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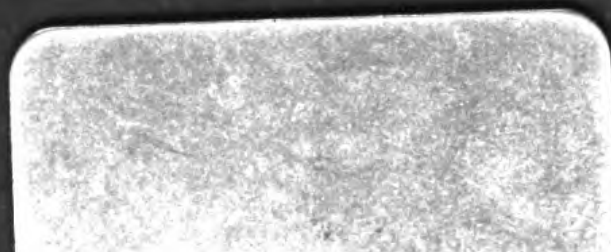
The Canterbury Poets



HERBERT



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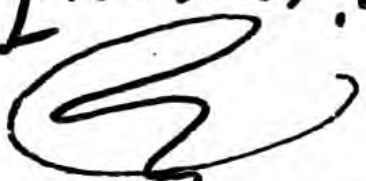





Lucas
Ad Dominum

119

Christe, decus, dulcedo, & centum circiter Hyblæ,
Cordis apex, anima pugnâq; paciq; mea,
Eum, sint, te cornam; quohis iam dixero, cernam
Imitariq; oculis, o mea vita, tuis.
Si, licet, immoriar: vel si tua visio, vita est.
Cur sine te, votis immoriturus, ago?
Ah, cernam; Tu, qui ^{caecos} ~~caecos~~ sanare solebas,
Cum te non videram, meum vident putas!
Non video, coram ore iurant; aut si hoc voluisti
Prævenias vultu non facienda tuo.


Finis

Soli Deo gloria.

Facsimile of George Herbert's hand-writing. From the

Williams Library MS. See Notes.

THE POEMS
OF
GEORGE HERBERT

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

SELECTIONS FROM HIS PROSE, AND
WALTON'S "LIFE."

WITH PREFATORY NOTICE

By ERNEST RHYS.



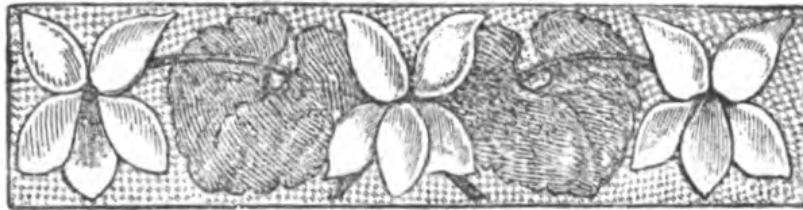
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AND NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE

1885.

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Introductory Notice.

BUT with my hand on the lock, I shrink from opening the door. Here comes a poet indeed! and how am I to show him due honour? With his book humbly, doubtfully offered, with the ashes of the poems of his youth fluttering in the wind of his priestly garments, he crosses the threshold." So, in *England's Antiphon*, the most suggestive and ideally stated account of English religious poetry which we have, George Herbert is ushered into the august choir of poets; and the words, in their especial homage and reverence, are happily appropriate in introducing him to the readers of this little volume. There might seem at first an almost superlative strain in such an opening, remembering what other poets have sung of the spiritual life before and after; but George Herbert is one of those writers who transcend mere literary relationship, and draw their readers into a charmed circle of peculiar

intimacy, within which the sense of qualification and criticism is more or less forgotten. Behind the quaint poetry of Herbert—at the back of these devotional lyrics which might be called little ballads of the soul—we feel his heart passionately beating, and, reading, we suddenly find ourselves filled with his personality in a way that is unaccountable. It is a way in which certain natures affect us ; approaching them through their books, the ordinary relations of writer and reader are overpassed, and we become their intimates, lovers, disciples. In Herbert the religious appeal very much enhances this feeling, placing him in a nook apart, of hermit-like sanctity, to which those who find life touched with the almost tragic devotional import it had for him will always repair with affection and mystical fervour. “George Herbert is a true poet,” said Coleridge, “but a poet *sui generis*, the merits of whose poems will never be felt without a sympathy with the mind and character of the man.” So, while his audience will never be large, as Milton’s and Wordsworth’s are large, such as do listen to his song will do so with an exceptional love and interest.

There was nothing of the “beautifully objective” about Herbert’s literary production. His was not the calm exercise of an unimpassioned poetaster—not the mere æsthetic diversion of a talented brain—but the issue and expression of his very soul. His song sprang from the conflict of what to him at least were tragically opposing forces ; the heart’s

blood was as unmistakably in it as in the wild wit and hot humanity of the song of Burns. His living was really one with his writing ; he thoroughly lived his poems before writing them, and they have all the virtue of the genuineness of their origin. In order, then, to get into sympathy with and understand Herbert's poetry, it is indispensably requisite that his life and its environment should be known. There are certain of his lyrics of such pure beauty and such surpassing grace of tune that they could very well stand alone and unrelated, apart from their personal bearing. Take, for instance, that charming passage in Isaac Walton's *Complete Angler*, in which the exquisite little poem, "Virtue," is quoted. "And now, Scholar, my direction for fly-fishing is ended with this shower, for it has done raining ; and now look about you, and see how pleasantly that meadow looks, nay, and the earth smells as sweetly too. Come, let me tell you what holy Mr. Herbert says of such things and flowers as these ; and then we will thank God that we enjoy them, and walk to the river and sit down quietly—

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

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

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

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.' ”

But it is not all his verse which would bear quotation in this way, and to give it interest as a whole it is, as we have said, necessary to inform it with the spirit of Herbert's life and character. Then, much that would be else wanting in mere literary charm, becomes full of high import and suggestion.

For the simple narration of his history it is to Isaac Walton we must turn again ; in spite of occasional errors Walton's "Life," with its affectionate hero-worship and old-fashioned grace of style, will always remain the favourite account of the poet. The reader will find it appended to Herbert's own works in this volume. But we who look back from the present time are apt not to read between the lines rightly, not to supply the requisite colour—so rich, so radiant—with which existence was painted in the early part of the Seventeenth Century. We want to realise what the nurture of this imaginative boy of aristocratic race was ; what the place-and-folk interest of his child-life and youth ; what the process of his history to the time when the world seemed about to dazzle him

irretrievably with the glamour of the court of James the First, and so on to his early death in the remote Bemerton parsonage.

From the Castle of Montgomery in Wales, standing on the "Primrose Hill" of Donne's poem of that title, where he was born, to Cambridge University, his boyhood must have been delightfully varied in its adventurous changes from one charmed spot to another. The Rev. A. B. Grosart, in the invaluable "Fuller Worthies' Library" edition, traces vividly the surroundings of the young poet and his nine brothers and sisters under the care of their mother, the Lady Magdalen Herbert—a noble type of the true lady of those days, cultured, large-souled, devout, witty. It was a life, at Montgomery and Oxford, London and Cambridge, of associations—picturesque, romantic—that it is hard for those educated amid the unbeautiful, commercial associations of these days to realise fully. When her eldest boy, Edward—the future famous Lord Herbert of Cherbury—went to Oxford University, Lady Herbert moved there with the rest of her family so as to be near him. At this time George must have been about five years old, and seven years later, after frequent alternations here and there, during which many beautiful English country-sides and cities must have become familiar to the boy, he was sent to Westminster School, in London, having until this time been educated chiefly by his mother, with the aid of a private tutor, at home.

How strong the home influence was may be gathered from Walton's life, and from George Herbert's own tender tribute to his mother in the *Parentalia* poems, written like much other of his special verse, chiefly in Latin. The following passages from an admirable translation in the "Fuller Worthies' Library" edition will testify to the affectionate reverence which inspires them, and show how true a woman they celebrate—

"But after modest braiding of her hair,
Such as becomes a matron wise and fair,
And a brief bath, her freshen'd mind she brought
To pious duties and heart-healing thought,
Addressing to the Almighty Father's throne
Such warm and earnest prayers as He will own.
Next she goes round her family, assigning
What each may need for garden, distaff, dining,
To everything its time and place are given ;
Then are called in the tasks of early even.
By a fixed plan her life and house go on,
By a wise daily calculation ;
Sweetness and grace through all her dwelling shine,
Of both first shining in her mind the sign."

Then, after recording her wit in conversation, her hospitality, her very handwriting and fame as a correspondent—

"Through all the world her well-known letters flit,"

the son proceeds. I give three lines of the Latin original as a sample—

“ Adde his trientem Musices, quæ molliens
Mulcensque dotes cœteras, visa est quasi
Cœlestis harmoniæ breve præludium.”

“ Add music, smoothing, soothing other gifts,
Which, for a moment, the rapt spirit lifts
As with a prelude of heaven's harmony.”

And so on through nineteen graceful variations of loving eulogy, in Latin and Greek.

All along, from the very beginning of his boyish studies, George Herbert seems to have shown unusual faculty for his age—a faculty soon publicly displayed in his first Latin epigrams in reply to Andrew Melville's “*Anti-Tami-Cami-Categoria*,” or, as rendered in the “*Fuller Worthies*” edition, “*Accusation against the Thames and Cam*—that is to say, against the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge,” being a satire on certain ritualistic practices in the Church. Seeing that the boy was probably incited to this reply by his masters, Mr. Grosart seems to attach undue blame to the performance, presumptuous as it undoubtedly was. It was the clever demonstration of a precocious lad, but there was no very momentous significance in it otherwise than showing already his eager interest in the Church, which was afterwards to be so all in all to him. A keen, active-brained boy, he entered with ardour into this partisan exercise, as into his other studies. Walton, unfortunately, in his wish to laud Herbert, treats Melville—“a man foremost among the foremost in ripe learning, and

intrepidity, and worth"—with scant courtesy, and it is as well that his depreciation should be corrected. Beyond this it seems unnecessary to concern ourselves except so far as it shows Herbert's extraordinary development in his twelfth to fifteenth years.

In his fifteenth year, having become a King's Scholar, he was elected out of the school for Trinity College, Cambridge. At the University his academic prowess, added to his poetic faculty, and the extreme fascination of his personal presence, must have thrown him into a position singularly precarious to the devotional, religious side of his nature. It had from the first been his intention to devote himself to the Church, for which he had so early taken up the cudgels. The Sonnets to his mother given at p. 209, with the further explicit wording of the letter accompanying them, show how sacredly he considered his talents :—"For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is, in these sonnets, to declare my resolution to be, that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory." But at Cambridge, with such stir of chivalry and romance in the air, his ambition, already great in the literary direction, easily found a more brilliant field of possibility opened to it. The alluring example of his elder brother, Lord Edward of Cherbury, must have had its effect. Indeed, as Mr. J. H. Shorthouse felicitously points out, to understand the life of George Herbert we must study his brother's. In order to do this, besides Lord

Herbert's appearance in the general contemporary records, we have his Autobiography, full of the adventurous spirit and romantic chivalry of the time, to help us to realise the man. But Mr. Shorthouse, in his interesting preface to a facsimile of the first edition of "The Temple," gives a charming account of this chivalrous brother, which will admirably serve our purpose here. He was, says the author of *John Inglesant*, a remarkable man, but not singular, for there were others like him—the supreme result of the Elizabethan culture. There is a picture of him by Isaac Oliver, in which is to be found a sort of parable of the man and those like him, and the age in which he lived. In this picture he is painted as a knight lying down, and leaning pensively over a brook. "Behind him his horses are held by his esquire; his armour is hung upon a tree; by his side is his sword, and over him lies a long pointed Norman shield, with the blazon of a flame and the words *Magica Sympathiæ*;" Mr. Shorthouse continues:—"Life to such a man was one vast enchanted forest or *Dodona's* grove, full of strange sights and lovely vistas of pleasure, where nothing is merely what it seems, but where the mystery of life and its beauty is revealed in equal paths, where the terrible and the entrancing walk hand in hand; now a dance upon the greensward, then a desperate struggle for life; at one moment the great horse and heavy armour, anon silks and laces, and the ladies' bower, and lute. On every

hand around him in Germany, and France, and Italy, and even in strange and distant Spain, are mighty forests and rivers, and wonderful old-world cities full of intrigue, and strife, and delight." The doorway into this garden of enchantment was the Court, and there is little wonder that, in the contact of Court and University, George Herbert found his imagination dazzled, and his will perplexed on the difficult pathway along which his saintly ideal called him. For the time being it ended, as with so many saints and poets before and since, in compromise. When the office of Public Orator at Cambridge fell vacant, and he applied for it, Herbert had certain scruples, but he cast them aside.

Mr. Grosart, in the spirit of democratic independence, is perhaps rather severe upon Herbert for his political scheming and self-seeking while holding the Orator's office ; but it must be conceded that his performances in that position were not altogether ideal. One could pardon certain of the sins laid to his charge freely, but not so freely the fulsome flattery of his speech and conduct towards James and his court, or the spirit of Caste which too often animated him. Even Isaac Walton allows that "he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors ; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and patronage." However, considering the exclusive character of Herbert's education, and the aristocratic pride fostered by the conflict of Puritan and Royalist, much excuse

may be found for him, more possibly than the democratic temper of the present day will let us readily admit. After holding the office of Public Orator for some years, the death of powerful friends at court, followed by that of the King himself, broke up the promise of Herbert's court life, and gave new impulse to his devotional nature. His ill-health, and then the death of his mother, contributed to the same result. The world fell away from him as a monstrous vanity. At Layton Ecclesia he began to lead that life whose saintly impression was so great. But luckily for the world he brought his poetic faculty, and gift of wit and wisdom, undiminished into his new life ; and to this period it is we owe the poems which time has separated from his other work, and made the chief distinction of his name in the Republic of Letters.

Walton has given us so perfect a picture of the life at Bemerton that it is unnecessary to do more than refer the reader to it here. One has but to imagine the out-of-the-world little "country parish on Salisbury Plain, with its twenty cottages, and less than an hundred and twenty souls ;" and this devout country parson, with his fine æsthetic sentiment and well-bred, saintly presence, informing the ritual of the ecclesiastical year with poetry and imagination. A picturesque, old-fashioned country Church let us fancy his, solemnly set amid trees, with quiet graves and stretches of green lawn around ; whence, in imagination, walking up the churchyard way some summer's evening, one

may hear sweet and solemn organ strains through the open door, recalling the grateful words of the parson who was also a poet in his coming and going to the rustic shrine that was so sacred to him:—

“Sweetest of sweets, I thank you : when displeasure
Did through my body wound the mind,
You took me thence, and in your house of pleasure
A dainty lodging me assigned.”

Or let it be some spring Sunday morning—let us say Easter-day—when the flowers are springing everywhere along the hedgerows and wood-sides, and when daffodils and primroses and wreaths of green deck the altar, and shine in small constellations of golden, flowery suns from every window-sill : then, entering the solemn porch, one can readily fancy finding the thin, tall figure of the poet, with his chastened sweetness of expression and imaginative cast of features, preaching with a tremulous vehemence to the congregation of gathered country-folks. From the “Priest to the Temple,” with its old-fashioned, stately grace of direction, and Walton’s “Life,” it is easy to realise the spirit of those days—the struggle of the body in its increasing weakness, the ascetic devotion to every detail of Church ritual, and the bringing this rare æsthetic faculty and fine imagination to bear on the unspiritual everyday rustic life around.

It was not all painful and devoid of more human diversion however. How much the devout country

parson relished "versing" we know from his own confession, and his musical taste was unusually developed. "His chiefest recreation was music," writes Walton, "in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the Cathedral Church in Salisbury; and at his return would say that his time spent in prayer and Cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his Heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it." It is pleasant to think of these musical interludes in the ascetic life of Bemerton, picturing the poet on his walks to Salisbury, to reach the Cathedral there, in a quiet, imaginative ecstasy at the solemn beauty of arch and pillar and painted window, and to feel, as the organ peals forth, the Heaven of his ideal opening very nearly to his spiritual vision, and the associations of life glorified and transcended.

There must always have been an æsthetic quality in Herbert's religion: his was not the austere severity of the Puritans, and if he did renounce the greater part of that which makes for worldly happiness in most men, he yet retained

much of life's delight in rarer sights and sounds. He was something of a spiritual epicure, it may be, as he had been an intellectual epicure from the first. One can trace the artistic instinct in the way he arranges the details of religious observance in the "Priest to the Temple"; he gave a certain poetic grace and proportion to the most trivial occupations of the Church. But all the while, over and above these, was the reaching up to something beyond; these were, for him, merely the worldly equipment of the soul in its passionate pilgrimage.

