they do not lose or go less, but gain by it; it being the greatest honour of this world to do God and his chosen service; or as David says, to be even a doorkeeper in the house of God. Now the canons being the churchwarden's rule, the Parson adviseth them to read or hear them often, as also the visitation articles, which are grounded upon the canons, that so they may know their duty and keep their oath the better; in which regard, considering the great consequence of their place, and more of their oath, he wisheth them by no means to spare any, though never so great; but if after gentle and neighbourly admonitions, they still persist

in ill, to present them ; yea though they be tenants, or otherwise engaged to the delinquent : for their obligation to God and their own soul is above any temporal tie. Do well and right, and let the world sink.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE PARSON'S CONSIDERATION OF PROVIDENCE.

THE country Parson, considering the great aptness country people have to think that all things come by kind of natural course, and that if they sow and soil their grounds, they must have corn, if they keep and fodder well their cattle they must have milk and calves, labours to reduce them to see God's hand in all things, and to believe that things are not set in such an inevitable order, but that God often changeth it according as he sees fit, either for reward or punishment. To this end he represents to his flock that God hath and exerciseth a threefold power in everything which concerns man. The first is a sustaining power ; the second a governing power ; the third a spiritual power. By his sustaining power he preserves and actuates everything in his being ; so that corn doth not grow by any other virtue than by that which he continually supplies, as the corn needs it ; without which supply the corn would instantly dry up, as a river would if the fountain were stopped. And it is observable that if anything could presume of an inevitable course and constancy in their operations, certainly it should be either the sun in heaven or the fire on earth, by reason of their fierce, strong, and violent natures ; yet when God pleased the sun stood still, the fire burned not. By God's governing power he preserves and orders the references of things one to the other, so that though the corn do grow and be preserved in that act by his sustaining power, yet if he suit not other things to the growth, as seasons and weather, and other accidents, by his governing power, the fairest harvests come to nothing. And it is observable that God

delights to have men feel and acknowledge and reverence his power, and therefore he often overturns things when they are thought past danger ; that is his time of interposing : as when a merchant hath a ship come home after many a storm, which it hath escaped, he destroys it sometimes in the very haven ; or if the goods be housed, a fire hath broken forth, and suddenly consumed them. Now this he doth that men should persevere and not break off their acts of dependence, how fair soever the opportunities present themselves. So that if a farmer should depend upon God all the year, and being ready to put hand to sickle, shall then secure himself, and think all cock sure ; then God sends such weather as lays the corn and destroys it : or if he depend on God further, even till he inbarn his corn, and then think all sure, God sends a fire and consumes all that he hath : for that he ought not to break off, but to continue his dependence on God, not only before the corn is inned, but after also ; and, indeed, to depend and fear continually. The third power is spiritual, by which God turns all outward blessings to inward advantages. So that if a farmer hath both a fair harvest, and that also well inned and inbarned, and continuing safe there ; yet if God give him not the grace to use and utter this well, all his advantages are to his loss. Better were his corn burnt than not spiritually improved. And it is observable in this, how God's goodness strives with man's refractoriness. Man would sit down at this world ; God bids him sell it, and purchase a better. Just as a father who hath in his hand an apple and a piece of gold under it ; the child comes, and with pulling, gets the apple out of his father's hand : his father bids him throw it away, and he will give him the gold for it, which the child utterly refusing, eats it, and is troubled with worms : so is the carnal and wilful man with the worm of the grave in this world, and the worm of conscience in the next.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE PARSON IN LIBERTY.

THE country Parson, observing the manifold wiles of Satan (who plays his part sometimes in drawing God's servants from him, sometimes in perplexing them in the service of God), stands fast in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free. This liberty he compasseth by one distinction, and that is, of what is necessary, and what is additionary. As, for example, it is necessary that all Christians should pray twice a day, every day of the week, and four times on Sunday, if they be well. This is so necessary and essential to a Christian, that he cannot without this maintain himself in a Christian state. Besides this, the godly have ever added some hours of prayer, as at nine, or at three, or at midnight, or as they think fit and see cause, or rather as God's Spirit leads them. But these prayers are not necessary, but additionary. Now it so happens, that the godly petitioner, upon some emergent interruption in the day, or by oversleeping himself at night, omits his additionary prayer. Upon this his mind begins to be perplexed and troubled, and Satan, who knows the exigent, blows the fire, endeavouring to disorder the Christian, and put him out of his station, and to enlarge the perplexity, until it spread and taint his other duties of piety, which none can perform so well in trouble as in calmness. Here the Parson interposeth with his distinction, and shews the perplexed Christian, that this prayer being additionary, not necessary, taken in, not commanded, the omission thereof upon just occasion ought by no means to trouble him. God knows the occasion as well as he, and he is a gracious Father, who more accepts a common course of devotion than dislikes an occasional interruption. And of this he is so to assure himself as to admit no scruple, but to go on as cheerfully as if he had not been interrupted. By this it is evident that the distinction is of singular use and comfort, especially to pious minds, which are ever tender

and delicate. But here there are two cautions to be added. First, that this interruption proceed not out of slackness or coldness, which will appear if the pious soul foresee and prevent such interruptions, what he may before they come, and when for all that they do come, he be a little affected therewith, but not afflicted or troubled; if he resent it to a mislike, but not a grief. Secondly, that this interruption proceed not out of shame. As, for example, a godly man, not out of superstition but of reverence to God's house, resolves whenever he enters into a church to kneel down and pray, either blessing God that he will be pleased to dwell among men, or beseeching him, that whenever he repairs to his house, he may behave himself so as befits so great a presence; and this briefly. But it happens that near the place where he is to pray, he spies some scoffing ruffian, who is likely to deride him for his pains: if he now shall, either for fear or shame, break his custom, he shall do passing ill; so much the rather ought he to proceed, as that by this he may take into his prayer humiliation also. On the other side, if I am to visit the sick in haste, and my nearest way lie through the church, I will not doubt to go without staying to pray there (but only, as I pass, in my heart), because this kind of prayer is additionary, not necessary, and the other duty overweighs it: so that if any scruple arise, I will throw it away, and be most confident that God is not displeased. This distinction may run through all Christian duties, and it is a great stay and settling to religious souls.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE PARSON'S SURVEYS.

THE country Parson hath not only taken a particular survey of the faults of his own parish, but a general also of the diseases of the time, that so, when his occasions carry him abroad, or bring strangers to him, he may be the better armed to encounter them. The great and national sin of

this land he esteems to be idleness ; great in itself, and great in consequence : for when men have nothing to do, then they fall to drink, to steal, to whore, to scoff, to revile, to all sorts of gamings. "Come," say they, "we have nothing to do, let's go to the tavern, or to the stews," or what not. Wherefore the Parson strongly opposeth this sin, wheresoever he goes. And because idleness is twofold, the one in having no calling, the other in walking carelessly in our calling, he first represents to everybody the necessity of a vocation. The reason of this assertion is taken from the nature of man, wherein God hath placed two great instruments, reason in the soul, and a hand in the body, as engagements of working, so that even in Paradise man had a calling ; and how much more out of Paradise, when the evils which he is now subject unto may be prevented or diverted by reasonable employment ? Besides, every gift or ability is a talent to be accounted for, and to be improved to our Master's advantage. Yet it is also a debt to our country to have a calling ; and it concerns the commonwealth that none should be idle, but all busied. Lastly, riches are the blessing of God, and the great instrument of doing admirable good ; therefore all are to procure them honestly and seasonably when they are not better employed. Now this reason crosseth not our Saviour's precept of selling what we have, because when we have sold all, and given it to the poor, we must not be idle, but labour to get more, that we may give more ; according to St Paul's rule (Eph. iv. 28 ; 1 Thes. iv. 11, 12). So that our Saviour's selling is so far from crossing Saint Paul's working, that it rather establisheth it, since they that have nothing are fittest to work. Now because the only opposer to this doctrine is the gallant, who is witty enough to abuse both others and himself, and who is ready to ask if he shall mend shoes, or what he shall do ; therefore the Parson, unmoved, sheweth that ingenious and fit employment is never wanting to those that seek it. But if it should be, the assertion stands thus : all are either to have a calling, or prepare for it : he that hath or can have vet no employment, if he truly and seriously prepare for it,

he is safe and within bounds. Wherefore all are either presently to enter into a calling, if they be fit for it and it for them, or else to examine with care and advice what they are fittest for, and to prepare for that with all diligence. But it will not be amiss in this exceeding useful point to descend to particulars; for exactness lies in particulars. Men are either single or married; the married and housekeeper hath his hands full, if he do what he ought to do. For there are two branches of his affairs; first, the improvement of his family, by bringing them up in the fear and nurture of the Lord; and secondly, the improvement of his grounds, by drowing, or draining, or stocking, or fencing, and ordering his land to the best advantage both of himself and his neighbours. The Italians say, "None fouls his hand in his own business;" and it is an honest and just care, so it exceed not bounds, for every one to employ himself to the advancement of his affairs, that he may have wherewithal to do good. But his family is his best care, to labour Christian souls, and raise them to their height, even to heaven: to dress and prune them, and take as much joy in a straight-growing child, or servant, as a gardener doth in a choice tree. Could men find out this delight, they would seldom be from home; whereas now, of any place they are least there. But if, after all his care well dispatched, the housekeeper's family be so small, and his dexterity so great, that he have leisure to look out, the village or parish which either he lives in or is near unto it is his employment. He considers every one there, and either helps them in particular, or hath general propositions to the whole town or hamlet, of advancing the public stock, and managing commons or woods, according as the place suggests. But if he may be of the commission of peace, there is nothing to that: no commonwealth in the world hath a braver institution than that of justices of the peace: for it is both a security to the king, who hath so many dispersed officers at his beck throughout the kingdom, accountable for the public good, and also an honourable employment of a gentle or nobleman in the country he lives in, enabling him with power to do good, and to restrain all

those who else might both trouble him and the whole state. Wherefore it behoves all who are come to the gravity and ripeness of judgment for so excellent a place, not to refuse, but rather to procure it. And whereas there are usually three objections made against the place; the one, the abuse of it, by taking petty country bribes; the other, the casting of it on mean persons, especially in some shires; and lastly, the trouble of it. These are so far from deterring any good men from the place, that they kindle them rather to redeem the dignity either from true faults or unjust aspersions. Now, for single men, they are either heirs, or younger brothers: the heirs are to prepare in all the forementioned points against the time of their practice. Therefore they are to mark their father's discretion in ordering his house and affairs; and also elsewhere, when they see any remarkable point of education or good husbandry, and to transplant it in time to his own home, with the same care as others, when they meet with good fruit, get a graft of the tree, enriching their orchard, and neglecting their house. Besides, they are to read books of law and justice; especially the Statutes at large. As for better books of divinity, they are not in this consideration, because we are about a calling and a preparation thereunto. But chiefly, and above all things, they are to frequent sessions and assizes; for it is both an honour which they owe to the reverend judges and magistrates to attend them at least in their shire, and it is a great advantage to know the practice of the land, for our law is practice. Sometimes he may go to court, as the eminent place both of good and ill. At other times he is to travel over the king's dominions, cutting out the kingdom into portions, which every year he surveys piecemeal. When there is a parliament, he is to endeavour by all means to be a knight or burgess there; for there is no school to a parliament. And when he is there, he must not only be a morning man, but at committees also; for there the particulars are exactly discussed, which are brought from thence to the house but in general. When none of these occasions call him abroad, every morning that he is at home he must either

ride the great horse, or exercise some of his military postures. For all gentlemen that are now weakened, and disarmed with sedentary lives, are to know the use of their arms : and as the husbandman labours for them, so must they fight for and defend them when occasion calls. This is the duty of each to other, which they ought to fulfil : and the Parson is a lover and exciter to justice in all things, even as John the Baptist squared out to every one (even to soldiers) what to do. As for younger brothers, those whom the Parson finds loose, and not engaged in some profession by their parents, whose neglect in this point is intolerable, and a shameful wrong both to the commonwealth and their own house ; to them, after he hath shewed the unlawfulness of spending the day in dressing, complimenting, visiting, and sporting, he first commends the study of the civil law, as a brave and wise knowledge, the professors whereof were much employed by Queen Elizabeth, because it is the key of commerce, and discovers the rules of foreign nations. Secondly, he commends the mathematics as the only wonder-working knowledge, and therefore requiring the best spirits. After the several knowledge of these, he adviseth to insist and dwell chiefly on the two noble branches thereof, of fortification and navigation ; the one being useful to all countries, and the other especially to islands. But if the young gallant think these courses dull and phlegmatic, where can he busy himself better than in those new plantations and discoveries, which are not only a noble, but also, as they may be handled, a religious employment ? or let him travel into Germany and France, and observing the artifices and manufacturers there, transplant them hither, as divers have done lately, to our country's advantage.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE PARSON'S LIBRARY.

THE country Parson's library is a holy life : for besides the blessing that that brings upon it, there being a promise, that

if the kingdom of God be first sought, all other things shall be added, even itself is a sermon. For the temptations with which a good man is beset, and the ways which he used to overcome them, being told to another, whether in private conference or in the church, are a sermon. He that hath considered how to carry himself at table about his appetite, if he tell this to another, preacheth, and much more feelingly and judiciously than he writes his rules of temperance out of books. So that the Parson having studied and mastered all his lusts and affections within, and the whole army of temptations without, hath ever so many sermons ready penned as he hath victories. And it fares in this as it doth in physic: he that hath been sick of a consumption, and knows what recovered him, is a physician, so far as he meets with the same disease and temper: and can much better and particularly do it than he that is generally learned, and was never sick. And if the same person had been sick of all diseases, and were recovered of all, by things that he knew, there were no such physician as he, both for skill and tenderness. Just so it is in divinity, and that not without manifest reason: for though the temptations may be diverse in divers Christians, yet the victory is alike in all, being by the self-same spirit. Neither is this true only in the military state of a Christian life, but even in the peaceable also; when the servant of God, freed for a while from temptation, in a quiet sweetness seeks how to please his God. Thus the Parson considering that repentance is the great virtue of the Gospel, and one of the first steps of pleasing God, having for his own use examined the nature of it, is able to explain it after to others. And particularly, having doubted sometimes whether his repentance were true, or at least in that degree it ought to be, since he found himself sometimes to weep more for the loss of some temporal things than for offending God, he came at length to this resolution, that repentance is an act of the mind, not of the body, even as the original signifies; and that the chief thing which God in Scripture requires, is the heart and the spirit, and to worship him in truth and spirit. Wherefore in case a Christian endeavour to weep, and cannot, since we

are not masters of our bodies, this sufficeth. And consequently he found that the essence of repentance, that it may be alike in all God's children (which as concerning weeping it cannot be, some being of a more melting temper than others), consisteth in a true detestation of the soul abhorring and renouncing sin, and turning unto God in truth of heart and newness of life : which acts of repentance are and must be found in all God's servants. Not that weeping is not useful, where it can be, that so the body may join in the grief, as it did in the sin ; but that, so the other acts be, that is not necessary : so that he as truly repents who performs the other acts of repentance, when he cannot more, as he that weeps a flood of tears. This instruction and comfort the Parson getting for himself, when he tells it to others, becomes a sermon. The like he doth in other Christian virtues, as of faith and love, and the cases of conscience belonging thereunto, wherein (as St Paul implies that he ought, Rom. ii.) he first preacheth to himself, and then to others.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE PARSON'S DEXTERITY IN APPLYING OF REMEDIES.

THE country Parson knows that there is a double state of a Christian, even in this life : the one military, the other peaceable. The military is, when we are assaulted with temptations either from within or from without. The peaceable is, when the devil for a time leaves us, as he did our Saviour, and the angels minister to us their own food, even joy, and peace, and comfort in the Holy Ghost. These two states were in our Saviour, not only in the beginning of his preaching, but afterwards also, as Matt. xxii. 35, He was tempted : And Luke x. 21, He rejoiced in spirit : And they must be likewise in all that are his. Now the Parson having a spiritual judgment, according as he discovers any of his flock to be in one or the other state, so he applies himself to them. Those that he finds in the peaceable state, he adviseth

to be very vigilant, and not to let go the reins as soon as the horse goes easy. Particularly, he counselleth them to two things: First, to take heed lest their quiet betray them (as it is apt to do) to a coldness and carelessness in their devotions, but to labour still to be as fervent in Christian duties as they remember themselves were, when affliction did blow the coals. Secondly, not to take the full compass and liberty of their peace: not to eat of all those dishes at table, which even their present health otherwise admits; nor to store their house with all those furnitures, which even their present plenty of wealth otherwise admits; nor, when they are among them that are merry, to extend themselves to all that mirth, which the present occasion of wit and company otherwise admits; but to put bounds and hoops to their joys: so will they last the longer, and when they depart, return the sooner. If we would judge ourselves, we should not be judged; and if we would bound ourselves, we should not be bounded. But if they shall fear that at such or such a time their peace and mirth have carried them further than this moderation, then to take Job's admirable course, who sacrificed lest his children should have transgressed in their mirth: so let them go and find some poor afflicted soul, and there be bountiful and liberal; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased. Those that the Parson finds in the military state, he fortifies and strengthens with his utmost skill. Now, in those that are tempted, whatsoever is unruly, falls upon two heads; either they think that there is none that can or will look after things, but all goes by chance or wit; or else, though there be a great Governor of all things, yet to them he is lost, as if they said, God doth forsake and persecute them, and there is none to deliver them. If the Parson suspect the first, and find sparks of such thoughts now and then to break forth, then without opposing directly (for disputation is no cure for atheism), he scatters in his discourse three sorts of arguments. The first taken from nature, the second from the law, the third from grace. For nature, he sees not how a house could be either built without a builder, or kept in repair without a nousekeeper. He conceives not possibly how the winds should

blow so much as they can, and the sea rage as much as it can, and all things do what they can, and all, not only without dissolution of the whole, but also of any part, by taking away so much as the usual seasons of summer and winter, earing and harvest. Let the weather be what it will, still we have bread, though sometimes more, sometimes less; wherewith also a careful Joseph might meet. He conceives not possibly how he that would believe a divinity, if he had been at the creation of all things, should less believe it, seeing the preservation of all things; for preservation is a creation; and more, it is a continued creation, and a creation every moment. Secondly, for the law, there may be so evident though unused a proof of divinity taken from thence, that the atheist or epicurean can have nothing to contradict. The Jews yet live and are known: they have their law and language bearing witness to them, and they to it: they are circumcised to this day, and expect the promises of the Scripture; their country also is known, the places and rivers travelled unto and frequented by others, but to them an unpenetrable rock, an inaccessible desert. Wherefore if the Jews live, all the great wonders of old live in them, and then who can deny the stretched-out arm of a mighty God? especially since it may be a just doubt, whether, considering the stubbornness of the nation, their living then in their country, under so many miracles, were a stranger thing than their present exile, and disability to live in their country. And it is observable, that this very thing was intended by God, that the Jews should be his proof and witnesses, as he calls them (Isa. xliii. 12). And their very dispersion in all lands, was intended not only for a punishment to them, but for an exciting to others by their sight to the acknowledging of God and his power (Ps. lix. 11). And therefore this kind of punishment was chosen rather than any other. Thirdly, for grace. Besides the continual succession (since the Gospel) of holy men who have borne witness to the truth (there being no reason why any should distrust St Luke, or Tertullian, or Chrysostom, more than Tully, Virgil, or Livy), there are two prophecies in the Gospel, which evidently argue Christ's

divinity by their success: the one concerning the woman that spent the ointment on our Saviour, for which he told, that it should never be forgotten, but with the Gospel itself be preached to all ages (Matt. xxvi. 13); the other concerning the destruction of Jerusalem, of which our Saviour said that that generation should not pass till all were fulfilled (Luke xxi. 32); which Josephus's history confirmeth, and the continuance of which verdict is yet evident. To these might be added the preaching of the Gospel in all nations (Matt. xxiv. 14), which we see even miraculously effected in these new discoveries, God turning men's covetousness and ambitions to the effecting of his Word. Now a prophecy is a wonder sent to posterity, lest they complain of want of wonders. It is a letter sealed and sent, which to the bearer is but paper, but to the receiver and opener is full of power. He that saw Christ open a blind man's eyes, saw not more divinity than he that reads of the woman's ointment in the Gospel, or sees Jerusalem destroyed. With some of these heads enlarged and woven into this discourse, at several times and occasions, the Parson settleth wavering minds. But if he sees them nearer desperation than atheism, not so much doubting a God as that he is theirs, then he dives into the boundless ocean of God's love, and the unspeakable riches of his loving-kindness. He hath one argument unanswerable. If God hate them, either he doth it as they are creatures, dust and ashes, or as they are sinful. As creatures, he must needs love them; for no perfect artist ever yet hated his own work. As sinful, he must much more love them; because, notwithstanding his infinite hate of sin, his love overcame that hate; and with an exceeding great victory, which in the creation needed not, gave them love for love, even the Son of his love out of his bosom of love; so that man, which way soever he turns, hath two pledges of God's love, that in the mouth of two or three witnesses every word may be established; the one in his being, the other in his sinful being; and this is the more faulty in him, so the more glorious in God. And all may certainly conclude, that God loves them, till either they despise that love, or despair of his mercy; not any sin else

but is within his love ; but the despising of love must needs be without it. The thrusting away of his arm makes us only not embraced.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PARSON'S CONDESCENDING.

THE country Parson is a lover of old customs, if they be good and harmless ; and the rather, because country people are much addicted to them, so that to favour them therein is to win their hearts, and to oppose them therein is to deject them. If there be any ill in the custom that may be severed from the good, he pares the apple, and gives them the clean to feed on. Particularly he loves procession, and maintains it, because there are contained therein four manifest advantages : First, A blessing of God for the fruits of the field : Secondly, Justice in the preservation of bounds : Thirdly, Charity in loving walking, and neighbourly accompanying one another, with reconciling of differences at that time, if there be any : Fourthly, Mercy in relieving the poor by a liberal distribution and largess, which at that time is or ought to be used. Wherefore he exacts of all to be present at the perambulation, and those that withdraw, and sever themselves from it, he dislikes, and reproves as uncharitable and unneighbourly ; and if they will not reform, presents them. Nay, he is so far from condemning such assemblies, that he rather procures them to be often, as knowing that absence breeds strangeness, but presence love. Now love is his business and aim ; wherefore he likes well that his parish at good times invite one another to their houses, and he urgeth them to it : and sometimes, where he knows there hath been or is a little difference, he takes one of the parties, and goes with him to the other, and all dine or sup together. There is much preaching in this friendliness. Another old custom there is of saying, when light is brought in, God sends us the light of heaven ; and the Parson likes this very well : neither is he afraid of praising or praying to God at all times,

but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks : and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form as being old and obsolete, and not the fashion, he reforms and teaches them that at baptism they professed not to be ashamed of Christ's cross, or for any shame to leave that which is good. He that is ashamed in small things, will extend his pusillanimity to greater. Rather should a Christian soldier take such occasions to harden himself and to further his exercises of mortification.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

THE PARSON BLESSING.

THE country Parson wonders that blessing the people is in so little use with his brethren ; whereas he thinks it not only a grave and reverend thing, but a beneficial also. Those who use it not, do so either out of niceness, because they like the salutations and compliments and forms of worldly language better ; which conformity and fashionable-ness is so exceedingly unbefitting a minister, that it deserves reproof, not refutation, or else because they think it empty and superfluous. But that which the apostles used so diligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour himself used (Mark x. 16), cannot be vain and superfluous. But this was not proper to Christ, or the apostles only, no more than to be a spiritual father was appropriated to them. And if temporal fathers bless their children, how much more may and ought spiritual fathers ? Besides, the priests of the Old Testament were commanded to bless the people, and the form thereof is prescribed (Num. vi.) Now, as the Apostle argues in another case, if the ministration of condemnation did bless, how shall not the ministration of the Spirit exceed in blessing ? The fruit of this blessing good Hannah found, and received with great joy (1 Sam. i. 18), though it came from a man disallowed by God : for it was not the person

but priesthood that blessed ; so that even ill priests may bless. Neither have the ministers power of blessing only, but also of cursing. So in the Old Testament, Elisha cursed the children (2 Kings ii. 24), which though our Saviour reproved as unfitting for his particular, who was to show all humility before his passion, yet he allows it in his apostles. And therefore St Peter used that fearful imprecation to Simon Magus (Acts viii.), "Thy money perish with thee:" and the event confirmed it. So did St Paul, 2 Tim. iv. 14, and 1 Tim. i. 20. Speaking of Alexander the copper-smith, who hath withstood his preaching, "The Lord (saith he) reward him according to his works." And again of Hymeneus and Alexander, he saith he had delivered them to Satan, that they might learn not to blaspheme. The forms both of blessing and cursing are expounded in the Common Prayer Book : the one in the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, &c., and the peace of God, &c. ; the other in general in the Commination. Now, blessing differs from prayer in assurance, because it is not performed by way of request, but of confidence and power, effectually applying God's favour to the blessed by the interesting of that dignity wherewith God hath invested the priest, and engaging of God's own power and institution for a blessing. The neglect of this duty in ministers themselves hath made the people also neglect it ; so that they are so far from craving this benefit from their ghostly father, that they oftentimes go out of church before he hath blessed them. In the time of Popery, the priest's benedicite and his holy water were over highly valued ; and now we are fallen to the clean contrary, even from superstition to coldness and atheism. But the Parson first values the gift in himself, and then teacheth his parish to value it. And it is observable, that if a minister talk with a great man in the ordinary course of complimenting language, he shall be esteemed as ordinary complimenters ; but if he often interpose a blessing, when the other gives him just opportunity, by speaking any good, this unusual form begets a reverence, and makes him esteemed according to his profession. The same is to be observed in writing letters also. To conclude,

if all men are to bless upon occasion, as appears (Rom. xii. 14), how much more those who are spiritual fathers ?

CHAPTER XXXVII.

CONCERNING DETRACTION.

THE country Parson perceiving that most, when they are at leisure, make others' faults their entertainment and discourse, and that even some good men think, so they speak truth, they may disclose another's faults, finds it somewhat difficult how to proceed in this point. For if he absolutely shut up men's mouths, and forbid all disclosing of faults, many an evil may not only be, but also spread in his parish, without any remedy (which cannot be applied without notice), to the dishonour of God and the infection of his flock, and the discomfort, discredit, and hindrance of the pastor. On the other side, if it be unlawful to open faults, no benefit or advantage can make it lawful; for we must not do evil that good may come of it. Now the Parson taking this point to task, which is so exceeding useful, and hath taken so deep root, that it seems the very life and substance of conversation, hath proceeded thus far in the discussing of it. Faults are either notorious or private. Again, notorious faults are either such as are made known by common fame (and of these, those that know them may talk, so they do it not with sport, but commiseration); or else such as have passed judgment, and been corrected either by whipping, or imprisoning, or the like. Of these also men may talk, and more, they may discover them to those that know them not; because infamy is a part of the sentence against malefactors which the law intends, as is evident by those which are branded for rogues that they may be known, or put into the stocks that they may be looked upon. But some may say, though the law allow this, the Gospel doth not, which hath so much advanced charity, and ranked backbiters among the generation of the wicked (Rom. i. 30). But this is easily answered: as the

executioner is not uncharitable that takes away the life of the condemned, except, besides his office, he had a tincture of private malice in the joy and haste of acting his part; so neither is he that defames him whom the law would have defamed, except he also do it out of rancour. For in infamy all are executioners, and the law gives the malefactor to all to be defamed. And as malefactors may lose and forfeit their goods or life, so may they their good name, and the possession thereof, which before their offence and judgment they had in all men's breasts; for all are honest till the contrary be proved. Besides, it concerns the commonwealth that rogues should be known, and charity to the public hath the precedence of private charity. So that it is so far from being a fault to discover such offenders, that it is a duty rather, which may do much good, and save much harm. Nevertheless, if the punished delinquent shall be much troubled for his sins, and turn quite another man, doubtless then also men's affections and words must turn, and forbear to speak of that which even God himself hath forgotten.

THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.

O ALMIGHTY and ever living Lord God! Majesty and Power, and Brightness and Glory! How shall we dare to appear before thy face, who are contrary to thee in all we call thee? for we are darkness, and weakness, and filthiness, and shame. Misery and sin fill our days; yet art thou our Creator, and we thy work. Thy hands both made us and also made us lords of all thy creatures; giving us one world in ourselves and another to serve us: then didst thou place us in Paradise, and wert proceeding still on in thy favours until we interrupted thy counsels, disappointed thy purposes, and sold our God, our glorious, our gracious God, for an apple. O write it! O brand it in our foreheads for ever: for an apple once we lost our God, and still lose him for no more; for money, for meat, for diet! But thou Lord, art patience, and pity, and sweetness, and love; therefore we sons of men are not

consumed. Thou hast exalted thy mercy above all things, and hast made our salvation, not our punishment, thy glory: so that then where sin abounded, not death but grace superabounded; accordingly, when we had sinned beyond any help in heaven or earth, then thou saidst, Lo, I come! then did the Lord of life, unable of himself to die, contrive to do it. He took flesh, he wept, he died; for his enemies he died; even for those that derided him then, and still despise him. Blessed Saviour! many waters could not quench thy love, nor no pit overwhelm it! But though the streams of thy blood were current through darkness, grave, and hell, yet by these thy conflicts, and seemingly hazards, didst thou arise triumphant, and therein madest us victorious.

Neither doth thy love yet stay here! for this word of thy rich peace and reconciliation thou hast committed, not to thunder or angels, but to silly and sinful men; even to me, pardoning my sins, and bidding me go feed the people of thy love.

Blessed be the God of heaven and earth, who only doth wondrous things. Awake, therefore, my lute and my viol! awake all my powers to glorify thee! We praise thee, we bless thee, we magnify thee for ever! And now, O Lord, in the power of thy victories, and in the ways of thy ordinances, and in the truth of thy love, Lo, we stand here, beseeching thee to bless thy word, wherever spoken this day throughout the universal Church. O make it a word of power and peace to convert those who are not yet thine, and to confirm those that are; particularly bless it in this thy own kingdom, which thou hast made a land of light, a storehouse of thy treasures and mercies: O let not our foolish and unworthy hearts rob us of the continuance of this thy sweet love, but pardon our sins, and perfect what thou hast begun. Ride on, Lord, because of the word of truth and meekness and righteousness, and thy right hand shall teach thee terrible things. Especially, bless this portion here assembled together, with thy unworthy servant speaking unto them. Lord Jesu! teach thou me that I may teach them. Sanctify and enable all my powers, that in their

full strength they may deliver thy message reverently, readily, faithfully, and fruitfully! O make thy word a swift word, passing from the ear to the heart, from the heart to the life and conversation, that as the rain returns not empty, so neither may thy word, but accomplish that for which it is given! O Lord, hear! O Lord, forgive! O Lord, hearken and do so for thy blessed Son's sake! in whose sweet and pleasing words, we say, Our Father, &c.

PRAYER AFTER SERMON.

BLESSED be God and the Father of all mercy, who continueth to pour his benefits upon us! Thou hast elected us, thou hast called us, thou hast justified us, sanctified, and glorified us. Thou wast born for us, and thou livedst and diedst for us. Thou hast given us the blessings of this life, and of a better. O Lord, thy blessings hang in clusters, they come trooping upon us! they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, thou hast fed us with the bread of life; so man did eat angel's food. O Lord, bless it; O Lord, make it health and strength unto us, still striving and prospering so long within us, until our obedience reach thy measure of thy love, who hast done for us as much as may be. Grant this, dear Father, for thy Son's sake, our only Saviour; to whom with thee and the Holy Ghost, three persons, but one most glorious incomprehensible God, be ascribed all honour, and glory, and praise, for ever! Amen.