In Walton's "Life" will be found frequent reference to a certain religious community at Little Gidding, which, under Nicholas Ferrar, Herbert's intimate friend, as he was the most similar to him in many ways among his contemporaries, is intimately connected with the way of life at Bemerton. Mr. J. H. Shorthouse has given us a picture of the Little Gidding life in his delightful romance of *John Inglesant*, which is so beautiful and suggestive, throwing so much light incidentally on the aspects of Herbert's existence at this time, that it may well, in part at least, be given here. By means of Nicholas Ferrar's translation of Valdeso's *Divine Considerations*, to which George Herbert himself furnished notes and an introduction, the curiosity and interest of the hero, John Inglesant, are aroused in the "Protestant Nunnery," as it was called in the world, at Little Gidding, and presently Inglesant is enabled to pay a visit there.

"It was late in the autumn when he made this visit.

about two months before Mr. Ferrar's death. The rich autumn foliage was lighted by the low sun as he rode through the woods and meadows, and across the sluggish streams of Bedford and Huntingdon. He slept at a village a few miles south of Little Gidding, and reached that place early in the day. It was a solitary, wooded place, with a large Manor house, and a little Church close by. It had been for some time depopulated, and there were no cottages nor houses near. The Manor-house and Church had been restored to perfect order by Mr. Ferrar, and Inglesant reached it through a grove of trees planted in walks, with latticed paths and gardens on both sides. A brook crossed the road at the foot of the gentle ascent on which the house was built. He asked to see Mr. Ferrar, and was shown by a man-servant into a fair spacious parlour, where Mr. Ferrar came presently to him." In an ensuing conversation Mr. Ferrar said—"For his own part, he had adopted that manner of life through having long seen enough of the manners and vanities of the world ; and holding them in low esteem, was resolved to spend the best of his life in mortification and devotion, in charity, and in constant preparations for death. That his mother, his elder brother, his sisters, his nephews and nieces, being content to lead this mortified life, they spent their time in acts of devotion, and by doing such good works as were within their power, such as keeping a school for the children of the next parishes, for teaching of whom he provided three masters, who lived

constantly in the house." Mr. Shorthouse then goes on to describe Inglesant's introduction to the rest of the household, the ladies of which Inglesant finds at work on some of those volumes, which, collated or copied, and bound by these fair *littérateurs*, have since made Little Gidding famous in bibliography as well as in religion. From one of the MSS. bound there it is that the *facsimile* forming the frontispiece to these pages is taken, and examining the precious little volume, with the picturesque Gothic character on its faded paper, and the worn calf binding lined with a single chaste gold line, one feels brought suddenly into intimate touch of the poet who wrote part of it in his exquisite old-fashioned writing, and of those whose girlish hands so delicately bound it. The book begins with some of the well-known poems of "The Church;" these not being in Herbert's handwriting, but merely corrected by him. Then follow two series of Latin poems, entitled "Passiô Discerpta,"—"meaning," says Mr. Grosart, "the Passion of the Lord Jesus, taken to pieces as one might take a Passion-flower, petal by petal"—and "Lucus"—"which may mean a Sacred Grove, with perhaps a sub-reference to the transfiguring light of the Divine presence there." Both these series are of Herbert's own writing, and the final page of the "Lucus," given in the frontispiece, will testify to the artistic character he gave to even his penmanship, and to the exceptional interest of the rest of the volume.

There is much more of the description in this chapter of *John Inglesant* which tempts quotation, but we must be content with one further passage, describing the morning service, and the administration of the Sacrament on the Sunday following Inglesant's arrival at Little Gidding. "The service was beautifully sung, the whole family taking the greatest delight in Church music. . . . The Sacrament was administered with the greatest devotion and solemnity. Impressed as he had been with the occupation of the preceding day and night, and his mind excited with watching and want of sleep and with the exquisite strains of the music, the effect upon Inglesant's imaginative nature was excessive. Above the altar, which was profusely decked with flowers, the antique glass of the east window, which had been carefully repaired, contained a figure of the Saviour of an early and severe type. The form was gracious and yet commanding, having a brilliant halo around the head, and being clothed in a long and apparently seamless coat; the two fore-fingers of the right hand were held up to bless. Kneeling upon the half-pace, as he received the sacred bread and tasted the holy wine, this gracious figure entered into Inglesant's soul, and stillness and peace unspeakable, and life, and light, and sweetness, filled his mind. He was lost in a sense of rapture, and earth and all that surrounded him faded away. When he returned a little to himself, kneeling in his seat in the Church, he thought that at no period

of his life, however extended, should he ever forget that morning or lose the sense and feeling of that touching scene, of that gracious figure over the altar, of the bowed and kneeling figures, of the misty autumn sunlight and the sweeping autumn wind. Heaven itself seemed to have opened to him, and one fairer than the fairest of the angelic hosts to have come down to earth."

Change Little Gidding for Bemerton, and Mr. Ferrar for George Herbert, and let the reader put himself in John Inglesant's place, and there is at once a vivid and picturesque glimpse of the devout way of life out of which the chief part of the poetry in this volume was born.

Having traced the development of the religious life in Herbert step by step, we see at once how naturally his poems sprang, how unaffectedly and simply his very own they were—the product of an unexampled spiritual history, which, ending as it did, when we remember that eager struggle of wasted body and devout spirit, gives his poetry the interest of a most intimate and sacred soul's confession. It is in so far as it reveals the various phases of this spiritual conflict that Herbert's poetry, taken as a whole, is interesting. So related, read in this light, as we have said before, much that would be else unimpressive and of little charm, has for us a profound import. These lyrics of "The Church" then become as finely coherent, as interdependent, as Shakespeare's sonnets, and a kind of symphonic

connection and development are revealed in their musical ebb and flow.

If, however, the personal interest is strong in Herbert, the absolute quality of his song is at the same time unquestionable. He has a genuine musical note of his own, whose virtue is proved by its extraordinary influence upon Henry Vaughan, the Silurist, to say nothing of lesser writers. Says Dr. George Macdonald, in *England's Antiphon*, previously quoted from:—"In George Herbert there is poetry enough and to spare: it is the household bread of his being. If I begin with that which first in the nature of things ought to be demanded of a poet—namely, Truth, Revelation, George Herbert offers us measure pressed down and running over. But let me speak first of that which first in time or in order of appearance we demand of a poet—namely, music. For inasmuch as verse is for the ear, not for the eye, we demand a good hearing first. Let no one undervalue it. The heart of poetry is indeed truth, but its garments are music, and the garments come first in the process of revelation. The music of a poem is its meaning in sound as distinguished from word—its meaning in solution, as it were, uncrystallised by articulation. The music goes before the fuller revelation, preparing its way. The sound of a verse is the harbinger of the truth contained in it. If it be a right poem, this will be true. Herein Herbert excels. It will be found impossible to separate the music of his words from the music

of the thought which takes shape in their sound.

‘ I got me flowers to strow thy way,
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st thy sweets along with thee. ’ ”

No doubt his musical taste and knowledge, as shown in his visits to Salisbury Cathedral and certain private musical *At Homes* in the same city, were of great advantage to him as a poet. One can trace the musical *air* in some of his lyrics just as surely as in certain of Blake's, said to have been composed to an inward music ; and if there are others almost as harsh as those of his master, Donne, they do not form more than the usual poet's quantum of second-rate. In the most unmusical of his poems, however, there is a fine sense of form and harmony. Regarding a poem as a work of art possessed in its ideal perfection of a certain statue-like proportion and relationship of parts, something spheral and harmonic, Herbert shows throughout a fine artistic sense in this respect. To quote again from *England's Antiphon* :—“ He has an exquisite feeling of lyrical art. Not only does he keep to one idea in it, but he finishes the poem like a cameo. Here is an instance wherein he outdoes the elaboration of a Norman Trouvère ; for not merely does each line in each stanza end with the same sound as the corresponding line in every other stanza, but it ends with the very same word. I shall hardly care to defend this, if my

reader chooses to call it a whim ; but I do say that a large degree of the peculiar musical effect of the poem—subservient to the thought, keeping it dimly chiming in the head until it breaks out clear and triumphant, like a silver bell, in the last—is owing to this use of the same column of words at the line-ends of every stanza. Let him who doubts it read the poem aloud.

‘Holiness on the head ;
Light and perfections on the breast ;
Harmonious bells below, raising the dead,
To lead them unto life and rest—
Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head ;
Defects and darkness in my breast ;
A noise of passions singing me for dead
Unto a place where is no rest—
Poor priest, thus am I drest !

Only another head
I have, another heart and breast,
Another music, making live, not dead,
Without Whom I could have no rest—
In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
My alone only heart and breast,
My only music, striking me even dead,
That to the old man I may rest,
And be in Him new drest.

So, holy in my head,
Perfect and light in my dear breast,
My doctrine turned by Christ, Who is not dead,
But lives in me while I do rest—
Come, people ; Aaron’s drest.’ ”

If George Herbert had lived in these days of the practice of certain French forms of verse, he would probably have expressed his devotional ideas in *Ballades* and *Rondeaux*, and other such refinements of rhyme. He would have thoroughly delighted in their dainty rhyme recurrences and metrical precision. Indeed, he sometimes, as Dr. George Macdonald has pointed out, carried his art to an almost freakish extreme. In the poems, "Home" and "Denial," he adopts singular rhyme devices in the last verse to heighten the effect, as the reader will discover on examination.

Quaintness is the term that has been most usually applied by the critics to Herbert's poetry; and comparing it with the style of such unmannered writing as we find in the great masters of poetry, there is a fantastic character about even his best work. But it must be remembered how much *conceits*, as they were called, were in vogue at that time. And it is questionable whether many do not even find an added charm in this mannerism of thought and phrase—a mannerism which certainly helps his poetry to a distinct place and remembrance of its own. There is a fine felicity often in even his quaintest turns of speech. He had a natural gift of epigrammatic utterance which he had cultivated assiduously, and had thence acquired a concise, idiomatic force of expression, which gives many of his lines and phrases a notable grip on the memory. The "Church Porch" abounds with touches of this kind :—

“Thus Hell doth jest
Away thy blessings, and extremely flout thee,
Thy clothes being fast, but thy soul loose about thee.”

And again this couplet—

“God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those feathers
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.”

And so on throughout its seventy-seven stanzas.
Take, again, the famous couplet, the Anagram on
the name “Mary”—

“How well her name an Army doth present,
In whom the Lord of Hosts did pitch His tent !”

His expression, moreover, was imaginative in the extreme, often informing some common fact or idea with quite original life and meaning. He had, indeed, a special ingenuity in finding new meanings and new relations in things, as, for instance, in the application he gives to shallow water and deep—

“In small draughts Heaven does shine and dwell ;
Who dives on further may find Hell.”

An afterglow of the resplendent Elizabethan sun often shines in his verse ; its full power and heat were passed, but a gleam of the same imagination constantly irradiates his pages. Mr. Grosart gives some remarkable instances of his imaginative turn of metaphor. In the poem of “The Agony,” which contains that delicious idea of the philoso-

phers who "walked with a staff to Heaven," there are two very remarkable lines—

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

The poem of "Man," which Professor Nichol has called Herbert's masterpiece, is full of the noblest imagination. To be perfectly appreciated of course it must be read as a whole; there is a largeness and majesty of conception about it not usual with Herbert; but its details are in themselves beautiful. In relating Man to the whole cosmos and scheme of things, Herbert reaches the high-water mark of his powers of expression:—

"His eyes dismount the highest star;
He is in little all the sphere."

And here is a verse grandly memorable in the stately harmony of its advance from loveliest fancy to highest philosophy—

"The stars have us to bed,
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;
Music and light attend our head,
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being, to our mind
In their ascent and cause."

Commenting on this poem Professor Nichol writes—"The most philosophic as well as the most comprehensive of his writings, it stands by itself, and has enlisted the admiration even of those furthest removed from him in creed, and cast, and

time. Embodying his recognition of the mysterious relationship of the chief of created beings to his Creator, and to the Universe, it seems to anticipate centuries of discovery. The faculty which can range from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven, discerns the hidden links by which the world is woven together, and poetry prophesies what science proves."

"Oh mighty love! Man is one world, and hath
Another to attend him."

The poet did not write in vain who wrote two such lines as these. They are the consummation of a poetic vision which soared at its highest far above sacerdotalism and ascetic rejection, and saw the world, not as a vanity of vanities, but as the material present abode of all Truth and Beauty.

Little ballads of the soul we have called his poems, and so long as men and women find the conflict of higher and lower in them touched with passionate import they will turn to his poetry with sacred interest. It may be that the absolute, reclusatory religious need Herbert felt is becoming foreign to the intellectual temper of the modern man. There is a wider Church, say we, than that of the lighted altar and painted window—the Church of the whole world, arched only by the sky free to the winds and the sunshine. But even if the time shall come when certain of George Herbert's works may seem archaic and out-of-date,

there will always be some of his strains which will hold their own amongst the pure poetry of the world. Some of these strains have already been referred to in the foregoing pages, and to them may be added now a few others which have gained special favour in the past. There is "The Quip" for instance, with its taking tune and refrain, full of Herbert's characteristic quaint humour, that one single line in which

"First Beauty crept into a rose,"

is enough to make it remembered. "The Elixir," again, only fails of the highest through the extreme mannerism of some of its verses, one of which, however, whose expression is very noble, has been more quoted perhaps than anything else in Herbert's poetry :—

"A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for thy laws
Makes that and the action fine."

"The Flower," called by Coleridge "a delicious poem," is a sort of little Psalm of Spring, tenderly revealing the poet's heart. A large number of the poems are written in a simple narrative vein which is exceedingly effective. One of these, "Love Unknown," in which many of George Herbert's peculiar virtues and vices will be found side by side, has the honour of having been quoted in Coleridge's *Biographia Literaria*. Very different

in many ways—memorable for grace, humour, and music variously, but alike in their miniature alliance of epic and lyric—are such poems as “Peace,” “The Pilgrimage,” “The World,” the sonnet “Christmas,” and others. “The Collar,” a poem full of swing and energy, is singled out in *England’s Antiphon* as “an instance of wonderful art in construction, all the force of the germinal thought being kept in reserve, to burst forth at the last.” In the chapter on George Herbert in the same book will be also found quoted many other of his poems; “The Pulley”—“the story of the world written with the point of a diamond”—“Death,” “The Thanksgiving,” “The Reprisal,” and some which have already been noted. This far from exhausts the list of the pieces which notably appeal to ear and heart. In looking through the poems one is much tempted to go on selecting and distinguishing endlessly. Such memorable strains as that of the sonnet “Sin,” also given in the *Biographia Literaria*, “The Forerunners,” and so on, rise to reproach the critic’s conscience for their omission. But, after all, it is superfluous to attempt to distinguish in this way. With the sympathy that Coleridge requires of the true lover of Herbert, the winding way to the Church where his quaint hymnal strains may be heard will be easy; without it, no guide, however capable and earnest, will be able to make the way clear, or to open the ear to the solemn music which allures the listener on.

A word remains to be said about the general details of the volume. The prose excerpts from "A Priest to the Temple" have been chosen to throw as much light as possible on George Herbert's way of life. The same with the proverbs from the "Jacula Prudentum," those being given which bear in some respect on the poet's idiosyncrasy of thought and expression. Of his Orations, that one is chosen which has Herbert's own translation appended. Some surprise may be felt at the use of the general title, THE CHURCH. This was, however, Herbert's own title, as given in all the MSS. of his poetry, and *The Temple* was not applied to the book until after his death. Apart from any mere sentiment, moreover, there is a propriety in the original title, considered in relation to the poems, which is sufficient to warrant its restoration. The text followed is that in the main of the Rev. A. B. Grosart in the "Fuller Worthies' Library"—the final text, as it may be considered, to all intents and purposes.

Lastly, the hearty thanks of the editor are due to the Rev. Thomas Hunter, the Williams Librarian, for the use of the Herbert MSS. and books in his care; and to the Rev. A. B. Grosart, Dr. George Macdonald, Mr. J. H. Shorthouse, and others, for valuable help given in various editions of and writings upon George Herbert.

ERNEST RHYS.

CHELSEA, *August* 1885.



George Herbert's Poems.

THE CHURCH.

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 maké a gain :
Theirs, who shall hurt themselves or me, refrain.

THE CHURCH PORCH.

PERIRRHANTERIUM.

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

A-a

Beware of lust ; it doth pollute and foul
 Whom God in Baptism washed with His own blood ;
 It blots the lesson written in thy soul ;
 The holy lines cannot be understood.
 How dare those eyes upon a Bible look,
 Much less towards God, whose lust is all their book ?

Wholly abstain, or wed. Thy bounteous Lord
 Allows thee choice of paths ; take no by-ways ;
 But gladly welcome what He doth afford ;
 Not grudging that thy lust hath bounds and stays.
 Contenance hath his joy ; weigh both, and so
 If rottenness have more, let Heaven go.

If God had laid all common, certainly
 Man would have been the encloser ; but since now
 God hath impaled us, on the contrary
 Man breaks the fence, and every ground will plough.
 O, what were man, might he himself misplace !
 Sure to be cross, he would shift feet and face.

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

He that is drunken, may his mother kill
 Big with his sister ; he hath lost the reins,
 Is outlawed by himself ; all kind of ill
 Did with his liquor slide into his veins.
 The drunkard forfeits Man, and doth divest
 All worldly right, save what he hath by Beast.

Shall I, to please another's wine-sprung mind,
Lose all mine own? God hath given me a measure
Short of his can and body; must I find
A pain in that wherein he finds a pleasure?
Stay at the third glass; if thou lose thy hold,
Then thou art modest, and the wine grows bold.

If reason move not gallants, quit the room—
All in a shipwreck shift their several way;
Let not a common ruin thee intomb:
Be not a beast in courtesy, but stay,—
Stay at the third cup, or forego the place:
Wine above all things doth God's stamp deface.

Yet, if thou sin in wine or wantonness,
Boast not thereof, nor make thy shame thy glory.
Frailty gets pardon by submissiveness;
But he that boasts shuts that out of his story;
He makes flat war with God, and doth defy
With his poor 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 run for nought, as little fearing:
Were I an Epicure, I could bate swearing.

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

The cheapest sins most dearly punished 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 sins have made the way a road.

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

Fly idleness ; which yet thou canst not fly
By dressing, mistressing, and compliment.
If those take up thy day, the sun will cry
Against thee ; for his light was only lent. [feathers
God gave thy soul brave wings ; put not those
Into a bed, to sleep out all ill weathers.

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

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

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

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

Some great estates provide, but do not breed
A mastering mind ; so both are lost thereby :
Or else they breed them tender, make them need
All that they leave ; this is flat poverty :

For he that needs five thousand pound to live
Is full as poor as he that needs but five.

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

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

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly ;
Think the king sees thee still ; for his King does.
Simpering is but a lay hypocrisy ;
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.

Who fears to do ill sets himself to task ;
Who fears to do well sure should wear a mask.

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

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

Who keeps no guard upon himself is slack,
 And rots to nothing at the next great thaw.
 Man is a shop of rules, a well-trussed pack,
 Whose every parcel 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 find,
 He breaks up house, turns out of doors his mind.

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

Never exceed thy income. Youth may make
Even with the year ; but Age, if it will lit,
Shoots a bow short, and lessens still his stake,
As the day lessens, and his life with it.

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

Yet in thy thriving still misdoubt some evil,
Lest gaining gain on thee, and make thee dim
To all things else. Wealth is the conjuror'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 stars for money,—stars not to be told
By any art, yet to be purchasèd.

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

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

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

Spend not on hopes. They that by pleading clothes
Do fortunes seek when worth and service fail,
Would have their tale believèd for their oaths,
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 handsomeness doth bear the bell ;
 Wisdom's a trimmer thing than shop e'er gave.
 Say not, then, " This with that lace will do well ;"
 But, " This with my discretion will be brave."
 Much curiousness is a perpetual wooing,
 Nothing with labour, folly long a-doing.

Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more
 Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart ;
 Perhaps his wife's too, and whom she hath bore :
 Servants and churches also play their part.
 Only a herald, who that way doth pass, [glass.
 Finds his cracked name at length in the church

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

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

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

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

If that thy fame with every toy be posed,
'Tis a thin web, which poisonous fancies make :
But the great soldier's honour was composed
Of thicker stuff, which would endure a shake.
Wisdom picks friends ; civility plays the rest :
A toy shunned cleanly passeth with the best.

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

Pick out of mirth, like stones out of thy ground,
Profaneness, filthiness, abusiveness ;
These are the scum, with which coarse wits abound :
The fine may spare these well, yet not go less.
All things are big with jest ; nothing that's plain
But may be witty, if thou hast the vein.

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

A sad wise valour is the brave complexion
 That leads the van and swallows up the cities.
 The giggler is a milkmaid, whom infection
 Or a fired beacon frighteneth from his ditties.
 Then he's the sport : the mirth then in him rests,
 And the sad man is cock of all his jests.

Towards great persons use respective boldness ;
 That temper gives them theirs, and yet doth take
 Nothing from thine ; in service, care or coldness
 Doth ratably thy fortunes mar or make.
 Feed no man in his sins ; for adulation
 Doth make thee parcel-devil in damnation.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

If thou be master-gunner, spend not all
That thou canst speak at once, but husband it,
And give men turns of speech ; do not forestall
By lavishness thine own and 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 fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his sicknesses, or poverty ?
In love I should ; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither ; therefore gently move.

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

Mark what another says ; for many are
Full of themselves, and answer their own notion.
Take all into thee ; then with equal care
Balance each dram of reason, like a potion.
If truth be with thy friend, be with them both,
Share in the conquest, and confess a troth.

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
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 glory mixed with humbleness
Curcs both a fever and lethargicness.

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

Slight not the smallest loss, whether it be
In love or honour ; take account of all :
Shine like the sun in every corner : see
Whether thy stock of credit swell or fall.
Who say ' I care not,' those I give for gone :
They die in holes where glory never shone.

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

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

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

Affect in things about thee cleanliness,
That all may gladly board thee, as a flower.
Slovens take up their stock of noisomeness
Beforehand, and anticipate their last hour.
Let thy mind's sweetness have his operation
Upon thy body, clothes, and habitation.

In alms regard thy means, and others' merit ;
Think heaven a better bargain than to give
Only thy single market-money for it ;
Join hands with God to make a man to live.
Give to all something ; to a good poor man,
Till thou change names, and be where he began.

Man is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boot ; both images regard.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His ;
Write, " So much given to God ; " thou shalt be heard.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee ; or both may come too late.

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

Twice on the day His due is understood ;
For all the week thy food so oft He gave thee
Thy cheer is mended ; bate not of the food,
Because 'tis better, and perhaps may save thee.
Thwart not the Almighty God ; O, be not cross !
Fast when thou wilt ; but then 'tis gain, not loss.

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

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

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

In time of service seal up both thine eyes,
And send them to thy heart ; that, spying sin,
They may weep out the stains by them did rise :
Those doors being shut, all by the ear comes in.
Who marks in church-time others' symmetry,
Makes all their beauty his deformity.

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

Judge not the preacher, for he is thy judge ;
 If thou mislike him, thou conceiv'st Him not.
 God calleth preaching folly : do not grudge
 To pick out treasures from an earthen pot.
 The worst speak something good ; if all want sense,
 God takes a text, and preacheth patience.

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

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

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

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

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

SUPERLIMINARE.

(ON THE THRESHOLD.)

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

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

THE ALTAR.

A BROKEN ALTAR, Lord, Thy servant rears,
Made of a heart, and cemented with tears ;
Whose parts are as Thy hand did frame ;
No workman's tool hath touched the same.
A heart alone
Is such a stone,
B-b

As nothing but
 Thy power doth cut,
 Wherefore each part
 Of my hard heart
 Meets in this frame,
 To praise Thy name :
 That, if I chance to hold my peace,
 These stones to praise Thee may not cease.
 O, let Thy blessed Sacrifice be mine,
 And sanctify this Altar to be Thine.

 THE SACRIFICE.

O ALL ye who pass by, whose eyes and mind
 To worldly things are sharp, but to me blind—
 To Me, Who took eyes that I might you find :
 Was ever grief like Mine ?

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

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

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

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

Therefore My soul melts, and My heart's dear treasure
Drops blood (the only beads) My words to measure :
O let this cup pass, if it be Thy pleasure :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

These drops being tempered with a sinner's tears,
A balsam are for both the hemispheres,
Curing all wounds but Mine, all but My fears :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Yet my disciples sleep ; I cannot gain
One hour of watching ; but their drowsy brain
Comforts not Me, and doth My doctrine stain :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

" Arise ! arise ! they come ! " Look how they run !
Alas, what haste they make to be undone !
How with their lanterns do they seek the Sun !
Was ever grief like Mine ?

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

Judas, dost thou betray Me with a kiss ?
Canst thou find hell about My lips ? and miss
Of life just at the gates of life and bliss ?
Was ever grief like Mine ?

See, they lay hold on Me, not with the hands
Of faith, but fury ; yet, at their commands,
I suffer binding, Who have loosed their bands :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

All My disciples fly ! Fear puts a bar
Betwixt My friends and Me : they leave the star
That brought the wise men of the east from far :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then from one ruler to another, bound
They lead Me, urging that it was not sound
What I taught ; comments would the text confound :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

The priests and rulers all false witness seek
'Gainst Him Who seeks not life, but is the meek
And ready Paschal Lamb of this great week :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then they accuse Me of great blasphemy,
That I did thrust into the Deity,
Who never thought that any robbery :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Some said that I the Temple to the floor
In three days razed, and raised as before.
Why, He that built the world can do much more :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then they condemn Me all, with that same breath
Which I do give them daily, unto death ;
Thus Adam my first breathing rendereth :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They bind and lead Me unto Herod ; he
Sends Me to Pilate : this makes them agree ;
But yet their friendship is My enmity :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Herod and all his bands do set Me light,
Who teach all hands to war, fingers to fight,
And only am the Lord of Hosts and might :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Herod in judgment sits, while I do stand,
Examines Me with a censorious hand ;
I him obey, Who all things else command :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

The Jews accuse Me with despitefulness,
And, vying malice with My gentleness,
Pick quarrels with their only happiness :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

I answer nothing, but with patience prove
If stony hearts will melt with gentle love :
But who does hawk at eagles with a dove ?
Was ever grief like Mine ?

My silence rather doth augment their cry ;
My dove doth back into My bosom fly,
Because the raging waters still are high :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Hark how they cry aloud still, Crucify !
It is not fit He live a day ! they cry,
Who cannot live less than eternally :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They buffet Me, and box Me as they list,
Who grasp the earth and heaven with My fist,
And never yet whom I would punish missed :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Behold, they spit on Me in scornful wise,
Who by My spittle gave the blind man eyes :
Leaving his blindness to Mine enemies :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

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

Servants and abjects flout me ; they are witty ;
“ Now prophesy who strikes Thee ! ” is their ditty ;
So they in Me deny themselves all pity :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

And now I am delivered unto death ;
Which each one calls for so with utmost breath,
That he before Me well-nigh suffereth :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Weep not, dear friends, since I for both have wept,
When all My tears were blood, the while you slept :
Your tears for your own fortunes should be kept :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

The soldiers lead me to the common hall :
There they deride Me, they abuse Me, all :
Yet for twelve heavenly legions I could call :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then with a scarlet robe they Me array,
Which shows my blood to be the only way,
And cordial left to repair man's decay :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then on My head a crown of thorns I wear ;
For these are all the grapes Sion doth bear,
Though I My vine planted and watered there :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

So sits the earth's great curse in Adam's fall
Upon My head ; so I remove it all
From the earth unto My brows, and bear the thrall :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Then with the reed they gave to Me before
They strike My head, the rock from whence all store
Of heavenly blessings issue evermore :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They bow their knees to Me, and cry, " Hail, king !"
Whatever scoffs or scornfulness can bring,
I am the floor, the sink, where they it fling :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Yet since man's sceptres are as frail as reeds,
And thorny all their crowns, bloody their weeds,
I, Who am Truth, turn into truth their deeds :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

The soldiers also spit upon that face
Which angels did desire to have the grace,
And prophets, once to see, but found no place :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

Thus trimmèd forth they bring Me to the rout,
Who "Crucify Him!" cry with one strong shout.
God holds His peace at man, and man cries out :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

They lead Me in once more, and putting then
My own clothes on, they lead Me out again.
Whom devils fly, thus is He tossed of Men :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

And now weary of sport, glad to engross
All spite in one, counting My life their loss,
They carry Me to My most bitter cross :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

My cross I bear Myself, until I faint :
Then Simon bears it for Me by constraint—
The decreed burden of each mortal saint :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

O all ye who pass by, behold and see :
Man stole the fruit, but I must climb the tree—
The Tree of Life to all but only Me :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

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

Such sorrow, as if sinful man could feel,
Or feel his part, he would not cease to kneel
Till all were melted, though he were all steel :
Was ever grief like Mine ?

But, O My God, My God ! why leav'st Thou Me,
The Son, in whom Thou dost delight to be ?
My God, My God——

Never was grief like Mine !

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

Was ever grief like Mine ?

“ Now heal thyself, Physician ; now come down.”
Alas, I did so, when I left My crown
And Father's smile to feel for you His frown :

Was ever grief like Mine ?

In healing not Myself there doth consist
All that salvation which ye now resist ;
Your safety in My sickness doth subsist :

Was ever grief like Mine ?

Betwixt two thieves I spend My utmost breath,
As he that for some robbery suffereth.

Alas, what have I stolen from you ?—Death :

Was ever grief like Mine ?

A King My title is, prefixed on high ;
Yet by My subjects am condemned to die
A servile death in servile company :

Was ever grief like Mine ?

They gave Me vinegar mingled with gall,
But more with malice ; yet, when they did call,
With manna, angels' food, I fed them all :

Was ever grief like Mine ?

They part My garments, and by lot dispose
 My coat, the type of love, which once cured those
 Who 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 sin came, so Sacraments might flow :
 Was ever grief like Mine ?

But now I die ; now all is finishèd :
 My woe, man's weal ; and now I bow My head :
 Only let others say, when I am dead—
 Never was grief like Mine !

THE THANKSGIVING.

O KING of grief !—a title strange, yet true,
 To Thee of all kings only due—
 O King of wounds ! how shall I grieve for Thee,
 Who in all grief preventest me ?
 Shall I weep blood ? why, Thou hast wept such store,
 That all Thy body was one door.
 Shall I be scourgèd, flouted, boxèd, 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, neglecting Thy sad story,
 And side with Thy triumphant glory ?
 Shall Thy strokes be my stroking ? thorns, my flower ?
 Thy rod, my posy ? cross, my bower ?
 But how, then, shall I imitate Thee, and
 Copy Thy fair though bloody hand ?

Surely I will revenge me on Thy love,
And try who shall victorious prove.
If Thou dost give me wealth, I will restore
All back unto Thee in the poor ;
If Thou dost give me honour, men shall see
The honour doth belong to Thee.
I will not marry ; or, if she be mine,
She and her children shall be Thine.
My bosom-friend, if he blaspheme Thy name,
I will tear thence his love and fame.
One-half of me being gone, and rest I give
Unto some chapel, die or live.
As for Thy passion—but of that anon,
When with the other I have done.
For Thy predestination, I'll contrive
That three years hence, if I survive,
I'll build a spital, or mend common ways,
But mend my own without delays.
Then I will use the works of Thy creation,
As if I used them but for fashion.
The world and I will quarrel ; and the year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My music shall find Thee, and every string
Shall have his attribute to sing ;
That all together may accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
If Thou shalt give me wit, it shall appear ;
If Thou hast giv'n it me, 'tis here.
Nay, I will read Thy book, and never move
Till I have found therein Thy love,
Thy art of love, which I'll turn back on Thee,
O my dear Saviour, Victory !
Then for Thy passion ; I will do for that——
Alas, my God, I know not what.

THE REPRISAL.

I HAVE considered it, and find
There is no dealing with Thy mighty Passion ;
For though I die for Thee, I am behind ;
My sins deserve the condemnation.

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

Ah ! was it not enough that Thou
By Thy eternal glory didst outgo me ?
Couldst Thou not grief's sad conquests me allow,
But in all vict'ries overthrow me ?

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

THE AGONY.

PHILOSOPHERS have measured mountains,
Fathomed the depths of seas, of states, and kings,
Walked with a staff 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 sound them—Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair
 Unto Mount Olivet ; there shall he see
 A Man so wrung with pains, that all His hair,
 His skin, His garments bloody be.
 Sin is that press and vice, which forceth pain
 To hunt his cruel food through ev'ry vein.

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

THE SINNER.

LORD, how I am all ague, when I seek
 What I have treasured in my memory !
 Since, if my soul make even with the week,
 Each seventh note by right is due to Thee.
 I find there quarries of piled vanities,
 But shreds of holiness, that dare not venture
 To show their face, since cross to Thy decrees :
 There the circumference earth is, 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 hundredth part.
 Yet, Lord, restore Thine image ; hear my call ;
 And though my hard heart scarce to Thee can groan,
 Remember that, Thou once didst write in stone.

GOOD FRIDAY.

O MY Chief Good,
How shall I measure out Thy blood?
How shall I count what Thee befell,
And each grief tell?

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

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

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

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

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

That when Sin spies so many foes,
Thy whips, Thy nails, Thy wounds, Thy woes,

All come to lodge there, Sin may say,
 "No room for me," and fly away.
 Sin being gone, O fill the place,
 And keep possession with Thy grace ;
 Lest Sin take courage and return,
 And all the writings blot or burn.