JACULA PRUDENTUM;

OR,

OUTLANDISH PROVERBS, SENTENCES, &c.

SELECTED BY MR GEORGE HERBERT,
LATE ORATOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

[FIRST PRINTED IN 1640.]

OLD men go to death, death comes to young men.
Man proposeth, God disposeth.
He begins to die that quits his desires.
A handful of good life is better than a bushel of learning.
He that studies his content, wants it.
Every day brings its bread with it.
Humble hearts have humble desires.
He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
The house shows the owner.
He that gets out of debt, grows rich.
All is well with him who is beloved of his neighbours.
Building and marrying of children are greatwasters.
A good bargain is a pick-purse.
The scalded dog fears cold water.
Pleasing ware is half sold.
Light burdens, long borne, grow heavy.
The wolf knows what the ill beast thinks.
Who hath none to still him may weep out his eyes.
When all sins grow old, covetousness is young.
If ye would know a knave, give him a staff.
You cannot know wine by the barrel.
A cool mouth and warm feet live long.
A horse made, and a man to make.

Look not for musk in a dog's kennel.
Not a long day, but a good heart, rids work.
He pulls with a long rope, that waits for another's death.
Great strokes make not sweet music.
A cask and an ill custom must be broken.
A fat housekeeper makes lean executors.
Empty chambers make foolish maids.
The gentle hawk half mans herself.
The devil is not always at one door.
When a friend asks, there is no to-morrow.
God sends cold according to clothes.
One sound blow will serve to undo us all.
He loseth nothing, that looseth not God.
The German's wit is in his fingers.
At dinner my man appears.
Who gives to all, denies all.
Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Who remove stones, bruise their fingers.
Benefits please like flowers while they are fresh.
Between the business of life and the day of death, a space
ought to be interposed.
All came from and will go to others.
He that will take the bird, must not scare it.
He lives unsafely that looks too near on things.
A gentle housewife mars the household.
A crooked log makes a straight fire.
He hath great need of a fool that plays the fool himself.
A merchant that gains not, loseth.
Let not him that fears feathers come among wild-fowl.
Love, and a cough, cannot be hid.
A dwarf on a giant's shoulder, sees further of the two.
He that sends a fool, means to follow him.
Babbling curs never want fore ears.
Better the feet slip than the tongue.
For washing his hands, none sells his lands.
A lion's skin is never cheap.
The goat must browse where she is tied.
Nothing is to be presumed on, or despaired of.

Who hath a wolf for his mate, needs a dog for his man.
In a good house all is quickly ready.
A bad dog never sees the wolf.
God oft hath a great share in a little house.
Ill ware is never cheap.
A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
If all fools had baubles, we should want fuel.
Virtue never grows old.
Evening words are not like to morning.
Were there no fools, bad ware would not pass.
Never had ill workman good tools.
He stands not surely that never slips.
Were there no hearers, there would be no backbiters.
Everything is of use to a housekeeper.
When prayers are done, my lady is ready.
Cities seldom change religion only.
At length the fox turns monk.
Flies are busiest about lean horses.
Hearken to reason, or she will be heard.
The bird loves her nest.
Everything new is fine.
When a dog is a drowning, every one offers him drink.
Better a bare foot than none.
Who is so deaf as he that will not hear?
He that is warm thinks all so.
At length the fox is brought to the furrier.
He that goes barefoot must not plant thorns.
They that are booted are not always ready.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
In spending lies the advantage.
He that lives well, is learned enough.
Ill vessels seldom miscarry.
A full belly neither fights nor flies well.
All truths are not to be told.
An old wise man's shadow is better than a young buzzard's
sword.
Noble housekeepers need no doors.
Every ill man hath his ill day.

Sleep without supping, and wake without owing.
I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heir.
Assail who will, the valiant attends.
Whither goest, grief? where I am wont.
Praise day at night, and life at the end.
Whither shall the ox go where he shall not labour?
Where you think there is bacon, there is no chimney.
Mend your clothes, and you may hold out this year.
Press a stick, and it seems a youth.
The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.
A fair wife and a frontier castle breed quarrels.
Leave jesting whiles it pleaseth, lest it turns to earnest.
Deceive not thy physician, confessor, nor lawyer.
Ill natures, the more you ask them, the more they stick.
Virtue and a trade are the best portion for children.
The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.
He that gives thee a capon, give him the leg and the wing.
He that lives ill, fear follows him.
Give a clown your finger, and he will take your hand.
Good is to be sought out, and evil attended.
A good paymaster starts not at assurances.
No alchymy to saving.
To a grateful man give money when he asks.
Who would do ill ne'er wants occasion.
To fine folks a little ill finely wrapt.
A child correct behind, and not before.
To a fair day, open the window, but make you ready as to a
foul.
Keep good men company, and you shall be of the number.
No love to a father's.
The mill gets by going.
To a boiling pot flies come not.
Make haste to an ill way, that you may get out of it.
A snow year, a rich year.
Better to be blind than to see ill.
Learn weeping, and thou shalt laugh gaining.
Who hath no more bread than need, must not keep a dog.
A garden must be looked unto and dressed as the body.

The fox, when he cannot reach the grapes, says they are
not ripe.
Water trotted is as good as oats.
Though the mastiff be gentle, yet bite him not by the lip.
Though a lie be well dressed, it is ever overcome.
Though old and wise, yet still advise.
Three helping one another, bear the burthen of six.
Slander is a shipwreck by a dry tempest.
Old wine and an old friend are good provisions.
Happy is he that chastens himself.
Well may he smell fire whose gown burns.
The wrongs of a husband or master are not reproached.
Welcome evil, if thou comest alone.
Love your neighbour, yet pull not down your hedge.
The bit that one eats, no friend makes.
A drunkard's purse is a bottle.
She spins well that breeds her children.
Good is the *mora* that makes all sure.
Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the
market.
Every one stretcheth his legs according to his coverlet.
Autumnal agues are long or mortal.
Marry your son when you will ; your daughter when you can.
Dally not with money or women.
Men speak of the fair as things went with them there.
The best remedy against an ill man, is much ground between
both.
The mill cannot grind with water that's past.
Corn is cleaned with wind, and the soul with chastenings.
Good words are worth much, and cost little.
To buy dear is not bounty.
Jest not with the eye, or with religion.
The eye and religion can bear no jesting.
Without favour none will know you, and with it you will not
know yourself.
Buy at a fair, but sell at home.
Cover yourself with your shield, and care not for cries.
A wicked man's gift hath a touch of his master.

None is a fool always, every one sometimes.
From a choleric man withdraw a little ; from him that says
nothing, for ever.
Debtors are liars.
Of all smells, bread ; of all tastes, salt.
In a great river great fish are found : but take heed lest you
be drowned.
Ever since we wear clothes, we know not one another.
God heals, and the physician hath the thanks.
Hell is full of good meanings and wishings.
Take heed of still waters, the quick pass away.
After the house is finished, leave it.
Our own actions are our security, not others' judgments.
Think of ease, but work on.
He that lies long a-bed, his estate feels it.
Whether you boil snow or pound it, you can have but water
of it.
One stroke fells not an oak.
God complains not, but doth what is fitting.
A diligent scholar, and the master's paid.
Milk says to wine, Welcome friend.
They that know one another, salute afar off.
Where there is no honour, there is no grief.
Where the drink goes in, there the wit goes out.
He that stays does the business.
Alms never make poor. Or thus,
Great almsgiving lessens no man's living.
Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.
It takes much from the account, to which his sin doth amount.
It adds to the glory both of soul and body.
Ill comes in by ells, and goes out by inches.
The smith and his penny both are black.
Whose house is of glass, must not throw stones at another.
If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.
The tree that grows slowly, keeps itself for another.
I wept when I was born, and every day shews why.
He that looks not before, finds himself behind.
He that plays his money ought not to value it.

He that riseth first, is first drest.
Diseases of the eye are to be cured with the elbow.
The hole calls the thief.
A gentleman's greyhound and a salt box, seek them at the fire.
A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it.
The river past, and God forgotten.
Evils have their comfort; good none can support (to wit) with a moderate and contented heart.
Who must account for himself and others, must know both.
He that eats the hard shall eat the ripe.
The miserable man maketh a penny of a farthing, and the liberal of a farthing sixpence.
The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.
Weight and measure take away strife.
The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.
Every path hath a puddle.
In good years corn is hay, in ill years straw is corn.
Send a wise man on an errand, and say nothing unto him.
In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.
Into a mouth shut, flies fly not.
The heart's letter is read in the eyes.
The ill that comes out of our mouth falls into our bosom.
In great pedigrees there are governors and chandlers.
In the house of a fiddler, all fiddle.
Sometimes the best gain is to lose.
Working and making a fire doth discretion require.
One grain fills not a sack, but helps his fellows.
It is a great victory that comes without blood.
In war, hunting, and love, men for one pleasure a thousand griefs prove.
Reckon right, and February hath one and thirty days.
Honour without profit is a ring on the finger.
Estate in two parishes is bread in two wallets.
Honour and profit lie not in one sack.
A naughty child is better sick than whole.
Truth and oil are ever above.
He that riseth betimes, hath something in his head.

Advise none to marry or go to war.
To steal the hog, and give the feet for alms.
The thorn comes forth with the point forwards.
One hand washeth another, and both the face.
The fault of the horse is put on the saddle.
The corn hides itself in the snow as an old man in furs.
The Jews spend at Easter, the Moors at marriages, the Christians in suits.
Fine dressing is a foul house swept before the doors.
A woman and a glass are ever in danger.
An ill wound is cured, not an ill name.
The wise hand doth not all that the foolish mouth speaks.
On painting and fighting look aloof.
Knowledge is folly except grace guide it.
Punishment is lame, but it comes.
The more women look in their glass, the less they look to their house.
A long tongue is the sign of a short hand.
Marry a widow before she leaves mourning.
The worst of law is, that one suit breeds twenty.
Providence is better than a rent.
What your glass tells you, will not be told by counsel
There are more men threatened than stricken.
A fool knows more in his house, than a wise man in another's.
I had rather ride on an ass that carries me, than a horse that throws me.
The hard gives more than he that hath nothing.
The beast that goes always, never wants blows.
Good cheap is dear.
It costs more to do ill than to do well.
Good words quench more than a bucket of water.
An ill agreement is better than a good judgment.
There is more talk than trouble.
Better spare to have of thine own, than ask of other men.
Better good afar off, than evil at hand.
Fear keeps the garden better than the gardener.
I had rather ask of my sire brown bread, than borrow of my neighbour white.

Your pot broken seems better than my whole one.
Let an ill man lie in thy straw, and he looks to be thy heir.
By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.
While the discreet advise, the fool doth his business.
A mountain and a river are good neighbours.
Gossips are frogs, they drink and talk.
Much spends the traveller more than the abider.
Prayers and provender hinder no journey.
A well-bred youth neither speaks of himself, nor, being
spoken to, is silent.
A journeying woman speaks much of all, and all of her.
The fox knows much, but more he that catcheth him.
Many friends in general, one in special.
The fool asks much, but he is more fool that grants it.
Many kiss the hand they wish cut off.
Neither bribe, nor lose thy right.
In the world who knows not to swim, goes to the bottom.
Choose not a house near an inn (viz. for noise) : or in a
corner (for filth).
He is a fool that thinks not that another thinks.
Neither eyes on letters, nor hands in coffers.
The lion is not so fierce as they paint him.
Go not for every grief to the physician, nor for every quarrel
to the lawyer, nor for every thirst to the pot.
Good service is a great enchantment.
There would be no great ones, if there were no little ones.
It is no sure rule to fish with a cross-bow.
There were no ill language, if it were not ill taken.
The groundsel speaks not, save what it heard at the hinges.
The best mirror is an old friend.
Say no ill of the year till it be past.
A man's discontent is his worst evil.
Fear nothing but sin.
The child says nothing, but what it heard by the fire.
Call me not an olive, till thou see me gathered.
That is not good language which all understand not.
He that burns his house, warms himself for once.
He will burn his house to warm his hands.

He will spend a whole year's rent at one meal's meat.
All is not gold that glisters.
A blustering night, a fair day.
Be not idle, and you shall not be longing.
He is not poor that hath little, but he that desireth much.
Let none say, I will not drink water.
He wrongs not an old man that steals his supper from him
The tongue talks at the head's cost.
He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.
Keep not ill men company, lest you increase the number.
God strikes not with both hands, for to the sea he made
 heavens, and to rivers fords.
A rugged stone grows smooth from hand to hand.
No lock will hold against the power of gold.
The absent party is still faulty.
Peace and patience, and death with repentance.
If you lose your time, you cannot get money nor gain.
Be not a baker, if your head be of butter.
Ask much to have a little.
Little sticks kindle the fire ; great ones put it out.
Another's bread costs dear.
Although it rain, throw not away thy watering pot.
Although the sun shine, leave not thy cloak at home.
A little with quiet is the only diet.
In vain is the mill-clack, if the miller his hearing lack.
By the needle you shall draw the thread, and by that which
 is past, see how that which is to come will be drawn on
Stay a little, and news will find you.
Stay till the lame messenger come, if you will know the truth
 of the thing.
When God will, no wind but brings rain.
Though you rise early, yet the day comes at his time, and
 not till then.
Pull down your hat on the wind's side.
As the year is, your pot must seethe.
Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed
 last night.
When the fox preacheth, beware geese.

When you are an anvil, hold you still ; when you are a
hammer, strike your fill.

Poor and liberal, rich and covetous.

He that makes his bed ill, lies there.

He that labours and thrives, spends gold.

He that sows, trusts in God.

He that lies with the dogs, riseth with fleas.

He that repairs not a part, builds all.

A discontented man knows not where to sit easy.

Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

He that dines and leaves, lays the cloth twice.

Who eats his cock alone, must saddle his horse alone.

He that is not handsome at twenty, nor strong at thirty, nor
rich at forty, nor wise at fifty, will never be handsome,
strong, rich, or wise.

He that doth what he will, doth not what he ought.

He that will deceive the fox must rise betimes.

He that lives well, sees afar off.

He that hath a mouth of his own, must not say to another,
Blow.

He that will be served, must be patient.

He that gives thee a bone, would not have thee die.

He that chastens one, chastens twenty.

He that hath lost his credit, is dead to the world.

He that hath no ill fortune, is troubled with good.

He that demands, misseth not, unless his demands be
foolish.

He that hath no honey in his pot, let him have it in his
mouth.

He that takes not up a pin, slights his wife.

He that owes nothing, if he makes not mouths at us, is
courteous.

He that loseth his due, gets not thanks.

He that believes all, misseth ; he that believeth nothing,
hits not.

Pardons and pleasantness are great revengers of slanders.

A married man turns his staff into a stake.

If you would know secrets, look them in grief or pleasure.

Serve a noble disposition, though poor ; the time comes that
he will repay thee.

The fault is as great as he that is faulty.

If folly were grief, every house would weep.

He that would be well old, must be old betimes.

Sit in your place, and none can make you rise.

If you could run as you drink, you might catch a hare.

Would you know what money is, go borrow some.

The morning sun never lasts a day.

Thou hast death in thy house, and dost bewail another's.

All griefs with bread are less.

All things require skill, but an appetite.

All things have their place, knew we how to place them.

Little pitchers have wide ears.

We are fools one to another.

This world is nothing except it tend to another.

There are three ways, the universities, the sea, the court.

God comes to see without a bell.

Life without a friend, is death without a witness.

Clothe thee in war, arm thee in peace.

The horse thinks one thing, and he that saddles him
another.

Mills and wives ever want.

The dog that licks ashes, trust not with meal.

The buyer needs a hundred eyes, the seller not one.

He carries well, to whom it weighs not.

The comforter's head never aches.

Step after step the ladder is ascended.

Who likes not the drink, God deprives him of bread.

To a crazy ship all winds are contrary.

Justice pleaseth few in their own house.

In time comes he, whom God sends.

Water afar off quencheth not fire.

In sports and journeys men are known.

An old friend is a new house.

Love is not found in the market.

Dry feet, warm head, bring safe to bed.

He is rich enough that wants nothing.

One father is enough to govern one hundred sons, but not a hundred sons one father.

Far shooting never killed bird.

An upbraided morsel never choked any.

Dearths foreseen come not.

An ill labourer quarrels with his tools.

He that falls into the dirt, the longer he stays there the fouler he is.

He that blames would buy.

He that sings on Friday will weep on Sunday.

The charges of building, and making of gardens, are unknown.

My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art to me the Escorial.

A hundred load of thought will not pay one of debts.

He that comes of a hen must scrape.

He that seeks trouble never misses.

He that once deceives, is ever suspected.

Being on sea, sail ; being on land, settle.

Who doth his own business, fouls not his hands.

He that makes a good war, makes a good peace.

He that works after his own manner, his head aches not at the matter.

Who hath bitter in his mouth, spits not all sweet.

He that hath children, all his morsels are not his own.

He that hath the spice, may season as he list.

He that hath a head of wax, must not walk in the sun.

He that hath love in his breast, hath spurs in his sides.

He that respects not is not respected.

He that hath a fox for his mate, hath need of a net at his girdle.

He that hath right, fears ; he that hath wrong, hopes.

He that hath patience, hath fat thrushes for a farthing.

Never was strumpet fair.

He that measures not himself is measured.

He that hath one hog, makes him fat ; and he that hath one son, makes him a fool.

Who lets his wife go to every feast, and his horse drink at every water, shall neither have good wife nor good horse.

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.
He that hath little is the less dirty.
He that lives most dies most.
He that hath one foot in the straw hath another in the
spittle.
He that is fed at another's hand, may stay long ere he be
full.
He that makes a thing too fine, breaks it.
He that bewails himself hath the cure in his hands.
He that would be well, needs not go from his own house.
Counsel breaks not the head.
Fly the pleasure that bites to-morrow.
He that knows what may be gained in a day, never steals.
Money refused loseth its brightness.
Health and money go far.
Where your will is ready, your feet are light.
A great ship asks deep waters.
Woe to the house where there is no chiding.
Take heed of the vinegar of sweet wine.
Fools bite one another, but wise men agree together.
Trust not one night's ice.
Good is good, but better carries it.
To gain teacheth how to spend.
Good finds good.
The dog gnaws the bone because he cannot swallow it.
The crow bewails the sheep, and then eats it.
Building is a sweet impoverishing.
The first degree of folly is to hold one's self wise, the second
to possess it, the third to despise counsel.
The greatest step is that out of doors.
To weep for joy is a kind of manna.
The first service a child doeth his father is to make him
foolish.
The resolved mind hath no cares.
In the kingdom of a cheater, the wallet is carried before.
The eye will have his part.
The good mother says not, Will you? but gives.
A house and a woman suit excellently.

In the kingdom of blind men, the one-eyed is king.
A little kitchen makes a large house.
War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.
Poverty is the mother of health.
In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.
The back door robs the house.
Wealth is like rheum, it falls on the weakest parts.
The gown is his that wears it, and the world his that enjoys it.
Hope is the poor man's bread.
Virtue now is in herbs, and stones, and words only.
Fine words dress ill deeds.
Labour as long lived, pray as even dying.
A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.
Discreet women have neither eyes nor ears.
Things well fitted abide.
Prettiness dies first.
Talking pays no toll.
The master's eye fattens the horse, and his foot the ground.
Disgraces are like cherries, one draws another.
Praise a hill, but keep below.
Praise the sea, but keep on land.
In choosing a wife, and buying a sword, we ought not to trust
another.
The wearer knows where the shoe wrings.
Fair is not fair, but that which pleaseth.
There is no jollity but hath a smack of folly.
He that's long a giving knows not how to give.
The filth under the white snow the sun discovers.
Every one fastens where there is gain.
All feet tread not in one shoe.
Patience, time, and money accommodate all things.
For want of a nail the shoe is lost, for want of a shoe the
horse is lost, for want of a horse the rider is lost.
Weigh justly, and sell dearly.
Little wealth little care.
Little journeys and good cost bring safe home.
Gluttony kills more than the sword.
When children stand quiet, they have done some ill.

A little and good fills the trencher.
A penny spared is twice got.
When a knave is in a plum-tree, he hath neither friend nor
kin.
Short boughs, long vintage.
Health without money is half an ague.
If the wife erred not, it would go hard with fools.
Bear with evil and expect good.
He that tells a secret is another's servant.
If all fools wore white caps, we should seem a flock of geese.
Water, fire, and soldiers, quickly make room.
Pension never enriched a young man.
Under water, famine; under snow, bread.
The lame goes as far as your stagerer.
He that loseth is merchant, as well as he that gains.
A jade eats as much as a good horse.
All things in their being are good for something.
One flower makes no garland.
A fair death honours the whole life.
One enemy is too much.
Living well is the best revenge.
One fool makes a hundred.
One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues.
A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise
men cannot pull out.
One slumber finds another.
On a good bargain think twice.
To a good spender God is the treasurer.
A curst cow hath short horns.
Music helps not the toothache.
We cannot come to honour under coverlet.
Great pains quickly find ease.
To the counsel of fools a wooden bell.
The choleric man never wants woe.
Help thyself, and God will help thee.
At the game's end we shall see who gains.
There are many ways to fame.
Love is the true price of love.

Love rules his kingdom without a sword.
Love makes all hearts gentle.
Love makes a good eye squint.
Love asks faith, and faith firmness.
A sceptre is one thing, and a ladle another.
Great trees are good for nothing but shade.
He commands enough that obeys a wise man.
Fair words make me look to my purse.
Though the fox run, the chicken hath wings.
He plays well that wins.
You must strike in measure, when there are many to strike
on one anvil.
The shortest answer is doing.
It is a poor stake that cannot stand one year in the ground.
He that commits a fault thinks every one speaks of it.
He that is foolish in the fault, let him be wise in the punish-
ment.
The blind eats many a fly.
He that can make a fire well can end a quarrel.
The toothache is more ease than to deal with ill people.
He that would have what he hath not, should do what he
doth not.
He that hath no good trade, it is to his loss.
The offender never pardons.
He that lives not well one year, sorrows seven after.
He that hopes not for good, fears not evil.
He that is angry at a feast, is rude.
He that mocks a cripple ought to be whole.
When the tree is fallen, all go with their hatchet.
He that hath horns in his bosom let him not put them on
his head.
He that burns most, shines most.
He that trusts in a lie, shall perish in truth.
He that blows in the dust, fills his eyes with it.
Bells call others, but themselves enter not into the church.
Of fair things, the Autumn is fair.
Giving is dead, restoring very sick.
A gift much expected is paid, not given.

Two ill meals make the third a glutton.
The royal crown cures not the headache.
'Tis hard to be wretched, but worse to be known so.
A feather in hand is better than a bird in the air.
It is better to be the head of a lizard than the tail of a lion.
Good and quickly seldom meet.
Folly grows without watering.
Happier are the hands compassed with iron, than a heart
without thoughts.
If the staff be crooked, the shadow cannot be straight.
To take the nuts from the fire with the dog's foot.
He is a fool that makes a wedge with his fist.
Valour that parleys is near yielding.
Thursday come, and the week is gone.
A flatterer's throat is an open sepulchre.
There is great force hidden in a sweet command.
The command of custom is great.
To have money is a fear, not to have it a grief.
The cat sees not the mouse ever.
Little dogs start the hare, the great get her.
Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.
A good payer is master of another's purse.
The thread breaks where it is weakest.
Old men, when they scorn young, make much of death.
God is at the end, when we think he is furthest off it.
A good judge conceives quickly, judges slowly.
Rivers need a spring.
He that contemplates hath a day without night.
Give losers leave to talk.
Loss embraceth shame.
Gaming, women, and wine, while they laugh, they make
men pine.
The fat man knoweth not what the lean thinketh.
Wood half burned is easily kindled.
The fish adores the bait.
He that goeth far hath many encounters.
Every bee's honey is sweet.
The slothful is the servant of the counters.

Wisdom hath one foot on land, and another on sea.
The thought hath good legs, and the quill a good tongue.
A wise man needs not blush for changing his purpose.
The March sun raises, but dissolves not.
Time is the rider that breaks youth.
The wine in the bottle doth not quench thirst.
The sight of a man hath the force of a lion.
An examined enterprise goes on boldly.
In every art it is good to have a master.
In every country dogs bite.
In every country the sun rises in the morning.
A noble plant suits not with a stubborn ground.
You may bring a horse to the river, but he will drink when
and what he pleaseth.
Before you make a friend, eat a bushel of salt with him.
Speak fitly, or be silent wisely.
Skill and confidence are an unconquered army.
I was taken by a morsel, says the fish.
A disarmed peace is weak.
The balance distinguisheth not between gold and lead.
The persuasion of the fortunate sways the doubtful.
To be beloved is above all bargains.
To deceive oneself is very easy.
The reasons of the poor weigh not.
Perverseness makes one squint-eyed.
The evening praises the day, and the morning a frost.
The table robs more than the thief.
When age is jocund, it makes sport for death.
True praise roots and spreads.
Fears are divided in the midst.
The soul needs few things, the body many.
Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it.
Tie it well, and let it go.
Empty vessels sound most.
Send not a cat for lard.
Foolish tongues talk by the dozen.
Love makes one fit for any work.
A pitiful mother makes a scald head.

An old physician, and a young lawyer.
Talk much, and err much, says the Spaniard.
Some make a conscience of spitting in the church, yet rob
the altar.
An idle head is a box for the wind.
Show me a liar, and I will show thee a thief.
A bean in liberty is better than a comfort in prison.
None is born master.
Show a good man his error, and he turns it to a virtue; but
an ill, it doubles his fault.
None is offended but by himself.
None says his garner is full.
In the husband wisdom, in the wife gentleness.
Nothing dries sooner than a tear.
In a leopard the spots are not observed.
Nothing lasts but the church.
A wise man cares not for what he cannot have.
It is not good fishing before the net.
He cannot be virtuous that is not rigorous.
That which will not be spun, let it not come between the
spindle and the distaff.
When my house burns, it is not good playing at chess.
No barber shaves so close but another finds work.
There is no great banquet, but some fares ill.
A holy habit cleanseth not a foul soul.
Forbear not sowing because of birds.
Mention not a halter in the house of him that was hanged.
Speak not of a dead man at the table.
A hat is not made for one shower.
No sooner is a temple built to God, but the devil builds
a chapel hard by.
Every one puts his fault on the times.
You cannot make a windmill go with a pair of bellows.
Pardon all but thyself.
Every one is weary, the poor in seeking, the rich in keep-
ing, the good in learning.
The escaped mouse ever feels the taste of the bait.
A little wind kindles, much puts out the fire.

Dry bread at home is better than roast meat abroad.
More have repented speech than silence.
The covetous spends more than the liberal.
Divine ashes are better than earthly meal.
Beauty draws more than oxen.
One father is more than a hundred schoolmasters.
One eye of the master's sees more than ten of the servants'.
When God will punish, he will first take away the understanding.
A little labour, much health.
When it thunders, the thief becomes honest.
The tree that God plants, no winds hurt it.
Knowledge is no burthen.
It is a bold mouse that nestles in the cat's ear.
Long jesting was never good.
If a good man thrive, all thrive with him.
If the mother had not been in the oven, she had never sought her daughter there.
If great men would have care of little ones, both would last long.
Though you see a churchman ill, yet continue in the church still.
Old praise dies unless you feed it.
If things were to be done twice, all would be wise.
Had you the world on your chess-board, you could not fill all to your mind,
Suffer and expect.
If fools should not fool it, they shall lose their season.
Love and business teach eloquence.
That which two will, takes effect.
He complains wrongfully on the sea, that twice suffers shipwreck.
He is only bright that shines by himself.
A valiant man's look is more than a coward's sword.
The effect speaks, the tongue needs not.
Divine grace was never slow.
Reason lies between the spur and the bridle.
It is a proud horse that will not carry his own provender.

Three women make a market.
Three can hold their peace if two be away.
It is an ill counsel that hath no escape.
All our pomp the earth covers.
To whirl the eyes too much, shows a kite's brain.
Comparisons are odious.
All keys hang not on one girdle.
Great businesses turn on a little pin.
The wind in one's face makes one wise.
All the arms of England will not arm fear.
One sword keeps another in the sheath.
Be what thou wouldst seem to be.
Let all live as they would die.
A gentle heart is tied with an easy thread.
Sweet discourse makes short days and nights.
God provides for him that trusteth.
He that will not have peace, God gives him war.
To him that will, ways are not wanting.
To a great night, a great lanthorn.
To a child all weather is cold.
Where there is peace, God is.
None is so wise, but the fool overtakes him.
Fools give to please all but their own.
Prosperity lets go the bridle.
The friar preached against stealing, and had a goose in his
sleeve.
To be too busy gets contempt.
February makes a bridge, and March breaks it.
A horse stumbles that hath four legs.
The best smell is bread, the best savour salt, the best love
that of children.
That is the best gown that goes up and down the house.
The market is the best garden.
The first dish pleaseth all.
The higher the ape goes, the more he shows his tail.
Night is the mother of councils.
God's mill grinds slow, but sure.
Every one thinks his sack heaviest.

Drought never brought dearth.
All complain.
Gamesters and race-horses never last long.
It is a poor sport that is not worth the candle.
He that is fallen cannot help him that is down.
Every one is witty for his own purpose.
A little let lets an ill workman.
Good workmen are seldom rich.
By doing nothing we learn to do ill.
A great dowry is a bed full of brambles.
No profit to honour, no honour to religion.
Every sin brings its punishment with it.
Of him that speaks ill, consider the life more than the word.
You cannot hide an eel in a sack.
Give not Saint Peter so much, to leave Saint Paul nothing.
You cannot slay a stone.
The chief disease that reigns this year is folly.
A sleepy master makes his servant a lout.
Better speak truth rudely, than lie covertly.
He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.
One foot is better than two crutches.
Better suffer ill, than do ill.
Neither praise nor dispraise thyself ; thy actions serve the
turn.
Soft and fair goes far.
The constancy of the benefit of the year in their seasons
argues a Deity.
Praise none too much, for all are fickle.
It is absurd to warm one in his armour.
Lawsuits consume time, and money, and rest, and friends.
Nature draws more than ten teams.
He that hath a wife and children, wants not business.
A ship and a woman are ever repairing.
He that fears death, lives not.
He that pities another, remembers himself.
He that doth what he should not, shall feel what he would
not.
He that marries for wealth, sells his liberty.

He that once hits, is ever bending.
He that serves, must serve.
He that lends, gives.
He that preacheth, giveth alms.
He that cockers his child, provides for his enemy.
A pitiful look asks enough.
Who will sell the cow, must say the word.
Service is no inheritance.
The faulty stands on his guard.
A kinsman, a friend, or whom you entreat, take not to serve
you, if you will be served neatly.
At court, every one for himself.
To a crafty man, a crafty and a half.
He that is thrown, would ever wrestle.
He that serves well, need not ask his wages.
Fair language grates not the tongue.
A good heart cannot lie.
Good swimmers at length are drowned.
Good land, evil way.
In doing we learn.
It is good walking with a horse in one's hand.
God, and parents, and our master, can never be requited.
An ill deed cannot bring honour.
A small heart hath small desires.
All are not merry that dance lightly.
Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.
Wine-counsels seldom prosper.
Weening is not measure.
The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
If thou thyself canst do it, attend no other's help or hand.
Of a little thing, a little displeaseth.
He warms too near that burns.
God keep me from four houses—a usurer's, a tavern, a spital,
and a prison.
In an hundred ells of contention there is not an inch of love
Do what thou oughtest, and come what come can.
Hunger makes dinners, pastime suppers.
In a long journey straw weighs.

Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.
War is death's feast.
Set good against evil.
He that brings good news knocks hard.
Beat the dog before the lion.
Haste comes not alone.
You must lose a fly to catch a trout.
Better a snotty child than his nose wiped off.
He is not free that draws his chain.
He goes not out of his way that goes to a good inn.
There comes nought out of the sack, but what was there.
A little given seasonably, excuses a great gift.
He looks not well to himself that looks not ever.
He thinks not well, that thinks not again.
Religion, credit, and the eye are not to be touched.
The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.
A white wall is the paper of a fool.
They talk of Christmas so long, that it comes.
That is gold which is worth gold.
It is good tying the sack before it be full.
Words are women, deeds are men.
Poverty is no sin.
A stone in a well is not lost.
He can give little to his servant that licks his knife.
Promising is the eve of giving.
He that keeps his own, makes war.
The wolf must die in his own skin.
Goods are theirs that enjoy them.
He that sends a fool, expects one.
He that can stay, obtains.
He that gains well and spends well, needs no account book.
He that endures is not overcome.
He that gives all before he dies, provides to suffer.
He that talks much of his happiness, summons grief.
He that loves the tree, loves the branch.
Who hastens a glutton, chokes him.
Who praiseth St Peter, doth not blame St Paul.
He that hath not the craft, let him shut up shop.

He that knows nothing, doubts nothing.
Green wood makes a hot fire.
He that marries late, marries ill.
He that passeth a winter's day, escapes an enemy.
The rich knows not who is his friend.
A morning sun, and a wine-bred child, and a Latin-bred
woman, seldom end well.
To a close-shorn sheep, God gives wind by measure.
A pleasure long expected, is dear enough sold.
A poor man's cow dies a rich man's child.
The cow knows not what her tail is worth till she has
lost it.
Choose a horse made, and a wife to make.
It is an ill air where we gain nothing.
He hath not lived, that lives not after death.
So many men in court, and so many strangers.
He quits his place well, that leaves his friend here.
That which sufficeth is not little.
Good news may be told at any time, but ill in the morning.
He that would be a gentleman, let him go to an assault.
Who pays the physician does the cure.
None knows the weight of another's burthen.
Every one hath a fool in his sleeve.
One hour's sleep before midnight is worth three after.
In a retreat, the lame are foremost.
It is more pain to do nothing than something.
Amongst good men, two men suffice.
Their needs a long time to know the world's pulse.
The offspring of those that are very young, or very old, lasts
not.
A tyrant is most tyrant to himself.
Too much taking heed is loss.
Craft against craft makes no living.
The reverend are ever before.
France is a meadow that cuts thrice a year.
It is easier to build two chimneys, than to maintain one.
The court hath no almanack.
He that will enter into Paradise, must have a good key.

When you enter into a house, leave the anger ever at the door.

He hath no leisure who useth it not.

It is a wicked thing to make a dearth one's garner.

He that deals in the world needs four sieves.

Take heed of an ox before, of a horse behind, of a monk on all sides.

The year does nothing else but open and shut.

The ignorant hath an eagle's wings and an owl's eyes.

There are more physicians in health than drunkards.

The wife is the key of the house.

The law is not the same at morning and at night.

War and physic are governed by the eye.

Half the world knows not how the other half lives.

Death keeps no calendar.

Ships fear fire more than water.

The least foolish is wise.

The chief box of health is time.

Silks and satins put out the fire in the chimney.

The first blow is as much as two.

The life of man is a winter way.

The way is an ill neighbour.

An old man's staff is the rapper of death's door.

Life is half spent before we know what it is.

The singing man keeps his shop in his throat.

The body is more dressed than the soul.

The body is sooner dressed than the soul.

The physician owes all to the patient, but the patient owes nothing to him but a little money.

The little cannot be great, unless he devour many.

Time undermines us.

The choleric drinks, the melancholic eats, the phlegmatic sleeps.

The apothecary's mortar spoils the luter's music.

Conversation makes one what he is.

The deaf gains the injury.

Years know more than books.

Wine is a turn-coat (first a friend, then an enemy).

Wine ever pays for his lodging.
Wine makes all sorts of creatures at table.
Wine that costs nothing is digested before it be drunk.
Trees eat but once.
Armour is light at table.
Good horses make short miles.
Castles are forests of stones.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Parsons are souls' waggoners.
Children when they are little make parents fools ; when they
are great they make them mad.
The master absent, and the house dead.
Dogs are fine in the field.
Sins are not known till they be acted.
Thorns whiten, yet do nothing.
All are presumed good till they are found in a fault.
The great put the little on the hook.
The great would have none great, and the little all little.
The Italians are wise before the deed, the Germans in the
deed, the French after the deed.
Every mile is two in winter.
Spectacles are death's arquebuse.
Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
The house is a fine house when good folks are within.
The best bred have the best portion.
The first and last frosts are the worst.
Gifts enter everywhere without a wimble.
Princes have no way.
Knowledge makes one laugh, but wealth makes one dance.
The citizen is at his business before he rise.
The eyes have one language everywhere.
It is better to have wings than horns.
Better be a fool than a knave.
Count not four, except you have them in a wallet.
To live peaceably with all, breeds good blood.
You may be on land, yet not in a garden.
You cannot make the fire so low, but it will get out.
We know not who lives or dies.

An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the tongue.
Many things are lost for want of asking.
No churchyard is so handsome, that a man would desire
straight to be buried there.
Cities are taken by the ears.
Once a year a man may say, On his conscience.
We leave more to do when we die, than we have done.
With customs we live well, but laws undo us.
To speak of a usurer at the table, mars the wine.
Pains to get, care to keep, fear to lose.
For a morning rain, leave not your journey.
One fair day in winter makes not birds merry.
He that learns a trade, hath a purchase made.
When all men have what belongs to them, it cannot be
much.
Though God take the sun out of the heaven, yet we must
have patience.
When a man sleeps, his head is in his stomach.
When one is on horseback, he knows all things.
When God is made the master of a family, he orders the
disorderly.
When a lackey comes to hell's door, the devils lock the
gates.
He that is at ease seeks dainties.
He that hath charge of souls, transports them not in
bundles.
He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.
He that is in a town in May, loseth his spring.
He that is in a tavern, thinks he is in a vine-garden
He that praiseth himself, spattereth himself.
He that is a master, must serve (another).
He that is surprised at the first frost, feels it all the winter
after.
He a beast doth die, that hath done no good to his country.
He that follows the Lord, hopes to go before.
He that dies without the company of good men, puts not
himself into a good way.
Who hath no head, needs no heart.

Who hath no haste in his business, mountains to him seem valleys.

Speak not of my debts, unless you mean to pay them.

He that is not in the wars, is not out of danger.

He that gives me small gifts, would have me live.

He that is his own counsellor, knows nothing sure but what he hath laid out.

He that hath lands, hath quarrels.

He that goes to bed thirsty, riseth healthy.

Who will make a door of gold, must knock a nail every day.

A trade is better than service.

He that lives in hope, danceth without music.

To review one's store is to mow twice.

Saint Luke was a saint and physician, yet is dead.

Without business, debauchery.

Without danger, we cannot get beyond danger.

Health and sickness surely are men's double enemies.

If gold knew what gold is, gold would get gold, I wis.

Little losses amaze, great tame.

Choose none for thy servant who have served thy betters.

Service without reward is punishment.

If the husband be not at home, there is nobody.

An oath that is not to be made, is not to be kept.

The eye is bigger than the belly.

If you would be at ease, all the world is not.

Were it not for the bone in the leg, all the world would turn carpenters.

If you must fly, fly well.

All that shakes falls not.

All beasts of prey are strong, or treacherous.

If the brain sows not corn, it plants thistles.

A man well mounted is ever choleric.

Every one is a master and servant.

A piece of a churchyard fits every body.

One mouth doth nothing without another.

A master of straw eats a servant of steel.

An old cat sports not with her prey.

A woman conceals what she knows not.

He that wipes the child's nose, kisseth the mother's cheek.
Gentility is nothing but ancient riches.
To go where the king goes afoot.
To go upon the Franciscan's hackney.
Amiens was taken by the Fox, and retaken by the Lion.
After death the doctor.
Ready money is a ready medicine.
It is the philosophy of the distaff.
It is a sheep of Beery, it is marked on the nose. (Applied to those that have a blow.)
To build castles in Spain.
An idle youth, a needy age.
Silk doth quench the fire in the kitchen.
The words ending in *ique*, do mock the physician; as Hectique, Paralitique, Apoplectique, Lethargique.
He that trusts much obliges much, says the Spaniard.
He that thinks amiss, concludes worse.
A man would live in Italy (a place of pleasure) but he would choose to die in Spain, where they say the Catholic religion is professed with greatest strictness.
Whatsoever was the father of a disease, an ill diet was the mother.
Frenzy, heresy, and jealousy, seldom cured.
There is no heat of affection but is joined with some idleness of brain, says the Spaniard.
The war is not done so long as my enemy lives.
Some evils are cured by contempt.
Power seldom grows old at Court.
Danger itself the best remedy for danger.
Favour will as surely perish as life.
Fear the beadle of the law.
Heresy is the school of pride.
For the same man to be a heretic and a good subject, is impossible.
Heresy may be easier kept out than shook off.
Infants' manners are moulded more by the example of parents, than by stars at their nativities.
They favour learning whose actions are worthy of a learned pen.

Modesty sets off one newly come to honour.
No naked man is sought after to be rifled.
There is no such conquering weapon as the necessity of conquering.
Nothing secure unless suspected.
No tie can oblige the perfidious.
Spies are the ears and eyes of princes.
The life of spies is to know, not to be known.
Religion a stalking horse to shoot other fowl.
It is a dangerous fire begins in the bed straw.
Covetousness breaks the bag.
Fear keeps and looks to the vineyard, and not the owner.
The noise is greater than the nuts.
Two sparrows on one ear of corn make an ill agreement.
The world is now-a-days, God save the conqueror.
Unsound minds, like unsound bodies, if you feed, you poison.
Not only ought fortune to be pictured on a wheel, but everything else in this world.
All covet, all lose.
Better is one *Accipe*, than twice to say, *Dabo tibi*.
An ass endures his burden, but not more than his burden.
Threatened men eat bread, says the Spaniard.
The beads in the hand, and the devil in capuch; or, cape of the cloak.
He that will do thee a good turn, either he will be gone or die.
I escaped the thunder and fell into the lightning.
A man of a great memory without learning, hath a rock and a spindle, and no staff to spin.
The death of wolves is the safety of the sheep.
He that is once born, once must die.
He that hath but one eye, must be afraid to lose it.
He that makes himself a sheep, shall be eat by the wolf.
He that steals an egg, will steal an ox.
He that will be surety, shall pay.
He that is afraid of leaves, goes not to the wood.
In the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.
Those that God loves do not live long.

Still fisheth he that catcheth one.
All flesh is not venison.
A city that parleys is half gotten.
A dead bee maketh no honey.
An old dog barks not in vain.
They that hold the greatest farms, pay the least rent. (Applied to rich men that are unthankful to God.)
Old camels carry young camels' skins to the market.
He that hath time and looks for better time, time comes that he repents himself of time.
Words and feathers the wind carries away.
Of a pig's tail you can never make a good shaft.
The bath of the blackmoor hath sworn not to whiten.
To a greedy eating horse a short halter.
The devil divides the world between atheism and superstition.
Such a saint, such an offering.
We do it soon enough, if that we do be well.
Cruelty is more cruel, if we defer the pain.
What one day gives us, another takes away from us.
To seek in a sheep five feet when there are but four.
A scabbed horse cannot abide the comb.
God strikes with his finger, and not with all his arm.
God gives his wrath by weight, and without weight his mercy.
Of a new prince, new bondage.
New things are fair.
Fortune to one is mother, to another is stepmother.
There is no man, though never so little, but sometimes he can hurt.
The horse that draws after him his halter is not altogether escaped.
We must recoil a little, to the end we may leap the better.
No love is foul nor prison fair.
No day so clear, but hath dark clouds.
No hair so small, but hath his shadow.
A wolf will never make war against another wolf.
We must love, as looking one day to hate.
It is good to have some friends both in heaven and hell.
It is very hard to shave an egg

Stay awhile, that we may make an end the sooner.
Presents of love fear not to be ill taken of strangers.
To seek these things is lost labour : Geese in an oil-pot, fat
hogs among Jews, and wine in a fishing-net.
Some men plant an opinion they seem to eradicate.
The philosophy of princes is to dive into the secrets of men,
leaving the secrets of nature to those that have spare time.
States have their conversions and periods as well as natural
bodies.
Great deservers grow intolerable presumers.
The love of money and the love of learning rarely meet.
Trust no friend with that you need ; fear him as if he were
your enemy.
Some had rather lose their friend than their jest.
Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry themselves.
Soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.
Here is a talk of the Turk and the Pope, but my next neigh-
bour doth me more harm than either of them both.
Civil wars of France made a million of atheists, and thirty
thousand witches.
We bachelors laugh and show our teeth, but you married men
laugh till your hearts ache.
The devil never assails a man except he find him either void
of knowledge, or of the fear of God.
There is nobody will go to hell for company.
Much money makes a country poor, for it sets a dearer price
on everything.
The virtue of a coward is suspicion.
A man's destiny is always dark.
Every man's censure is first moulded in his own nature.
Money wants no followers.
Your thoughts close, and your countenance loose.
Whatever is made by the hand of man, by the hand of man
may be overturned.

LETTERS.

FROM GEORGE HERBERT TO MR H. HERBERT.

BROTHER,

1618.

THE disease which I am troubled with now is the shortness of time, for it hath been my fortune of late to have such sudden warning, that I have not leisure to impart unto you some of those observations which I have framed to myself in conversation, and whereof I would not have you ignorant. As I shall find occasion, you shall receive them by pieces; and if there be any such which you have found useful to yourself, communicate them to me. You live in a brave nation, where, except you wink, you cannot but see many brave examples. Be covetous, then, of all good which you see in Frenchmen, whether it be in knowledge, or in fashion, or in words; for I would have you, even in speeches to observe so much, as when you meet with a witty French speech, try to speak the like in English: So shall you play a good merchant, by transporting French commodities to your own country. Let there be no kind of excellency which it is possible for you to attain to, which you seek not, and have a good conceit of your wit; mark what I say, have a good conceit of your wit—that is, be proud, not with a foolish vaunting of yourself when there is no cause, but by setting a just price of your qualities: And it is the part of a poor spirit to undervalue himself and blush. But I am out of my time: When I have more time, you shall hear more; and write

you freely to me in your letters, for I am your ever loving brother,
G. HERBERT.

P.S. My brother is somewhat of the same temper, and perhaps a little more mild, but you will hardly perceive it.

To my dear Brother,
Mr Henry Herbert, at Paris.

DEAR BROTHER,

I WAS glad of your Cambridge news, but you joyed me exceedingly with your relation of my lady duchess's forwardness in our church building. I am glad I used you in it, and you have no cause to be sorry, since it is God's business. If there fall out yet any rub, you shall hear of me; and your offering of yourself to move my Lords of Manchester and Bolingbroke is very welcome to me. To show a forwardness in religious works is a good testimony of a good spirit. The Lord bless you, and make you abound in every good work, to the joy of your ever loving brother,

G. HERBERT.

March 21, Bemerton.

To my dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

DEAR BROTHER,

THAT you did not only entertain my proposals, but advance them, was lovingly done, and like a good brother. Yet truly it was none of my meaning, when I wrote, to put one of our nieces into your hands, but barely what I wrote I meant, and no more, and am glad that, although you offer more, yet you will do, as you write, that also. I was desirous to put a good mind into the way of charity, and that was all I intended. For concerning your offer of receiving one, I will tell you what I wrote to our eldest brother, when he

urged one upon me, and but one, and that at my choice. I wrote to him that I would have both or neither; and that upon this ground, because they were to come into an unknown country, tender in knowledge, sense, and age, and knew none but one who could be no company to them. Therefore I considered that if one only came, the comfort intended would prove a discomfort. Since that I have seen the fruit of my observation; for they have lived so lovingly, lying, eating, walking, praying, working, still together, that I take a comfort therein, and would not have to part them yet, till I take some opportunity to let them know your love, for which both they shall and I do thank you. It is true there is a third sister, whom to receive were the greatest charity of all, for she is youngest and least looked unto; having none to do it but her schoolmistress, and you know what those mercenary creatures are. Neither has she any to repair unto at good times, as Christmas, &c., which you know is the encouragement of learning all the year after, except my cousin Bett take pitie of her, which yet at that distance is some difficulty. If you could think of taking her, as once you did, surely it were a great good deed, and I would have her conveyed to you. But I judge you not: do that which God shall put into your heart, and the Lord bless all your purposes to his glory. Yet, truly, if you take her not, I am thinking to do it, even beyond my strength; especially at this time, being more beggarly now than I have been these many years, as having spent two hundred pounds in building; which to me that have nothing yet, is very much. But though I both consider this, and your observation also of the unthankfulness of kindred bred up (which generally is very true), yet I care not; I forget all things, so I may do them good that want it. So I do my part to them, let them think of me what they will or can. I have another Judge, to whom I stand or fall. If I should regard such things, it were in another's power to defeat my charity, and evil should be stronger than good: but difficulties are so far from cooling Christians, that they whet them. Truly it grieves me to think of the child, how destitute she is, and that in this

necessary time of education. For the time of breeding is the time of doing children good : and not as many who think they have done fairly, if they leave them a good portion after their decease. But take this rule, and it is an outlandish one, which I commend to you as being now a father, The best bred child hath the best portion. Well, the good God bless you more and more, and all yours, and make your family a houseful of God's servants. So prays your ever loving brother,

G. HERBERT.

My wife's and nieces' service.

To my very dear Brother,
Sir Henry Herbert, at Court.

LETTERS WRITTEN AT CAMBRIDGE.

For my dear sick SISTER.

MOST DEAR SISTER,

THINK not my silence forgetfulness, or that my love is as dumb as my papers ; though business may stop my hand, yet my heart, a much better member, is always with you : and which is more, with our good and gracious God, incessantly begging some ease of your pains, with that earnestness that becomes your griefs and my love. God who knows and sees this writing, knows also that my soliciting him has been much, and my tears many for you ; judge me then by those waters, and not by my ink, and then you shall justly value your most truly, most heartily, affectionate brother and servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, December 6, 1620.

To Sir JOHN DANVERS.

SIR,

THOUGH I had the best wit in the world, yet it would easily tire me to find out variety of thanks for the diversity of your favours, if I sought to do so ; but I profess it not : And therefore let it be sufficient for me, that the same heart which you have won long since is still true to you, and hath nothing else to answer your infinite kindnesses, but a constancy of obedience ; only hereafter I will take heed how I propose my desires unto you, since I find you so willing to yield to my requests ; for, since your favours come a-horseback, there is reason that my desires should go a-foot ; neither do I make any question, but that you have performed your kindness to the full, and that the horse is every way fit for me, and I will strive to imitate the completeness of your love, with being in some proportion, and after my manner, your most obedient servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

SIR,

I DARE no longer be silent, lest while I think I am modest, I wrong both myself, and also the confidence my friends have in me ; wherefore I will open my case unto you, which I think deserves the reading at the least ; and it is this, I want books extremely. You know, sir, how I am now setting foot into divinity, to lay the platform of my future life, and shall I then be fain always to borrow books, and build on another's foundation ? What tradesman is there who will set up without his tools ? Pardon my boldness, sir, it is a most serious case, nor can I write coldly in that wherein consisteth the making good of my former education, of obeying that Spirit which hath guided me hitherto, and of achieving my (I dare say) holy ends. This also is aggravated, in that I apprehend what my friends would have been forward to say, if I had taken ill courses, Follow your book and you shall want nothing. You know, sir, it is their ordinary speech, and now let them make it good ; for since I hope I

have not deceived their expectations, let not them deceive mine ; but perhaps they will say, You are sickly, you must not study too hard ; it is true (God knows) I am weak, yet not so but that every day I may step one step towards my journey's end ; and I love my friends so well, that if all things proved not well, I had rather the fault should lie on me than on them ; but they will object again, What becomes of your annuity ? Sir, if there be any truth in me, I find it little enough to keep me in health. You know I was sick last vacation, neither am I yet recovered, so that I am fain, ever and anon, to buy somewhat tending towards my health ; for infirmities are both painful and costly. Now this Lent I am forbid utterly to eat any fish, so that I am fain to diet in my chamber at mine own cost ; for in our public halls, you know, is nothing but fish and white-meats ; out of Lent, also twice a-week, on Fridays and Saturdays, I must do so, which yet sometimes I fast. Sometimes also I ride to Newmarket, and there lie a day or two for fresh air ; all which tend to avoiding of costlier matters, if I should fall absolutely sick : I protest and vow I even study thrift, and yet I am scarce able with much ado to make one half-year's allowance shake hands with the other. And yet if a book of four or five shillings come in my way, I buy it, though I fast for it ; yea, sometimes of ten shillings : but, alas ! sir, what is that to those infinite volumes of divinity, which yet every day swell and grow bigger ? Noble sir, pardon my boldness, and consider but these three things. First, the bulk of divinity ; secondly, the time when I desire this (which is now, when I must lay the foundation of my whole life) ; thirdly, what I desire, and to what end, not vain pleasures, nor to a vain end. If then, sir, there be any course, either by engaging my future annuity, or any other way, I desire you, sir, to be my mediator to them in my behalf.

Now I write to you, sir, because to you I have ever opened my heart ; and have reason, by the patents of your perpetual favour, to do so still, for I am sure you love your faithfullest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, March 18, 1617.

SIR,

THIS week hath loaded me with your favours; I wish I could have come in person to thank you, but it is not possible. Presently after Michaelmas I am to make an oration to the whole University of an hour long in Latin, and my Lincoln journey hath set me much behind hand; neither can I so much as go to Bugden, and deliver your letter, yet I have sent it thither by a faithful messenger this day. I beseech you all, you and my dear mother and sister, to pardon me, for my Cambridge necessities are stronger to tie me here, than yours to London. If I could possibly have come, none should have done my message to Sir Fr. Nethersole for me. He and I are ancient acquaintance, and I have a strong opinion of him, that if he can do me a courtesy, he will of himself; yet your appearing in it affects me strangely. I have sent you here enclosed a letter from our master on my behalf, which if you can send to Sir Francis before his departure, it will do well, for it expresseth the University's inclination to me; yet if you cannot send it with much convenience, it is no matter, for the gentleman needs no incitation to love me.

The orator's place (that you may understand what it is) is the finest place in the University, though not the gainfullest; yet that will be about L.30 per annum; but the commodiousness is beyond the revenue; for the orator writes all the University letters, makes all the orations, be it to king, prince, or whatever comes to the University. To requit these pains, he takes place next the doctors, is at all their assemblies and meetings, and sits above the proctors, is regent or non-regent at his pleasure, and such like gaynesses, which will please a young man well.

I long to hear from Sir Francis. I pray, sir, send the letter you receive from him to me as soon as you can, that I may work the heads to my purpose. I hope I shall get this place without all your London helps, of which I am very proud, not but that I joy in your favours, but that you may see that if all fail, yet I am able to stand on mine own legs.

Noble sir; I thank you for your infinite favours ; I fear only that I have omitted some fitting circumstance, yet you will pardon my haste, which is very great, though never so but that I have both time and work to be your extreme servant,
GEORGE HERBERT.

SIR,

I HAVE received the things you sent me safe, and now the only thing I long for is to hear of my dear sick sister : first, how her health fares ; next, whether my peace be yet made with her concerning my unkind departure. Can I be so happy as to hear of both these that they succeed well ? Is it not too much for me ? Good sir, make it plain to her that I loved her even in my departure, in looking to her son, and my charge. I suppose she is not disposed to spend her eyesight on a piece of paper, or else I had wrote to her. When I shall understand that a letter will be seasonable, my pen is ready. Concerning the orator's place, all goes well yet ; the next Friday it is tried, and accordingly you shall hear. I have forty businesses in my hands : your courtesy will pardon the haste of your humblest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, January 19, 1619.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, by Sir Francis Nethersole's letter, that he fears I have not fully resolved of the matter, since this place being civil may divert me too much from divinity, at which, not without cause, he thinks I aim ; but I have wrote him back, that this dignity hath no such earthiness in it, but it may very well be joined with heaven ; or if it had to others, yet to me it should not, for aught I yet knew ; and therefore I desire him to send me a direct answer in his next letter. I pray, sir, therefore, cause this inclosed to be carried to his brother's house of his own name (as I think) at the sign of the Pedler and the Pack on London Bridge, for

there he assigns me. I cannot yet find leisure to write to my lord, or Sir Benjamin Ruddyard ; but I hope I shall shortly ; though for the reckoning of your favours I shall never find time and paper enough, yet am I your readiest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Trinity College, October 6, 1619.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother, who cannot think me lazy, since I rode 200 miles to see a sister, in a way I knew not, and in the midst of much business, and all in a fortnight, not long since.

To the truly noble Sir J. D.

SIR,

I UNDERSTAND, by a letter from my brother Henry, that he hath bought a parcel of books for me, and that they are coming over. Now, though they have hitherto travelled upon your charge, yet if my sister were acquainted that they are ready, I dare say she would make good her promise of taking five or six pounds upon her, which she hath hitherto deferred to do, not of herself, but upon the want of those books, which were not to be got in England ; for that which surmounts, though your noble disposition is infinitely free, yet I had rather fly to my old ward, that if any course could be taken of doubling my annuity now, upon condition that I should surcease from all title to it after I entered into a benefice, I should be most glad to entertain it, and both pay for the surplusage of these books, and for ever after cease my clamorous and greedy bookish requests. It is high time now that I should be no more a burden to you, since I can never answer what I have already received ; for your favours are so ancient, that they prevent my memory, and yet still grow upon your humblest servant,

GEORGE HERBERT.

I remember my most humble duty to my mother. I have wrote to my dear sick sister this week already, and therefore now I hope may be excu

I pray, sir, pardon my boldness of enclosing my brother's letter in yours, for it was because I know your lodging, but not his.

To the Right Hon. the Lady ANNE, COUNTESS of PEMBROKE and MONTGOMERY, at Court.

MADAM,

WHAT a trouble hath your goodness brought on you, by admitting our poor services! now they creep in a vessel of metheglin, and still they will be presenting or wishing to see if at length they may find out something not unworthy of those hands at which they aim. In the meantime a priest's blessing, though it be none of the court style, yet, doubtless, Madam, can do you no hurt: Wherefore the Lord make good the blessing of your mother upon you, and cause all her wishes, diligence, prayers and tears, to bud, blow, and bear fruit in your soul, to his glory, your own good, and the great joy of, Madam, your most faithful servant in Christ Jesus,

GEORGE HERBERT.

Dec. 10, 1631. Bemerton.

Madam, your poor colony of servants present their humble duties.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A TREATISE OF TEMPERANCE AND SOBRIETY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN OF LUDOVICUS
CORNARUS.

HAVING observed in my time many of my friends, of excellent wit and noble disposition, overthrown and undone by intemperance ; who, if they had lived, would have been an ornament to the world, and a comfort to their friends ; I thought fit to discover, in a short treatise, that intemperance was not such an evil but it might easily be remedied ; which I undertake the more willingly, because divers worthy young men have obliged me unto it. For when they saw their parents and kindred snatched away in the midst of their days, and me, contrariwise, at the age of eighty and one, strong and lusty, they had a great desire to know the way of my life, and how I came to be so. Wherefore, that I may satisfy their honest desire, and withal help many others, who will take this into consideration, I will declare the causes which moved me to forsake intemperance, and live a sober life, expressing also the means which I have used therein. I say therefore, that the infirmities, which did not only begin, but had already gone far in me, first caused me to leave intemperance, to which I was much addicted : for by it, and my ill constitution (having a most cold and moist stomach), I fell into divers diseases ; to wit, into the pain of the stomach, and often of the side, and the beginning of the gout, with almost a continual fever and thirst.

From this ill temper there remained little else to be expected of me, than that after many troubles and griefs I should quickly come to an end ; whereas my life seemed as far from it by nature, as it was near it by intemperance. When, therefore, I was thus afflicted from the thirty-fifth year of my age to the fortieth, having tried all remedies fruitlessly, the physicians told me that yet there was one help for me, if I could constantly pursue it—to wit, a sober and orderly life: for this had every way great force for the recovering and preserving of health, as a disorderly life to the overthrowing of it: as I too well by experience found. For temperance preserves even old men and sickly men sound: But intemperance destroys most healthy and flourishing constitutions: for contrary causes have contrary effects, and the faults of nature are often amended by art, as barren grounds are made fruitful by good husbandry. They added withal, that unless I speedily used that remedy, within a few months I should be driven to that exigent, that there would be no help for me, but death shortly to be expected.

Upon this, weighing their reasons with myself, and abhorring from so sudden an end, and finding myself continually oppressed with pain and sickness, I grew fully persuaded, that all my griefs arose out of intemperance ; and therefore out of a hope of avoiding death and pain, I resolved to live a temperate life.

Whereupon, being directed by them in the way I ought to hold, I understood, that the food I was to use was such as belonged to sickly constitutions, and that in a small quantity. This they had told me before: but I then not liking that kind of diet, followed my appetite, and did eat meats pleasing to my taste; and when I felt inward heats, drank delightful wines, and that in great quantity; telling my physicians nothing thereof, as is the custom of sick people. But after I had resolved to follow temperance and reason, and saw that it was no hard thing to do so, but the proper duty of man, I so addicted myself to this course of life, that I never went a foot out of the way. Upon this I found, within a few days, that I was exceedingly helped, and by continuance

thereof, within less than one year (although it may seem to some incredible), I was perfectly cured of all my infirmities.

Being now sound and well, I began to consider the force of temperance, and to think thus with myself: If temperance had so much power as to bring me health, how much more to preserve it? Wherefore I began to search out most diligently what meats were agreeable unto me, and what disagreeable: and I purposed to try, whether those that pleased my taste brought me commodity or discommodity; and whether that proverb, wherewith gluttons used to defend themselves—to wit, That which savours is good and nourisheth—be consonant to truth. This upon trial I found most false: for strong and very cool wines pleased my taste best, as also melons, and other fruit; in like manner, raw lettuce, fish, pork, sausages, pulse, and cake and piecrust, and the like: and yet all these I found hurtful.

Therefore, trusting on experience, I forsook all these kind of meats and drinks, and chose that wine that fitted my stomach, and in such measure as easily might be digested: above all, taking care never to rise with a full stomach, but so as I might well both eat and drink more. By this means, within less than a year I was not only freed from all those evils which had so long beset me, and were almost become incurable; but also afterwards I fell not into that yearly disease, whereinto I was wont, when I pleased my sense and appetite. Which benefits also still continue; because from the time that I was made whole, I never since departed from my settled course of sobriety, whose admirable power causeth that the meat and drink that is taken in fit measure, gives true strength to the body, all superfluities passing away without difficulty, and no ill humours being engendered in the body.

Yet with this diet I avoided other hurtful things also, as too much heat and cold, weariness, watching, ill air, overmuch use of the benefit of marriage. For although the power of health consists most in the proportion of meat and drink, yet these forenamed things have also their force. I preserved me also, as much as I could, from hatred and

melancholy, and other perturbations of the mind, which have a great power over our constitutions. Yet could I not so avoid all these but that now and then I fell into them, which gained me this experience, that I perceived that they had no great power to hurt those bodies which were kept in good order by moderate diet: so that I can truly say, that they who in these two things that enter in at the mouth keep a fit proportion, shall receive little hurt from other excesses.

This Galen confirms, when he says, that moderate heats and colds, and winds and labours, did little hurt him, because in his meats and drinks he kept a due moderation, and therefore never was sick by any of these inconveniences, except it were for one day only. But mine own experience confirmeth this more, as all that know me can testify: for having endured many heats and colds, and other like discommodities of the body and troubles of the mind, all these did hurt me little, whereas they hurt them very much who live intemperately. For when my brother and others of my kindred saw some great powerful men pick quarrels against me, fearing lest I should be overthrown, they were possessed with a deep melancholy (a thing usual to disorderly lives), which increased so much in them, that it brought them to a sudden end; but I, whom that matter ought to have affected most, received no inconvenience thereby, because that humour abounded not in me.

Nay, I began to persuade myself, that this suit and contention was raised by the Divine Providence, that I might know what great power a sober and temperate life hath over our bodies and mind, and that at length I should be a conqueror; as also a little after it came to pass: for in the end I got the victory, to my great honour and no less profit; whereupon also I joyed exceedingly, which excess of joy neither could do me any hurt: by which it is manifest, that neither melancholy nor any other passion can hurt a temperate life.

Moreover, I say, that even bruises, and squats, and falls, which often kill others, can bring little grief or hurt to those

that are temperate. This I found by experience when I was seventy years old ; for riding in a coach in a great haste, it happened that the coach was overturned, and then was dragged for a good space by the fury of the horses, whereby my head and whole body was sore hurt, and also one of my arms and legs put out of joint. Being carried home, when the physicians saw in what case I was, they concluded that I would die within three days ; nevertheless, at a venture, two remedies might be used, letting of blood and purging, that the store of humours, and inflammation and fever (which was certainly expected), might be hindered.

But I, considering what an orderly life I had led for many years together, which must needs so temper the humours of the body that they could not be much troubled, or make a great concourse, refused both remedies, and only commanded that my arm and leg should be set, and my whole body anointed with oil ; and so without other remedy or inconvenience I recovered, which seemed as a miracle to the physicians ; whence I conclude, that they that live a temperate life can receive little hurt from other inconveniences.

But my experience taught me another thing also—to wit, that an orderly and regular life can hardly be altered without exceeding great danger.

About four year since, I was led, by the advice of physicians, and the daily importunity of my friends, to add something to my usual stint and measure. Divers reasons they brought, as that old age could not be sustained with so little meat and drink ; which yet needs not only to be sustained but also to gather strength, which could not be but by meat and drink. On the other side, I argued that nature was contented with a little, and that I had for many years continued in good health with that little measure ; that custom was turned into nature, and therefore it was agreeable to reason, that my years increasing and strength decreasing, my stint of meat and drink should be diminished rather than increased, that the patient might be proportionable to the agent, and especially since the power of my stomach every day decreased. To this agreed two Italian

proverbs, the one whereof was,* He that will eat much, let him eat little; because by eating little he prolongs his life. The other proverb was,† The meat which remaineth profits more than that which is eaten; by which it is intimated, that the hurt of too much meat is greater than the commodity of meat taken in a moderate proportion.

But all these things could not defend me against their importunities. Therefore, to avoid obstinacy and gratify my friends, at length I yielded, and permitted the quantity of meat to be increased, yet but two ounces only; for whereas before, the measure of my whole day's meat, viz. of my bread, and eggs, and flesh, and broth, was twelve ounces exactly weighed, I increased it to the quantity of two ounces more; and the measure of my drink, which before was fourteen ounces, I made now sixteen.

This addition, after ten days, wrought so much upon me, that of a cheerful and merry man I became melancholy and choleric, so that all things were troublesome to me; neither did I know well what I did or said. On the twelfth day a pain of the side took me, which held me two and twenty hours. Upon the neck of it came a terrible fever, which continued thirty-five days and nights, although after the fifteenth day it grew less and less; besides all this I could not sleep, no, not a quarter of an hour, whereupon all gave me up for dead.

Nevertheless I, by the grace of God, cured myself only with returning to my former course of diet, although I was now seventy-eight years old, and my body spent with extreme leanness, and the season of the year was winter, and most cold air; and I am confident that, under God, nothing help me but that exact rule which I had so long continued; in all which time I felt no grief, save now and then a little indisposition for a day or two.

* Mangiera piu chi manco mangia. Ed e' contrario,
Chi piu mangia, manco mangia. Il senso e
Poco vive chi troppo sparechia.

† Fa piu pro quel' che si lascia ful' tondo, che
Quel' che si mette nel ventre.

For the temperance of so many years spent all ill humours, and suffered not any new of that kind to arise, neither the good humours to be corrupted or contract any ill quality, as usually happens in old men's bodies, which live without rule; for there is no malignity of old age in the humours of my body, which commonly kills men; and that new one which I contracted by breaking my diet, although it was a sore evil, yet had no power to kill me.

By this it may clearly be perceived how great is the power of order and disorder; whereof the one kept me well for many years, the other, though it was but a little excess, in a few days had so soon overthrown me. If the world consist of order, if our corporal life depend on the harmony of humours and elements, it is no wonder that order should preserve, and disorder destroy. Order makes arts easy and armies victorious, and retains and confirms kingdoms, cities, and families in peace. Whence I conclude, that an orderly life is the most sure way and ground of health and long days, and the true and only medicine of many diseases.

Neither can any man deny this who will narrowly consider it. Hence it comes, that a physician, when he cometh to visit his patient, prescribes this physic first, that he use a moderate diet; and when he hath cured him, commends this also to him, if he will live in health. Neither is it to be doubted but that he shall ever after live free from diseases, if he will keep such a course of life, because this will cut off all causes of diseases, so that he shall need neither physic nor physician: yea, if he will give his mind to those things which he should, he will prove himself a physician, and that a very complete one; for indeed no man can be a perfect physician to another, but to himself only. The reason whereof is this: Every one by long experience may know the qualities of his own nature, and what hidden properties it hath, what meat and drink agrees best with it; which things in others cannot be known without such observation as is not easily to be made upon others, especially since there is a greater diversity of tempers than of faces. Who would believe that old wine should hurt my stomach, and new

should help it, or that cinnamon should heat me more than pepper? What physician could have discovered these hidden qualities to me, if I had not found them out by long experience? Wherefore one to another cannot be a perfect physician. Whereupon I conclude, since none can have a better physician than himself, nor better physic than a temperate life, temperance by all means is to be embraced.

Nevertheless, I deny not but that physicians are necessary, and greatly to be esteemed for the knowing and curing of diseases, into which they often fall who live disorderly: for if a friend who visits thee in thy sickness, and only comforts and condoles, doth perform an acceptable thing to thee, how much more dearly should a physician be esteemed, who not only as a friend doth visit thee, but help thee!

But that a man may preserve himself in health, I advise, that instead of a physician a regular life is to be embraced, which, as is manifest by experience, is a natural physic most agreeable to us, and also doth preserve even ill tempers in good health, and procure that they prolong their life even to a hundred years and more, and that at length they shut up their days like a lamp, only by a pure consumption of the radical moisture, without grief or perturbation of humours. Many have thought that this could be done by *aurum potabile*, or the philosopher's stone, sought of many, and found of few; but surely there is no such matter, if temperance be wanting.

But sensual men (as most are), desiring to satisfy their appetite and pamper their belly, although they see themselves ill handled by their intemperance, yet shun a sober life; because they say it is better to please the appetite (though they live ten years less than otherwise they should do) than always to live under bit and bridle. But they consider not of how great moment ten years are in mature age, wherein wisdom and all kind of virtues is most vigorous; which, but in that age, can hardly be perfected. And that I may say nothing of other things, are not almost all the learned books that we have written by their authors in that age, and those ten years which they set at nought in regard of their belly?

Besides, these belly-gods say that an orderly life is so hard a thing that it cannot be kept. To this I answer that Galen kept it, and held it for the best physic ; so did Plato also, and Isocrates and Tully, and many others of the ancients ; and in our age, Paul the Third, and Cardinal Bembo, who therefore lived so long ; and among our Dukes, Laudus and Donatus, and many others of inferior condition, not only in the city, but also in villages and hamlets.

Wherefore, since many have observed a regular life, both of old times and later years, it is no such thing which may not be performed ; especially since in observing it there needs not many and curious things, but only that a man should begin, and by little and little accustom himself unto it.

Neither doth it hinder, that Plato says, that they who are employed in the commonwealth cannot live regularly, because they must often endure heats, and colds, and winds, and showers, and divers labours, which suit not with an orderly life : for I answer, that those inconveniences are of no great moment (as I showed before) if a man be temperate in meat and drink, which is both easy for commonweal's men, and very convenient, both that they may preserve themselves from diseases, which hinder public employment ; as also that their mind, in all things wherein they deal, may be more lively and vigorous.

But some may say, he which lives a regular life, eating always light meats and in a little quantity, what diet shall he use in diseases, which, being in health, he hath anticipated ? I answer first, Nature, which endeavours to preserve a man as much as she can, teacheth us how to govern ourselves in sickness : for suddenly it takes away our appetite, so that we can eat but a very little, wherewith she is very well contented ; so that a sick man, whether he hath lived heretofore orderly or disorderly, when he is sick, ought not to eat but such meats as are agreeable to his disease, and that in much smaller quantity than when he was well. For if he should keep his former proportion, nature, which is already burdened with a disease, would be wholly oppressed. Secondly, I answer better, that he which lives a temperate

life cannot fall into diseases, and but very seldom into indispositions, because temperance takes away the causes of diseases ; and the cause being taken away, there is no place for the effect.

Wherefore, since an orderly life is so profitable, so virtuous, so decent, and so holy, it is worthy by all means to be embraced ; especially since it is easy and most agreeable to the nature of man. No man that follows it is bound to eat and drink so little as I : no man is forbidden to eat fruit or fish, which I eat not : for I eat little, because a little sufficeth my weak stomach ; and I abstain from fruit and fish, and the like, because they hurt me. But they who find benefit in these meats may, yea ought to use them ; yet all must needs take heed lest they take a greater quantity of any meat or drink (though most agreeable to them) than their stomach can easily digest : so that he which is offended with no kind of meat and drink, hath the quantity, and not the quality for his rule, which is very easy to be observed.

Let no man here object unto me, that there are many who, though they live disorderly, yet continue in health to their lives' end : because since this is at the best but uncertain, dangerous, and very rare, the presuming upon it ought not to lead us to a disorderly life.

It is not the part of a wise man to expose himself to so many dangers of diseases and death, only upon a hope of a happy issue, which yet befalls very few. An old man of an ill constitution, but living orderly, is more sure of his life than the most strong young man who lives disorderly.

But some, too much given to appetite, object, that a long life is no such desirable thing, because that after one is once sixty-five years old, all the time we live after is rather death than life : but these err greatly, as I will show by myself recounting the delights and pleasures in this age of eighty-three, which now I take, and which are such as that men generally account me happy.

I am continually in health, and I am so nimble, that I can easily get on horseback without the advantage of the ground, and sometimes I go up high stairs and hills on foot.

Then, I am ever cheerful, merry, and well-contented, free from all troubles and troublesome thoughts; in whose place joy and peace have taken up their standing in my heart. I am not weary of life, which I pass with great delight. I confer often with worthy men, excelling in wit, learning, behaviour, and other virtues. When I cannot have their company, I give myself to the reading of some learned book, and afterwards to writing; making it my aim in all things, how I may help others to the furthest of my power.

All these things I do at my ease, and at fit seasons, and in mine own houses; which, besides that they are in the fairest place of this learned city of Padua, are very beautiful and convenient above most in this age, being so built by me, according to the rules of architecture, that they are cool in summer and warm in winter.

I enjoy also my gardens, and those divers, parted with rills of running water, which truly is very delightful. Sometimes of the year I enjoy the pleasure of the Euganean hills, where also I have fountains and gardens, and a very convenient house. At other times I repair to a village of mine, seated in the valley; which is therefore very pleasant, because many ways thither are so ordered, that they all meet, and end in a fair plot of ground; in the midst whereof is a church suitable to the condition of the place. This place is washed with the river Brenta; on both sides whereof are great and fruitful fields, well manured and adorned with many habitations. In former time it was not so, because the place was moorish and unhealthy, fitter for beasts than men. But I drained the ground, and made the air good: whereupon men flocked thither and built houses with happy success. By this means the place is come to that perfection we now see it is; so that I can truly say, that I have both given God a temple, and men to worship him in it: the memory whereof is exceeding delightful to me.

Sometimes I ride to some of the neighbour cities, that I may enjoy the sight and the communication of my friends, as also of excellent artificers in architecture, painting, stone-cutting, music, and husbandry, whereof in this age there is

great plenty. I view their pieces, I compare them with those of antiquity ; and ever I learn somewhat which is worthy of my knowledge. I survey palaces, gardens, and antiquities, public fabrics, temples, and fortifications ; neither omit I anything that may either teach or delight me. I am much pleased also, in my travels, with the beauty of situation. Neither is this my pleasure made less by the decaying dulness of my senses, which are all in their perfect vigour, but especially my taste ; so that any simple fare is more savoury to me now than heretofore, when I was given to disorder and all the delights that could be.

To change my bed, troubles me not ; I sleep well and quietly anywhere, and my dreams are fair and pleasant. But this chiefly delights me, that my advice hath taken effect in the reducing of many rude and untoiled places in my country, to cultivation and good husbandry. I was one of those that was deputed for the managing of that work, and abode in those fenny places two whole months in the heat of summer (which in Italy is very great), receiving not any hurt or inconvenience thereby : so great is the power and efficacy of that temperance which ever accompanied me.

These are the delights and solaces of my old age, which is altogether to be preferred before others' youth : because that by temperance and the grace of God I feel not those perturbations of body and mind, wherewith infinite both young and old are afflicted.

Moreover, by this also in what estate I am may be discovered, because at these years (viz. eighty-three) I have made a most pleasant comedy, full of honest wit and merriment : which kind of poems useth to be the child of youth, which it most suits withal for variety and pleasantness ; as a tragedy with old age, by reason of the sad events which it contains. And if a Greek poet of old was praised, that at the age of seventy-three years he writ a tragedy, why should I be accounted less happy, or less myself, who being ten years older, have made a comedy ?

Now lest there should be any delight wanting to my old age, I daily behold a kind of immortality in the succession

of my posterity. For when I come home, I find eleven grand-children of mine, all the sons of one father and mother, all in perfect health ; all, as far as I can conjecture, very apt and well given both for learning and behaviour. I am delighted with their music and fashion, and I myself also sing often ; because I have now a clearer voice than ever I had in my life.

By which it is evident, that the life which I live at this age is not a dead, dumpish, and sour life, but cheerful, lively, and pleasant : neither if I had my wish, would I change age and constitution with them who follow their youthful appetites, although they be of a most strong temper : because such are daily exposed to a thousand dangers and deaths, as daily experience sheweth, and I also, when I was a young man, too well found. I know how inconsiderate that age is, and, though subject to death, yet continually afraid of it ; for death to all young men is a terrible thing, as also to those that live in sin, and follow their appetites ; whereas I by the experience of so many years have learned to give way to reason : whence it seems to me, not only a shameful thing to fear that which cannot be avoided ; but also I hope, when I shall come to that point, I shall find no little comfort in the favour of Jesus Christ. Yet I am sure that my end is far from me : for I know that (setting casualties aside) I shall not die but by a pure resolution : because that by the regularity of my life I have shut out death all other ways ; and that is a fair and desirable death, which nature brings by way of resolution.

Since, therefore, a temperate life is so happy and pleasant a thing, what remains, but that I should wish all who have the care of themselves, to embrace it with open arms ?

Many things more might be said in commendation hereof : but lest in anything I forsake that temperance which I have found so good, I here make an end.

THE ORATION OF MASTER GEORGE HERBERT,

Orator of the University of Cambridge, when the Ambassadors
were made Masters of Arts. 27th Feb. 1622.

MOST EXCELLENT AND MOST MAGNIFICENT LORDS,

AFTER many singular honours, remarkable commands, most noble ambassages, and other titles most pleasing, as well to us remembering as to you deserving them, we at last salute you masters of arts—yea, indeed of all, both courtly, military, academical—the accession of which new title to your Excellencies, all the Muses and Graces congratulate; entreating that you would awhile lay aside those warlike looks, with which you used to conquer your enemies, and assume more mild and gracious aspects; and we also, putting off that countenance and gravity by which we well know how to convince the stern and more austere sort of philosophy, for respect to you, embrace all that is cheerful, joyous, pleasing. For what could have happened more pleasing to us, than the access of the officers of the Catholic King? whose exceeding glory is equally round with the world itself. who tying, as with a knot, both Indies to his Spain, knows no limits of his praise, no, not, as in past ages, those pillars of Hercules. Long since, all we and our whole kingdom exult with joy, to be united with that blood which useth to infuse so great and worthy spirits. And that which first deserveth our observation, to the end we might the more by love grow on, both the Spanish and British nation serve and worship James. James is the protecting saint unto us both, that you may well conceive your Excellencies to be more dear unto us, in that you are of the same order and habit of which we all in this kingdom glory to be. The praises also and virtues of the most renowned Princess Isabel, passing daily our neighbouring sea, wondrously sound through all our coasts and ears. And necessarily must the felicity of so great princes redound also to those servants, in the choice of whom their judgment doth even now appear. Wherefore most excellent, most illustrious lords, since you are so great

both in your princes and yourselves, we justly fear that there is nothing here answerable to the greatness of your presence. For amongst us, what glorious show is there, either of garments or of anything else? what splendour? surely, since there is a twofold brightness which dazzleth the eyes of men, we have as much failed as your Excellencies do excel in both. But yet the arts in quietness and silence here are revered: here is tranquillity, repose, peace with all but bookworms, perpetual poverty, but when your Excellencies appear. Yet do not ye contemn these our slight glories, which we raise from books, and painful industry; how could you be like great Alexander, unless history delivered his actions? Fame is sown in this age, that it may be reaped in the following; let the first be the care of your Excellencies; we for your gracious acceptance of these poor duties wish, and vow unto you of the last a plenteous harvest.

PREFACE AND NOTES TO THE DIVINE CONSIDERATIONS OF JOHN VALDESSO.

PRINTED AT CAMBRIDGE 1646.

[The "Considerations" of John Valdesso, a Spanish gentleman, were translated by Nicholas Ferrar, who had become acquainted with the author at the court of Charles V. "Before it was made public," says Walton, "he sent it to be examined and censured by Mr Herbert," who read and returned it "with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them Mr Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr Ferrar."]

MY dear and deserving brother, Your Valdesso I now return with many thanks and some notes, in which, perhaps, you will discover some care which I forbear not in the midst of my griefs: first, for your sake, because I would do nothing negligently that you commit unto me: secondly, for the author's sake, whom I have conceived to have been a true servant of God, and to such, and all that is theirs, I owe diligence: thirdly, for the Church's sake, to whom by printing it, I would have you consecrate it. You owe the Church

a debt, and God hath put this into your hands (as he sent the fish with money to Saint Peter) to discharge it; happily also with this (as his thoughts are fruitful), intending the honour of his servant the author, who being obscured in his own country, he would have to flourish in this land of light and region of the Gospel, among his chosen. It is true there are some things which I like not in him, as my fragments will express, when you read them; nevertheless I wish you by all means to publish it, for these three eminent things observable therein: first, that God in the midst of Popery should open the eyes of one to understand and express so clearly and excellently the intent of the Gospel, in the acceptance of Christ's righteousness (as he sheweth through all his Considerations), a thing strangely buried and darkened by the adversaries and their great stumbling-block. Secondly, the great honour and reverence which he everywhere bears towards our dear Master and Lord, concluding every Consideration almost with his holy Name, and setting his merit forth so piously; for which I do so love him, that were there nothing else I would print it, that with it the honour of my Lord might be published. Thirdly, the many pious rules of ordering our life, about mortification, and observation of God's kingdom within us, and the working thereof, of which he was a very diligent observer. These three things are very eminent in the author, and overweigh the defects, as I conceive, towards the publishing thereof.

From Bemerton, near Salisbury,
September 29, 1632.

NOTES TO THE DIVINE CONSIDERATIONS.

PAGE 33.

He often useth this manner of speech, believing by revelation, whereby I understand he meaneth only the effectual operation or illumination of the Holy Spirit, testifying and applying the revealed truth of the Gospel, and not any private enthusiasms or revelations: as if he should say, a general apprehension or assent to the promises of the Gospel,

by hearsay or relation from others, is not that which filleth the heart with joy and peace in believing, but the Spirit's bearing witness with our spirit, revealing and applying the general promises to every one in particular, with such sincerity and efficacy, that it makes him godly, righteous, and sober all his life long. This I call believing by revelation, and not by relation.

PAGE 107.

I much mislike the comparison of images and Holy Scriptures, as if they were both but alphabets, and after a time to be left. The Holy Scriptures have not only an elementary use, but a use of perfection; neither can they ever be exhausted (as pictures may be by a plenary circumspection), but still, even to the most learned and perfect in them, there is somewhat to be learned more; therefore David desireth God, in the 119th Psalm, to open his eyes, that he might see the wondrous things of his law, and that he would make them his study; although, by other words of the same psalm, it is evident that he was not meanly conversant in them. Indeed, he that shall so attend to the back of the letter as to neglect the consideration of God's work in his heart through the Word, doth amiss; both are to be done: the Scriptures still used, and God's work within us still observed, who works by his Word, and ever in the reading of it. As for that text, They shall be all taught of God, it being Scripture, cannot be spoken to the disparagement of Scripture; but the meaning is this, that God in the days of the Gospel will not give an outward law of ceremonies as of old, but such a one as shall still have the assistance of the Holy Spirit applying it to our hearts, and ever outrunning the teacher, as it did when Peter taught Cornelius. There the case is plain: Cornelius had revelation, yet Peter was to be sent for: and those that have inspirations must still use Peter, God's word: if we make another sense of the text, we shall overthrow all means save catechising, and set up enthusiasms.

In the Scriptures are
Doctrines : these ever teach more and more.
Promises : these ever comfort more and more.

(Rom. xv. 4.)

PAGE 109.

The doctrine of this Consideration cleareth that of the former ; for as the servant leaves not the letter when he hath read it, but keeps it by him, and reads it again and again, and the more the promise is delayed the more he reads it, and fortifies himself with it, so are we to do with the Scriptures, and this is the use of the promises of the Scriptures. But the use of the doctrinal part is more, in regard it presents us not with the same thing only when it is read, as the promises do, but enlightens us with new considerations the more we read it. Much more might be said, but this sufficeth. He himself allows it for a holy conversation and refreshment in the 32d consideration ; and amongst all divine and spiritual exercises and duties, he nameth the reading and meditation of Holy Scripture for the first and principal, as Consid. 47, and others ; so that it is plain the author had a very reverend esteem of the Holy Scripture, especially considering the time and place where he lived.

PAGE 122.

All the discourse from this place to the end of the chapter may seem strange, but it is suitable to what the author holds elsewhere ; for he maintains that it is faith and infidelity that shall judge us now since the Gospel, and that no other sin or virtue hath anything to do with us ; if we believe, no sin shall hurt us ; if we believe not, no virtue shall help us. Therefore he saith here, we shall not be punished for evil doing, nor rewarded for well doing or living, for all the point lies in believing or not believing. And with this exposition the chapter is clear enough ; but the truth of the doctrine would be examined, however it may pass for his opinion, in the Church of God there is one fundamental, but else variety.

The author's good meaning in this will better appear by his 98th Consideration of faith and good works.

PAGE 155.

He meaneth (I suppose) that a man presume not to merit, that is, to oblige God, or justify himself before God, by any acts or exercises of religion ; but that he ought to pray God, affectionately and fervently, to send him the light of his Spirit, which may be unto him as the sun to a traveller in his journey ; he in the meanwhile applying himself to the unquestioned duties of true piety and sincere religion, such as are prayer, fasting, alms-deeds, &c., after the example of devout Cornelius. Or thus : There are two sorts of acts in religion, acts of humiliation and acts of confidence and joy : the person here described to be in the dark ought to use the first, and to forbear the second. Of the first sort are repentance, prayers, fasting, alms, mortifications, &c. ; of the second, receiving of the communion, praises, psalms, &c. These in divers cases ought, and were of old forborne for a time.

PAGE 174.

In indifferent things there is room for motions, and expecting of them ; but in things good, as to relieve my neighbour, God hath already revealed his will about it ; therefore we ought to proceed, except there be a restraining motion (as St Paul had when he would have preached in Asia). And I conceive that restraining motions are much more frequent to the godly than inviting motions, because the Scripture invites enough, for it invites us to all good. According to that singular place (Phil. iv. 8), a man is to embrace all good ; but because he cannot do all, God often chooseth which he shall do, and that by restraining him from what he would not have him do.

PAGE 177.

This doctrine, howsoever it is true in substance, yet it requireth discreet and wary explaining.

PAGE 199.

By renouncing the help of human learning in the studying to understand Holy Scripture, he meaneth that we should not use it as the only or as the principal means, because the anointing which we have received and abideth in us teacheth us (1 John ii. 27).

PAGE 217.

This chapter is considerable. The intent of it, that the world pierceth not only godly men's actions no more than God's, is in some sort true, because they are spiritually discerned (1 Cor. ii. 14). So likewise are the godly in some sort exempt from laws, for the law is not made for a righteous man (1 Tim. i. 9). But when he enlargeth he goes too far: for, first, concerning Abraham and Sarah, I ever took that for a weakness in the great patriarch, and that the best of God's servants should have weaknesses is no way repugnant to the way of God's Spirit in them, or to the Scriptures, or to themselves, being still men, though godly men. Nay, they are purposely recorded in Holy Writ. Wherefore, as David's adultery cannot be excused, so need not Abraham's equivocation, nor Paul's neither, when he professed himself a Pharisee, which strictly he was not, though in the point of resurrection he agreed with them and they with him. The reviling also of Ananias seems, by his own recalling, an oversight; yet I remember the Father forbids us to judge of the doubtful actions of saints in Scripture, which is a modest admonition. But it is one thing not to judge, another to defend them. Secondly, when he useth the word *jurisdiction*, allowing no jurisdiction over the godly, this cannot stand, and it is ill doctrine in a commonwealth. The godly are punishable as others when they do amiss, and they are to be judged according to the outward fact, unless it be evident to others as well as to themselves that God moved them; for otherwise any malefactor may pretend motions, which is insufferable in a commonwealth. Neither do I doubt but if Abraham had lived in our kingdom under

government, and had killed his son Isaac, but he might justly have been put to death for it by the magistrate, unless he could have made it appear that it was done by God's immediate precept. He had done justly, and yet had been punished justly; that is, *In humano foro, &c., secundum præsumptionem legalem*: according to the common and legal proceedings among men. So may a war be just on both sides, and was just in the Canaanites and Israelites both. How the godly are exempt from laws is a known point among divines; but when he says they are equally exempt with God, that is dangerous and too far. The best salve for the whole chapter is to distinguish judgment. There is a judgment of authority (upon a fact), and there is a judgment of the learned; for as a magistrate judgeth in his tribunal, so a scholar judgeth in his study, and censureth this or that; whence come so many books of several men's opinions; perhaps he meant all of this latter, not of the former. Worldly learned men cannot judge spiritual men's actions; but the magistrate may, and surely this the author meant by the word *jurisdiction*, for so he useth the same word in Consideration 68 *ad finem*.

PAGE 220.

The author doth still discover too slight a regard of the Scripture, as if it were but children's meat, whereas there is not only milk there, but strong meat also (Heb. v. 14); things hard to be understood (2 Pet. iii. 16); things needing great consideration (Matt. xxiv. 15). Besides, he opposeth the teaching of the Spirit to the teaching of Scripture which the Holy Spirit wrote. Although the Holy Spirit apply the Scripture, yet what the Scripture teacheth the Spirit teacheth; the Holy Spirit, indeed, sometime doubly teaching, both in penning and in applying. I wonder how this opinion could befall so good a man as it seems Valdesso was, since the saints of God in all ages have ever held in so precious esteem the word of God, as their joy and crown, and their treasure on earth. Yet his own practice seems to confute his opinion; for the most of his Considerations being grounded

upon some text of Scripture, shows that he was continually conversant in it, and not used it for a time only, and then cast it away, as he says, strangely. There is no more to be said of this chapter, especially of the fifth thing in it, but that this his opinion of the Scripture is insufferable. As for the text of St Peter (2 Pet. i. 19) which he makes the ground of this Consideration, building it all upon the word, "Until the day-star arise;" it is nothing. How many places do the Fathers bring about "until" against the heretics who disputed against the virginity of the blessed virgin, out of the text (Matt. i. 25), where it is said, Joseph knew her not "until" she had brought forth her firstborn son, as if afterwards he had known her; and indeed, in common sense, if I bid a man stay in a place until I come, I do not then bid him go away, but rather stay longer, that I may speak with him or do something else when I come. So St Peter bidding the dispersed Hebrews attend to the Word till the day dawn, doth not bid them then cast away the Word, or leave it off; but, however, he would have them attend to it till that time, and then afterward they will of themselves attend it without his exhortation. Nay, it is observable that in that very place he prefers the Word before the sight of the transfiguration of Christ. So that the Word hath the precedence even of revelation and visions.

PAGE 239.

Divines hold that justifying faith and the faith of miracles are divers gifts, and of a different nature; the one being *gratia gratis data*, the other *gratia gratum faciens*, this being given only to the godly, and the other sometimes to the wicked: yet doubtless the best faith in us is defective, and arrives not to the point it should, which if it did, it would do more than it does. And miracle-working, as it may be severed from justifying faith, so it may be a fruit of it, and an exaltation (1 John v. 14).

PAGE 247.

Though this were the author's opinion, yet the truth of it

would be examined. The 98th Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the author's meaning.

PAGE 270.

By the saints of the world he everywhere understands the cunning hypocrite, who by the world is counted a very saint for his outward show of holiness ; and we meet with two sorts of these saints of the world ; one whose holiness consists in a few ceremonies and superstitious observations ; the others in a zeal against these, and in a strict performance of a few cheap and easy duties of religion with no less superstition ; both of them having forms or vizors of godliness, but denying the power thereof.

PAGE 354.