 REDEMPTION.

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

In heaven at His manor I Him sought :
 They told me there that He was lately gone
 About some land, which He had dearly bought
 Long since on Earth, to take possession.

I straight returned, and knowing His great birth,
 Sought Him accordingly in great resorts—
 In cities, theatres, gardens, parks, and courts ;
 At length I heard a ragged noise and mirth
 Of thieves and murderers ; there I Him espied,
 Who straight, "Your suit is granted," said, and
 died.

 SEPULCHRE.

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

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

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

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

And as of old, the law by 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.

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

EASTER.

RISE, heart, thy Lord is risen. Sing His praise
 Without delays,
 Who takes thee by the hand, that thou likewise
 With Him mayst rise ;

C-c

That, as His death calcinèd thee to dust,
His life may make thee gold, and much more, just.

Awake, my lute, and struggle for thy part
 With all thy art.
The cross taught all wood to resound His name
 Who bore the same.
His stretchèd sinews taught all strings what key
Is best to celebrate this most high day.

Consort, both heart and lute, and twist a song
 Pleasant and long ;
Or since all music is but three parts vied,
 And multiplied,
O let Thy blessèd Spirit bear a part,
And make up our defects with His sweet art.

THE SONG.

I got me flowers to strew Thy way ;
I got me boughs off many a tree ;
But Thou wast up by break of day,
And brought'st Thy sweets along with Thee.

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

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

EASTER WINGS.

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

My tender age in sorrow did begin :
And still with sicknesses and shame
Thou didst so punish sin,
That I became
Most thin.
With Thee
Let me combine,
And feel this day Thy victory,
For, if I imp my wing on Thine,
Affliction shall advance the flight in me.

HOLY BAPTISM.

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

Which is above the heavens, whose spring and vent
 Is in my dear Redeemer's piercèd side.
 O blessèd streams, either ye do prevent
 And stop our sins from growing thick and wide,
 Or else give tears to drown them, as they grow.
 In you Redemption measures all my time,
 And spreads the plaster equal to the crime :
 You taught the Book of Life my name, that so,
 Whatever future sins should me miscall,
 Your first acquaintance might discredit all.

HOLY BAPTISM.

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

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

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

NATURE.

FULL of rebellion, I would die,
Or fight, or travel, or deny
That Thou hast aught to do with me.
O, tame my heart ;
It is Thy highest art
To captivate strongholds to Thee.

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

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

SIN.

LORD, with what care hast Thou begirt us round !
Parents first season us ; then schoolmasters
Deliver us to laws ; they send us bound
To rules of reason, holy messengers,
Pulpits and Sundays, sorrow dogging sin,
Afflictions sorted, anguish of all sizes,
Fine nets and stratagems to catch us in,
Bibles laid open, millions of surprises,

Blessings beforehand, ties of gratefulness,
 The sound of glory ringing in our ears ;
 Without, our shame ; within, our consciences ;
 Angels and grace, eternal hopes and fears.

Yet all these fences and their whole array
 One cunning bosom-sin blows quite away.

AFFLICTION.

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

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

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

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

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

When I got health, Thou took'st away my life,
And more—for my friends die :
My mirth and edge was lost, a blunted knife
Was of more use than I :
Thus, thin and lean, without a fence or friend,
I was blown through with ev'ry storm and wind.

Whereas my birth and spirit rather took
The way that takes the town,
Thou didst betray me to a lingering book
And wrapt 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 simpering all mine age,
Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage :
I took Thy sweetened pill, till I came near ;
I could nor go away, nor persevere.

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

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

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

REPENTANCE.

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

Man's age is two hours' work, or three ;
 Each day doth round about us see.

Thus are we to delights, but we are all
 To sorrows old,
 If life be told
From what life feeleth, Adam's fall.

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

Sweeten at length this bitter bowl
Which Thou hast poured into my soul ;
Thy wormwood turn to health, winds to fair weather :
 For if Thou stay,
 I and this day,
As we did rise, we die together.

When Thou for sin rebukest man,
Forthwith he waxeth woe and wan ;
Bitterness fills our bowels ; all our hearts
 Pine and decay,
 And drop away,
And carry with them the other parts.

But Thou wilt sin and grief destroy,
That so the broken bones may joy,
And tune together in a well-set song,
 Full of His praises
 Who dead men raises :
Fractures well cured make us more strong.

F A I T H.

LORD, how couldst Thou so much appease
Thy wrath for sin, as when man's sight
was dim,
And could see little, to regard his ease,
And bring by faith all things to him ?

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

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

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

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

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

If bliss had lien in art or strength,
None but the wise and strong had gainèd it ;

Where now by faith all arms are of a length,
One size doth all conditions fit.

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

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

That which before was darkened clean
With bushy groves, pricking the looker's eye,
Vanished away, when Faith did change the scene,
And then appeared a glorious sky.

What though my body 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, Angels' age,
God's breath in man returning to his birth,
The soul in paraphrase, heart in pilgrimage,
The Christian plummet, sounding heaven and earth ;

Engine against the Almighty, sinner's tower,
 Reversed thunder, Christ-side-piercing spear,
 The six-days-world transposing in an hour,
 A kind of tune which all things hear and fear ;

Softness, and peace, and joy, and love, and bliss,
 Exalted manna, gladness of the best,
 Heaven in ordinary, man well drest,
 The Milky Way, the bird of Paradise ;

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

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 shouldst without me still have been,
 Leaving within me sin.

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

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

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

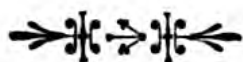
Only Thy grace, which with these elements comes,
Knoweth the ready way,
And hath the privy key,
Opening the soul's most subtle rooms ;
While those to spirits refined, at door attend
Despatches from their friend,

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

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

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

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



ANTIPHON.

Cho. **L**ET all the world in every corner sing
My God and King.

Vers. The heavens are not too high,
His praise may thither fly ;
The earth is not too low,
His praises there may grow.

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King.

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

Cho. Let all the world in every corner sing
My God and King.

 LOVE.

I.

IMMORTAL Love, author of this great frame,
Sprung from that beauty which can never fade,
How hath man parcelled out Thy glorious name,
And thrown it on that dust which Thou hast made,

While mortal 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 beauty, beauty raiseth wit ;
The world is theirs, they two play out the game,
Thou standing by ; and though Thy glorious name
Wrought out deliverance from the infernal pit,

Who sings Thy praise ? Only a scarf 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 inventions on Thine alter lay,
And there in hymns send back Thy fire again,

Our eyes shall see Thee, which before saw dust—
Dust blown by wit, till that they both were blind :
Thou shalt recover all Thy goods in kind,
Who wert disseized by usurping lust.

All knees shall bow to Thee ; all wits shall rise,
And praise Him Who did make and mend our eyes.

THE TEMPER.

HOW should I praise Thee, Lord ? how should my
rhymes
Gladly engrave Thy love in steel,

If, what my soul doth feel sometimes,
My soul might ever feel !

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

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

Wilt Thou meet arms with man, that thou dost stretch
A crumb of dust from Heaven to Hell ?
Will great God measure with a wretch ?
Shall He Thy stature spell ?

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

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

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

THE TEMPER.

IT cannot be : where is that mighty joy
Which just now took up all my heart ?
Lord, if Thou must needs use Thy dart,
Save that, and me, or sin for both destroy.

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

O, fix Thy chair of grace, that all my powers
May also fix their reverence ;
For when Thou dost depart from hence,
They grow unruly, and sit in Thy bowers.

Scatter, or bind them all to bend to Thee :
Though elements change and Heaven move,
Let not Thy higher Court remove,
But keep a standing Majesty in me.

JORDAN.

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

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

Is it not verse, except enchanted groves
And sudden arbours shadow coarse-spun lines ?

D-d

Must purling streams refresh a lover's loves?
 Must all be veiled while he that reads divines,
 Catching the sense at two removes?

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

EMPLOYMENT.

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

The sweetness 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 glory be;
 The measure of our joys is in this place,
 The stuff 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 delays.

All things are busy ; only I
 Neither bring honey with the bees,
 Nor flowers to make that, nor the husbandry
 To water these.

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

 THE HOLY SCRIPTURES.

I.

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

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

That mends the looker's eyes ; this is the well
 That washes what it shows. Who can endear
 Thy praise too much ? Thou art Heaven's lieger
 here,
 Working against the States of death and hell.

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

II.

O THAT I knew how all thy lights combine,
 And the configurations of their glory !
 Seeing not only how each verse doth shine,
 But all the constellations of the story.

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

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

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

WHIT-SUNDAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Lord, though we change, Thou art the same—
The same sweet God of love and light :
Restore this day, for Thy great Name,
Unto his ancient and miraculous right.

GRACE.

MY stock lies dead, and no increase
Doth my dull husbandry improve ;
O let Thy graces, without cease
Drop from above !

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

The dew doth every morning fall,
 And shall the dew outstrip Thy dove—
 The dew, for which grass cannot call
 Drop from above ?

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

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

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

PRAISE.

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

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

Man is all weakness ; there is no such thing
 As prince or king :
 His arm is short ; yet with a sling
 He may do more.

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

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

AFFLICTION.

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

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

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

 M A T I N S.

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

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

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

Indeed, man's whole estate
 Amounts, and richly, to serve Thee :
 He did not Heaven and Earth create,
 Yet studies them, not Him by whom they be.

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

SIN.

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

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

EVEN-SONG.

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

Who gave me sight alone,
Which to Himself He did deny :
For when He sees my ways, I die ;
But I have got His Son, and He hath none.

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

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

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

Thus in Thy ebony box
 Thou dost inclose us, till the day
 Put our amendment in our way,
 And give new wheels to our disordered clocks.

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

My God, Thou art all love.
 Not one poor minute escapes Thy breast,
 But brings a favour from above ;
 And in this love, more than in bed, I rest.

CHURCH MONUMENTS.

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

My body to this school, that it may learn
 To spell his elements, and find his birth
 Written in dusty heraldry and lines :
 Which dissolution sure doth best discern,
 Comparing dust with dust, and earth with earth.
 These laugh at jet and marble, put for signs,

To sever the good fellowship of dust,
 And spoil the meeting. What shall point out them
 When they shall bow, and kneel, and fall down flat
 To kiss those heaps, which now they have in trust ?
 Dear flesh, while I do pray, learn here thy stem
 And true descent, that when thou shalt grow fat,

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

CHURCH MUSIC.

SWEETEST of sweets, I thank you ! when dis-
 pleasure
 Did through my body wound my mind,
 You took me hence, and in your house of pleasure
 A dainty lodging me assigned.

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

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

CHURCH LOCK AND KEY.

I KNOW it is my sin which locks Thine ears,
 And binds Thy hands,
 Out-crying my requests, drowning my tears,
 Or else the chilliness of my faint demands.

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

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

THE CHURCH FLOOR.

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

And the other black and grave, wherewith each one
Is checkered all along,

HUMILITY :

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

IS CONFIDENCE :

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

And CHARITY.

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

THE WINDOWS.

LORD, how can man preach Thy eternal Word ?
He is a brittle crazy glass ;
Yet in Thy temple Thou dost him afford
This glorious and transcendent place,
To be a window through Thy grace.

But when Thou dost anneal in glass Thy story,
Making Thy life to shine within
The holy preachers, then the light and glory

More reverend grows, and more doth win ;
Which else shows waterish, bleak, and thin.

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

TRINITY SUNDAY.

LORD, who hast formed me out of mud,
And hast redeemed me Through Thy blood,
And sanctified me to do good :

Purge all my sins done heretofore ;
For I confess my heavy score,
And I will strive to sin no more.

Enrich my heart, mouth, hands in me,
With faith, with hope, with charity,
That I may run, rise, rest with thee.

CONTENT.

PEACE, muttering thoughts, and do not grudge to
keep
Within the walls of your own breast :
Who cannot on his own bed sweetly sleep,
Can on another's hardly rest.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 runs bias from his will,
 To writhe his limbs, and share, not mend, the ill:—
 This is the Marksman, safe and sure,
 Who still is right, and prays to be so still.

AFFLICTION.

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

But since Thy breath gave me both life and shape,
 Thou know'st my tallies, and when there's assigned
 So much breath to a sigh, what's then behind :
 Or if some years with it escape,
 The sigh then only is
 A gale to bring me sooner to my bliss.

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

A point of honour now to grieve in me,
And in Thy members suffer ill.
They who lament one cross,
Thou dying daily, praise Thee to Thy loss.

THE STAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SUNDAY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove

With the same shake which at His passion
 Did the earth and all things with it move.
 As Samson bore the doors away,
 Christ's hands, though nailed, wrought our salvation,
 And did unhinge that day.

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

Thou art a day of mirth ;
 And where the week-days trail on ground,
 Thy flight is higher, as thy birth :
 O let me take thee at the bound,
 Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
 Till that we both, being tossed from Earth,
 Fly hand in hand to Heaven !

AVARICE.

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

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

Surely thou didst so little contribute
 To this great kingdom which thou now hast got,

That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

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

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

ANA- { MARY } GRAM.
ARMY }

HOW well her name an " Army " doth present,
In whom the " Lord of Hosts " did pitch His tent !

TO ALL ANGELS AND SAINTS.

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

Not out of envy or maliciousness
Do I forbear to crave your special aid :
I would address
My vows to thee most gladly, blessèd Maid,
And Mother of my God, in my distress :

Thou art the holy mine whence came the gold,
 The great restorative for all decay
 In young and old ;
 Thou art the cabinet where the jewel lay :
 Chiefly to thee would I my soul unfold.

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

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

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

EMPLOYMENT.

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

Man is no star, but a quick coal
Of mortal fire:
Who blows it not, nor doth control
A faint desire,
Lets his own ashes choke his soul.

When the elements did for place contest
With him whose will
Ordained the highest to be best,
The earth sat still,
And by the others is opprest.

Life is a business, not good cheer ;
Ever in wars.
The sun still shineth there and here ;
Whereas the stars
Watch an advantage to appear.

O that I were an orange-tree,
That busy plant !
Then should I ever laden be,
And never want
Some fruit for him that dressèd me.

But we are still too young or old ;
The man is gone,
Before we do our wares unfold ;
So we freeze on,
Until the grave increase our cold.



DENIAL.

WHEN my devotions could not pierce
Thy silent ears,
Then was my heart broken, as was my verse ;
My breast was full of fears
And disorder ;

My bent thoughts, like a brittle bow,
Did fly asunder ;
Each took his way ; some would to pleasures go,
Some to the wars and thunder
Of alarms.

As good go anywhere, they say,
As to benumb
Both knees and heart, in crying night and day,
“ Come, come, my God, O come ! ”
But no hearing.

O that Thou 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,
Untuned, unstrung ;
My feeble spirit, unable to look right,
Like a nipt blossom, hung
Discontented.

O, cheer and tune my heartless breast,
Defer no time ;
That so Thy favours granting my request,
They and my soul may chime,
And mend my rhyme.

CHRISTMAS.

I.

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

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

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

Furnish and deck my soul, that Thou may'st have
A better lodging than a rack or grave.

II.

THE shepherds sing ; and shall I silent be ?
My God, no hymn for Thee ?
My soul's a shepherd too ; a flock it feeds
Of thoughts, and words, and deeds.
The pasture is Thy Word ; the streams Thy grace,
Enriching all the place.
Shepherd and flock shall sing, and all my powers
Out-sing the daylight hours ;
Then we will chide the Sun for letting Night
Take up his place and right :
We sing one common Lord ; wherefore he should
Himself the candle hold.

I will go searching till I find a sun
 Shall stay till we have done ;
 A willing shiner, that shall shine as gladly
 As frost-nipt suns look sadly :
 Then we will sing, and shine all our own day,
 And one another pay :
 His beams shall cheer my breast, and both so twine,
 Till even His beams sing, and my music shine.

 UNGRATEFULNESS.

LORD, with what bounty and rare clemency
 Hast Thou redeemed us from the grave !
 If Thou hadst let us run,
 Gladly had man adored the sun,
 And thought his god most brave ;
 Where now we shall be better gods than he.

Thou hast but two rare cabinets full of treasure,
 The Trinity and Incarnation ;
 Thou hast unlocked them both,
 And made them jewels to betroth
 The work of Thy creation
 Unto Thyself in everlasting pleasure.

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

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

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

SIGHS AND GROANS.

O, DO not use me,
 After my sins ! look not on my desert,
 But on Thy glory ! then Thou wilt reform,
 And not refuse me ; for Thou only art
 The mighty God, but I a silly worm :
 O, do not bruise me !