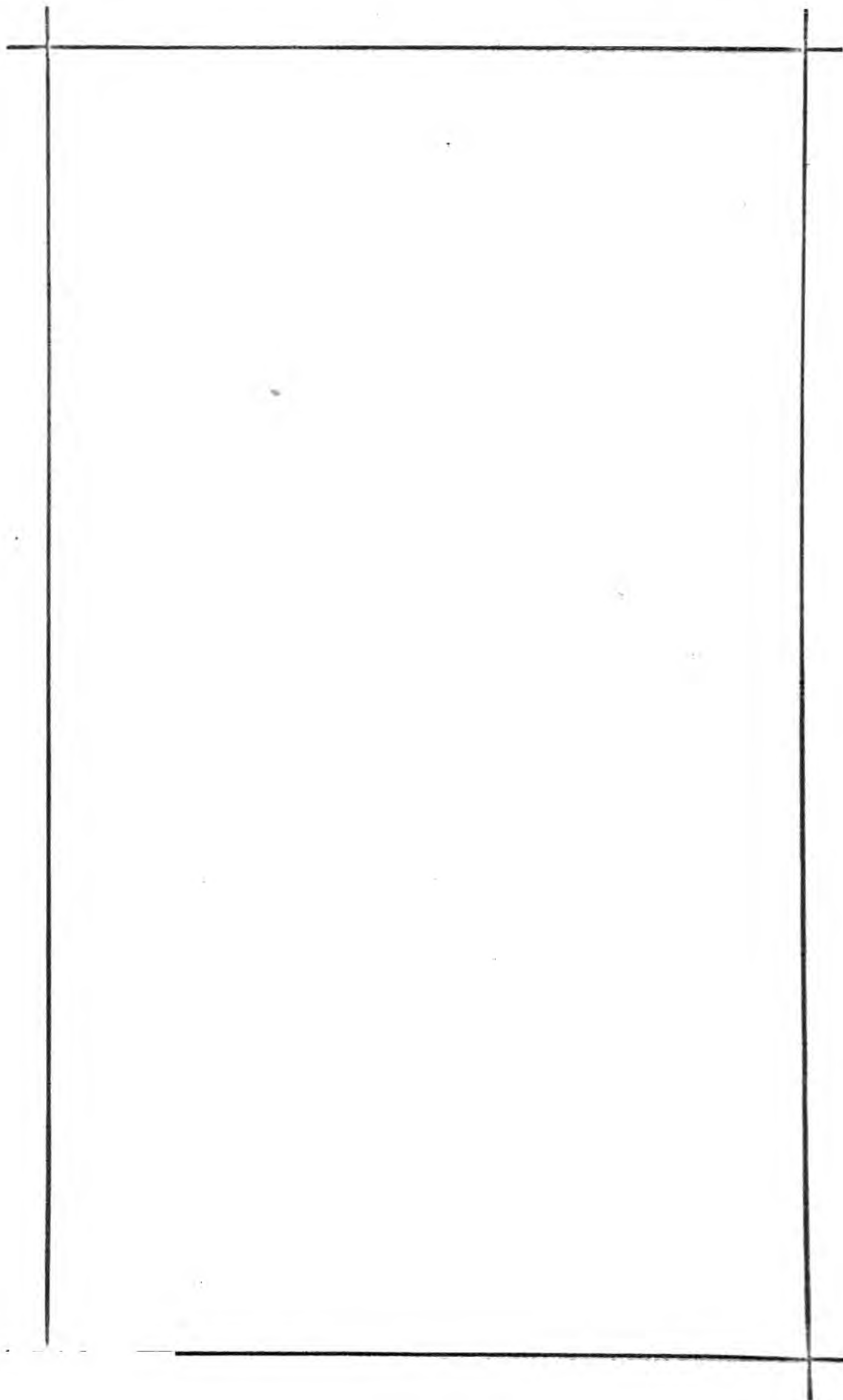
Though this be the author's opinion, yet the truth of it would be examined. The 98th Consideration, about being justified by faith or by good works, or condemned for unbelief or evil works, make plain the author's meaning.

By Hebrew piety he meaneth not the very ceremonies of the Jews, which no Christian observes now, but an analogate observation of ecclesiastical and canonical laws superinduced to the Scriptures, like to that of the Jews, which they added to their divine law. This being well weighed will make the Consideration easy and very observable : for at least some of the Papists are come now to what the Pharisees were come to in our Saviour's time.

PAGE 355.

This is true only of the Popish cases of conscience, which depend almost wholly on their canon law and decretals, knots of their own tying and untying ; but there are other cases of conscience, grounded on piety and morality, and the difficulty of applying their general rules to particular actions, which are a most noble study.

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
REGINALD HEBER,
WITH MEMOIR.



MEMOIR OF BISHOP HEBER.

REGINALD HEBER was born 21st April 1783, at Malpas, in the county of Chester. His early childhood was distinguished by mildness of disposition, obedience to parents, and consideration for friends. At the age of five, he could read the Bible with fluency; at six, we find him mastering the Latin grammar. From a child he was inquisitive, always eager to obtain instruction, and never above asking the opinions of others; but with a modesty of manner which at once prevented his being thought intrusive, and ensured him the attention of those with whom he conversed. To this habit, persevered in through life, Heber ascribed the possession of much of the general knowledge by which he was distinguished. From boyhood he exhibited a singular self-control. It was a common saying among the servants in his father's household, that "Master Reginald" was never in a passion. From the day he knew his letters, reading was his principal amusement. His elder brother, to whose affectionate superintendence of his graver studies he justly considered himself much indebted, used to say, Reginald did more than read books—he devoured them. His memory, strong and tenacious, retained the substance of almost all he read; and such passages as particularly fascinated him were remembered through life with verbal accuracy. At eight years of age, young Heber was placed by his father at the grammar-school of Whitchurch, under

Dr Kent. Having passed with credit through the curriculum of the grammar-school, in 1796 he was placed under the care of Mr Bristow, a clergyman who took private pupils at Meadow, in the neighbourhood of London. An account of his habits and pursuits at this period has been preserved by a class-fellow, from which we gather a tolerably accurate conception of his intellect and character. The abstraction of mind into which he was apt to be seduced rendered him not so specially remarkable for quickness of apprehension as some whose wits waited more upon their will. His superiority was, however, manifested by his compositions in prose and verse, especially in verse. Spenser was one of his favourite authors. With the "Faerie Queene" in his pocket he would sally forth on a long solitary ramble, while his comrades were occupied with the common sports of their age. Constant cheerfulness and overflowing kindness of heart prevented this meditateness from degenerating into moroseness. In the long winter evenings, he was the centre of attraction during the leisure hours of the school. A group of boys would then be frequently formed around him, whilst he narrated some chivalrous history, recited some ancient ballad, or told some wild tale of the forgotten ages. Like most youths of a poetical temperament, Reginald Heber had little taste for the exact sciences. Poetry, not porisms, was his admiration. Even the ancient languages were studied more for the treasures they unlocked than from any special predilection for philological investigations. The sense of an author was eagerly grasped by him, but the mere scaffolding of learning he esteemed only as the means of arriving at that sense. At this early period, a reverence for everything sacred, and a remarkable purity of thought, were eminent features of his character. Though many of his schoolfellows were profane and licentious, their example had no influence upon Heber, his own exemplary conduct tending much to check the torrent of vice.

At the time of Bonaparte's invasion of Egypt, "The Battle of the Nile" was the subject of a school exercise.

Young Heber embodied his reflections on that event, so disastrous to Napoleon, in "The Prophecy of Ishmael," certainly spirited verses for a school exercise, though lacking the *weird* power of the seer. During the summer holidays, when Reginald was about fourteen, his mother missed her "Companion to the Altar." On inquiry being made he brought it to her, intimating that he had had it about three weeks, had spent many hours in reading it, and begged to be allowed to accompany her to the altar.

In November 1800, Heber was entered at Brazenose College, Oxford. Of this college his elder brother was then a fellow. His education having been until now private, he came to the university under the disadvantage of having an entirely new acquaintance to form. His abilities were yet known only to a few, but his conversational talents and taste for literature soon introduced him to a dangerously wide circle of friends. Evening parties were, however, never allowed to abridge the hours of study. In his first year at college he gained the university prize for Latin verse by his "*Carmen Seculare*." This poem, on the commencement of the new century, gave a bright promise of the success his future academical career so well fulfilled.

At Oxford, those branches of learning Heber had most neglected were cultivated with considerable assiduity. Though mathematics never became the rallying point of his studies, Euclid had now grown less irksome than in days of old. Increased devotion to the exact sciences had, however, no effect in chilling the ardour of his muse. In the spring of 1803, Reginald Heber wrote "Palestine," a prize poem. In its production he had the encouragement of Sir Walter Scott, then known only as the author of the "Border Minstrelsy." Sir Walter gave him strong hopes of success,—hopes the sagacity of which the result fully justified. During the course of the composition of "Palestine," Sir Walter happened one morning to breakfast with Heber. As was natural, in the circumstances, the poem was produced and read. At that part where the building of the

temple is described, Sir Walter remarked, "one striking circumstance has been forgotten: no tools were used in its erection." Reginald retired from the breakfast table to a corner of the room, and wrote those lines, which now form part of the poem:—

"No hammer fell, no ponderous axes rung;
Like some tall palm the mystic fabric sprung.
Majestic silence!"

The effect of Heber's recitation of this poem in the magnificent theatre of Oxford is thus recorded by an eloquent contributor to "Blackwood's Magazine," writing after an interval of nearly a quarter of a century from its recitation:—"None who heard Reginald Heber recite his 'Palestine' will ever forget his appearance, so interesting and impressive. It was known that his old father was somewhere sitting among the crowded audience when his universally admired son ascended the rostrum; and we have heard that the sudden thunder of applause which then arose so shook his frame, weak and wasted by long illness, that he never recovered it, and may be said to have died of the joy dearest to a parent's heart. Reginald Heber's recitation, like that of all poets whom we have heard recite, was altogether untrammelled by the critical laws of elocution, which were not set at defiance, but either by the poet unknown or forgotten. There was a charm in his somewhat melancholy voice, that occasionally faltered, less from a feeling of the solemnity and even grandeur of the scene than from the deeply felt sanctity of the subject. As his voice grew bolder and more sonorous in the '*hush*,' the audience felt that this was not the mere display of the skill and ingenuity of a clever youth, the accidental triumph of an accomplished versifier over his compeers, in the dexterity of scholarship (all that can generally be said of such exhibitions); but here was a true poet indeed,—not one only of bright promise, but of high achievement—one whose name was already written in the roll of the immortals. When Heber returned from the theatre after this triumph—every hand stretched out to con

gratulate, and every voice raised to praise him—he withdrew from the domestic circle. His mother, impatient of his absence, on going to look for him, found him in the retirement of his closet, giving God thanks.”

Returning to Malpas in 1803 for the long vacation, Reginald Heber found the neighbourhood engaged in forming what the nation has so lately been re-engaged forming, “volunteer corps,” to repel the threatened invasion. At the request of a neighbour and friend of his father who had then just raised a body of infantry, Heber wrote at the tea-table some stirring stanzas entitled “Honour its own Reward.”

In the year following his Oxford triumph, he was called to endure one of the heaviest afflictions of an affectionate son—the death of his excellent father, then in his seventy-sixth year. A glimpse of the last hours of this man of God will show the heavenly atmosphere of Heber’s home. It is the son who thus describes the latter end of the sire:—“When at length all hopes were over, we knelt around his bed, his wife and all his children, he blessed us, and over and over again raised his feeble voice to bid us be Christians, and to hold fast our faith. My mother was quite overwhelmed with grief and fatigue, having for six weeks never taken off her clothes. He chid her gently for sorrowing as without hope, and talked much of the Divine Rock on which his hope was founded. The next morning he expressed a wish to receive the sacrament, and bade me in the meantime read the prayer in the Liturgy for a person at the point of death. I, through my tears, made a blunder, which he corrected from memory. He now expressed some impatience for the sacrament, saying he hoped not to be detained long. Our family partook together of the most solemn communion that we can ever expect to join in this world, to which, indeed, my father seemed scarcely to belong. A smile sat on his pale countenance, and his eyes sparkled brighter than I ever saw them. From this time he spoke but little; his lips moved, and his eyes were raised upwards.

He blessed us again ; we kissed him, and found his lips and cheeks cold and breathless."

From the death of the father we now return to the life of the son. We have already seen the brilliant success of his earlier university career ; it is gratifying to be able to say that career was equally splendid to its close. Some men enter the schools obscure, and come out bright ; others enter bright, and come out obscure ; but Reginald Heber was a star whose lustre was as steady as it was clear. The year after he had taken his degree, he gained the university's Bachelor's Prize for the English prose essay. The subject was well suited to his peculiar power. "The Sense of Honour" found in him a temperate and charitable Christian advocate, who vindicated its high character as a great principle of morality, while showing its necessary subjection to conscience and religion. College studies finished, Mr Heber, towards the middle of 1805, accompanied his friend Mr John Thornton on a tour to the north of Europe, which was extended through Russia, the Crimea, Hungary, Austria, Prussia, and Germany ; the war then raging having closed the rest of the Continent against English travellers. His journal of travel is intensely interesting ; but space precludes us from transferring any portion of it to our pages. Shortly after returning to England (1807), Mr Heber took orders, and was instituted by his brother to the family living of Hodnet in Shropshire. The spirit in which he entered upon the sacred office is thus expressed in a letter to his friend Mr Thornton :—" Pray for me, that I may have my eyes open to the truth, whatever it may be ; that no interest may warp me from it. God knows I have every motive of affection and emulation to animate me, and have no possible excuse for a failure in my duty."

While residing at Dresden in the summer of 1806, Mr Heber wrote the first lines of a poem under the title of "Europe." In 1809, "Europe" was published ; though not an unfavourable exhibition of his powers, the moment of its appearance was rather unfortunate for its popularity. The

themes it touched gave greater scope for rhetoric than poetry. Almost simultaneously with the publication of this poem, Heber is busy procuring literary recruits for the staff of the "Quarterly Review," then just established as a counterpoise to the supreme authority of the "Edinburgh." To this Conservative organ he became an occasional contributor. The mildness and fairness with which he wrote, even of adversaries of the most extreme character, was in singular contrast with the ferocity of Gifford.

A few months subsequent to the publication of "Europe," Mr Reginald Heber married Amelia, youngest daughter of Shipley, Dean of St Asaph, and grand-daughter of Jonathan Shipley, Bishop of St Asaph. This lady proved a worthy help-meet in every scene of his subsequent career.

After his marriage, Mr Reginald Heber settled on his rectory, entering unassisted on the cares of a large parish. In order to devote himself more completely to his sacred work, he withdrew almost altogether from the society by which he was courted. His parishioners found in him one "who watched and wept, prayed and felt for all." Once, when a poor woman to whom he had given three shillings exclaimed, "The Lord reward you, and give you fourfold!" he said, "How unreasonable are the expectations of men! This good woman's wish for me, which sounds so noble, amounts but to twelve shillings, and we, when we give such a pittance, are apt to expect heaven as our reward, without considering how miserable a proportion our best meant actions bear to the 'eternal recompense' we are vain enough to think we deserve." Surrounded by his family, with a neighbourhood containing men capable of appreciating his talents; beloved by his parishioners, and loving all about him, silently, but beneficially, flowed on the first years of his ministry, only varied by occasional visits among his friends.

Soon after Mr Heber's marriage, he began to write a series of hymns. These hymns first made their appearance in the "Christian Observer" in 1811 and 1812. From a prefatory note there, we gather that they were meant as an attempt in

some measure to redeem the "service of song" from the profanity and fanaticism with which it had been polluted. The popularity which some of these hymns have attained among the nameless sects into which Christendom is cleft, is better proof of their genuine merit than the most laboured eulogy could supply. Contemporaneously with the preparation of these hymns, Mr Heber commenced a "Dictionary of the Bible," which continued to be one of his favourite employments during what remained of his residence in England. About this time also was begun his poem on the "Morte d'Arthur," a glorious fragment. Since Heber wrote, however, the genius of Tennyson has dealt with this same theme. Pursuits of every kind were now interrupted by a cutaneous disorder, originally induced by exposure to night air in an open carriage while travelling in the Crimea. Sea-bathing and a long course of medical treatment were necessary before the disease was eradicated.

In 1815, Mr Heber was appointed Bampton lecturer. The subject he chose, "The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter," was well calculated to exhibit at once his profound acquaintance with theological learning and the elevated devotion of his own spirit. Many friends differed from him on some speculative points in the treatment of this topic; but all admired the depth of learning, the variety of research, and the richness of illustration which the work displayed. During a brief absence from home, Mr Heber, with whom poetry and theology were never far apart, commenced and completed the only dramatic poem he ever wrote—a "masque," taken from Chaucer's "Wife of Bath's Tale." The plot turns upon the solution of the same riddle; but in the introduction of Titania and her fairies, of Merlin, and of the personages of Arthur's court, it differs from the original story. This drama exhibits much dramatic power. The next considerable effort of Mr Heber's muse remains an unfinished fragment; the subject being the same as one of James Montgomery's best known poems, "World before the Flood." In the course of 1819, a royal

letter was granted authorising collections to be made in every church and chapel in England in furtherance of the Eastern operations of the Society for Propagating the Gospel. Mr Reginald Heber went to hear the Dean of St Asaph preach on the day appointed, and at his request wrote the hymn commencing "From Greenland's icy mountains," which was first sung in that beautiful but sequestered parish. A controversy respecting the Bible Society; a Critique on the Calvinism of "Scott's Force of Truth;" a History of the Cossacks; and a Life of Jeremy Taylor, were the next topics that engaged Mr Heber's pen. The preachingship at Lincoln's Inn becoming vacant early in 1822, Mr Reginald Heber was unanimously elected by the benchers. This appointment he held in conjunction with the living at Hodnet. "Whiggish and Jacobinical" attacks on the Church of England now engaged his attention. He was preparing an antidote to the slanderers of the Church when the appointment to the see of Calcutta cut short his literary labours. In its unfinished state, the sheets of this reply were recovered from Gifford, and the fragment appears in his published works. For many years Mr Reginald Heber had watched with interest the progress made by Christianity wherever English influence extended; but especially to India had his thoughts and views been directed. With Martyn he had in idea traversed its sultry regions, shared his privations, sympathised in his sufferings, and exulted in his success. In addition to the interest he felt in the religious state of the East, those regions had for him a romantic charm. He loved to contemplate human nature in every varied form. His imagination was keenly alive to the sublime glory of tropical climes.

After twice declining the Indian mitre, he at length accepted. On the 1st June 1823, Dr Heber was consecrated at Lambeth; on the 13th, he received the valedictory address of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge; and on the 16th, the Bishop with his family sailed for India, that land of disappointment, sorrow, and death.

During the brief period he occupied that high place in the field of Christian effort, he magnified his office in the apostolic sense of the phrase. The story of his labours, however, rather belongs to the history of Indian Missions than to the task we have now assigned ourselves. The nature and extent of the duties performed by Bishop Heber, during the short time he presided over the Indian Church, may be learned from the narrative edited by his widow. We can only glance at the closing scene of his abundant labours. At daybreak on the 3d April 1826, the Bishop visited the mission-church in the Fort of Trichinopoly, "*confirming*," in their own language, fifteen natives, and discharging other duties of the overseer of the flock of God. His interest was much excited by all he had seen, and he spoke with sorrow of the obstacles with which the mission was called to grapple. On retiring to his room, he immediately took off his clothes and went into a large cold bath. Half an hour after his servant entered, and found him a corpse. For a good while the enemy had lurked unsuspected in his constitution; probably no precaution could have long delayed the stroke, but intense mental application, combined with the effects of cold upon a frame exhausted by heat and fatigue, precipitated the catastrophe. The good Bishop was followed to the grave by the tears of Trichinopoly. He fell in a nobler mission than climbing the icy steep ambition delights to scale.

"Happy he

Who to his rest is borne
In sure and certain hope,
Before the hand of age
Hath chilled his faculties,

Or sorrow reached him in his heart of hearts
Most happy if he leave, in his good name,
A light for those who follow him,
And in his works a living seed,
Of good prolific still."

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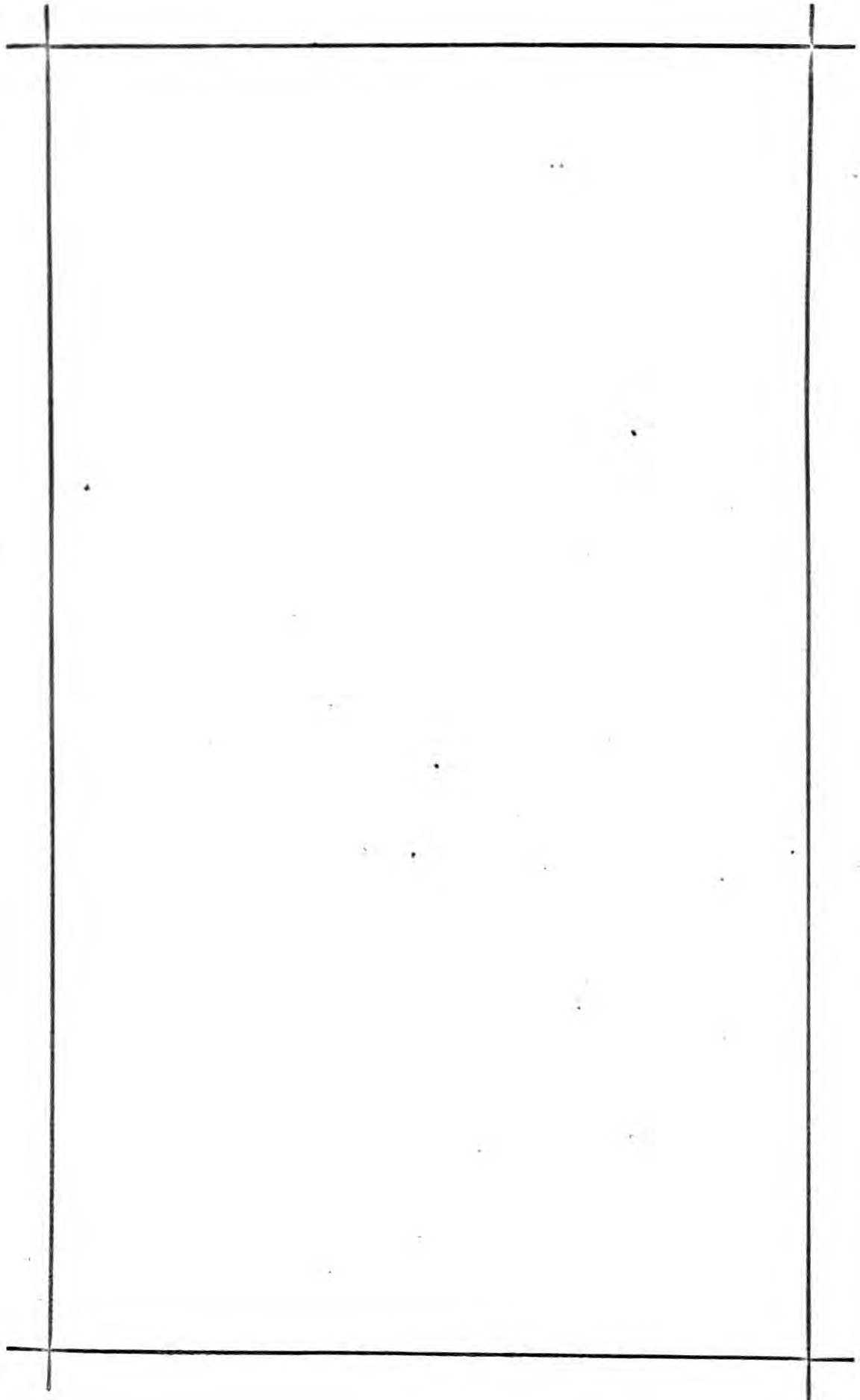
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PALESTINE;

A Prize Poem,

RECITED IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD.

IN THE YEAR MDCCCIII.



PALESTINE.

REFT of thy sons, amid thy foes forlorn,
Mourn, widow'd Queen, forgotten Sion, mourn!
Is this thy place, sad city, this thy throne,
Where the wild desert rears its craggy stone;
While suns unblest their angry lustre fling,
And wayworn pilgrims seek the scanty spring!—
Where now thy pomp, which kings with envy view'd?
Where now thy might, which all those kings subdued?
No martial myriads muster in thy gate;
No suppliant nations in thy Temple wait:
No prophet bards, thy glittering courts among,
Wake the full lyre, and swell the tide of song:
But lawless force, and meagre want are there,
And the quick-darting eye of restless fear,
While cold Oblivion, 'mid thy ruins laid,
Folds his dank wing beneath the ivy shade.

Ye guardian saints! ye warrior sons of Heaven,
To whose high care Judæa's state was given!
O wont of old your nightly watch to keep,
A host of gods, on Sion's towery steep!
If e'er your secret footsteps linger still
By Siloa's fount or Tabor's echoing hill;
If e'er your song on Salem's glories dwell,
And mourn the captive land you loved so well;

(For oft, 'tis said, in Kedron's palmy vale
Mysterious harpings swell the midnight gale,
And, blest as balmy dews that Hermon cheer,
Melt in soft cadence on the pilgrim's ear ;)
Forgive, blest spirits, if a theme so high
Mock the weak notes of mortal minstrelsy !
Yet, might your aid this anxious breast inspire
With one faint spark of Milton's seraph fire,
Then should my Muse ascend with bolder flight,
And wave her eagle-plumes exulting in the light.

O happy once in Heaven's peculiar love,
Delight of men below, and saints above !
Though, Salem, now the spoiler's ruffian hand
Has loosed his hell-hounds o'er thy wasted land ;
Though weak, and whelm'd beneath the storms of fate
Thy house is left unto thee desolate ;
Though thy proud stones in cumbrous ruin fall,
And seas of sand o'ertop thy mouldering wall ;
Yet shall the Muse to fancy's ardent view
Each shadowy trace of faded pomp renew :
And as the seer on Pisgah's topmost brow
With glistening eye beheld the plain below,
With prescient ardour drank the scented gale,
And bade the opening glades of Canaan hail ;
Her eagle eye shall scan the prospect wide,
From Carmel's cliffs to Almotana's tide ;
The flinty waste, the cedar-tufted hill,
The liquid health of smooth Ardeni's rill ;
The grot, where, by the watch-fire's evening blaze.
The robber riots or the hermit prays ;
Or where the tempest rives the hoary stone,
The wintry top of giant Lebanon.

Fierce, hardy, proud, in conscious freedom bold,
Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold ;
From Norman blood their lofty line they trace,
Their lion courage proves their generous race ;
They, only they, while all around them kneel
In sullen homage to the Thracian steel,

Teach their pale despot's waning Moon to fear
The patriot terrors of the mountain spear.

Yes, valorous chiefs, while yet your sabres shine
The native guard of feeble Palestine,
Oh, ever thus, by no vain boast dismay'd,
Defend the birthright of the cedar shade!
What though no more for you th' obedient gale
Swells the white bosom of the Tyrian sail?
Though now no more your glittering marts unfold
Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold;
Though not for you the pale and sickly slave
Forgets the light in Ophir's wealthy cave:
Yet yours the lot, in proud contentment blest,
Where cheerful labour leads to tranquil rest.
No robber rage the ripening harvest knows;
And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows:
Nor less your sons to manliest deeds aspire,
And Asia's mountains glow with Spartan fire.

So when, deep sinking in the rosy main,
The western sun forsakes the Syrian plain,
His watery rays refracted lustre shed,
And pour their latest light on Carmel's head.

Yet shines your praise, amid surrounding gloom,
As the lone lamp that trembles in the tomb:
For few the souls that spurn a tyrant's chain,
And small the bounds of freedom's scanty reign.
As the poor outcast on the cheerless wild,
Arabia's parent, clasp'd her fainting child,
And wander'd near the roof, no more her home,
Forbid to linger, yet afraid to roam;
My sorrowing fancy quits the happier height,
And southward throws her half-averted sight.
For sad the scenes Judæa's plains disclose,
A dreary wast of undistinguish'd woes:
See War untired his crimson pinions spread,
And foul revenge that tramples on the dead.
Lo, where from far the guarded fountains shine,
Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine!

'Tis yours the boast to mark the stranger's way,
 And spur your headlong chargers on the prey,
 Or rouse your nightly numbers from afar,
 And on the hamlet pour the waste of war ;
 Nor spare the hoary head, nor bid your eye
 Revere the sacred smile of infancy.

Such now the clans, whose fiery coursers feed
 Where waves on Kishon's bank the whispering reed ;
 And theirs the soil, where, curling to the skies,
 Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice ;
 While Israel's sons, by scorpion curses driven,
 Outcasts of earth, and reprobate of heaven,
 Through the wide world in friendless exile stray,
 Remorse and shame sole comrades of their way,
 With dumb despair their country's wrongs behold,
 And, dead to glory, only burn for gold.

O Thou, their Guide, their Father, and their Lord,
 Loved for Thy mercies, for Thy power adored !
 If at Thy name the waves forgot their force,
 And refluent Jordan sought his trembling source ;
 If at Thy name like sheep the mountains fled,
 And haughty Sirion bow'd his marble head ;—
 To Israel's woes a pitying ear incline,
 And raise from earth Thy long neglected vine !
 Her rifled fruits behold the heathen bear,
 And wild-wood boars her mangled clusters tear.
 Was it for this she stretch'd her peopled reign
 From far Euphrates to the western main ?
 For this o'er many a hill her bows she threw,
 And her wide arms like goodly cedars grew ?
 For this proud Edom slept beneath her shade,
 And o'er th' Arabian deep her branches play'd ?

Oh feeble boast of transitory power !
 Vain, fruitless trust of Judah's happier hour !
 Not such their hope when through the parted main
 The cloudy wonder led the warrior train :
 Not such their hope, when through the fields of night
 The torch of heaven diffused its friendly light :

Not, when fierce conquest urged the onward war,
And hurl'd stern Canaan from his iron car :
Nor, when five monarchs led to Gibeon's fight,
In rude array, the harness'd Amorite :
Yes—in that hour, by mortal accents stay'd,
The lingering sun his fiery wheels delay'd ;
The moon, obedient, trembled at the sound,
Curb'd her pale car and check'd her mazy round !

Let Sinai tell—for she beheld His might,
And God's own darkness veil'd her mystic height :
(He, cherub-borne upon the whirlwind rode,
And the red mountain like a furnace glow'd) ;
Let Sinai tell—but who shall dare recite
His praise, His power, eternal, infinite ?—
Awe-struck I cease ; nor bid my strains aspire,
Or serve His altar with unhallowed fire.

Such were the cares that watch'd o'er Israel's fate,
And such the glories of their infant state.
—Triumphant race ! and did your power decay ?
Fail'd the bright promise of your early day ?
No :—by that sword, which, red with heathen gore,
A giant spoil, the stripling champion bore ;
By him, the chief to farthest India known,
The mighty master of the ivory throne :
In Heaven's own strength, high towering o'er her foes,
Victorious Salem's lion banner rose ;
Before her footstool prostrate nations lay,
And vassal tyrants crouch'd beneath her sway.

And he, the kingly sage, whose restless mind
Through nature's mazes wandered unconfined ;
Who every bird, and beast, and insect knew,
And spake of every plant that quaffs the dew ;
To him were known—so Hagar's offspring tell—
The powerful sigil and the starry spell,
The midnight call, hell's shadowy legions dread,
And sounds that burst the slumbers of the dead.
Hence all his might ; for who could these oppose ?
And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose.

Yet e'en the works of toiling genii fall,
 And vain was Estakhar's enchanted wall.
 In frantic converse with the mournful wind
 There oft the houseless Santon rests reclined;
 Strange shapes he views, and drinks with wondering ears
 The voices of the dead, and songs of other years.

Such, the faint echo of departed praise,
 Still sound Arabia's legendary lays;
 And thus their fabling bards delight to tell
 How lovely were thy tents, O Israel!

For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore,
 And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore;
 Thine all the arts that wait on wealth's increase,
 Or bask and wanton in the beam of peace.
 When Tyber slept beneath the cypress gloom,
 And silence held the lonely woods of Rome;
 Or e'er to Greece the builder's skill was known,
 Or the light chisel brush'd the Parian stone;
 Yet here fair Science nursed her infant fire,
 Fann'd by the artist aid of friendly Tyre.
 Then tower'd the palace, then in awful state
 The temple rear'd its everlasting gate:
 No workman steel, no ponderous axes rung!
 Like some tall palm the noiseless fabric sprung.
 Majestic silence!—then the harp awoke,
 The cymbal clang'd, the deep-voiced trumpet spoke;
 And Salem spread her suppliant arms abroad,
 View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God.

Nor shrunk she then, when, raging deep and loud,
 Beat o'er her soul the billows of the proud.
 E'en they who, dragg'd to Shinar's fiery sand,
 Till'd with reluctant strength the stranger's land;
 Who sadly told the slow revolving years,
 And steep'd the captive's bitter bread with tears:—
 Yet oft their hearts with kindling hopes would burn,
 Their destined triumphs, and their glad return,
 And their sad lyres, which, silent and unstrung,
 In mournful ranks on Babel's willows hung,

Would oft awake to chant their future fame,
And from the skies their lingering Saviour claim.
His promised aid could every fear control ;
This nerved the warrior's arm, this steel'd the martyr's soul !
Nor vain their hope :—bright beaming through the sky,
Burst in full blaze the Day-spring from on high ;
Earth's utmost isles exulted at the sight,
And crowding nations drank the orient light.
Lo ! star-led chiefs Assyrian odours bring,
And bending Magi seek their infant King !
Mark'd ye, where hovering o'er his radiant head,
The dove's white wings celestial glory shed ?
Daughter of Sion ! virgin queen ! rejoice !
Clap the glad hand and lift th' exulting voice !
He comes,—but not in regal splendour drest,
The haughty diadem, the Tyrian vest ;
Not arm'd in flame, all-glorious from afar,
Of hosts the chieftain, and the lord of war,
Messiah comes !—let furious discord cease ;
Be peace on earth before the Prince of peace !
Disease and anguish feel His blest control,
And howling fiends release the tortured soul ;
The beams of gladness hell's dark caves illumine,
And Mercy broods above the distant gloom.

Thou palsied earth, with noonday night o'erspread !
Thou sickening sun, so dark, so deep, so red !
Ye hovering ghosts, that throng the starless air,
Why shakes the earth ? why fades the light ? declare !
Are those His limbs, with ruthless scourges torn ?
His brows, all bleeding with the twisted thorn ?
His the pale form, the meek forgiving eye
Raised from the cross in patient agony ?
—Be dark, thou sun,—thou noonday night arise,
And hide, oh hide, the dreadful sacrifice !
Ye faithful few, by bold affection led,
Who round the Saviour's cross your sorrows shed,
Not for His sake your tearful vigils keep ;—
Weep for your country, for your children weep !

—Vengeance! thy fiery wing their race pursued;
 Thy thirsty poniard blush'd with infant blood.
 Roused at thy call, and panting still for game,
 The bird of war, the Latian eagle, came.
 Then Judah raged, by ruffian Discord led,
 Drunk with the steamy carnage of the dead:
 He saw his sons by dubious slaughter fall,
 And war without, and death within the wall.
 Wide-wasting plague, gaunt famine, mad despair,
 And dire debate, and clamorous strife was there;
 Love, strong as death, retain'd his might no more,
 And the pale parent drank her children's gore.
 Yet they, who wont to roam the ensanguined plain,
 And spurn with fell delight their kindred slain;
 E'en they, when, high above the dusty fight,
 Their burning Temple rose in lurid light,
 To their loved altars paid a parting groan,
 And in their country's woes forgot their own.

As 'mid the cedar courts and gates of gold
 The trampled ranks in miry carnage roll'd,
 To save their Temple every hand essay'd,
 And with cold fingers grasp'd the feeble blade:
 Through their torn veins reviving fury ran,
 And life's last anger warm'd the dying man!

But heavier far the fetter'd captives' doom!
 To glut with sighs the iron ear of Rome:
 To swell, slow-pacing by the car's tall side,
 The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride;
 To flesh the lion's ravenous jaws, or feel
 The sportive fury of the fencer's steel;
 Or pant, deep plunged beneath the sultry mine,
 For the light gales of balmy Palestine.

Ah! fruitful now no more,—an empty coast,
 She mourn'd her sons enslaved, her glories lost:
 In her wide streets the lonely raven bred,
 There bark'd the wolf, and dire hyænas fed.
 Yet 'midst her towery fanes, in ruin laid,
 The pilgrim saint his murmuring vespers paid;

'Twas his to climb the tufted rocks, and rove
The chequer'd twilight of the olive grove ;
'Twas his to bend beneath the sacred gloom,
And wear with many a kiss Messiah's tomb :
While forms celestial fill'd his trancèd eye,
The daylight dreams of pensive piety,
O'er his still breast a tearful fervour stole,
And softer sorrows charm'd the mourner's soul.

Oh, lives there one who mocks his artless zeal—
Too proud to worship, and too wise to feel !
Be his the soul with wintry reason blest,
The dull, lethargic sovereign of the breast !
Be his the life that creeps in dead repose,
No joy that sparkles, and no tear that flows !

Far other they who rear'd yon pompous shrine,
And bade the rock with Parian marble shine.
Then hallow'd Peace renew'd her wealthy reign,
Then altars smoked, and Sion smiled again.
There sculptured gold and costly gems were seen,
And all the bounties of the British queen ;
There barbarous kings their sandall'd nations led,
And steel-clad champions bow'd the crested head.
There, when her fiery race the desert pour'd,
And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword,
When coward Asia shook in trembling woe,
And bent appall'd before the Bactrian bow ;
From the moist regions of the western star
The wandering hermit waked the storm of war.
Their limbs all iron, and their souls all flame,
A countless host, the red-cross warriors came ;
E'en hoary priests the sacred combat wage,
And clothe in steel the palsied arm of age ;
While beardless youths and tender maids assume
The weighty morion and the glancing plume.
In sportive pride the warrior damsels wield
The ponderous falchion and the sun-like shield,
And start to see their armour's iron gleam
Dance with blue lustre in Tabaria's stream.

The blood-red banner floating o'er their van,
 All madly blithe the mingled myriads ran :
 Impatient Death beheld his destined food,
 And hovering vultures snuff'd the scent of blood.

Not such the numbers, nor the host so dread,
 By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led ;
 Nor such the heart-inspiring zeal that bore
 United Greece to Phrygia's reedy shore !
 There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance,
 Form the long line, and shake the cornel lance ;
 Here, link'd with Thrace, in close battalions stand
 Ausonia's sons, a soft inglorious band ;
 There the stern Norman joins the Austrian train,
 And the dark tribes of late-reviving Spain ;
 Here in black files, advancing firm and slow,
 Victorious Albion twangs the deadly bow :—
 Albion,—still prompt the captive's wrong to aid,
 And wield in Freedom's cause the freeman's generous blade !

Ye sainted spirits of the warrior dead,
 Whose giant force Britannia's armies led !
 Whose bickering falchions, foremost in the fight,
 Still pour'd confusion on the Soldan's might ;
 Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear,
 Wide-conquering Edward, lion Richard, hear !
 At Albion's call your crested pride resume,
 And burst the marble slumbers of the tomb !
 Your sons behold, in arm, in heart the same,
 Still press the footsteps of parental fame,
 To Salem still their generous aid supply,
 And pluck the palm of Syrian chivalry !
 When he, from towery Malta's yielding isle,
 And the green waters of reluctant Nile,
 Th' apostate chief,—from Misraim's subject shore
 To Acre's walls his trophied banners bore ;
 When the pale desert mark'd his proud array,
 And desolation hoped an ampler sway ;
 What hero then triumphant Gaul dismay'd ?
 What arm repell'd the victor Renegade ?

Britannia's champion!—bathed in hostile blood,
High on the breach the dauntless Seaman stood :
Admiring Asia saw th' unequal fight,—
E'en the pale Crescent bless'd the Christian's might.
Oh day of death ! Oh thirst beyond control,
Of crimson conquest in th' Invader's soul !
The slain, yet warm by social footsteps trod,
O'er the red moat supplied a panting road ;
O'er the red moat our conquering thunders flew
And loftier still the grisly rampire grew.

While proudly glow'd above the rescued tower
The wavy cross that mark'd Britannia's power.

Yet still destruction sweeps the lonely plain,
And heroes lift the generous sword in vain.
Still o'er her sky the clouds of anger roll,
And God's revenge hangs heavy on her soul.
Yet shall she rise ;—but not by war restored,
Not built in murder,—planted by the sword :
Yes ! Salem, thou shalt rise : thy Father's aid
Shall heal the wound His chastening hand has made ;
Shall judge the proud oppressor's ruthless sway,
And burst his brazen bonds, and cast his cords away.
Then on your tops shall deathless verdure spring,
Break forth, ye mountains, and ye valleys, sing !
No more your thirsty rocks shall frown forlorn,
The unbeliever's jest, the heathen's scorn ;
The sultry sands shall tenfold harvests yield,
And a new Eden deck the thorny field.
E'en now, perchance, wide-waving o'er the land,
That mighty Angel lifts his golden wand,
Courts the bright vision of descending power,
Tells every gate, and measures every tower ;
And chides the tardy seals that yet detain
Thy Lion, Judah, from his destined reign.

And who is He ? the vast, the awful form,
Girt with the whirlwind, sandall'd with the storm ;
A western cloud around His limbs is spread,
His crown a rainbow, and a sun His head.

To highest Heaven He lifts his kingly hand,
And treads at once the ocean and the land ;
And, hark ! His voice amid the thunder's roar,
His dreadful voice, that Time shall be no more !

Lo ! cherub hands the golden courts prepare,
Lo ! thrones arise, and every saint is there ;
Earth's utmost bounds confess their awful sway,
The mountains worship, and the isles obey ;
Nor sun nor moon they need,—nor day, nor night ;—
God is their temple, and the Lamb their light :
And shall not Israel's sons exulting come,
Hail the glad beam, and claim their ancient home ?
On David's throne shall David's offspring reign,
And the dry bones be warm with life again.
Hark ! white-robed crowds their deep hosannas raise,
And the hoarse flood repeats the sound of praise ;
Ten thousand harps attune the mystic song,
Ten thousand thousand saints the strain prolong ;
“ Worthy the Lamb ! omnipotent to save,
Who died, who lives, triumphant o'er the grave ! ”

EUROPE:
LINES ON THE PRESENT WAR.

WRITTEN IN MDCCCIX.

ID. QVANDO. ACCIDERIT. NON. SATIS. AVDEO
EFFARI. SIQVIDEM. NON. CLARIVS. MIHI
PER. SACROS. TRIPODES. CERTA. REFERT. DEVS
NEC. SERVAT. PENITVS. FIDEM

QVOD. SI. QVID. LICEAT. CREDERE. ADHVC. TAMEN
NAM. LAEVVM. TONVIT. NON. FVERIT. PROCVL
QVAERENDVS. CELERI. QVI. PROPERET. GRADV
ET. GALLVM. REPRIMAT. FEROX

PETRVS. CRINITVS. IN CARMINE
AD. BER. CARAPHAM.

At that dread season when th' indignant North
Pour'd to vain wars her tardy numbers forth,
When Frederic bent his ear to Europe's cry,
And fann'd, too late, the flame of liberty ;
By feverish hope oppress'd and anxious thought,
In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought.
Through tangled boughs the broken moonshine play'd,
And Elbe slept soft beneath his linden shade ;
Yet slept not all ;—I heard the ceaseless jar,
The rattling waggons, and the wheels of war ;
The sounding lash, the march's mingled hum,
And, lost and heard by fits, the languid drum ;
O'er the near bridge the thundering hoofs that trode,
And the far-distant fife that trill'd along the road.
Yes, sweet it seems across some watery dell
To catch the music of the pealing bell ;
And sweet to list, as on the beach we stray,
The ship-boy's carol in the wealthy bay :—

But sweet no less, when justice points the spear,
Of martial wrath the glorious din to hear,—
To catch the war-note on the quivering gale,
And bid the blood-red paths of conquest hail.

Oh! song of hope, too long delusive strain!
And hear we now thy flattering voice again?
But late, alas! I left thee cold and still,
Stunn'd by the wrath of Heaven, on Pratzén's hill.
Oh! on that hill may no kind month renew
The fertile rain, the sparkling summer dew!
Accursed of God, may those bleak summits tell
The field of anger where the mighty fell.
There youthful faith and highborn courage rest,
And, red with slaughter, freedom's humbled crest;
There Europe soil'd with blood her tresses gray,
And ancient honour's shield,—all vilely thrown away.

Thus mused my soul, as in succession drear
Rose each grim shape of wrath and doubt and fear;
Defeat and shame in grisly vision past, [last
And vengeance bought with blood, and glorious death the
Then, as my gaze their waving eagles met,
And through the night each sparkling bayonet,
Still memory told how Austria's evil hour
Had felt on Praga's field a Frederic's power.
And Gallia's vaunting train, and Moscow's horde,
Had flesh'd the maiden steel of Brunswick's sword.
Oh! yet I deem'd that fate, by justice led,
Might wreath once more the veteran's silver head;
That Europe's ancient pride would yet disdain
The cumbrous sceptre of a single reign;
That conscious right would tenfold strength afford,
And Heaven assist the patriot's holy sword,
And look in mercy through the auspicious sky,
To bless the saviour host of Germany!

And are they dreams, these bodings, such as shed
Their lonely comfort o'er the hermit's bed?
And are they dreams? or can the Eternal Mind
Care for a sparrow, yet neglect mankind?

Why, if the dubious battle own His power,
And the red sabre where He bids devour,
Why then can one the curse of worlds deride,
And millions weep a tyrant's single pride ?

Thus sadly musing, far my footsteps stray'd,
Rapt in the visions of the Aonian maid.

It was not she, whose lonely voice I hear
Fall in soft whispers on my love-lorn ear ;
My daily guest, who wont my steps to guide
Through the green walks of scented eventide,
Or stretch'd with me in noonday ease along,
To list the reaper's chant or throstle's song :—
But she of loftier port ; whose grave control
Rules the fierce workings of the patriot's soul ;
She whose high presence, o'er the midnight oil,
With fame's bright promise cheers the student's toil ;
That same was she, whose ancient lore refined
The sober hardihood of Sydney's mind.

Borne on her wing, no more I seem'd to rove
By Dresden's glittering spires and linden grove :
No more the giant Elbe, all silver bright,
Spread his broad bosom to the fair moonlight,
While the still margent of his ample flood
Bore the dark image of the Saxon wood.

(Woods happy once, that heard the carols free
Of rustic love and cheerful industry ;
Now dull and joyless lie their alleys green,
And silence marks the track where France has been.)
Far other scenes than these my fancy view'd :
Rocks robed in ice, a mountain solitude ;
Where, on Helvetian hills, in godlike state,
Alone and awful, Europe's Angel sate :
Silent and stern he sate ; then, bending low,
Listen'd the ascending plaints of human woe.
And waving as in grief his towery head,
“ Not yet, not yet, the day of rest,” he said ;
“ It may not be. Destruction's gory wing
Soars o'er the banners of the younger king,

Too rashly brave, who seeks with single sway
To stem the lava on its destined way.
Poor glittering warriors, only wont to know
The bloodless pageant of a martial show ;
Nurslings of peace for fiercer fights prepare,
And dread the step-dame sway of unaccustom'd war !
They fight, they bleed!—Oh! had that blood been shed
When Charles and valour Austria's armies led ;
Had these stood forth the righteous cause to shield,
When victory waver'd on Moravia's field ;
Then France had mourn'd her conquests made in vain,
Her backward beaten ranks and countless slain ;—
Then had the strength of Europe's freedom stood,
And still the Rhine had roll'd a German flood !

“ Oh! nursed in many a wile, and practised long,
To spoil the poor and cringe before the strong ;
To swell the victor's state, and hovering near,
Like some base vulture in the battle's rear,
To watch the carnage of the field, and share
Each loathsome alms the prouder eagles spare :
A curse is on thee, Brandenburgh! the sound
Of Poland's wailing drags thee to the ground ;
And, drunk with guilt, thy harlot lips shall know
The bitter dregs of Austria's cup of woe.

“ Enough of vengeance! O'er th' ensanguined plain
I gaze, and seek their numerous host in vain ;
Gone like the locust band, when whirlwinds bear
Their flimsy legions through the waste of air.
Enough of vengeance!—By the glorious dead,
Who bravely fell where youthful Lewis led ;
By Blucher's sword in fiercest danger tried,
And the true heart that burst when Brunswick died ;
By her whose charms the coldest zeal might warm,
The manliest firmness in the fairest form—
Save, Europe, save the remnant!—Yet remains
One glorious path to free the world from chains.
Why, when yon northern band in Eylau's wood
Retreating struck, and track'd their course with blood,

While one firm rock the floods of ruin stay'd,
Why, generous Austria, were thy wheels delay'd?
And Albion!"—Darker sorrow veil'd his brow—
"Friend of the friendless—Albion! where art thou?
Child of the Sea, whose wing-like sails are spread,
The covering cherub of the ocean's bed!
The storm and tempest render peace to thee,
And the wild-roaring waves a stern security.
But hope not thou in Heaven's own strength to ride,
Freedom's loved ark, o'er broad oppression's tide;
If virtue leave thee, if thy careless eye
Glance in contempt on Europe's agony.
Alas! where now the bands who wont to pour
Their strong deliverance on th' Egyptian shore?
Wing, wing your course, a prostrate world to save,
Triumphant squadrons of Trafalgar's wave.

"And thou, blest star of Europe's darkest hour,
Whose words were wisdom and whose counsels power,
Whom Earth applauded through her peopled shores!
(Alas! whom Earth too early lost deplores:—)
Young without follies, without rashness bold,
And greatly poor amidst a nation's gold;
In every veering gale of faction true,
Untarnish'd Chatham's genuine child, adieu!
Unlike our common suns, whose gradual ray
Expands from twilight to intenser day,
Thy blaze broke forth at once in full meridian sway.
O, proved in danger! not the fiercest flame
Of discord's rage thy constant soul could tame;
Not when, far striding o'er thy palsied land,
Gigantic Treason took his bolder stand;
Not when wild Zeal, by murderous faction led,
On Wicklow's hills her grass-green banner spread;
Or those stern conquerors of the restless wave
Defied the native soil they wont to save.
Undaunted patriot! in that dreadful hour,
When pride and genius own a sterner power;
When the dimm'd eyeball, and the struggling breath,

And pain, and terror, mark advancing death ;--
 Still in that breast thy country held her throne,
 Thy toil, thy fear, thy prayer, were hers alone,
 Thy last faint effort hers, and hers thy parting groan.

“ Yes, from those lips, while fainting nations drew
 Hope ever strong and courage ever new ;—
 Yet, yet, I deem'd by that supporting hand
 Propp'd in her fall might Freedom's ruin stand ;
 And purged by fire, and stronger from the storm,
 Degraded Justice rear her reverend form.
 Now, hope, adieu !—adieu the generous care
 To shield the weak, and tame the proud in war !
 The golden chain of realms, when equal awe
 Poised the strong balance of impartial law ;
 When rival states as federate sisters shone,
 Alike, yet various, and though many, one ;
 And, bright and numerous as the spangled sky,
 Beam'd each fair star of Europe's galaxy—
 All, all are gone, and after time shall trace
 One boundless rule, one undistinguish'd race ;
 Twilight of worth, where nought remains to move
 The patriot's ardour or the subject's love.

“ Behold, e'en now, while every manly lore
 And every muse forsakes my yielding shore ;
 Faint, vapid fruits of slavery's sickly clime,
 Each tinsel art succeeds, and harlot rhyme !
 To gild the vase, to bid the purple spread
 In sightly foldings o'er the Grecian bed,
 Their mimic guard where sculptured gryphons keep,
 And Memphian idols watch o'er beauty's sleep ;
 To rouse the slumbering sparks of faint desire
 With the base tinkling of the Teian lyre ;
 While youth's enervate glance and gloating age
 Hang o'er the mazy waltz or pageant stage ;
 Each wayward wish of sickly taste to please,
 The mighty revel and the noontide ease—
 These, Europe, are thy toils, thy trophies these !

“ So, when wide-wasting hail, or whelming rain,

Have strew'd the bearded hope of golden grain,
From the wet furrow, struggling to the skies,
The tall, rank weeds in barren splendour rise ;
And strong, and towering o'er the mildew'd ear,
Uncomely flowers and baneful herbs appear ;
The swain's rich toils to useless poppies yield,
And Famine stalks along the purple field.

“ And thou, the poet's theme, the patriot's prayer !
Where, France, thy hopes, thy gilded promise where ?
When o'er Montpelier's vines and Jura's snows,
All goodly bright, young Freedom's planet rose ?
What boots it now (to our destruction brave,)
How strong thine arm in war ? a valiant slave !
What boots it now that wide thine eagles sail,
Fann'd by the flattering breath of conquest's gale ?
What, that, high-piled within yon ample dome,
The blood-bought treasures rest of Greece and Rome ?
Scourge of the Highest, bolt in vengeance hurl'd
By Heaven's dread justice on a shrinking world !
Go, vanquish'd victor, bend thy proud helm down
Before thy sullen tyrant's steely crown,
For him, in Afric's sands and Poland's snows,
Rear'd by thy toil the shadowy laurel grows ;
And rank in German fields the harvest springs
Of pageant councils and obsequious kings.
Such purple slaves, of glittering fetters vain,
Link'd the wide circuit of the Latian chain ;
And slaves like these shall every tyrant find,
To gild oppression and debase mankind.

“ Oh ! live there yet whose hardy souls and high,
Peace bought with shame, and tranquil bonds defy ?
Who, driven from every shore, and lords in vain
Of the wide prison, of the lonely main,
Cling to their country's rights with freeborn zeal,
More strong from every stroke, and patient of the steel !
Guiltless of chains, to them has Heaven consign'd
Th' entrusted cause of Europe and mankind !
Or hope we yet in Sweden's martial snows

That Freedom's weary foot may find repose?
 No;—from yon hermit shade, yon cypress dell,
 Where faintly peals the distant matin-bell;
 Where bigot kings and tyrant priests had shed
 Their sleepy venom o'er his dreadful head;
 He wakes, th' avenger—hark! the hills around,
 Untamed Asturia bids her clarion sound;
 And many an ancient rock, and fleecy plain,
 And many a valiant heart returns the strain:
 Heard by that shore, where Calpe's armed steep
 Flings its long shadow, o'er th' Herculean deep,
 And Lusian glades, whose hoary poplars wave
 In soft sad murmurs over Inez' grave.
 They bless the call who dared the first withstand
 The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land,
 When firm in faith, and red with slaughter'd foes,
 Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia, rose.
 Nor these alone; as loud the war-notes swell,
 La Mancha's shepherd quits his cork-built cell:
 Alhama's strength is there, and those who till
 (A hardy race!) Morena's scorched hill;
 And in rude arms through wide Galicia's reign,
 The swarthy vintage pours her vigorous train.
 "Saw ye those tribes? not theirs the plum'd boast
 The sightly trappings of a marshall'd host;
 No weeping nations curse their deadly skill,
 Expert in danger, and inured to kill:—
 But theirs the kindling eye, the strenuous arm:
 Theirs the dark cheek, with patriot ardour warm,
 Unblanch'd by sluggard ease, or slavish fear,
 And proud and pure the blood that mantles there.
 Theirs from the birth is toil;—o'er granite steep,
 And heathy wild, to guard the wandering sheep;
 To urge the labouring mule, or bend the spear
 Gainst the night-prowling wolf or felon bear;
 The bull's hoarse rage in dreadful sport to mock,
 And meet with single sword his bellowing shock.
 Each martial chant they know, each manly rhyme,

Rude ancient lays of Spain's heroic time ;
Of him in Xeres' carnage fearless found,
(His glittering brows with hostile spear-heads bound ;)
Of that chaste king whose hardy mountain train
O'erthrew the knightly race of Charlemagne ;
And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall
(Illustrious exile !) o'er Valencia's wall ;
Ungraced by kings, whose Moorish title rose
The toil-earn'd homage of his wondering foes.

“ Yes ; every mould'ring tower and haunted flood,
And the wild murmurs of the waving wood ;
Each sandy waste, and orange-scented dell,
And red Buraba's field, and Lugo, tell,
How their brave fathers fought, how thick th' invaders fell

“ Oh ! virtue long forgot, or vainly tried,
To glut a bigot's zeal or tyrant's pride ;
Condemn'd in distant climes to bleed and die
'Mid the dank poisons of Tlascala's sky ;
Or when stern Austria stretch'd her lawless reign,
And spent in northern fights the flower of Spain ;
Or war's hoarse furies yell'd on Ysell's shore,
And Alva's ruffian sword was drunk with gore,
Yet dared not then Tlascala's chiefs withstand
The lofty daring of Castalia's band ;
And weeping France her captive king deplored,
And cursed the deathful point of Ebro's sword.
Now, nerved with hope, their night of slavery past
Each heart beats high in Freedom's buxom blast ;
Lo Conquest calls, and beckoning from afar,
Uplifts his laurel wreath, and waves them on to war.
—Woe to th' usurper then, who dares defy
The sturdy wrath of rustic loyalty !
Woe to the hireling bands foredoom'd to feel
How strong in labour's horny hand the steel !
Behold e'en now, beneath yon Boetic skies
Another Pavia bids her trophies rise ;
E'en now in base disguise and friendly night,
Their robber-monarch speeds his secret flight ;

And with new zeal the fiery Lusians rear [spear.
 (Roused by their neighbour's worth) the long-neglected

“So when stern winter chills the April showers,
 And iron frost forbids the timely flowers ;
 Oh, deem not thou the vigorous herb below
 Is crush'd and dead beneath th' incumbent snow
 Such tardy suns shall wealthier harvests bring
 Than all the early smiles of flattering spring.”

Sweet as the martial trumpet's silver swell,
 On my charm'd sense th' unearthly accents fell :
 Me wonder held, and joy chastised by fear,
 As one who wish'd, yet hardly hoped to hear.
 “Spirit,” I cried, “dread teacher, yet declare,
 In that good fight, shall Albion's arm be there ?
 Can Albion, brave and wise, and proud, refrain
 To hail a kindred soul, and link her fate with Spain ?
 Too long her sons, estranged from war and toil,
 Have loathed the safety of the sea-girt isle ;
 And chid the waves which pent their fire within,
 As the stall'd war-horse woos the battle's din.
 Oh, by this throbbing heart, this patriot glow,
 Which, well I feel, each English breast shall know :
 Say, shall my country, roused from deadly sleep,
 Crowd with her hardy sons yon western steep ?
 And shall once more the star of France grow pale,
 And dim its beams in Roncesvalles' vale ?
 Or shall foul sloth and timid doubt conspire
 To mar our zeal, and waste our manly fire ?”

Still as I gazed his lowering features spread,
 High rose his form, and darkness veil'd his head ;
 Fast from his eyes the ruddy lightning broke,
 To heaven he rear'd his arm, and thus he spoke :

“Woe, trebly woe, to their slow zeal who bore
 Delusive comfort to Iberia's shore !
 Who in mid conquest, vaunting, yet dismay'd,
 Now gave and now withdrew their laggard aid ;
 Who, when each bosom glow'd, each heart beat high,
 Chill'd the pure stream of England's energy,

And lost in courtly forms and blind delay
The loiter'd hours of glory's short-lived day.

“ O peerless island, generous, bold, and free,
Lost, ruin'd Albion, Europe mourns for thee !
Hadst thou but known the hour in mercy given
To stay thy doom, and ward the ire of Heaven ;
Bared in the cause of man thy warrior breast,
And crush'd on yonder hills the approaching pest,
Then had not murder sack'd thy smiling plain,
And wealth, and worth, and wisdom, all been vain !

“ Yet, yet awake ! while fear and wonder wait
On the poised balance, trembling still with fate !
If aught their worth can plead, in battle tried,
Who tinged with slaughter Tajo's curdling tide ;
(What time base truce the wheels of war could stay,
And the weak victor flung his wreath away ;)—
Or theirs, who, doled in scanty bands afar,
Waged without hope the disproportion'd war,
And cheerly still, and patient of distress.

Led their forewasted files on numbers numberless !

“ Yes, through the march of many a weary day,
As yon dark column toils its seaward way ;
As bare, and shrinking from the inclement sky,
The languid soldier bends him down to die ;
As o'er those helpless limbs, by murder gored,
The base pursuer waves his weaker sword,
And, trod to earth, by trampling thousands press'd,
The horse-hoof glances from that mangled breast ;—
E'en in that hour his hope to England flies,
And fame and vengeance fire his closing eyes.

“ Oh ! if such hope can plead, or his, whose bier
Drew from his conquering host their latest tear ;
Whose skill, whose matchless valour gilded flight,
Entomb'd in foreign dust, a hasty soldier's rite ;
Oh ! rouse thee yet to conquer and to save,
And wisdom guide the sword which justice gave !

“ And yet the end is not ! from yonder towers
While one Saguntum mocks the victor's powers ;

While one brave heart defies a servile chain,
And one true soldier wields a lance for Spain ;
Trust not, vain tyrant, though thy spoiler band
In tenfold myriads darken half the land ;
(Vast as that power, against whose impious lord
Bethulia's matron shook the nightly sword ;)
Though ruth and fear thy woundless soul defy,
And fatal genius fire thy martial eye,
Yet trust not here o'er yielding realms to roam,
Or cheaply bear a bloodless laurel home.

“ No ! by His viewless arm whose righteous care
Defends the orphan's tear, the poor man's prayer ;
Who, Lord of Nature, o'er this changeful ball
Decrees the rise of empires, and the fall ;
Wondrous in all His ways, unseen, unknown,
Who treads the wine-press of the world alone ;
And robed in darkness, and surrounding fears,
Speeds on their destined road the march of years !
No !—shall yon eagle, from the snare set free,
Stoop to thy wrist, or cower his wing for thee ?
And shall it tame despair, thy strong control,
Or quench a nation's still reviving soul ?—
Go, bid the force of countless bands conspire
To curb the wandering wind, or grasp the fire !
Cast thy vain fetters on the troublous sea !
But Spain, the brave, the virtuous, shall be free.”