 O, do not urge me !
 For what account can Thy ill steward make ?
 I have abused Thy flock, destroyed Thy woods,
 Sucked all Thy magazines ; my head did ache,
 Till it found out how to consume Thy goods :
 O, do not scourge me !

 O, do not blind me !
 I have deserved that an Egyptian night
 Should thicken all my powers, because my lust

Hath still sowed fig-leaves to exclude Thy light ;
 But I am frailty, and already dust :
 O, do not grind me.

O, do not fill me
 With the turned vial of Thy bitter wrath !
 For Thou hast other vessels full of blood,
 A part whereof my Saviour emptied hath,
 Even unto death : since He died for my good,
 O, do not kill me !

But O, reprieve me !
 For Thou hast life and death at Thy command ;
 Thou art both Judge and Saviour, feast and rod,
 Cordial and corrosive : put not Thy hand
 Into the bitter box ; but, O my God,
 My God, relieve me !

THE WORLD.

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

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

Then entered Sin, and with that sycamore
Whose leaves first sheltered man from drought and dew,
Working and winding sily evermore,
The inward walls and summers cleft and tore ;
But Grace shored these, and cut that as it grew.

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

OUR LIFE IS HID WITH CHRIST IN GOD.

MY words and thoughts do both express this
notion,
That LIFE hath with the sun a double motion.
The first IS straight, and our diurnal friend ;
The other HID, and doth obliquely bend.
One life is wrapt IN flesh, and tends to earth :
The other winds towards HIM Whose happy 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 eternal TREASURE.



VANITY.

THE fleet astronomer can bore
 And thread the spheres with his quick-piercing
 mind ;
 He views their stations, walks from door to door,
 Surveys, as if he had designed
 To make a purchase there ; he sees their dances,
 And knoweth long before
 Both their full-eyed aspects and secret glances.

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

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

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

LENT.

WELCOME, dear feast of Lent! who loves
 not thee,
 He loves not temperance or authority,
 But is a child of passion.
 The Scriptures bid us fast : the Church says, "Now
 Give to thy mother what thou wouldst allow
 To every corporation."

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

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

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

Then those same pendent profits, which the Spring
 And Easter intimate, enlarge the thing,
 And goodness of the deed ;

Neither ought other men's abuse of Lent
 Spoil the good use ; lest by that argument
 We forfeit all our creed.

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

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

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

VIRTUE.

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

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

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

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives ;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

THE PEARL.

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

I know the ways of Honour, what maintains
The quick returns of courtesy and wit ;
In vies of favours whether party gains ;
When glory swells the heart, and mouldeth it

'To all expressions both of hand and eye ;
Which on the world a true-love knot may tie,
And bear the bundle, wheresoe'er it goes ;
How many drams of spirit there must be
To sell my life unto my friends or foes :
Yet I love Thee.

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

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



TEMPTATION.

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

My thoughts are all a case of knives,
Wounding my heart
With scattered smart,
As watering-pots give flowers their lives ;
Nothing their fury can control,
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 try out their right.

O help, my God ! let not their plot
Kill them and me,
And also Thee,
Who art my life ; dissolve the knot,
As the sun scatters by his light
All the rebellions of the night.

Then shall those powers which work for grief,
Enter Thy pay,
And day by day
Labour Thy praise and my relief ;
With care and courage building me,
Till I reach 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, than is Man? to whose creation
All things are in decay.

For Man is everything,
And more: he is a tree, yet bears more fruit;
A beast, yet is, or should be, more:
Reason and speech we only bring;
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,
They go upon the score.

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

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

For us the winds do blow; [flow;
The Earth doth rest, Heaven move, and fountains
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 stars have us to bed ;
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws ;
Music and light attend our head.
All things unto our flesh are kind
In their descent and being ; to our mind
In their ascent and cause.

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

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

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



ANTIPHON.

- Chor.* **P**RAISED be the God of love,
Men. Here below,
Angels. And here above ;
- Chor.* Who hath dealt His mercies so,
Ang. To His friend,
Men. And to His foe ;
- Chor.* That both grace and glory tend
Ang. Us of old,
Men. And us in the end.
- Chor.* The great Shepherd of the fold
Ang. Us did make,
Men. For us was 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.

UNKINDNESS.

LORD, make me coy and tender to offend :
 In friendship first, I think, if that agree
 Which I intend,

Unto my friend's intent and end ;
I would not use a friend as I use Thee.

If any touch my friend or his good name,
It is my honour and my love to free
His blasted fame
From the least spot or thought of blame :
I could not use a friend as I use Thee.

My friend may spit upon my curious floor ;
Would he have gold ? I lend it instantly ;
But let the poor
And Thou within them starve at door.
I cannot use a friend as I use Thee.

When that my friend pretendeth to a place,
I quit my interest, and leave it free ;
But when Thy grace
Sues for my heart, I Thee displace ;
Nor would I use a friend as I use Thee.

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

LIFE.

I MADE a posy, while the day ran by :
Here will I smell my remnant out, and tie
My life within this band ;

But Time did beckon to the flowers, and they
By noon most cunningly did steal away,
And withered in my hand.

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

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

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

SUBMISSION.

BUT that Thou art my wisdom, Lord,
And both mine eyes are Thine,
My mind would be extremely stirred
For missing my design.

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

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

How know I, if Thou 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 :
Only do Thou lend me a hand,
Since Thou hast both mine eyes.

JUSTICE.

I CANNOT skill of these Thy ways ;
Lord, Thou didst make me, yet Thou woundest me ;
Lord, Thou dost wound me, yet Thou dost relieve me ;
Lord, Thou relievest, yet I die by Thee ;
Lord, Thou dost kill me, yet Thou dost reprieve me.

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

CHARMS AND KNOTS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In shallow waters Heaven doth dwell ;
Who dives on further may find Hell.

AFFLICTION.

MY God, I read this day,
That planted Paradise was not so firm
As was and is Thy floating Ark, whose stay
And anchor Thou art only, to confirm
And strengthen it in every age,
When waves do rise and tempests rage.

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

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

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

MORTIFICATION.

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

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves ;
Sleep binds them fast, only their breath

Makes them not dead ;
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly who are bound for Death.

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

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

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

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

DECAY.

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

One might have 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 hear great Aaron's bell."

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

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

MISERY.

LORD, let the angels praise Thy name :
 Man is a foolish thing, a foolish thing ;
 Folly and sin play all his game ;
 G-g

His house still burns ; and yet he still doth sing—
Man is but grass,
He knows it ; fill the glass.

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

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

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

They quarrel with Thee, and would give over
The bargain made to serve Thee ; but Thy love
Holds them unto it, and doth cover
Their follies with the wings of Thy mild dove,
Not suffering those
Who would, to be Thy foes.

My God, Man cannot praise Thy name :
Thou art all brightness, perfect purity ;

The sun holds down his head for shame,
Dead with eclipses, when we speak of Thee.
How shall infection
Presume on Thy perfection ?

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

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

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

The bird that sees a dainty bower
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 reign ;

They make his life a constant blot,
 And all the blood of God to run in vain.
 Ah, wretch ! what verse
 Can thy strange ways rehearse ?

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

But sin hath fooled him ; now he is
 A lump of flesh, without a foot or wing
 To raise him to a glimpse of bliss :
 A sick tossed vessel, dashing on each thing ;
 Nay, his own shelf :
 My God, I mean myself.

JORDAN.

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

Thousands of notions in my brain did run,
 Off'ring their service, if I were not sped :
 I often blotted what I had begun—
 This was not quick enough, and that was dead.

Nothing could seem too rich to clothe the sun,
Much less those joys which trample on his head.

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

PRAYER.

OF what an easy, quick access,
My blessed Lord, art Thou ! how suddenly
May our requests Thine ear invade !
To show that State dislikes not easiness,
If I but lift mine eyes, my suit is made ;
Thou canst no more not hear than Thou canst die.

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

Of what unmeasureable love
Art Thou possest, Who, when Thou could'st not die,
Wert fain to take our flesh and curse,
And for our sakes in person sin reprove ;
That by destroying that which tied Thy purse,
Thou mightst make way for liberality !

Since, then, these three wait on Thy throne,
Ease, Power, and Love, I value prayer so,
That were I to leave all but one,
Wealth, fame, endowments, virtues, all should go;
I and dear Prayer would together dwell,
And quickly gain for each inch lost an ell.

OBEDIENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

How happy were my part,
If some kind man would thrust his heart
Into these lines, till in Heaven's Court of Rolls
They were by wingèd souls
Entered for both, far above their desert !



CONSCIENCE.

PEACE, prattler, do not lour ;
Not a fair look but thou dost call it foul,
Not a sweet dish but thou dost call it sour ;
Music to thee doth howl.
By listening to thy chatting fears
I have both lost mine eyes and ears.

Prattler, no more, I say ;
My thoughts must work, but like a noiseless sphere ;
Harmonious peace must rock them all the day,
No room for prattlers there.
If thou persistest, I will tell thee
That I have physic to expel thee.

And the receipt shall be
My Saviour's blood : whenever at His board
I do but taste it, straight it cleanseth me,
And leaves thee not a word ;
No, not a tooth or nail to scratch,
And at my actions carp or catch.

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



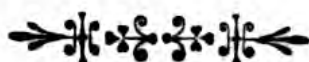
SION.

LORD, with what glory wast thou served of old,
When Solomon's Temple stood and flourishèd !
Where most things were of purest gold ;
The wood was all embellishèd
With flowers and carvings, mystical and rare ;
All showed the builders craved the seer's care.

Yet all this glory, all this pomp and state,
Did not affect Thee much, was not Thy aim :
Something there was that sowed debate ;
Wherefore Thou quitt'st Thy ancient claim,
And now Thy architecture meets with sin,
For all Thy frame and fabric is within.

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

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



HOME.

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

How canst Thou stay, considering the pace
 The blood did make which Thou didst waste ?
 When I behold it trickling down Thy face,
 I never saw thing make such haste.
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

When man was lost, Thy pity looked about,
 To see what help in the earth or sky ;
 But there was none, at least no help without ;
 The help did in Thy bosom lie :
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

There lay Thy Son ; and must He leave that nest,
 That hive of sweetness, to remove
 Thraldom from those who would not at a feast
 Leave one poor apple for Thy love ?
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

He did, He came : O my Redeemer, dear,
 After all this canst Thou be strange !
 So many years baptized, and not appear,
 As if Thy love could fail or change ?
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

Yet if Thou stayest still, why must I stay ?
My God, what is this world to me—
This world of woe ? Hence, all ye clouds ; away,
Away ; I must get up and see :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

What is this weary world, this meat and drink,
That chains us by the teeth so fast ?
What is this womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste ?
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee

With one small sigh Thou gav'st me th' other day
I blasted all the joys about me,
And scowling on them as they pined away,
“ Now come again,” said I, “ and flout me.”
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

Nothing but drought and dearth, but bush and brake,
Which way so'er I look, I see ;
Some may dream merrily, but when they wake,
They dress themselves and come to Thee :
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

We talk of harvests—there are no such things,
But when we leave our corn and hay ;
There is no fruitful year but that which brings
The last and loved, though dreadful day.
O, show Thyself to me,
Or take me up to Thee !

Oh, loose this frame, this knot of man untie ;
 That my free soul may use her wing,
 Which now is pinioned with mortality,
 As an entangled, hampered thing.
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

What have I left, that I should stay and groan ?
 The most of me to Heaven is fled ;
 My thoughts and joys are all packed up and gone,
 And for their old acquaintance plead :
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

Come, dearest Lord, pass not this holy season,
 My flesh and bones and joints do pray ;
 And even my verse, when by the rhyme and reason
 The word is, "Stay," says ever, "Come."
 O, show Thyself to me,
 Or take me up to Thee !

THE BRITISH CHURCH.

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

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

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

She on the hills, which wantonly
Allureth all in hope to be
By her preferred,
Hath kissed so long her painted shrines,
That even her face by kissing shines,
For her reward.

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

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

THE QUIP.

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

First Beauty crept into a rose ;
 Which when I plucked 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, poor man ?" said he ;
 "I heard in music you had skill :"
 But Thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

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

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

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

VANITY.

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

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

THE DAWNING.

A WAKE, sad heart, whom sorrow ever drowns ;
 Take up thine eyes, which feed on earth ;
Unfold thy forehead, gathered into frowns ;
 Thy Saviour comes, and with Him mirth :
 Awake, awake,
And with a thankful heart His comforts take.
 But thou dost still lament, and pine, and cry,
 And feel His death, but not His victory.

Arise, sad heart ; if thou dost not withstand,
 Christ's resurrection thine may be ;
Do not by hanging down break from the hand
 Which, as it riseth, raiseth thee :
 Arise, arise,
And with His burial linen dry thine eyes.
Christ left His grave-clothes, that we might, when grief
Draws tears or blood, not want a handkerchief.

JESU.

JESU is in my heart, His sacred name
 Is deeply carved there : but the other week
 A great affliction broke the little frame,
 Even 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.

BUSINESS.

CANST be idle ? canst thou play,
 Foolish soul, who sinned to-day ?

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

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

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

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

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

Who did leave His Father's throne
To assume thy flesh and bone?
Had He life or had He none?

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

He so far thy good did plot,
That His own self He forgot:
Did He die, or did He not?

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

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

He that loseth gold, though dross,
Tells to all he meets, his cross:
He that sins, hath he no loss?

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

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

H-h

DIALOGUE.

Man :— **S**WEETEST Saviour, if my soul
 Were but worth the having,
 Quickly should I then control
 Any thought of waving.
 But when all my care and pains
 Cannot give the name of gains
 To Thy wretch so full of stains,
 What delight or hope remains ?

Saviour :—What, child, is the balance 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, only He
 Who for man was sold, can see ;
 That transferred the accounts to me.

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

That is all : if that I could
 Get without repining—

Saviour :—And my clay, my creature, would
 Follow my resigning ;

That as I did freely part
 With my glory and desert,
 Left all joys to feel all smart——
Man :—Ah. no more : thou break'st my heart.

DULNESS.

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

The wanton lover in a curious strain
 Can praise his fairest fair,
 And with quaint metaphors her curlèd hair
 Curl o'er again.

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

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

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

But I am lost in flesh, whose sugared lies
 Still mock me, and grow bold ;

Sure Thou didst put a mind there, if I could
Find where it lies.

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

LOVE-JOY.

AS on a window late I cast mine eye,
I saw a vine drop grapes with J and C
Annealed on every bunch. One standing by
Asked what it meant. I (who am never loth
To spend my judgment) said : " It seemed to me
To be the body and the letters both
Of Joy and Charity." " Sir, you have not missed,"
The man replied ; " it figures JESUS CHRIST."

PROVIDENCE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

We all acknowledge both Thy power and love
To be exact, transcending, 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
Lays hands on all ; they are Thy right and left ;
The first puts on with speed and expedition ;
The other curbs Sin's stealing pace and theft.

Nothing escapes them both ; all must appear,
And be disposed, and dressed, and tuned by Thee,
Who sweetly temperest all. If we could hear
Thy skill and art, what music would it be !

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

Tempests are calm to Thee ; they know Thy hand,
And hold it fast, as children do their father's,
Which cry and follow : Thou hast made poor sand
Check the proud sea, even when it swells and gathers.

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

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

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

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

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

Sheep eat the grass, 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 virtue to express the rare
And curious virtues 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 have the stars ?
A rose, besides his beauty, is a cure :
Doubtless our plagues and plenty, peace and wars,
Are there much surer than our art is sure.

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

Even poisons praise Thee : should a thing be lost ?
Should creatures want, for want of heed, their due ?
Since where are poisons 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 winds, who think they rule the mariner,
Are ruled 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 furs and woods.

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

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

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

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

When the earth was dry, Thou madest a sea of wet ;
When that lay gathered, Thou didst broach the
 mountains ;
When yet some places could no moisture get,
The winds grew gardeners, and the clouds good
 fountains.

Rain, do not hurt my flowers, but gently spend
Your honey drops : press not to smell them here ;

When they are ripe, their odour will ascend,
And at your lodging with their thanks appear.

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

Sometimes Thou dost divide Thy gifts to man,
Sometimes unite ; the Indian nut alone
Is clothing, meat and trencher, drink and can,
Boat, cable, sail, and needle, all in one.

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

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

To show thou art not bound, as if Thy lot
Were worse than ours, sometimes Thou shiftest hands :
Most things move the under jaw ; the crocodile not ;
Most things sleep lying, the elephant leans or stands.

But who hath praise enough ? nay, who hath any ?
None can express Thy works but he that knows them ;
And none can know Thy works, which are so many,
And so complete, but only he that owns them.

All things that are, though they have several ways,
 Yet in their being join with one advice
 To honour Thee ; and so I give Thee praise
 In all my other hymns, but in this twice.

Each thing that is, although in use and name
 It go for one, hath many ways in store
 To honour Thee ; and so each hymn Thy fame
 Extolleth many ways, yet this one more.

HOPE.

I GAVE to Hope a watch of mine ; but he
 An anchor gave to me.
 Then an old Prayer-book I did present ;
 And he an optic sent.
 With that I gave a phial full of tears ;
 But he a few green ears.
 Ah, loiterer ! I'll no more ; no more I'll bring :
 I did expect a ring.

SIN'S ROUND.

SORRY I am, my God, sorry I am
 That my offences course it in a ring.
 My thoughts are working like a busy flame,
 Until their cockatrice they hatch and bring :
 And when they once have perfected their draughts,
 My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts.

My words take fire from my inflamèd thoughts,
 Which spit it forth like the Sicilian hill ;
 They vent the wares, and pass them with their faults,
 And by their breathing ventilate the ill ;
 But words suffice not ; where are lewd intentions,
 My hands do join to finish the inventions.

My hands do join to finish the inventions,
 And so my sins ascend three storeys high,
 As Babel grew, before there were dissensions.
 Yet ill deeds loiter not ; for they supply
 New thoughts of sinning : wherefore, to my shame,
 Sorry I am, my God, sorry I am.

 TIME.

MEEETING with Time, "Slack thing," said I,
 "Thy scythe is dull ; whet it, for shame."
 "No marvel, sir," he did reply,
 "If it at length deserve some blame ;
 But where one man would have me grind it,
 Twenty for one too sharp do find it."

"Perhaps some such of old did pass,
 Who above all things loved this life ;
 To whom thy scythe a hatchet was,
 Which now is but a pruning knife.
 Christ's coming hath made man thy debtor,
 Since by thy cutting he grows better

"And in his blessing thou art blest ;
 For where thou only wert before

An executioner at best,
 Thou art a gardener now ; and more,
 An usher to convey our souls
 Beyond the utmost stars and poles.

“ And this is that makes life so long,
 While it detains us from our God ;
 Even pleasures here increase the wrong,
 And length of days lengthens the rod.
 Who wants the place, where God doth dwell,
 Partakes already half of hell.

“ Of what strange length must that needs be,
 Which e'en eternity excludes ! ”
 Thus far Time heard me patiently ;
 Then chafing said : “ This man deludes ;
 What do I here before his door ?
 He doth not crave less time, but more.”

GRATEFULNESS.

THOU that hast given so much to me,
 Give one thing more, a grateful heart :
 See how thy beggar works on Thee
 By art :

He makes Thy gifts occasion more,
 And says, if he in this be crost,
 All Thou hast given him heretofore
 Is lost.

But Thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy word our hearts and hands did crave,

What it would come to at the worst
To save.

Perpetual knockings at Thy door,
Tears sullyng Thy transparent rooms,
Gift upon gift ; much would have more,
And comes.

This notwithstanding, Thou went'st on,
And didst allow us all our noise ;
Nay, Thou hast made a sigh and groan
Thy joys.

Not that Thou hast not still above
Much better tunes than groans can make ;
But that these country airs Thy love
Did take.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again ;
And in no quiet canst Thou be,
Till I a thankful heart obtain
Of Thee.

Not thankful, when it pleaseth me,
As if Thy blessings had spare days ;
But such a heart whose pulse may be
Thy praise.



PEACE.

SWEET Peace, where dost thou dwell,—I humbly
 crave,
 Let me once know?
 I sought thee in a secret cave,
 And asked if Peace were there.
A hollow wind did seem to answer, "No;
 Go seek elsewhere."

I did; and going did a rainbow note:
 Surely, thought I,
 This is the lace of Peace's coat;
 I will search out the matter.
But while I looked, the clouds immediately
 Did break and scatter.

Then went I to a garden, and did spy
 A gallant flower,—
 The crown imperial. Sure, said I,
 Peace at the root must dwell.
But when I digged, I saw a worm devour
 What showed so well.

At length I met a reverend good old man;
 Whom when for Peace
 I did demand, he thus began:
 " There was a Prince of old
At Salem dwelt, Who lived with good increase
 Of flock and fold.

" He sweetly lived; yet sweetness did not save
 His life from foes.
But after death out of His grave
 There sprang twelve stalks of wheat;

Which many wondering at, got some of those
To plant and set.

“It prospered strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth ;
For they that taste it do rehearse
That virtue lies therein :
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin.

“Take of this grain, which in my garden grows,
And grows for you :
Make bread of it ; and that repose
And peace, which everywhere
With so much earnestness you do pursue
Is only 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 screw, no piercer can
Into a piece of timber work and wind
As God's afflictions into man,
When He a torture hath designed ;
They are too subtle for the subtlest hearts,
And fall, like rheums, upon the tenderest parts.

We are the earth ; and they,
 Like moles within us, heave and cast about ;
 And till they foot and clutch their prey,
 They never cool, much less give out.
 No smith can make such locks but they have keys ;
 Closets are halls to them, and hearts, highways.

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

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

GIDDINESS.

○ WHAT a thing is man ! how far from power,
 From settled peace and rest !
 He is some twenty several men at least
 Each several hour.

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

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

He builds a house, which quickly down must go,
As if a whirlwind blew
And crushed the building ; and it's partly true,
His mind is so.

O what a sight were man, if his attires
Did alter with his mind,
And, like a dolphin's skin, his clothes combined
With his desires !

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

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

THE BUNCH OF GRAPES.

JOY, I did lock thee up, but some bad man
Hath let thee out again ;
And, now, methinks, I am where I began
Seven years ago : one vogue and vein,
One air of thoughts usurps my brain.

I-i

I did towards 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
Travelled, and saw no town ;
So now each Christian hath his journeys spanned ;
Their story pens and sets us down.
A single deed is small renown ;
God's works are wide, and let in future times ;
His ancient justice overflows our crimes.

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

But can he want the grape who hath the wine ?
I have their fruit and more.
Blessèd be God, who prospered Noah's vine,
And made it bring forth grapes good store :
And much more Him I must adore
Who of the law's sour juice sweet wine did make,
Even God Himself, being pressèd for my sake.

LOVE UNKNOWN.

DEAR friend, sit down ; the tale is long and sad ;
And in my faintings I presume your love
Will more comply than help : a Lord I had,

And have, of Whom some grounds, which may improve,

I hold for two lives, and both lives in me.
To Him I brought a dish of fruit one day,
And in the middle placed my heart. But He,

I sigh to say,
Looked on a servant, who did know His eye
Better than you know me, or, which is one,
Than I, myself. The servant instantly
Quitting the fruit, seized on my heart alone,
And threw it in a font, wherein did fall
A stream of blood, which issued from the side
Of a great rock :—I well remember all,
And have good cause :—there it was dipt and dyed,
And washed, 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 asked pardon, and was not denied.
But you shall hear. After my heart was well,
And clean and fair, as I one eventide,

I sigh to tell,
Walked by myself abroad, I saw a large
And spacious furnace flaming, and thereon
A boiling caldron, round about whose verge
Was in great letters set “ AFFLICTION.”
The greatness showed the owner. So I went
To fetch a sacrifice out of my fold,
Thinking with that which I did thus present
To warm his love, which I did fear grew cold.
But as my heart did tender it, the man
Who was to take it from me, slipt his hand,
And threw my heart into the scalding pan—
My heart that brought it, do you understand ?

The offerer's heart. "Your heart was hard, I fear."
Indeed 'tis true. I found a callous matter
Began to spread and to expatiate there :
But with a richer drug than scalding water
I bathed it often, even with holy blood,
Which at a board, while many drank bare wine,
A friend did steal into my cup for good,
Even 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 stuffed the bed with thoughts,
I would say thorns. Dear, could my heart not break,
When with my pleasures even my rest was gone ?
Full well I understood Who had been there,
For I had given the key to none but one :
It must be He. "Your heart was dull, I fear."
Indeed a slack and sleepy state of mind
Did oft possess me ; so that when I prayed.
Though my lips went, my heart did stay behind.
But all my scores were by another paid,
Who took the debt upon Him. "Truly, friend,
For ought I hear, your Master shows to you
More favour than you wot of." Mark the end :
The font did only what was old renew ;
The caldron suppld what was grown too hard ;
The thorns did quicken what was grown too dull ;
All did but strive to mend what you had marred.
Wherefore be cheered, and praise him to the full
Each day, each hour, each moment of the week,
Who fain would have you be new, tender, quick.

MAN'S MEDLEY.

HARK how the birds do sing,
 And woods do ring :
All creatures have their joy, and man hath his
 Yet if we rightly measure,
 Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter than in present is.

 To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence ;
In the other angels have a right by birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
With the one hand touching Heaven, with the other
 earth.

 In soul he mounts and flies ;
 In flesh he dies ;
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
 But trimmed with curious lace,
 And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

 Not that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer ;
But as birds drink, and straight lift up their head,
 So must he sip, and think
 Of better drink
He may attain to after he is dead.

 But as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble :
He hath two winters, other things but one ;

Both frosts and thoughts do nip
 And bite his lip ;
 And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
 Could he but take them right and in their ways.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
 To turn his double pains to double praise.

THE STORM.

IF as the winds and waters here below
 Do fly and flow,
 My sighs and tears as busy were above,
 Sure they would move
 And much affect Thee, as tempestuous times
 Amaze poor mortals, and object their crimes.

Stars have their storms even in a high degree,
 As well as we ;
 A throbbing conscience spurred by remorse
 Hath a strange force ;
 It quits the earth, and mounting more and more,
 Dares to assault Thee, and besiege Thy door.

There it stands knocking, to Thy music's wrong,
 And drowns the song :
 Glory and honour are set by till it
 An answer get.

Poets have wronged poor storms : such days are best,
They purge the air without ; within, the breast.

PARADISE.

I BLESS Thee, Lord, because I GROW
Among The trees, which in a ROW
To Thee both fruit and order OW(E).

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

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

When Thou dost greater judgments SPARE,
And with Thy knife but prune and PARE,
Even fruitful trees more fruitful ARE :

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FR(1)END,
Such cuttings rather heal than REND,
And such beginnings touch their END.

THE METHOD.

P OOR heart, lament ;
For since thy God refuseth still,
There is some rub, some discontent,
Which cools His will.

Thy Father could
Quickly effect what Thou dost move ;
For He is Power ; and sure He would,
For He is Love.

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

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

And should God's ear
To such indifferents chainèd be,
Who do not their own motions hear ?
Is God less free ?

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

And should God's ear,
Which needs not man, be tied to those
Who hear not Him, but quickly hear
His utter foes ?

Then once more pray :
Down with thy knees, up with thy voice ;
Seek pardon first, and God will say,
“ Glad heart, rejoice !”

DIVINITY.

AS men, for fear the stars should sleep and nod,
 And trip at night, have spheres supplied,—
 As if a star were duller than a clod,
 Which knows his way without a guide,—

Just so the other Heaven they also serve,
 Divinity's transcendent sky,
 Which with the edge of wit they cut and carve :
 Reason triumphs, and Faith lies by.

Could not that wisdom, which first broached the wine,
 Have thickened it with definitions ?
 And jagged His seamless coat, had that been fine,
 With curious questions and divisions ?

But all the doctrine which He taught and gave
 Was clear as Heaven, from whence it came ;
 At least those beams of truth, which only save,
 Surpass in brightness any flame.

“ Love God,” and “ Love your neighbour.” “ Watch
 and pray.”
 “ Do as you would be done unto.”
 O dark instructions, even as dark as day !
 Who can these Gordian knots undo ?

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

Then burn thy Epicycles, foolish man,
 Break all thy spheres, and save thy head ;
 Faith needs no staff of flesh, but stoutly can
 To Heaven alone both go and lead.

GRIEVE NOT THE HOLY SPIRIT.

AND art thou grievèd, sweet and sacred Dove,
 When I am sour,
 And cross Thy love ?
 Grievèd for me ? the God of strength and power
 Grievèd for a worm, which when I tread,
 I pass away and leave it dead ?

Then weep, mine eyes, the God of love doth grieve ;
 Weep, foolish heart,
 And weeping live ;
 For death is dry as dust. Yet if ye part,
 End as the night, whose sable hue
 Your sins express, melt into dew.

When saucy Mirth shall knock or call at door,
 Cry out, "Get hence,
 Or cry no more !"
 Almighty God doth grieve, He puts on sense ;
 I sin not to my grief alone,
 But to my God's too ; He doth groan.

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.
 Marble can weep, and surely strings
 More bowels have than such hard things.

Lord, I adjudge myself to tears and grief,
 Even endless tears
 Without relief ;

If a clear spring for me no time forbears,
 But runs, although I be not dry—
 I am no crystal—what shall I ?

Yet if I wail not still, since still to wail
 Nature denies,
 And flesh would fail ;

If my deserts were masters of mine eyes,—
 Lord, pardon, for Thy Son makes good
 My want of tears with store of blood.

THE FAMILY.

WHAT doth this noise of thoughts within my
 heart,

As if they had a part ?

What do these loud complaints and puling fears,
 As if there were no rule or ears ?

But, Lord, the house and family are Thine,
 Though some of them repine ;
 Turn out these wranglers, which defile Thy seat,
 For where Thou dwellest all is neat.

First Peace and Silence all disputes control,
 Then Order plays the soul ;

And giving all things their set forms and hours,
 Makes of wild woods sweet walks and bowers.

Humble Obedience near the door doth stand.
 Expecting a command ;
 Than whom in waiting nothing seems more slow,
 Nothing more quick when she doth go.

Joys oft are there, and griefs as oft as joys ;
 But griefs without a noise :
 Yet speak they louder than distempered fears ;
 What is so shrill as silent tears ?

This is Thy house, with these it doth abound ;
 And where these are not found,
 Perhaps Thou comest sometimes, and for a day ;
 But not to make a constant stay.

THE SIZE.

CONTENT thee, greedy heart ;
 Modest and moderate joys to those
 that have
 Title to more hereafter when they part
 Are passing brave.
 Let the upper springs into the low
 Descend and fall, and thou dost flow

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

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

To be in both worlds full
Is more than God was, Who was hungry here.
Wouldst thou His laws of fasting disannul ;
 Enact good cheer ?
Lay out thy joy, yet hope to save it ?
Wouldst thou both eat thy cake, and have it ?

Great joys are all at once ;
But little do reserve themselves for more :
Those have their hopes, these what they have
 renounce,
 And live on score ;
Those are at home, these journey still,
And meet the rest on Sion's hill.

Thy Saviour sentenced joy,
And in the flesh condemned it as unfit ;
At least in lump ; for such doth oft destroy ;
 Whereas a bit
Doth 'tice us on to hopes of more,
And for the present, health restore.

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

Wherefore sit down, good heart ;
Grasp not at much, for fear thou lovest all.

If comforts fell according to desert,—
 [Did always fall,]
 They would great frosts and snows destroy :
 For we should count,—since the last joy.

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

 ARTILLERY.

AS I one evening sat before my cell,
 Methought a star did shoot into my lap.
 I rose, and shook my clothes, as knowing well
 That from small fires comes oft no small mishap ;
 When suddenly I heard one say,
 “Do as thou usest, disobey,
 Expel good motions from thy breast,
 Which have the face of fire, but end in rest.”

I, who had heard of music in the spheres,
 But not of speech in stars, began to muse :
 But turning to my God, Whose ministers
 The stars and all things are : “If I refuse,
 Dread Lord,” said I, “so oft my good,
 Then I refuse not even with blood
 To wash away my stubborn thought ;
 For I will do, or suffer what I ought.”

But I have also stars and shooters too,
 Born where Thy servants both artilleries use :
 My tears and prayers night and day do woo,
 And work up to Thee ; yet Thou dost refuse.
 Not but I am, I must say still,
 Much more obliged to do Thy will
 Than Thou to grant mine ; but because
 Thy promise now hath even set Thee Thy laws.

Then we are shooters both, and Thou dost deign
 To enter combat with us, and contest
 With Thine own clay. But I would parley fain :
 Shun not my arrows, and behold my breast.
 Yet if Thou shunest, 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 OR SCHISMS.

BRAVE rose, alas ! where art thou ? in the chair
 Where thou didst lately so triumph and shine,
 A worm doth sit, where many feet and hair
 Are the more foul, the more thou wert divine.
 This, this hath done it, this did bite the root
 And bottom of the leaves ; which, when the wind
 Did once perceive, it blew them underfoot,
 Where rude unhallowed steps do crush and grind
 Their beauteous glories. Only shreds of thee,
 And those all bitten, in thy chair I see.