THE
PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA

WITH heat o'erlabour'd and the length of way,
On Ethan's beach the bands of Israel lay.
'Twas silence all the sparkling sands along,
Save where the locust trill'd her feeble song,
Or blended soft in drowsy cadence fell
The wave's low whisper or the camel's bell.—
'Twas silence all!—the flocks for shelter fly
Where, waving light, the acacia shadows lie;
Or where, from far, the flattering vapours make
The noontide semblance of a misty lake:
While the mute swain, in careless safety spread,
With arms enfolded, and dejected head,
Dreams o'er his wondrous call, his lineage high,
And, late reveal'd, his children's destiny.—
For not in vain, in thralldom's darkest hour,
Had sped from Amram's sons the word of power;
Nor fail'd the dreadful wand, whose god-like sway
Could lure the locust from her airy way;
With reptile war assail their proud abodes,
And mar the giant pomp of Egypt's Gods.
Oh helpless Gods! who nought avail'd to shield
From fiery rain your Zoan's favour'd field!—
Oh helpless Gods! who saw the curdled blood
Taint the pure lotus of your ancient flood,
And fourfold night the wondering earth enchain,
While Memnon's orient harp was heard in vain!—

Such musings held the tribes, till now the west
With milder influence on their temples prest ;
And that portentous cloud which, all the day,
Hung its dark curtain o'er their weary way,
(A cloud by day, a friendly flame by night,)
Roll'd back its misty veil, and kindled into light!—
Soft fell the eve:—But, ere the day was done,
Tall, waving banners streak'd the level sun ;
And wide and dark along th' horizon red,
In sandy surge the rising desert spread.—
“Mark, Israel, mark!”—On that strange sight intent,
In breathless terror, every eye was bent ;
And busy faction's fast-increasing hum,
And female voices shriek, “They come, they come!”
They come, they come! in scintillating show
O'er the dark mass the brazen lances glow ;
And sandy clouds in countless shapes combine,
As deepens or extends the long tumultuous line ;—
And fancy's keener glance ev'n now may trace
The threatening aspects of each mingled race :
For many a coal-black tribe and cany spear,
The hireling guards of Misraim's throne, were there.
From distant Cush they troop'd, a warrior train,
Siwah's green isle and Sennaar's marly plain :
On either wing their fiery coursers check
The parch'd and sinewy sons of Amalek :
While close behind, inured to feast on blood,
Deck'd in Behemoth's spoils, the tall Shangalla strode.
'Mid blazing helms and bucklers rough with gold
Saw ye how swift the scythèd chariots roll'd ?
Lo, these are they whom, lords of Afric's fates,
Old Thebes hath pour'd through all her hundred gates,
Mother of armies!—How the emeralds glow'd,
Where, flush'd with power and vengeance, Pharaoh rode!
And stoled in white, those brazen wheels before,
Osiris' ark his swarthy wizards bore ;
And still responsive to the trumpet's cry,
The priestly sistrum murmur'd—Victory!—

Why swell these shouts that rend the desert's gloom ?
Whom come ye forth to combat ?—warriors, whom ?—
These flocks and herds—this faint and weary train—
Red from the scourge and recent from the chain ?—
God of the poor, the poor and friendless save !
Giver and Lord of freedom, help the slave !—
North, south, and west, the sandy whirlwinds fly,
The circling horns of Egypt's chivalry.
On earth's last margin throned the weeping train :
Their cloudy guide moves on:—"And must we swim the
'Mid the light spray their snorting camels stood, [main ?"
Nor bathed a fetlock in the nauseous flood—
He comes—their leader comes !—the man of God
O'er the wide waters lifts his mighty rod,
And onward treads : The circling waves retreat,
In hoarse deep murmurs, from his holy feet ;
And the chased surges, inly roaring, show
The hard wet sand, and coral hills below.

With limbs that falter, and with hearts that swell,
Down, down they pass—a steep and slippery dell—
Around them rise, in pristine chaos hurl'd,
The ancient rocks, the secrets of the world ;
And flowers that blush beneath the ocean green,
And caves, the sea-calves' low-roof'd haunt are seen.
Down, safely down the narrow pass they tread ;
The beetling waters storm above their head :
While far behind retires the sinking day,
And fades on Edom's hills its latest ray.

Yet not from Israel fled the friendly light,
Or dark to them, or cheerless came the night.
Still in their van, along that dreadful road,
Blazed broad and fierce the brandish'd torch of God.
Its meteor glare a tenfold lustre gave
On the long mirror of the rosy wave :
While its blest beams a sunlike heat supply,
Warm every cheek, and dance in every eye—
To them alone—for Misraim's wizard train
Invoke for light their monster-gods in vain

Clouds heap'd on clouds their struggling sight confine,
 And tenfold darkness broods above their line.
 Yet on they fare by reckless vengeance led,
 And range unconscious through the ocean's bed :
 Till midway now—that strange and fiery form
 Show'd his dread visage lightening through the storm ;
 With withering splendour blasted all their might,
 And brake their chariot-wheels, and marr'd their coursers'
 flight.

“ Fly, Misraim, fly ! ”—The ravenous floods they see,
 And, fiercer than the floods, the Deity !

“ Fly, Misraim, fly ! ”—From Edom's coral strand
 Again the prophet stretch'd his dreadful wand :—
 With one wild crash the thundering waters sweep,—
 And all is waves—a dark and lonely deep—
 Yet o'er those lonely waves such murmurs pass'd,
 As mortal wailing swell'd the nightly blast :
 And strange and sad the whispering breezes bore
 The groans of Egypt to Arabia's shore.

Oh! welcome came the morn, where Israel stood
 In trustless wonder by the avenging flood !
 Oh! welcome came the cheerful morn, to show
 The drifted wreck of Zoan's pride below ;
 The mangled limbs of men—the broken car—
 A few sad relics of a nation's war :
 Alas, how few !—Then soft as Elim's well,
 The precious tears of new-born freedom fell.
 And he whose harden'd heart alike had borne
 The house of bondage and th' oppressor's scorn,
 The stubborn slave, by hope's new beams subdued,
 In faltering accents sobb'd his gratitude—
 Till kindling into warmer zeal, around
 The virgin timbrel waked its silver sound :
 And in fierce joy, no more by doubt supprest,
 The struggling spirit throbb'd in Miriam's breast.
 She, with bare arms, and fixing on the sky
 The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
 Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony.



She, with bare arms, & fixing on the sky
The dark transparence of her lucid eye,
Pour'd on the winds of heaven her wild sweet harmony
Passage of the Red Sea p. 30



“Where now,” she sang, “the tall Egyptian spear?
On’s sun-like shield, and Zoan’s chariot, where?
Above their ranks the whelming waters spread.
Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”—
And every pause between as Miriam sang,
From tribe to tribe the martial thunder rang,
And loud and far their stormy chorus spread,—
“Shout, Israel, for the Lord hath triumphed!”

TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

THE FIRST OLYMPIC ODE.

TO HIERO OF SYRACUSE, VICTOR IN THE HORSE RACE.

CAN earth, or fire, or liquid air,
With water's sacred stream compare?
Can aught that wealthy tyrants hold
Surpass the lordly blaze of gold?—
Or lives there one, whose restless eye
Would seek along the empty sky,
Beneath the sun's meridian ray,
A warmer star, a purer day?—
O thou, my soul, whose choral song
Would tell of contests sharp and strong,
Extol not other lists above
The circus of Olympian Jove;
Whence, borne on many a tuneful tongue,
To Saturn's seed the anthem sung,
With harp, and flute, and trumpet's call,
Hath sped to Hiero's festival.—

Over sheep-clad Sicily
Who the righteous sceptre beareth,
Every flower of Virtue's tree
Wove in various wreath he weareth.—
But the bud of Poesy
Is the fairest flower of all;
Which the bards, with social glee,
Strew round Hiero's wealthy hall.--

The harp on yonder pin suspended,
 Seize it, boy, for Pisa's sake ;
 And that good steed's, whose thought will wake
 A joy with anxious fondness blended ;—
 No sounding lash his sleek side rended :—
 By Alpheus' brink, with feet of flame,
 Self-driven to the goal he tended :
 And earn'd the olive wreath of fame
 For that dear lord, whose righteous name
 The sons of Syracuse tell :—
 Who loves the generous courser well :
 Beloved himself by all who dwell
 In Pelops' Lydian colony.—
 —Of earth-embracing Neptune, he
 The darling, when, in days of yore,
 All lovely from the caldron red
 By Clotho's spell delivered,
 The youth an ivory shoulder bore.—

—Well !—these are tales of mystery !—
 And many a darkly-woven lie
 With men will easy credence gain ;
 While truth, calm truth, may speak in vain,—
 For eloquence, whose honey'd sway
 Our frailer mortal wits obey,
 Can honour give to actions ill,
 And faith to deeds incredible ;—
 And bitter blame, and praises high,
 Fall truest from posterity.—

But, if we dare the deeds rehearse
 Of those that aye endure,
 'Twere meet that in such dangerous verse
 Our every word were pure.—
 Then, son of Tantalus, receive
 A plain unvarnish'd lay !—
 My song shall elder fables leave,
 And of thy parent say,

That, when in heaven a favour'd guest,
He call'd the gods in turn to feast
On Sipylus, his mountain home :—
The sovereign of the ocean foam,
—Can mortal form such favour prove !—
Rapt thee on golden car above
To highest house of mighty Jove ;
 To which, in after day,
Came golden-haired Ganymede,
As bards in ancient story read,
 The dark-wing'd eagles' prey.—
And when no earthly tongue could tell
The fate of thee, invisible ;—
Nor friends, who sought thee wide in vain,
To soothe thy weeping mother's pain,
Could bring the wanderer home again ;
 Some envious neighbour's spleen
In distant hints, and darkly, said
That in the caldron hissing red,
And on the gods' great table spread,
 Thy mangled limbs were seen.—
But who shall tax—I dare not, I—
The blessed gods with gluttony ?
Full oft the sland'rous tongue has felt
By their high wrath the thunder dealt :
And sure, if ever mortal head,
Heaven's holy watchers honoured,
 That head was Lydia's Lord.—
Yet, could not mortal heart digest
The wonders of that heavenly feast ;
Elate with pride, a thought unblest
 Above his nature soar'd.—
And now condemn'd to endless dread,
(Such is the righteous doom of fate,)
He eyes, above his guilty head,
The shadowy rock's impending weight :
The fourth with that tormented three
In horrible society !—

For that, in frantic theft,
 The nectar cup he reft,
 And to his mortal peers in feasting pour'd,
 For whom a sin it were
 With mortal life to share
 The mystic dainties of th' immortal board :
 And who by policy
 Can hope to 'scape the eye
 Of him who sits above, by men and gods adored ?—

For such offence, a doom severe
 Sent down the son to sojourn here
 Among the fleeting race of man;—
 Who, when the curly down began
 To clothe his cheek in darker shade,
 To car-borne Pisa's royal maid
 A lover's tender service paid.—
 But in the darkness first he stood
 Alone by ocean's hoary flood,
 And raised to him the suppliant cry,
 The hoarse earth-shaking deity.—

Nor call'd in vain, through cloud and storm
 Half-seen, a huge and shadowy form,
 The god of waters came.—
 He came, whom thus the youth address'd—
 "Oh thou, if that immortal breast
 Have felt a lover's flame,
 A lover's prayer in pity hear,
 Repel the tyrant's brazen spear
 That guards my lovely dame !
 And grant a car whose rolling speed
 May help a lover at his need ;
 Condemn'd by Pisa's hand to bleed,
 Unless I win the envied meed
 In Elis' field of fame !—
 For youthful knights thirteen
 By him have slaughter'd been,
 His daughter vexing with perverse delay—

Such to a coward's eye
 Were evil augury;—
 Nor durst a coward's heart the strife essay !
 Yet, since alike to all
 The doom of death must fall,
 Ah ! wherefore, sitting in unseemly shade,
 Wear out a nameless life,
 Remote from noble strife,
 And all the sweet applause to valour paid ?—
 Yes !—I will dare the course ! but, thou,
 Immortal friend, my prayer allow !”

Thus, not in vain, his grief he told—
 The ruler of the watery space
 Bestow'd a wondrous car of gold,
 And tireless steeds of winged pace.—
 So, victor in the deathful race,
 He tamed the strength of Pisa's king,
 And, from his bride of beauteous face,
 Beheld a stock of warriors spring,
 Six valiant sons, as legends sing.—
 And now with fame and virtue crown'd,
 Where Alpheus' stream, in watery ring,
 Encircles half his turfy mound,
 He sleeps beneath the piled ground,
 Near that blest spot where strangers move,
 In many a long procession round,
 The altar of protecting Jove.
 Yet chief, in yonder lists of fame,
 Survives the noble Pelops' name ;
 Where strength of hands and nimble feet
 In stern and dubious contest meet ;
 And high renown and honey'd praise,
 And following length of honour'd days,
 The victor's weary toil repays.—

But what are past or future joys ?—
 The present is our own,—

And he is wise who best employs
 The passing hour alone.
 To crown with knightly wreath the king
 (A grateful task) be mine ;
 And on the smooth Æolian string
 To praise his ancient line !—
 For ne'er shall wand'ring minstrel find
 A chief so just,—a friend so kind ;
 With every grace of fortune blest ;
 The mightiest, wisest, bravest, best !—
 God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds,
 Have thee in charge, King Hiero !—so again
 The bard may sing thy horn-hoofed steeds
 In frequent triumph o'er the Olympian plain !—
 Nor shall the bard awake a lowly strain,
 His wild notes flinging o'er the Cronian steep ;
 Whose ready muse, and not invoked in vain,
 For such high mark her strongest shaft shall keep.—
 Each hath his proper eminence !—
 To kings indulgent Providence
 (No farther search the will of Heaven)
 The glories of the earth hath given.—
 Still may'st thou reign ! enough for me
 To dwell with heroes like to thee,—
 Myself the chief of Grecian minstrelsy.

II.

TO THERON OF AGRAGAS, VICTOR IN THE CHARIOT RACE.

O SONG ! whose voice the harp obeys,
 Accordant aye with answering string ;
 What god, what hero wilt thou praise,
 What man of godlike prowess sing !—
 Lo ! Jove himself is Pisa's king ;
 And Jove's strong son the first to raise

The barriers of the Olympic ring.—
 And now, victorious on the wing
 Of sounding wheels, our bards proclaim
 The stranger Theron's honour'd name,
 The flower of no ignoble race,
 And prop of ancient Agragas!—

His patient sires for many a year,
 Where that blue river rolls its flood,
 'Mid fruitless war and civil blood

Essay'd their sacred home to rear.—
 Till Time assign'd in fatal hour,
 Their native virtues, wealth and power;
 And made them, from their low degree,
 The eye of warlike Sicily.

And may that power, of ancient birth,
 From Saturn sprung, and parent Earth,
 Of tall Olympus' lord,

Who sees with still benignant eye
 The games' long splendour sweeping by
 His Alpheus' holy ford:—

Appeased with anthems chanted high,
 To Theron's late posterity

A happier doom accord!—
 Or good or ill, the past is gone,
 Nor Time himself, the parent one,
 Can make the former deeds undone;—

But who would these recall,—
 When happier days would fain efface
 The memory of each past disgrace,
 And, from the gods, on Theron's race
 Unbounded blessings fall!

Example meet for such a song,
 The sister queens of Laius' blood;
 Who sorrow's edge endurèd long,
 Made keener by remember'd good!—
 Yet now, she breathes the air of Heaven
 (On earth by smouldering thunder riven)

Long-haired Semele :—
To Pallas dear is she ;—
Dear to the sire of gods, and dear
To him her son, in dreadful glee,
Who shakes the ivy-wreathed spear.—

And thus they tell that deep below
The sounding ocean's ebb and flow,
Amid the daughters of the sea,
A sister nymph must Ino be,
And dwell in bliss eternally :—

But, ignorant and blind,
We little know the coming hour :
Or if the latter day shall lower ;
Or if to nature's kindly power

Our life, in peace resign'd,
Shall sink like fall of summer eve,
And on the face of darkness leave
A ruddy smile behind.—

For grief and joy, with fitful gale,
Our crazy bark by turns assail,
And whence, our blessings flow,
That same tremendous Providence
Will oft a varying doom dispense,
And lay the mighty low.—

To Theban Laius that befel,
Whose son with murder dyed,
Fulfill'd the former oracle,
Unconscious parricide !—
Unconscious !—yet avenging hell
Pursued the offender's stealthy pace,
And heavy, sure, and hard it fell,
The curse of blood, on all his race !
Spared from their kindred strife,
The young Thersander's life,
Stern Polynices' heir, was left alone :
In every martial game,
And in the field of Fame,

For early force and matchless prowess known :
 Was left, the pride and prop to be
 Of good Adrastus' pedigree,
 And hence, through loins of ancient kings,
 The warrior blood of Theron springs ;
 Exalted name ! to whom belong
 The minstrel's harp, the poet's song,
 In fair Olympia crown'd ;
 And where 'mid Pythia's olives blue,
 An equal lot his brother drew ;
 And where his twice-twain coursers flew
 The isthmus twelve times round.—
 Such honour, earn'd by toil and care,
 May best his ancient wrongs repair,
 And wealth unstain'd by pride,
 May laugh at fortune's fickle power,
 And blameless in the tempting hour
 Of syren Ease abide :—
 Led by that star of heavenly ray,
 Which best may keep our darkling way
 O'er life's unsteady tide !—

For whoso holds in righteousness the throne,
 He in his heart hath known
 How the foul spirits of the guilty dead,
 In chambers dark and dread,
 Of nether earth abide, and penal flame
 Where he whom none may name,
 Lays bare the soul by stern necessity ;
 Seated in judgment high ;
 The minister of God whose arm is there,
 In heaven alike and hell, almighty everywhere !
 But, ever bright, by day, by night,
 Exulting in excess of light ;
 From labour free and long distress,
 The good enjoy their happiness.—
 No more the stubborn soil they cleave,
 Nor stem for scanty food the wave ;

But with the venerable gods they dwell :—
 No tear bedims their thankful eye,
 Nor mars their long tranquillity ;
 While those accursed howl in pangs unspeakable. —

But who the thrice-renew'd probation
 Of either world may well endure,
 And keep, with righteous destination,
 The soul from all transgression pure ;
 To such, and such alone, is given,
 To walk the rainbow paths of heaven,
 To that tall city of almighty time,
 Where ocean's balmy breezes play,
 And, flashing to the western day,
 The gorgeous blossoms of such blessed clime
 Now in the happy isles are seen
 Sparkling through the groves of green ;
 And now, all glorious to behold,
 Tinge the wave with floating gold.—
 Hence are their garlands woven—hence their hands
 Fill'd with triumphal boughs ;—the righteous doom
 Of Rhadamanthus, whom, o'er these his lands,
 A blameless judge in every time to come,
 Chronos, old Chronos, sire of gods, hath placed ;
 Who with his consort dear,
 Dread Rhae, reigneth here
 On cloudy throne, with deathless honour graced.—

And still, they say, in high communion,
 Peleus and Cadmus here abide ;
 And with the blest in blessed union
 (Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied,)
 The daughter of the ancient sea
 Hath brought her warrior boy to be ;
 Him whose stern avenging blow
 Laid the prop of Ilium low,
 Hector, train'd to slaughter fell,
 By all but him invincible ;—

And sea-born Cyncus tamed ; and slew
Aurora's knight of Ethiop hue.—

Beneath my rattling belt I wear
A sheaf of arrows keen and clear,
Of vocal shafts, that wildly fly,
Nor ken the base their import high,
Yet to the wise they breathe no vulgar melody.
Yes, he is wise whom Nature's dower
Hath raised above the crowd.—
But, train'd in study's formal hour,
There are who hate the minstrel's power,
As daws who mark the eagle tower,
And croak in envy loud!—
So let them rail! but thou! my heart,
Rest on the bow thy levell'd dart;
Nor seek a worthier aim
For arrow sent on friendship's wing,
Than him the Agragantine king
Who best thy song may claim.—
For, by eternal truth I swear,
His parent town shall scanty bear
A soul to every friend so dear,
A breast so void of blame;
Though twenty lustres rolling round,
With rising youth her nation crown'd,
In heart, in hand, should none be found
Like Theron's honour'd name.—
Yes! we have heard the factious lie!—
But let the babbling vulgar try
To blot his worth with tyranny.—
Seek thou the ocean strand!—
And when thy soul would fain record
The bounteous deeds of yonder lord,
Go—reckon up the sand!

III.

TO THE SAME.

MAY my solemn strain ascending
Please the long-hair'd Helen well,
And those brave twins of Leda's shell
The stranger's holy cause defending!—
With whose high name the chorus blending
To ancient Agragas shall rise,
And Theron for the chariot prize
Again, and not in vain, contending.—
The muse, in numbers bold and high,
Hath taught my Dorian note to fly,
Worthy of silent awe, a strange sweet harmony.

Yes!—as I fix mine eager view
On yonder wreath of paly blue,
That olive wreath, whose shady round
Amid the courser's mane is bound ;
I feel again the sacred glow
That bids my strain of rapture flow,
With shrilly breath of Spartan flute,
The many-voicèd harp to suit ;
And wildly fling my numbers sweet,
Again mine ancient friend to greet.—
Nor, Pisa, thee I leave unsung ;
To men the parent of renown.
Amid whose shady ringlets strung,
Etolia binds her olive crown ;
Whose sapling root from Scythian down,
And Ister's fount Alcides bare,
To deck his parent's hallow'd town ;
With placid brow and suppliant prayer
Soothing the favour'd northern seed,
Whose horny-hoofed victims bleed,
To Phœbus of the flowing hair.

A boon from these the Hero pray'd :
One graft of that delightful tree ;
To Jove's high hill a welcome shade,
To men a blessed fruit to be,
And crown of future victory.—
For that fair moon, whose slender light
With inefficient horn had shone,
When late on Pisa's airy height
He rear'd to Jove the altar stone ;
Now, through the dappled air, alone,
In perfect ring of glory bright,
Guided her golden-wheeled throne ;
The broad and burning eye of night.—
And now the days were told aright,
When Alpheus, from his sandy source,
Should judge the champion's eager might,
And mark of wheels the rolling force.—
Nor yet a tree to cheer the sight
The Cronian vale of Pelops bore—
Obnoxious to the noonday weight
Of summer suns, a naked shore.—
But she who sways the silent sky,
Latona's own equestrian maid
Beheld how far Alcides stray'd,
Bound on adventure strange and high ;
Forth from the glens of Arcady
To Istrian rocks in ice array'd
He urged the interminable race,
(Such penance had Eurystheus laid,)
The golden-horn'd hind to chase,
Which, grateful for Diana's aid,
By her redeem'd from foul embrace,
Old Atlas' daughter hallowed.—
Thus, following where the quarry fled,
Beyond the biting north he pass'd.
Beyond the regions of the blest,
And all unknown to traveller's tread,
He saw the blessed land at last.—

He stopp'd, he gazed with new delight
When that strange verdure met his sight;
And soft desire inflamed his soul
(Where twelve-times round the chariots roll)
To plant with such the Pisan goal.

But now, unseen to mortal eyes,
He comes to Theron's sacrifice;
And with him brings to banquet there
High-bosom'd Leda's knightly pair.—
Himself to high Olympus bound,
To these a latest charge he gave,
A solemn annual feast to found,
And of contending heroes round
To deck the strong, the swift, the brave.—
Nor doubt I that on Theron's head,
And on the good Eumenides,
The sons of Jove their blessing shed;
Whom still, with bounteous tables spread,
That holy tribe delight to please;
Observing with religious dread
The hospitable god's decrees.
But, wide as water passeth earthy clay,
Or sun-bright gold transcendeth baser ore;
Wide as from Greece to that remotest shore
Whose rock-built pillars own Alcides' sway;
Thy fame hath pass'd thine equals!—To explore
The further ocean all in vain essay,
Or fools or wise;—here from thy perilous way
Cast anchor here, my bark! I dare no more!—

IV.

TO PSAUMIS OF CAMARINA.

OH, urging on the tireless speed
Of thunder's elemental steed,
Lord of the world, almighty Jove!

Since these thine hours have sent me forth
 The witness of thy champion's worth,
 And prophet of thine olive grove ;—
 And since the good thy poet hear,
 And hold his tuneful message dear ;—
 Saturnian Lord of Etna hill !—
 Whose storm-cemented rocks encage
 The hundred-headed rebel's rage ;
 Accept with favourable will
 The Muses' gift of harmony ;
 The dance, the song, whose numbers high
 Forbid the hero's name to die,
 A crown of life abiding still !—

Hark ! round the car of victory,
 Where noble Psaumis sits on high,
 The cheering notes resound ;
 Who vows to swell with added fame
 His Camarina's ancient name ;
 With Pisan olive crown'd.—
 And thou, oh father, hear his prayer !—
 For much I praise the knightly care
 That trains the warrior steed :—
 Nor less the hospitable hall
 Whose open doors the stranger call ;—
 Yet, praise I Psaumis most of all
 For wise and peaceful rede,
 And patriot love of liberty.—
 —What ?—do we weave the glozing lie !—
 Then whoso list my truth to try,
 The proof be in the deed !—

To Lemnos' laughing dames of yore,
 Such was the proof Ernicus bore,
 When, matchless in his speed,
 All brazen-arm'd the racer hoar,
 Victorious on the applauding shore,
 Sprang to the proffer'd meed ;—
 Bow'd to the Queen his wreathed head ;—

"Thou seest my limbs are light," he said ;
 " And, lady, mayst thou know,
 That every joint is firmly strung,
 And hand and heart alike are young ;
 Though treacherous Time my locks among
 Have strew'd a summer snow !"—

V.

TO THE SAME.

ACCEPT of these Olympian games the crown,
 Daughter of Ocean, rushy Camarine !—
 The flower of knightly worth and high renown,
 Which car-borne Psaumis on thy parent shrine
 (Psaumis, the patriot, whom thy peopled town
 Its second author owns,) with rite divine
 Suspends !—His praise the twice six altars tell
 Of the great gods whom he hath feasted well
 With blood of bull ; the praise of victory,
 Where cars and mules and steeds contest the prize
 And that green garland of renown to thee
 He hallows, virgin daughter of the sea !
 And to his sire and household deities.—
 Thee, too, returning home from Pelops' land,
 Thee, guardian Pallas, and thy holy wood,
 He hails with song ; and cool Oanus' flood ;
 And of his native pool the rushy strand ;
 And thy broad bed, refreshing Hipparis.
 Whose silent waves the peopled city kiss ;
 That city which hath blest his bounteous hand
 Rearing her goodly bowers on high.—
 That now, redeem'd from late disgrace,
 The wealthy mother of a countless race,
 She lifts her front in shining majesty.—

'Tis ever thus ! by toil, and pain,
 And cumbrous cost, we strive to gain
 Some seeming prize whose issues lie
 In darkness and futurity.
 And yet, if conquest crown our aim,
 Then, foremost in the rolls of fame,
 Even from the envious herd a forced applause we claim
 O cloud-enthroned, protecting Jove,
 Who sits the Cronian cliffs above,
 And Alpheus' ample wave,
 And that dark gloom hast deign'd to love
 Of Ida's holy cave !
 On softest Lydian notes to thee
 I tune the choral prayer,
 That this thy town, the brave, the free,
 The strong in virtuous energy,
 May feel thine endless care.

And, victor, thou, whose matchless might
 The Pisan wreath hath bound ;
 Still, Psaumis, be thy chief delight
 In generous coursers found.—
 Calm be thy latter age, and late
 And gently fall the stroke of fate,
 Thy children standing round !
 And know, when favouring gods have given
 A green old age, a temper even,
 And wealth and fame in store,
 The task were vain to scale the heaven ;—
 —Have those immortals more ?—

 VI.

TO AGESIAS OF SYRACUSE.

Who seeks a goodly bower to raise,
 Conspicuous to the stranger's eye,
 With gold the lintel overlays,

And clothes the porch in ivory.
So bright, so bold, so wonderful,
The choicest themes of verse I cull,
To each high song a frontal high!—
But lives there one, whose brows around
The green Olympian wreath is bound ;
Prophet and priest in those abodes
Where Pisans laud the sire of gods ;
And Syracuse's denizen ?—
Who, 'mid the sons of mortal men,
While Envy's self before his name
Abates her rage, may fitlier claim
Whate'er a bard may yield of fame ?—
For sure, to no forbidden strife,
In hallow'd Pisa's field of praise,
He came, the priest of blameless life !—
Nor who in peace hath pass'd his days,
Marring with canker sloth his might,
May hope a name in standing fight
Nor in the hollow ship to raise !—

By toil, illustrious toil alone,
Of elder times the heroes shone ;
And, bought by like emprise, to thee
O warrior priest, like honour be ;—
Such praise as good Adrastus bore
To him, the prophet chief of yore,
When, snatch'd from Thebes' accursed fight,
With steed and car and armour bright,
Down, down he sank to earthy night.—

When the fight was ended,
And the sevenfold pyres
All their funeral fires
In one sad lustre blended,
The leader of the host
Murmur'd mournfully,
“ I lament the eye
Of all mine army lost !—

To gods and mortals dear,
 Either art he knew ;
 Augur tried and true,
 And strong to wield the spear !"—
 And, by the powers divine,
 Such praise is justly thine,
 Oh Syracusan peer !—
 For of a gentle blood thy race is sprung,
 As she shall truly tell, the muse of honey'd tongue.

Then yoke the mules of winged pace,
 And, Phintis, climb the car with me ;
 For well they know the path to trace
 Of yonder victor's pedigree !—
 Unbar the gates of song, unbar !—
 For we to-day must journey far,
 To Sparta and to Pitane.—

She, mournful nymph, and nursing long
 Her silent pain and virgin wrong,
 To Neptune's rape a daughter fair,
 Evadne of the glossy hair,
 (Dark as the violet's darkest shade,
 In solitary sorrow bare.
 Then to her nurse the infant maid
 She weeping gave, and bade convey
 To high Phersana's hall away ;
 Where, woman-grown, and doom'd to prove
 In turn a god's disastrous love,
 Her charms allured the Lord of day.—

Nor long the months ere, fierce in pride,
 The painful tokens of disgrace
 Her foster-father sternly eyed,
 Fruit of the furtive god's embrace.—

He spake not, but with soul on flame,
 He sought th' unknown offender's name,
 At Phœbus' Pythian dwelling-place.—
 But she, beneath the greenwood spray,
 Her zone of purple silk untied ;

And flung the silver clasp away
That rudely press'd her heaving side ;
While, in the solitary wood,
Lucina's self to aid her stood,
And Fate a secret force supplied.—

But who the mother's pang can tell,
As sad and slowly she withdrew,
And bade her babe a long farewell,
Laid on a bed of violets blue ?—

When, ministers of Heaven's decree,
(Dire nurses they, and strange to see !)
Two scaly snakes of azure hue
Watch'd o'er his helpless infancy,
And, rifled from the mountain bee,
Bare on their forky tongues a harmless honey-dew.—

Swift roll the wheels ! from Delphos' home
Arcadia's car-borne chief is come :

But, ah, how changed his eye !—
His wrath is sunk, and past his pride,
" Where is Evadne's babe," he cried,
" Child of the Deity ?"

'Twas thus the augur god replied,
Nor strove his noble seed to hide ;
And to his favour'd boy, beside,
The gift of prophecy,
And power beyond the sons of men
The secret things of fate to ken,
His blessing will supply.—

But vainly, from his liegemen round,
He sought the noble child !
Who, naked on the grassy ground,
And nurtured in the wild,
Was moisten'd with the sparkling dew
Beneath his hawthorn bower ;
Where Morn her wat'ry radiance threw,
Now golden bright, now deeply blue,
Upon the violet flower.—

From that dark bed of breathing bloom
 His mother gave his name ;
 And Iamus, through years to come.
 Will live in lasting fame ;
 Who, when the blossom of his days
 Had ripen'd on the tree,
 From forth the brink where Alpheus strays,
 Invoked the god whose sceptre sways
 The hoarse resounding sea ;
 And, whom the Delian Isle obeys,
 The archer deity.—
 Alone amid the nightly shade,
 Beneath the naked heaven he pray'd,
 And sire and grandsire call'd to aid ;
 When lo, a voice that loud and dread
 Burst from the horizon free ;
 "Hither!" it spake, "to Pisa's shore!
 My voice, oh son, shall go before ;
 Beloved, follow me!"