Why doth my Mother blush ? Is she the rose,
 And shows it so ? Indeed Christ's precious blood
 Gave you a colour once ; which when your foes
 Thought to let out, the bleeding did you good,
 And made you look much fresher than before.
 But when debates and fretting jealousies
 Did worm and work within you more and more,
 Your colour faded, and calamities
 Turnèd your ruddy into pale and bleak,
 Your health and beauty both began to break.

Then did your several parts unloose and start :
 Which when your neighbours saw, like a north wind
 They rushèd in, and cast them in the dirt,
 Where Pagans tread. O Mother dear and kind,
 Where shall I get me eyes enough to weep—
 As many eyes as stars ! since it is night,
 And much of Asia and Europe fast asleep,
 And even all Africk : would at least I might
 With these two poor ones lick up all the dew,
 Which falls by night, and pour it out for you !

JUSTICE.

O DREADFUL Justice, what a fright and terror
 Wast thou of old,
 When Sin and Error
 Did show and shape thy looks to me,
 And through their glass discolour thee
 He that did but look up was proud and bold.

The dishes of thy balance seemed to gape,
 Like two great pits ;
 The beam and scape
 Did like some tottering engine show :
 Thy hand above did burn and glow,
 Daunting the stoutest hearts, the proudest wits.

But now that Christ's pure veil presents the sight,
 I see no fears :
 Thy hand is white,
 Thy scales like buckets, which attend
 And interchangeably descend,
 Lifting to heaven from this well of tears.

For where before thou still didst call on me,
 Now I still touch
 And harp on thee ;
 God's promises hath made thee mine :
 Why should I justice now decline ?
 Against me there is none, but for me much.

THE PILGRIMAGE.

I TRAVELLED on, seeing the hill where lay
 My expectation.
 A long it was and weary way :
 The gloomy cave of Desperation
 I left on the one, and on the other side
 The rock of Pride.

And so I came to Fancy's meadow, strowed
 With many a flower:
K-k

Fain would I here have made abode,
But I was quickened by my hour.
So to Care's copse I came, and there got through
With much ado.

That led me to the wild of Passion, which
Some call the wold ;
A wasted place, but sometimes rich.
Here I was robbed of all my gold,
Save one good angel, 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 gained the brow and top,
A lake of brackish waters on the ground
Was all I found.

With that abashed and struck with many a sting
Of swarming fears,
I fell and cried, " Alas, my King,
Can both the way and end be tears ?"
Yet taking heart, I rose, and then perceived
I was deceived.

My hill was farther : so I flung away,
Yet heard a cry
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 HOLD-FAST.

I THREATENED to observe the strict decree
 Of my dear 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, even to trust in Him, was also His :
 We must confess that nothing is our own."
 "Then I confess that He my succour is."

"But to have nought is ours, not to confess
 That we have nought." I stood amazed at this,
 Much troubled, till I heard a friend express
 That all things were more ours by being His :
 What Adam had, and forfeited for all,
 Christ keepeth now, Who cannot fail or fall.

COMPLAINING.

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

Thou art the Lord of glory ;
 The deed and story
 Are both Thy due ; but I a silly fly,
 That live or die
 According as the weather falls.

Art Thou all justice, Lord ?
 Shows not Thy Word
 More attributes ? Am I all throat or eye,
 To weep or cry ?
 Have I no parts but those of grief ?

Let not Thy wrathful power
 Afflict my hour,
 My inch of life ; or let Thy gracious power
 Contract my hour,
 That I may climb and find relief.

THE DISCHARGE.

BUSY inquiring heart, what wouldst thou know ?
 Why dost thou pry,
 And turn, and leer, and with a licorous eye
 Look high and low,
 And in thy lookings stretch and grow ?

Hast thou not made thy counts, and summed up all ?
 Did not thy heart
 Give up the whole, and with the whole depart ?
 Let what will fall ;
 That which is past who can recall ?

Thy life is God's, thy time to come is gone,
 And is His right.
 He is thy night at noon ; He is at night
 Thy noon alone ;
 The crop is His, for He hath sown.

And well it was for thee, when this befell,
That God did make
Thy business His, and in thy life partake ;
For thou canst tell,
If it be His once, all is well.

Only the present is thy part and fee ;
And happy thou
If, though thou didst not beat thy future brow,
Thou couldst well see
What present things required of thee.

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

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

For Death each hour environs and surrounds.
He that would know
And care for future chances, cannot go
Unto those grounds
But thro' a churchyard which them bounds.

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

God chains the dog till night ; wilt loose the chain,
 And wake thy sorrow ?

Wilt thou forestall it, and now grieve to-morrow,
 And then again

Grieve over freshly all thy pain ?

Either grief will not come, or if it must,
 Do not forecast ;

And while it cometh, it is almost past.

Away, distrust ;

My God hath promised ; He is just.

PRAISE.

KING of glory, King of peace,
 I will love Thee ;
 And that love may never cease,
 I will move Thee.

Thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast heard me ;
 Thou didst note my working breast,
 Thou hast spared me.

Wherefore with my utmost art
 I will sing Thee,
 And the cream of all my heart
 I will bring Thee.

Though my sins against me cried,
 Thou didst clear me ;
 And alone, when they replied,
 Thou didst hear me.

Seven whole days, not one in seven,
 I will praise Thee ;
 In my heart, though not in Heaven,
 I can raise Thee.

Thou grew'st soft and moist with tears,
 Thou relentedst,
 And when Justice called for fears,
 Thou dissentedst.

Small it is, in this poor sort
 To enrol Thee ;
 Even eternity is too short
 To extol 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 fruitful by deserts.
 In public judgments one may be a nation,
 And fence a plague, while others sleep and slumber.

But all I fear is, lest thy heart displease,
 As neither good nor one : so oft divisions

Thy lusts have made, and not thy lusts alone,—
 Thy passions also have their set partitions :
 These parcel out thy heart ; recover these,
 And thou may'st offer many gifts in one.

There is a balsam, or indeed a blood,
 Dropping from Heaven, which doth both cleanse and
 close
 All sorts of wounds, of such strange force it is.
 Seek out this All-heal, and seek no repose
 Until thou find, and use it to thy good :
 Then bring thy gift, and let thy hymn be this :

SINCE my sadness
 Into gladness,
 Lord, Thou dost convert ;
 O, accept
 What Thou hast kept,
 As Thy due desert.

Had I many,
 Had I any—
 For this heart is none—
 All were Thine,
 And none of mine ;
 Surely Thine alone.

Yet Thy favour
 May give savour
 To this poor oblation,
 And it raise
 To be Thy praise,
 And be my salvation.

LONGING.

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

My throat, my soul is hoarse ;
 My heart is withered like a ground
 Which Thou dost curse ;
 My thoughts turn round,
 And make me giddy : Lord, I fall,
 Yet call.

From Thee all pity flows :
 Mothers are kind, because Thou art,
 And dost dispose
 To them a part :
 Their infants them, and they suck Thee
 More free.

Bowels of pity, hear ;
 Lord of my soul, love of my mind,
 Bow down Thine ear ;
 Let not the wind
 Scatter my words, and in the same
 Thy name.

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

Lord Jesu, Thou didst bow
Thy dying head upon the tree ;
O, be not now
More dead to me.
Lord, hear. " Shall He that made the ear
Not hear ? "

Behold, Thy dust doth stir :
It moves, it creeps, it aims at Thee ;
Wilt Thou defer
To succour me,
Thy pile of dust, wherein each crumb
Says, Come ?

To Thee help appertains :
Hast Thou left all things to their course,
And laid the reins
Upon the horse ?
Is all locked ? hath a sinner's plea
No key ?

Indeed the world's Thy book,
Where all things have their leaf assigned ;
Yet a meek look
Hath interlined.
Thy board is full, yet humble guests
Find nests.

Thou tarriest, while I die,
And fall to nothing : Thou dost reign,
And rule on high,
While I remain
In bitter grief ; yet am I styled
Thy child.

Lord, didst Thou leave Thy throne,
Not to relieve ? how can it be
That Thou art grown
Thus hard to me ?
Were sin alive, good cause there were
To bear :

But now both sin is dead,
And all Thy promises live and bide ;
That wants his head,
These speak and chide,
And in Thy bosom pour my tears,
As theirs.

Lord JESU, hear my heart,
Which hath been broken now so long,
That every part
Hath got a tongue :
Thy beggars grow ; rid them away
To-day.

My Love, my Sweetness, hear :
By these Thy feet, at which my heart
Lies all the year,
Pluck out Thy dart,
And heal my troubled breast, which cries,
Which dies.

THE BAG.

AWAY, despair ! my gracious Lord doth hear ;
Though winds and waves assault my keel,
He doth preserve it ; He doth steer,
Even when the boat seems most to reel.

Storms are the triumph of His art ;
Well may He close His eyes, but not His heart.

Hast thou not heard that my Lord JESUS died ?
Then let me tell thee a strange story :
'The God of power, as He did ride
In His majestic robes of glory,
Resolved to 'light, and so one day
He did descend, undressing all the way.

The stars His tire of light and rings obtained,
The cloud His bow, the fire His spear,
The sky His azure mantle gained ;
And when they asked what He would wear,
He smiled, and said as He did go,
He had new clothes a-making here below.

When He was come, as travellers are wont,
He did repair unto an inn.
Both then and after, many a brunt
He did endure to cancel sin ;
And having given the rest before,
Here he gave up His life to pay our score.

But as He was returning, there came one
That ran upon Him with a spear.
He, who came hither all alone,
Bringing nor man, nor arms, nor fear,
Received the blow upon His side,
And straight He turned, and to His brethren cried,

“ If ye have anything to send or write—
I have no bag, but here is room—

Unto My Father's hands and sight,
Believe Me, it shall safely come.
That I shall mind what you impart,
Look, you may put it very near my heart.

“Or if hereafter any of My friends
Will use Me in this kind, the door
Shall still be open ; what he sends
I will present, and somewhat more,
Not to his hurt : sighs will convey
Anything to Me.” Hark, despair, away !

THE JEWS.

POOOR nation, whose sweet sap and juice
Our scions have purloined and left you dry ;
Whose streams we got by the Apostles' sluice,
And use in baptism, while ye pine and die ;
Who by not keeping once, became a debtor,
And now by keeping lose the letter ;—

O that my prayers—mine, alas !
O that some angel might a trumpet sound,
At which the Church, falling upon her face,
Should cry so loud until the trump were drowned,
And by that cry, of her dear Lord obtain
That your sweet sap might come again ?



THE COLLAR.

I STRUCK the board, and cried, No more ;
 I will abroad.
 What, shall I ever sigh and pine ?
 My lines and life are free ; free as the road,
 Loose as the wind, as large as store.
 Shall I be still in suit ?
 Have I no harvest but a thorn
 To let me blood, and not restore
 What I have lost with cordial fruit ?
 Sure there was wine
 Before my sighs did dry it ; there was corn
 Before my tears did drown it ;
 Is the year only lost to me ?
 Have I no bays to crown it,
 No flowers, no garlands gay ? All blasted,
 All wasted ?
 Not so, my heart ; but there is fruit,
 And thou hast hands.
 Recover all thy sigh-blown age
 On double pleasures ; leave thy cold dispute
 Of what is fit and not ; forsake thy cage,
 Thy rope of sands,
 Which petty thoughts have made, and made to thee
 Good cable, to enforce and draw,
 And be thy law,
 While thou didst wink and wouldst not see.
 Away ! take heed ;
 I will abroad.
 Call in thy death's head there : tie up thy fears.
 He that forbears
 To suit and serve his need
 Deserves his load.

But as I raved, and grew more fierce and wild
At every word,
Methought I heard one calling "Child!"
And I replied, "My Lord!"

THE GLIMPSE.

WHITHER away, Delight?
Thou camest but now; wilt thou so soon
depart,
And give me up to night?
For weeks of lingering pain and smart,
But one half-hour of comfort for my heart!

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

Thy short abode and stay
Feeds not, but adds to the desire of meat.
Lime begged of old, they say,
A neighbour spring to cool his inward heat,
Which by the spring's access grew much more great.

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

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

If I have more to spin,
 The wheel shall go so that thy stay be short.
 Thou know'st how grief and sin
 Disturb the work. O, make me not their sport,
 Who by thy coming may be made a Court !

ASSURANCE.

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

Thou saidst but even now
 That all was not so fair as I conceived
 Betwixt my God and me. That I allow
 And coin large hopes, but that I was deceived :
 Either the league was broken, or near it ;
 And that I had great cause to fear it.

And what to this ? What more
 Could poison, if it had a tongue, express ?

What is thy aim ? Wouldst thou unlock the door
To cold despairs and gnawing pensiveness ?
Wouldst thou raise devils ? I see, I know ;
I writ thy purpose long ago.

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

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

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

Now, foolish thought, go on,
Spin out thy thread, and make thereof a coat
To hide thy shame ; for thou hast cast a bone,
Which bounds on thee, and will not down thy
throat :

What for it Self-love once began,
Now Love and Truth will end in man.

L-l

THE CALL.

COME, my Way, my Truth, my Life !
 Such a Way as gives us breath,
 Such a Truth as ends all strife,
 Such a Life as killeth Death.

Come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength !
 Such a Light as shows a feast,
 Such a Feast as mends in length,
 Such a Strength as makes his guest.

Come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart !
 Such a Joy as none can move,
 Such a Love as none can part,
 Such a Heart as joys in love.

CLASPING OF HANDS.

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

Lord, I am Thine, and Thou art mine :
 So mine Thou art, that something more

I may presume Thee mine than Thine.
 For Thou didst suffer to restore
 Not Thee, but me, and to be mine :
 And with advantage mine the more,
 Since Thou in death wast none of Thine,
 Yet then as mine didst me restore :
 O, be mine still ; still make me Thine ;
 Or rather make no Thine and mine.

PRAISE.

LORD, I will mean and speak Thy praise,
 Thy praise alone ;
 My busy heart shall spin it all my days ;
 And when it stops for want of store,
 Then will I wring it with a sigh or groan,
 That Thou mayst yet have more.

When Thou dost favour any action,
 It runs, it flies ;
 All things concur to give it a perfection.
 That which had but two legs before,
 When Thou dost bless, hath twelve ; one wheel
 doth rise
 To twenty then, or more.

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

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

I have not lost one single tear ;
 But when mine eyes
 Did weep to Heaven, they found a bottle there—
 As we have boxes for the poor—
 Ready to take them in ; yet of a size
 That would contain much more.

But after Thou hadst slipped a drop
 From Thy right eye—
 Which there did hang like streamers near the top
 Of some fair church, to show the sore
 And bloody battle which Thou once didst try—
 The glass was full and more.

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

JOSEPH'S COAT.

WOUNDED I sing, tormented I indite,
 Thrown down I fall into a bed and rest :
 Sorrow hath changed its note ; such is His will
 Who changeth all things as Him pleaseth best :

For well He knows, if but one grief and smart
 Among my many had His full career,
 Sure it would carry with it even my heart,
 And both would run until they found a bier
 To fetch the body, both being due to grief.
 But he hath spoiled the race ; and given to anguish
 One of Joy's coats, 'ticing it with relief
 To linger in me, and together languish.
 I live to show his power, who once did bring
 My joys to weep, and now my griefs to sing.

 THE PULLEY.

WHEN God at first made man,
 Having a glass of blessings standing by,
 "Let us," said He, "pour on him all we can ;
 Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
 Contract into a span."

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

"For if I should," said He,
 "Bestow this jewel also on My creature,
 He would adore My gifts instead of Me,
 And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
 So both should losers be.

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

THE PRIESTHOOD.

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

But thou art fire, sacred and hallowed 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 scorned to stand,
 That earth is fitted, by the fire and trade
 Of skilful artists, for the boards of those
 Who make the bravest shows.

But since those great ones, be they ne'er so great,
 Come from the earth, from whence those vessels come,

So that at once both feeder, dish, and meat
 Have one beginning and one final sum ;
 I do not greatly wonder at the sight,
 If earth in earth delight.

But the holy men of God such vessels are
 As serve Him up Who all the world commands.
 When God vouchsafeth to become our fare,
 Their hands convey Him Who conveys their hands :
 O what pure things, most pure, must those things be
 Who bring my God to me !

Wherefore I dare not, I, put forth my hand
 To hold the Ark, although it seem to shake
 Through the old sins and new doctrines of our land ;
 Only, since God doth often vessels make
 Of lowly matter for high uses meet,
 I throw me at His feet.