So, in the visions of his sire, he went
 Where Cronium's scarr'd and barren brow
 Was red with morning's earliest glow
 Though darkness wrapp'd the nether element—
 There, in a lone and craggy dell,
 A double spirit on him fell,
 Th' unlying voice of birds to tell,
 And (when Alcmena's son should found
 The holy games in Elis crown'd,)
 By Jove's high altar evermore to dwell,
 Prophet and priest!—From him descend
 The fathers of our valiant friend,
 Wealthy alike and just and wise,
 Who trod the plain and open way ;
 And who is he that dared despise
 With galling taunt the Cronian prize,
 Or their illustrious toil gainsay,
 Whose chariots whirling twelve times round

With burning wheels th' Olympian ground
Have gilt their brow with glory's ray?
For not the steams of sacrifice
From cool Cyllene's height of snow,
Nor vainly from thy kindred rise
The heaven-appeasing litanies
To Hermes, who, to men below,
Or gives the garland or denies:—
By whose high aid, Agesias, know,
And his, the thunderer of the skies,
The olive wreath hath bound thy brow!—

Arcadian! Yes, a warmer zeal
Shall whet my tongue thy praise to tell!
I feel the sympathetic flame
Of kindred love—a Theban I,
Whose parent nymph from Arcady
(Metope's daughter, Thebe) came.—
Dear fountain goddess, warrior maid,
By whose pure rills my youth hath play'd;
Who now assembled Greece among,
To car-borne chiefs and warriors strong,
Have wove the many-coloured song.—

Then, minstrel! bid thy chorus rise
To Juno, queen of deities,
Parthenian lady of the skies!
For live there yet who dare defame
With sordid mirth our country's name;
Who tax with scorn our ancient line,
And call the brave Bœotians swine?—
Yet, Æneas, sure thy numbers high
May charm their brutish enmity;
Dear herald of the holy muse,
And, teeming with Parnassian dews,
Cup of untasted harmony!—
That strain once more!—The chorus raise
To Syracuse's wealthy praise,
And his the lord whose happy reign

Controls Trinacria's ample plain,
Hiero, the just, the wise,
Whose steamy offerings rise
To Jove, to Ceres, and that darling maid,
Whom, rapt in chariot bright,
And horses silver-white,
Down to his dusky bower the lord of hell convey'd!
Oft hath he heard the Muses' string resound
His honour'd name; and may his latter days,
With wealth, and worth, and minstrel garlands crown'd,
Mark with no envious ear a subject praise,
Who now from fair Arcadia's forest wide
To Syracuse, homeward, from his home
Returns, a common care, a common pride,—
(And, whoso darkling braves the ocean's foam,
May safeliest moor'd with twofold anchor ride;)
Arcadia, Sicily, on either side
Guard him with prayer;—and thou who rulest the deep,
Fair Amphitrite's lord! in safety keep
His tossing keel,—and evermore to me
No meaner theme assign of poesy!

HYMNS.

ADVENT SUNDAY.

MATT. XXI.

HOSANNA to the living Lord !
Hosanna to the incarnate Word !
Hosanna in the earth be said,
And in the heaven which He hath made !
Hosanna !

Hosanna, Lord ! Thine angels cry ;
Hosanna, Lord ! Thy saints reply ;
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead and living swell the sound ;
Hosanna !

Oh, Master, with parental care,
Return to this Thine house of prayer !
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Where two or three Thy promise claim !
Hosanna !

But, chiefest, in our empty breast,
Eternal ! bid thy Spirit rest,
And cleanse our secret soul, to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee !
Hosanna !

So in the last and dreadful day,
When heaven and earth have pass'd away,
Thy rescued flock, and freed from sin,
Shall once again their song begin :
Hosanna !

SECOND SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

LUKE XXI.

IN the sun and moon and stars,
 Signs and wonders shall there be ;
 Earth shall quake with inward wars,
 Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
 Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise ;
 Wilder storms the mountain sweep,
 Louder thunder rock the skies.

Evil thoughts shall shake the proud,
 Racking doubt and restless fear ;
 And, amid the thunder-cloud,
 Shall the Judge of men appear.

But though from that awful face
 Heaven shall fade and earth shall fly,
 Fear not ye, His chosen race,
 Your redemption draweth nigh !

THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

MATT. XI.

OH Saviour, is Thy promise fled ?
 Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
 To heal the sick and raise the dead,
 And preach Thy gospel to the poor ?

Come, Jesus ! come ! return again ;
 With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
 Who long to greet Thy perfect reign,
 And share Thy kingdom's happiness !

A feeble race, by passion driven,
 In darkness and in doubt we roam,
 And lift our anxious eyes to heaven,
 Our hope, our harbour, and our home !

Come, Jesus ! come ! and as of yore
The prophet went to clear the way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day :
So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare ;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come ! and reap Thy harvest there !

FOURTH SUNDAY IN ADVENT.

JOHN I.

THE Lord shall come ! the earth shall quake,
The hills their fixed seat forsake ;
And, withering, from the vault of night
The stars shall pale their feeble light.

The Lord shall come ! but not the same
As once in lowly guise He came,
A silent Lamb before His foes,
A weary man, and full of woes.

The Lord will come ! a dreadful form,
With rainbow wreath and robes of storm,
On cherub wings and wings of wind,
Anointed Judge of human kind !

Can this be He who went to stray
A pilgrim on the world's highway ;
Oppress'd by Power and mock'd by Pride !
O God ! is this the Crucified ?

Go, tyrants ! to the rocks complain !
And seek the mountain's shade in vain !
But Faith, ascending from the tomb,
Shall shouting sing—"The Lord is come !"

CHRISTMAS DAY.

OH Saviour, whom this holy morn
Gave to our world below ;
To wandering and to labour born,
To weakness and to woe !

Incarnate Word ! by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Who lived to yield our ills relief,
And to redeem us died !

If, gaily clothed and proudly fed,
In careless ease we dwell ;
Remind us of Thy manger bed,
And lowly cottage cell !

If prest by penury severe,
In envious want we pine,
May Conscience whisper in our ear,
A poorer lot was Thine !

From all the viewless snares of sin
Preserve us firm and free ;
As Thou, like us, hast grieved been,
May we rejoice with Thee !

SUNDAY AFTER CHRISTMAS.

LORD of Mercy and of Might,
Of mankind the Life and Light,
Maker, Teacher, infinite—
Jesus, hear and save !

Who, when sin's primæval doom
Gave creation to the tomb,
Didst not scorn a virgin's womb—
Jesus, hear and save !

Strong Creator, Saviour mild,
 Humbled to a mortal child,
 Captive, beaten, bound, reviled—
 Jesus, hear and save !

Throned above celestial things,
 Borne aloft on angels' wings,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings—
 Jesus, hear and save !

Soon to come to earth again,
 Judge of angels and of men,
 Hear us now, and hear us then—
 Jesus, hear and save !

INNOCENTS' DAY.

Oh weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 Oh Rachel, weep not so !
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow !

Firstlings of faith ! the murderer's knife
 Has miss'd its deadliest aim ;
 The God for whom they gave their life
 For them to suffer came !

Though evil were their days and few,
 Baptized in blood and pain,
 He knows them, whom they never knew,
 And they shall live again.

Then weep not o'er thy children's tomb,
 Oh Rachel, weep not so !
 The bud is cropt by martyrdom,
 The flower in heaven shall blow !

EPIPHANY.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning !

Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
 Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall,
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
 Odours of Edom and offerings divine ?
 Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest and gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation ;
 Vainly with gold would His favour secure :
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration ;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning !
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid !
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

No. I.—LUKE II.

ABASH'D be all the boast of Age !
 Be hoary Learning dumb !
 Expounder of the mystic page,
 Behold an Infant come !

Oh Wisdom, whose coequal power
 Beside th' Almighty stood,
 To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
 The land, the sky, the flo ;

Yet didst not Thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear ;
To bless Thy mother with a smile,
And lisp Thy falter'd prayer.

But, in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
In converse high with Israel's God,
Thy chiefest joy was found.

So may our youth adore Thy name !
And, Teacher, deign to bless
With fostering grace the timid flame
Of early holiness !

FIRST SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

No. II.

By cool Siloam's shady fountain
How sweet the lily grows !
How sweet the breath on yonder mountain
Of Sharon's dewy rose !

Lo such the child whose young devotion
The paths of peace has trod ;
Whose secret soul's instinctive motion
Tends upwards to his God !

By cool Siloam's shady fountain
The lily must decay ;
The rose that blooms beneath the mountain
Must shortly fade away.

A little while, the bitter morrow
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with cankering sorrow,
And passion's stormy rage !

Oh Thou, whose every year untainted,
 In changeless *virtue shone* !
 Preserve the flowers Thy grace hath planted,
 And keep them still Thine own !

THIRD SUNDAY AFTER EPIPHANY.

MATT. VIII.

LORD ! whose grace, in power excelling,
 Wash'd the leper's stains away,
 Jesus ! from Thy holy dwelling,
 Hear us, help us, when we pray !

From the filth of vice and folly,
 From infuriate passion's rage,
 Evil thoughts and hopes unholy,
 Heedless youth and selfish age ;

From the lusts whose deep pollution
 Adam's elder taint disclose,
 From the Tempter's dark intrusion,
 And from everlasting woes ;

From the miser's cursed treasure,
 From the drunkard's jest obscene,
 From the world, its pomp and pleasure,
 Jesus ! Master ! make us clean !

BEFORE A COLLECTION MADE FOR THE
 SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION
 OF THE GOSPEL.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand :

From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
Their land from Error's chain!

What though the spicy breezes
Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
Though every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile:
In vain with lavish kindness
The gifts of God are strown,
The Heathen, in his blindness,
Bows down to wood and stone!

Can we, whose souls are lighted
With wisdom from on high,
Can we to men benighted
The lamp of life deny?
Salvation! oh, Salvation!
The joyful sound proclaim,
Till earth's remotest nation
Has learn'd Messiah's name!

Waft, waft, ye winds, His story,
And you, ye waters, roll,
Till, like a sea of glory,
It spreads from pole to pole:
Till o'er our ransom'd nature,
The Lamb for sinners slain,
Redeemer, King, Creator,
In bless returns to reign!

MISCELLANEOUS.

LINES,

SPOKEN IN THE THEATRE, OXFORD,
ON LORD GRENVILLE'S INSTALLATION AS CHANCELLOR.

YE viewless guardians of these sacred shades,
Dear dreams of early song, Aonian maids!—
And you, illustrious dead! whose spirits speak
In each warm flush that tints the student's cheek,
As, wearied with the world, he seeks again
The page of better times and greater men;
If with pure worship we your steps pursue,
And youth, and health, and rest forget for you,
(Whom most we serve, to whom our lamp burns bright
Through the long toils of not ingrateful night,)
Yet, yet be present!—Let the worldly train
Mock our cheap joys, and hate our useless strain,
Intent on freighted wealth, or proud to rear
The fleece Iberian or the pamper'd steer;—
Let sterner Science, with unwearied eye,
Explore the circling spheres and map the sky;
His long-drawn mole let lordly Commerce scan,
And of his iron arch the rainbow span:
Yet while, in burning characters imprest,
The poet's lesson stamps the youthful breast;
Bids the rapt boy o'er suffering virtue bleed,
Adore a brave or bless a gentle deed,
And in warm feeling from the storied page
Arise the saint, the hero, or the sage;
Such be our toil!—Nor doubt we to explore
The thorny maze of dialectic lore,

To climb the chariot of the gods, or scan
The secret workings of the soul of man ;
Upborne aloft on Plato's eagle flight,
Or the slow pinion of the Stagyrite.—
And those grey spoils of Herculanean pride,
If aught of yet untasted sweets they hide ;—
If Padua's sage be there, or art have power
To wake Menander from his secret bower.
Such be our toil !—Nor vain the labour proves,
Which Oxford honours, and which Grenville loves !
—On, eloquent and firm !—whose warning high
Rebuked the rising surge of anarchy,
When, like those brethren stars to seamen known,
In kindred splendour Pitt and Grenville shone ;—
On in thy glorious course ! not yet the wave
Has ceased to lash the shore, nor storm forgot to rave.
Go on ! and oh, while adverse factions raise
To thy pure worth involuntary praise ;
While Gambia's swarthy tribes thy mercies bless,
And from thy counsels date their happiness ;
Say (for thine Isis yet recalls with pride
Thy youthful triumphs by her leafy side),
Say, hast thou scorn'd, 'mid pomp, and wealth, and power,
The sober transports of a studious hour ?—
No, statesman, no !—thy patriot fire was fed
From the warm embers of the mighty dead ;
And thy strong spirit's patient grasp combined
The souls of ages in a single mind.—
—By arts like these, amidst a world of foes,
Eye of the earth, th' Athenian glory rose ;—
Thus last and best of Romans, Brutus shone ;—
Our Somers thus, and thus our Clarendon ;
Such Cobham was ;—such, Grenville, long be thou,
Our boast before,—our chief and champion now !

EPITAPH ON A YOUNG NAVAL OFFICER.

DESIGNED FOR A TOMB IN A TOWN IN WALES.

SAILOR ! if vigour nerve thy frame,
If to high deeds thy soul is strung,
Revere this stone that gives to fame
The brave, the virtuous, and the young!—
For manly beauty deck'd his form,
His bright eye beam'd with mental power ;
Resistless as the winter storm,
Yet mild as summer's mildest shower.—
In war's hoarse rage, in ocean's strife,
For skill, for force, for mercy known :
Still prompt to shield a comrade's life,
And greatly careless of his own.—
Yet, youthful seaman, mourn not thou
The fate these artless lines recall :
No, Cambrian ! no, be thine the vow,
Like him to live, like him to fall !
But, hast thou known a father's care,
Who sorrowing sent thee forth to sea ;
Pour'd for thy weal th' unceasing prayer,
And thought the sleepless night on thee ?
Has e'er thy tender fancy flown,
When winds were strong and waves were high,
Where, listening to the tempest's moan,
Thy sisters heaved the anxious sigh ?
Or, in the darkest hour of dread,
'Mid war's wild din, and ocean's swell,
Hast mourn'd a hero brother dead,
And did that brother love thee well ?
Then pity those whose sorrows flow
In vain o'er Shipley's empty grave!—
—Sailor, thou weep'st, indulge thy woe ;
Such tears will not disgrace the brave!

NOTES.

"PALESTINE."

p. 3. Folds his dank wing. Alluding to the usual manner in which sleep is represented in ancient statues. See also Pindar, Pyth. I. v. 16, 17.

p. 3. Ye warrior sons of Heaven. Authorities for these celestial warriors may be found, Josn. v. 13. 2 Kings vi. 2. 2 Macc. v. 3. Ibid. xi. Joseph. Ed. Huds. vi. p. 1282.

p. 4. The seer. Moses.

p. 4. Almotana's tide. Almotana is the Oriental name for the Dead Sea, as Ardeni is for Jordan.

p. 4. The robber riots, or the hermit prays. The mountains of Palestine are full of caverns, which are generally occupied in one or other of the methods here mentioned.

p. 4. Those stormy seats the warrior Druses hold. The untamable spirit, feudal customs, and affection for Europeans, which distinguish this extraordinary race, who boast themselves to be a remnant of the Crusaders, are well described in Pagés. Puget de S. Pierre compiled a small volume on their history; Paris, 1763. 12mo.

p. 4. Teach their pale despot's waning moon to fear. "The Turkish sultans, whose moon seems fast approaching to its wane." Sir W. Jones' first Disc. to the Asiatic Society.

p. 5. Sidonian dyes and Lusitanian gold. The gold of the Tyrians chiefly came from Portugal, which was probably their Tarshish.

p. 5. And unrestrain'd the generous vintage flows. In the southern parts of Palestine the inhabitants reap their corn green, as they are not sure that it will ever be allowed to come to maturity. The oppression to which the cultivators of vineyards are subject throughout the Ottoman empire is well known.

p. 5. Arabia's parent. Hagar.

p. 5. The guarded fountains shine. The watering-places are generally beset with Arabs, who exact toll from all comers.

p. 5 Thy tents, Nebaioth, rise, and Kedar, thine! See Ammianus Marcellinus, lib. xiv. p. 43, Ed. Vales.

p. 6. Smokes on Samaria's mount her scanty sacrifice. A miserable remnant of Samaritan worship still exists on Mount Gerizim. Maundrell relates his conversation with the high priest.

p. 7. Or serve his altar with unhallow'd fire. Alluding to the fate of Nadab and Abihu.

p. 7. The mighty master of the ivory throne. Solomon. Ophir is by most geographers placed in the Aurea Chersonesus.

p. 7. Through Nature's mazes wander'd unconfined. The Arabian mythology respecting Solomon is in itself so fascinating, is so illustrative of the present state of the country, and on the whole so agreeable to Scripture, that it was judged improper to omit all mention of it, though its wildness might have operated as an objection to making it a principal object in the poem.

p. 7. And Tadmor thus, and Syrian Balbec rose. Palmyra ("Tadmor in the Desert") was really built by Solomon (1 Kings ix. ; 2 Chron. viii.), and universal tradition marks him out, with great probability, as the founder of Balbec. Estakhar is also attributed to him by the Arabs. See the romance of "Vathek," and the various travels into the East, more particularly Chardin's, in which Estakhar or Persepolis, the ancient capital of Persia, is an account of the wild local traditions just alluded to. Vol. ii. p. 190. Ed. Amst. 1835, 4to.

p. 8. Houseless Santon. They are real or affected madmen, pretending to extraordinary sanctity, who wander about the country, sleeping in caves or ruins.

p. 8. For thee his ivory load Behemoth bore. Behemoth is sometimes supposed to mean the elephant, in which sense it is here used.

p. 8. And far Sofala teem'd with golden ore. An African port to the south of Bab-el-mandeb, celebrated for gold mines.

p. 8. View'd the descending flame, and bless'd the present God. "And when all the children of Israel saw how the fire came down, and the glory of the Lord upon the house, they bowed themselves with their faces to the ground upon the pavement, and worshipped."—2 Chron. vii. 3.

p. 10. And the pale parent drank, &c. Joseph. vi. p. 1275. Ed. Huds.

p. 10. The stoic tyrant's philosophic pride. The Roman notions of humanity cannot have been very exalted when they ascribed so large a share to Titus. For the horrible details of his conduct during the siege of Jerusalem and after its capture, the reader is referred to Josephus. When we learn that so many captives were crucified, and that after all was over, in cold blood and merriment, he celebrated his brother's birthday with similar sacrifices, we can hardly doubt as to the nature of that untold crime, which disturbed the dying moments of "the darling of the human race." After all, the cruelties of this man are probably softened in the high priest's narrative. The fall of Jerusalem nearly resembles that of Zaragoza, but it is a Morla who tells the tale.

p. 11. Yon pompous shrine. The Temple of the sepulchre.

p. 11. The British Queen. St Helena, who was, according to Camden, born at Colchester. See also Howel's Hist. of the World.

p. 11. And pale Byzantium fear'd Medina's sword. The invasions of the civilised parts of Asia by the Arabian and Turkish Mahometans.

p. 11. The wandering hermit waked the storm of war. Peter the Hermit. The world has been so long accustomed to hear the Crusades considered as the height of frenzy and injustice, that to undertake their defence might be perhaps a hazardous task. We must, however, recollect, that had it not been for these extraordinary exertions of generous courage, the whole of Europe would perhaps have fallen, and Christianity been buried in the ruins. It was not, as Voltaire has falsely or weakly asserted, a conspiracy of robbers; it was not an unprovoked attack on a distant and inoffensive nation; it was a blow aimed at the heart of a most powerful and active enemy. Had not the Christian kingdoms of Asia been established as a check to the Mahometans, Italy, and the scanty remnant of Christianity in Spain, must again have fallen into their power, and France herself have needed all the heroism and good fortune of a Charles Martel to deliver her from subjugation.

p. 11. Tabaria's stream. Tabaria (a corruption of Tiberius) is the name used for the sea of Galilee in the old romances.

p. 12. By northern Brenn or Scythian Timur led. Brennus and Tamerlane.

p. 12. There Gaul's proud knights with boastful mien advance. The insolence of the French nobles twice caused the ruin of the army; once by refusing to serve under Richard Cœur-de-Lion, and again by reproaching the English with cowardice in St Louis's expedition to Egypt. See Knolles's History of the Turks.

p. 12. Form the long line. The line (*combat à-la-haie*), according to Sir Walter Raleigh, was characteristic of French tactics; as the column (*herse*) was of the English. The English at Crèci were drawn up thirty deep.

p. 12. Whose giant force Britannia's armies led. All the British nations served under the same banner.

Sono gl' Inglesi sagittarii, ed hanno, &c.

—Gierusal. Lib. l. 44.

Ireland and Scotland, it is necessary to observe, were synonymous.

p. 12. Lords of the biting axe and beamy spear. The axe of Richard was very famous. See Warton's History of Ancient Poetry.

p. 13. Courts the bright vision of descending power. "That great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God."—Rev. xxi. 10.

"EUROPE."

p. 15. In Dresden's grove the dewy cool I sought. The opening lines of this poem were really composed in the situation (the Park of Dresden) and under the influence of the feelings which they attempt to describe. The disastrous issue of King Frederick's campaign took away from the author all inclination to continue them, and they remained neglected till the hopes of Europe were again revived by the illustrious efforts of the Spanish people.

p. 16. Prätzen's hill. The hill of Prätzen was the point most obstinately contested in the great battle which has taken its name from the neighbouring town of Austerlitz; and here the most dreadful slaughter took place, both of French and Russians.

p. 16. And, red with slaughter, Freedom's humbled crest. It is necessary perhaps to mention, that, by freedom, in this and in other passages of the present poem, political liberty is understood, in opposition to the usurpation of any single European state.

p. 16. Gallia's vaunting train. The confidence and shameful luxury of the French nobles, during the Seven Years' War, are very sarcastically noticed by Templeman.

p. 18. Where youthful Lewis led. Prince Lewis Ferdinand of Prussia, who fell gloriously with almost the whole of his regiment.

p. 18. By her whose charms, &c. The Queen of Prussia; beautiful, unfortunate, and unsubdued by the severest reverses.

p. 19. The covering cherub, &c. "Thou art the anointed cherub that coverest."—Addressed to Tyre, by Ezekiel, xxviii. 14.

p. 22. The Moslem wasters of their bleeding land. The Asturians, who under Pelagius first opposed the career of Mahometan success.

p. 22. Thy spear-encircled crown, Asturia. "La couronne de fer de Dom Pelage,—cette couronne si simple mais si glorieuse, dont chaque fleuron est forme du fer d'une lance arrachee aux Chevaliers Maures que ce herois avoit faits tomber sous ses coups."—Roman de Dom Ursino le Navarin, Tressan, tom. ix. 52.

p. 23. Rude, ancient lays of Spain's heroic time. See the two elegant specimens given by Bishop Percy in his *Reliques*; and the more accurate translations of Mr Rodd, in his *Civil Wars of Granada*.

p. 23. Him in Xeres' carnage fearless found. The Gothic monarchy in Spain was overthrown by the Mussulmans at the battle of Xeres, the Christian army being defeated with dreadful slaughter, and the death of their king, the unhappy and licentious Roderigo. Pelagius assembled the small band of those fugitives who despised submission, amid the mountains of the Asturias, under the name of King of Oviedo.

p. 23. Of that chaste king, &c. Alonzo, surnamed the Chaste, with ample reason, if we believe his historians: who defeated, according to the Spanish romances, and the graver authority of Mariana, the whole force of Charlemagne and the twelve peers of France, at Roncesvalles. Bertrand del Carpio, the son of Alonzo's sister Ximena, was his general, and according to Don Quixote, put the celebrated Orlando to the same death as Hercules inflicted on Antæus. His reason was, that the nephew of Charlemagne was enchanted, and, like Achilles, only vulnerable in the heel, to guard which he wore always iron shoes.—See Mariana, l. vii. c. xi.; Don Quixote, book i. c. i.; and the notes on Mr Southey's *Chronicle of the Cid*.

p. 23. And chiefest him who rear'd his banner tall, &c. Rodrigo Diaz of Biva, surnamed the Cid by the Moors.—See Mr Southey's *Chronicle*.

p. 23. Red Buraba's field, and Lugo.—Buraba and Lugo were renowned scenes of Spanish victories over the Moors, in the reigns of Bermudo, &c.; as his name is Latinized, Veremundus, and Alonzo the Chaste. Of Lugo the British have since obtained a melancholy knowledge.

p. 23. Tlascala. An extensive district of Mexico. Its inhabitants were the first Indians who submitted to the Spaniards under Cortez.

p. 23. Her captive king. Francis I., taken prisoner at the battle of Pavia.

p. 23. Yon Bætic skies. Andalusia forms a part of the ancient Hispania Bætica.

p. 24. Roncesvalles' vales. See the former note on Alonso the Chaste.

p. 25. On the poised balance, trembling still with fate. This line is imitated from one in Mr Roscoe's spirited verses on the commencement of the French revolution.

p. 25. One Saguntum. The ancient siege of Saguntum has been now rivalled by Zaragoza.

p. 26. Bethulia's matron. Judith.

“THE PASSAGE OF THE RED SEA.”

p. 28. Siwah. Oasis.—Sennaar. Meroe.

p. 28. Shangalla. The black tribes, whom Bruce considers as the aboriginal Nubians, are so called. For their gigantic stature, and their custom of ornamenting themselves and their houses with the spoils of the elephant, see the account he gives of the person and residence of one of their chiefs, whom he visited on his departure from Ras el Feel.

p. 28. Emeralds. The emerald, or whatever the ancients dignified by the name of smaragdus, is said to have been found in great quantities in the mountain now called Gebel Zumrud (the Mount of Emeralds).

THE TRANSLATIONS OF PINDAR.

p. 34. *The fourth, with that tormented three.* The three were Sisyphus, Tityus, and Ixion. The author of the *Odyssey*, or, at least, of that passage which describes the punishments of Tantalus, assigns him an eternity of hunger, thirst, and disappointment. The impending rock of Pindar is perhaps a less appropriate, but surely a more picturesque mode of punishment.

p. 35. *Car-borne Pisa's royal maid.* Enomaus, king of Pisa, had promised his daughter, the heiress of his estates, in marriage to any warrior who should excel him in the chariot-race—on condition, however, that the candidates should stake their lives on the issue. Thirteen had essayed and perished before Pelops.

p. 36. *Sleeps beneath the piled ground.* Like all other very early tombs, the monument of Pelops was a barrow or earthen mound. The spot is very accurately pointed out, and such works are not easily obliterated.

p. 37. *God, who beholdeth thee and all thy deeds.* The solemnity of this prayer contrasted with its object, that Hiero might again succeed in the chariot-race, is ridiculous to modern ears. I do not indeed believe that the Olympic and other games had so much importance attached to them by the statesmen and warriors of Greece as is pretended by the sophists of later ages; but where the manners are most simple, public exhibitions, it should be remembered, are always most highly estimated, and religious prejudice combined with the ostentation of wealth to give distinction to the Olympic contests.

p. 38. *The flower of no ignoble race.* Theron was a descendant of *Œdipus*, and consequently of *Cadmus*. His family had, through a long line of ancestors, been remarkable, both in Greece and Sicily, for misfortune; and he was himself unpopular with his subjects and engaged in civil war.

p. 40. *He whom none may name.* In the original "a certain nameless person." The ancients were often scrupulous about pronouncing the names of their gods, particularly those who presided over the region of future hopes and fears; a scruple corresponding with the Rabbinical notions of the ineffable Word. The pictures which follow present a striking discrepancy to the mythology of Homer, and of the general herd of Grecian poets, whose Zeus is as far inferior to the one supreme divinity of Pindar, as the religion of Pindar himself falls short of the clearness and majesty of Revelation. The connection of these Eleusinian doctrines with those of Hindûstan is in many points sufficiently striking. Southey and Pindar might seem to have drunk at the same source.

p. 41. *Nor Jove has Thetis' prayer denied.* I know not why, except for his brutality to the body of Hector, Achilles is admitted with so much difficulty into the Islands of the Blessed. That this was considered in the time of Pindar as sufficient to exclude him without particular intercession, shows at least that a great advance had been made in moral feeling since the days of Homer.

p. 42. *There are who hate the minstrel's power.* It was not likely that Pindar's peculiarities should escape criticism, nor was his temper such as to bear it with a very even mind. He treats his rivals and assailants with at least a sufficient portion of disdain, as servile adherents to rule, and mere students without genius. Some of their sarcasms passed, however, into proverbs.

p. 43. *Whose sapling root from Scythian down.* There seems to have been in all countries a disposition to place a region of peculiar happiness and fertility among inaccessible mountains, and at the source of their principal rivers. Perhaps indeed the Mount Meru of Hindûstan, the blameless Ethiopians at the head of the Nile, and the happy hyperborean regions at the source of the Ister, are only copies of the garden and river of God in Eden. Some truth is undoubtedly mixed with the tradition

here preserved by Pindar. The olive was not indigenous to Greece, and its first specimens were planted near Pisa. That they ascribed its introduction to their universal hero Hercules, and derived its stock from the land of the blessed, need not be wondered at by those who know the importance of such a present.

p. 44. Old Atlas' daughter hallowed. Taygeta.

p. 46. Such was the proof Ernicus bore. Ernicus was one of the Argonauts, who distinguished himself in the games celebrated at Lemnos by its hospitable queen Hypsipile, as victor in the foot-race of men clothed in armour. He was prematurely gray-headed, and therefore derided by the Lemnian women before he had given this proof of his vigour. It is not impossible that Psaumis had the same singularity of appearance.

There is a sort of playfulness in this ode, which would make us suspect that Pindar had no very sincere respect for the character of Psaumis. Perhaps he gave offence by it; for the following poem to the same champion is in a very different style.

p. 47. Rearing her goodly towers on high. Camarina had been lately destroyed by fire, and rebuilt in a great measure by the liberality of Psaumis.

p. 49. To him, the prophet chief. The prophet chief is Amphiaraus, who was swallowed up by the earth before the attack of Polynices and his allies on Thebes, either because the gods determined to rescue his virtues from the stain of that odious conflict; or, according to the sagacious Lydgate, because, being a sorcerer and a pagan "byshoppe," the time of his compact was expired, and the infernal powers laid claim to him.

p. 50. And, Phintis, climb the car with me. Agesias had been victor in the Apene, or chariot drawn by mules; Phintis was probably his charioteer.

p. 51. And flung the silver clasp away. I venture in the present instance to translate "κάλπις" a clasp, because it was undoubtedly used for the stud or buckle to a horse's bit, as "καλπάζειν" signifies to run by a horse's side, holding the bridle. The "κάλυξ" too, appended to the belt of Hercules, should seem, from the manner in which Herodotus mentions it, to have been a clasp or stud.

p. 53. Cool Cyllene's height of snow. Cyllene was a mountain in Arcadia, dedicated to Mercury.

p. 53. To Juno, queen of deities. Such passages as this appear to prove, first, that the Odes of Pindar, instead of being danced and chanted by a chorus of hired musicians and actors, in the absurd and impossible manner pretended by the later Grecian writers (whose ignorance respecting their own antiquities is in many instances apparent), were recited by the poet himself sitting, and accompanied by one or more musicians, such as the Theban Æneas whom he here compliments. Secondly, what will account at once for the inequalities of his style and the rapidity of his transitions, we may infer that the Dircean swan was, often at least, an "improvisatore." I know not the origin of the Bœotian agnomen of swine. In later times we find their region called "vervecum patria."

p. 54. Mark with no envious ear a subject praise. Either the poet was led by his vanity to ascribe a greater consequence to his verses than they really possessed, when he supposes that the praise of Agesias may move his sovereign to jealousy; or we may infer from this little circumstance, that the importance attached to the Olympic prize has not been so greatly overrated by poets and antiquaries, and that it was indeed "a gift more valuable than a hundred trophies."