There will I lie, until my Maker seek
 For some mean stuff whereon to show His skill ;
 Then is my time. The distance of the meek
 Doth flatter power. Lest good come short of ill
 In praising might, the poor do by submission
 What pride by opposition.

THE SEARCH.

WHITHER, O whither art Thou fled,
 My Lord, my Love ?
 My searches are my daily bread,
 Yet never prove.

My knees pierce the earth, mine eyes the sky ;
And yet the sphere
And centre both to me deny
That Thou art there.

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

Yet can I mark how stars above
Simper and shine,
As having keys unto Thy love,
While poor I pine.

I sent a sigh to seek Thee out,
Deep drawn in pain,
Winged like an arrow ; but my scout
Returns in vain.

I turned another—having store—
Into a groan,
Because the search was dumb before ;
But all was one.

Lord, dost Thou some new fabric mould
Which favour wins,
And keeps Thee present ; leaving the old
Unto their sins ?

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

O let not that of anything ;
 Let rather brass,
Or steel, or mountains be Thy ring,
 And I will pass.

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

Thy will such a strange distance is,
 As that to it
East and West touch, the poles do kiss,
 And parallels meet.

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

O take these bars, these lengths, away ;
 Turn, and restore me :
" Be not Almighty," let me say,
 " Against, but for me."

When Thou dost turn, and wilt be near,
 What edge so keen,
What point so piercing can appear
 To come between ?

For as Thy absence doth excel
 All distance known,
So doth Thy nearness bear the bell,
 Making two one.

GRIEF.

O WHO will give me tears ? Come, all ye springs,
Dwell in my head and eyes ; come, clouds
and rain ;

My grief hath need of all the watery things
That nature hath produced : let every vein
Suck up a river to supply mine eyes,
My weary weeping eyes, too dry for me,
Unless they get new conduits, new supplies,
To bear them out, and with my state agree.
What are two shallow fords, two little spouts
Of a less world ? the greater is but small,
A narrow cupboard for my griefs and doubts,
Which want provision in the midst of all.
Verses, ye are too fine a thing, too wise
For my rough sorrows ; cease, be dumb and mute,
Give up your feet and running to mine eyes,
And keep your measures for some lover's lute,
Whose grief allows him music and a rhyme ;
For mine excludes both measure, tune, and time :
Alas, my God !

THE CROSS.

WHAT is this strange and uncouth thing
To make me sigh, and seek, and faint,
and die,
Until I had some place where I might sing
And serve Thee ; and not only I,
But all my wealth and family might combine
But set Thy honour up as our design ?

And then when after much delay,
Much wrestling, many a combat, this dear end,
So much desired, is given ; to take away
My power to serve Thee ; to unbend
All my abilities, my designs confound,
And lay my threatenings bleeding on the ground.

One ague dwelleth in my bones,
Another in my soul,—the memory
What I would do for Thee, if once my groans
Could be allowed for harmony ;—
I am in all a weak disabled thing,
Save in the sight thereof, where strength doth sting.

Besides, things sort not to my will,
Even when my will doth study Thy renown :
Thou turnest the edge of all things on me still,
Taking me up to throw me down ;
So that even when my hopes seem to be sped,
I am to grief alive, to them as dead.

To have my aim, and yet to be
Farther from it than when I bent my bow ;
To make my hopes my torture, and the fee
Of all my woes another woe,
Is in the midst of delicates to need,
And even in Paradise to be a weed.

Ah, my dear Father, ease my smart !
These contrarieties crush me ; these cross actions
Do wind a rope about and cut my heart :
And yet since these Thy contradictions
Are properly a Cross felt by Thy Son,
With but four words, my words, " Thy will be done ! "

THE FLOWER.

HOW fresh, O Lord, how sweet and clean
 Are Thy returns ! e'en as the flowers in Spring,
 To which, besides their own demesne,
 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 shrivelled heart
 Could have recovered greenness ? It was gone
 Quite underground ; as flowers depart
 To see their mother-root, when they have blown,
 Where they together
 All the hard weather,
 Dead to the world, keep house unknown.

These are Thy wonders, Lord of power,
 Killing and quickening, bringing down to Hell
 And up to Heaven in an hour ;
 Making a chiming of a passing bell.
 We say amiss,
 This or that is ;
 Thy Word is all, if we could spell.

O that I once past changing were,
 Fast in Thy Paradise, where no flower can wither !
 Many a spring I shoot up fair,
 Offering at Heaven, growing and groaning thither ;
 Nor doth my flower,
 Want a Spring-shower,
 My sins and I joining together.

But while I grow in a straight line,
 Still upwards bent, as if Heaven were mine own,
 Thy anger comes, and I decline :
 What frost to that ? what pole is not the zone
 Where all things burn,
 When Thou dost turn,
 And the least frown of Thine is shown ?

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

These are Thy wonders, Lord of love,
 To make us see we are but flowers that glide ;
 Which when we once can find and prove,
 Thou hast a garden for us where to bide.
 Who would be more,
 Swelling through store,
 Forfeit their Paradise by their pride.

 DOTAGE.

FALSE glozing pleasures, casks of happiness,
 Foolish night-fires, women's and children's
 wishes,
 Chases in arras, gilded emptiness,
 Shadows well mounted, dreams in a career,
 Embroidered lies, nothing between two dishes :
 These are the pleasures here.

True earnest sorrows, rooted miseries,
 Anguish in grain, vexations ripe and blown,
 Sure-footed griefs, solid calamities,
 Plain demonstrations evident and clear,
 Fetching their proofs even from the very bone :
 These are the sorrows here.

But O the folly of distracted men !
 Who griefs in earnest, joys in jest pursue ;
 Preferring, like brute beasts, a loathsome den
 Before a Court, even that above so clear,
 Where are no sorrows, but delights more true
 Then miseries are here !

THE SON.

LET foreign nations of their language boast,
 What fine variety each tongue affords ;
 I like our language, as our men and coast ;
 Who cannot dress it well, want wit, not words.
 How neatly do we give one only name
 To parents' issue and the sun's bright star !
 A son is light and fruit ; a fruitful flame
 Chasing the father's dimness, carried far
 From the first man in the East to fresh and new
 Western discoveries of posterity.
 So in one word our Lord's humility
 We turn upon Him in a sense most true ;
 For what Christ once in humbleness began,
 We Him in glory call the Son of Man.

A TRUE HYMN.

MY Joy, my Life, my Crown !
 My heart was meaning all the day,
 Somewhat it fain would say,
 And still it runneth muttering up and down
 With only this, My Joy, my Life, my Crown !

Yet slight not those few words ;
 If truly said, they may take part
 Among the best in art :
 The fineness which a hymn or psalm affords
 Is, when the soul unto the lines accord.

He who craves all the mind,
 And all the soul, and strength, and time,
 If the words only rhyme,
 Justly complains that somewhat is behind
 To make His verse, or write a hymn in kind.

Whereas if the heart be moved,
 Although the verse be somewhat scant,
 God doth supply the want ;
 As when the heart says, sighing to be approved,
 " O, could I love !" and stops, God writeth, " Loved."

THE ANSWER.

MY comforts drop and melt like snow :
 I shake my head, and all the thoughts and ends
 Which my fierce youth did bandy, fall and flow
 Like leaves about me, or like summer friends,

Flies of estates and sunshine. But to all
 Who think me eager, hot, and undertaking,
 But in my prosecutions slack and small ;
 As a young exhalation, newly waking,
 Scorns his first bed of dirt, and means the sky,
 But cooling by the way, grows pury 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 than I.

A DIALOGUE-ANTHEM.

- Christian.* **A** LAS, poor Death, where is thy glory ?
 Where is thy famous force, thy
 ancient sting ?
- Death.* Alas, poor mortal, void of story !
 Go spell and read how I have killed thy
 King.
- Chr.* Poor Death ! and who was hurt thereby ?
 Thy curse being laid on Him makes thee
 accurst.
- Dea.* Let losers talk, yet thou shalt die ;
 These arms shall crush thee.
- Chr.* Spare not, do thy worst.
 I shall be one day better than before ;
 Thou so much worse, thou shalt be no more.

THE WATER-COURSE.

THOU who dost dwell and linger here below,
 Since the condition of this world is frail,
 Where of all plants afflictions soonest grow,
 If troubles overtake thee, do not wail ;

For who can look for less that loveth { Life ?
 Strife ?

But rather turn the pipe and water's course
 To serve thy sins, and furnish thee with store
 Of sovereign tears, springing from true remorse ;
 That so in pureness thou mayest 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 glory,
 Look back upon thine own estate,
 Call home thine eyes, that busy wanderer,
 That choice may be thy story.

He that doth love, and love amiss
 This world's delights before true Christian joy,
 Hath made a Jewish choice :
 The world an ancient murderer is ;
 Thousands of souls it hath and doth destroy
 With her enchanting voice.

M-m

He that hath made a sorry wedding
 Between his soul and gold, and hath preferred
 False gain before the true,
 Hath done what he condemns in reading ;
 For he hath sold for money his dear Lord,
 And is a Judas Jew.

Thus we prevent the last great day,
 And judge ourselves. That light which sin and
 passion
 Did before dim and choke,
 When once those snuffs are taken away,
 Shines bright and clear, even unto condemnation,
 Without excuse or cloak.

 BITTER-SWEET.

AH, my dear angry Lord,
 Since Thou dost love, yet strike,
 Cast down, yet help afford ;
 Sure I will do the like.

I will complain, yet praise ;
 I will bewail, approve ;
 And all my sour-sweet days
 I will lament, and love.

 THE GLANCE.

WHEN first Thy sweet and gracious eye
 Vouchsafed even in the midst of youth
 and night,

To look upon me, who before did lie
 Weltering in sin,
 I felt a sugared strange delight,
 Passing all cordials made by any art,
 Bedew, embalm, and overrun my heart,
 And take it in.

Since that time many a bitter storm
 My soul hath felt, even able to destroy,
 Had the malicious and ill-meaning harm
 His swing and sway ;
 But still Thy sweet original joy
 Sprung from Thine eye, did work within my soul,
 And surging griefs, when they grew bold, control,
 And got the day.

If Thy first glance so powerful be—
 A mirth but opened, and sealed up again—
 What wonders shall we feel when we shall see
 Thy full-eyed love !
 When Thou shalt look us out of pain,
 And one aspect of Thine spend in delight
 More than a thousand suns disburse in light,
 In Heaven above !

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
 And He that doth me feed,
 While He is mine, and I am His,
 What can I want or need ?

He leads me to the tender grass,
Where I both feed and rest ;
Then to the streams that gently pass :
In both I have the best.

Or if I stray, He doth convert
And bring my mind in frame :
And all this not for my desert,
But for His holy name.

Yea, in death's shady black abode
Well may I walk, not fear ;
For Thou art with me, and Thy rod
To guide, Thy staff to bear.

Nay, Thou dost make me sit and dine
Even in my enemies' sight ;
My head with oil, my cup with wine
Runs over day and night.

Surely Thy sweet and wondrous love
Shall measure all my days ;
And as it never shall remove,
So neither shall my praise.

MARY MAGDALEN.

WHEN blessèd Mary wiped her Saviour's feet—
Whose precepts she had trampled on before—
And wore them for a jewel on her head,
Showing His steps should be the street,
Wherein she thenceforth evermore
With pensive humbleness would live and tread ;

She being stained herself, why did she strive
 To make Him clean, Who could not be defiled?
 Why kept she not her tears for her own faults,
 And not His feet? Though we could dive
 In tears like seas, our sins are piled
 Deeper than they in words, and works, and thoughts.

Dear soul, she knew Who did vouchsafe and deign
 To bear her filth, and that her sins did dash
 Even 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 washèd both.

 A A R O N.

HOLINESS on the head,
 Light and perfections on the breast,
 Harmonious bells below, raising the dead
 To lead them unto life and rest:
 Thus are true Aarons drest.

Profaneness in my head,
 Defects and darkness in my breast,
 A noise of passions ringing me for dead
 Unto a place where is no rest:
 Poor priest, thus am I drest.

Only another head
 I have, another heart and breast,
 Another music, making live, not dead,
 Without Whom I could have no rest
 In Him I am well drest.

Christ is my only head,
 My alone only heart and breast,
 My only music, striking me even dead,
 That to the old man I may rest,
 And be in Him new drest.

So, holy in my head,
 Perfect and light in my dear breast,
 My doctrine tuned by Christ, Who is not dead,
 But lives in me while I do rest,
 Come, people ; Aaron's drest.

THE ODOUR.

HOW sweetly doth "My Master" sound ! "My
 Master !"

As ambergris leaves a rich scent
 Unto the taster,
 So do these words a sweet content,
 An Oriental fragrancy, "My Master !"

With these all day I do perfume my mind,
 My mind even thrust into them both ;
 That I might find
 What cordials make this curious broth,
 This broth of smells, that feeds and fats my mind.

"My Master," shall I speak ? O that to Thee
 "My servant" were a little so,
 As flesh may be ;
 That these two words might creep and grow
 To some degree of spiciness to Thee !

Then should the Pomander, which was before
A speaking sweet, mend by reflection
And tell me more ;
For pardon of my imperfection
Would warm and work it sweeter than before.

For when " My Master," which alone is sweet,
And even in my unworthiness pleasing,
Shall call and meet
" My servant," as Thee not displeasing,
That call is but the breathing of the sweet.

This breathing would with gains by sweetening me—
As sweet things traffic when they meet—
Return to Thee ;
And so this new commerce and sweet
Should all my life employ, and busy me.

THE FOIL.

IF we could see below
The sphere of Virtue and each shining grace,
As plainly as that above doth show,
This were the better sky, the brighter place

God hath made stars the foil
To set off virtues, griefs to set off sinning ;
Yet in this wretched world we toil,
As if grief were not foul, nor virtue winning.

THE FORERUNNERS.

THE harbingers are come : see, see their mark :
 White is their colour, and behold my head.
 But must they have my brain ? must they dispart
 Those sparkling notions which therein were bred ?
 Must dulness turn me to a clod ?
 Yet have they left me, "Thou art still my God."

Good men ye be to leave me my best room,
 Even all my heart, and what is lodgèd there :
 I pass not, I, what of the rest become,
 So "Thou art still my God" be out of fear.
 He will be pleasèd with that ditty ;
 And if I please Him, I write fine and witty.

Farewell, sweet phrases, lovely metaphors :
 But will ye leave me thus ? when ye before
 Of stews and brothels only knew the doors,
 Then did I wash you with my tears, and more,
 Brought you to church well-drest and clad :
 My God must have my best, even all I had.

Lovely enchanting language, sugar-cane,
 Honey of roses, whither wilt thou fly ?
 Hath some fond lover 'ticed thee to thy bane ?
 And wilt thou leave the Church, and love a sty ?
 Fie ! thou wilt soil thy broidered 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 Folly speak in her own native tongue :
 True Beauty dwells on high ; ours is a flame
 But borrowed thence to light us thither.
 Beauty and beauteous words should go together.

Yet if you go, I pass not ; take your way :
 For "Thou art still my God" is all that ye
 Perhaps with more embellishment can say.
 Go, birds of Spring ; let Winter have his fee ;
 Let a bleak paleness chalk the door,
 So all within be livelier than before.

 THE ROSE.

PRESS me not to take more pleasure
 In all this world of sugared lies,
 And to use a larger measure
 Than my strict yet welcome size.

First, there is no pleasure here :
 Coloured griefs indeed there are,
 Blushing woes that look as clear
 As if they could beauty spare.

Or if such deceits there be—
 Such delights I meant to say—
 There are no such things to me,
 Who have passed my right away

But I will not much oppose
 Unto what you now advise ;
 Only take this gentle rose,
 And therein my answer lies.

What is fairer than a rose ?
 What is sweeter ? yet it purgeth.
 Purgings enmity disclose,
 Enmity forbearance urgeth.

If then all that worldlings prize
 Be contracted to a rose,
 Sweetly there indeed it lies,
 But it biteth in the close.

So this flower doth judge and sentence
 Worldly joys to be a scourge ;
 For they all produce repentance,
 And repentance is a purge.

But I health, not physic, choose :
 Only, though I you oppose,
 Say that fairly I refuse,
 For my answer is a rose.

DISCIPLINE.

THROW away Thy rod,
 Throw away Thy wrath ;
 O my God,
 Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire
 Unto Thine is bent ;
 I aspire
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look
 I affect to own,
 But by hook,
 And Thy Book alone.

Though I fail, I weep ;
Though I halt in pace,
 Yet I creep
To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove ;
Love will do the deed ;
 For with love
Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot ;
Love's a man of war,
 And can shoot,
And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow ?
That which wrought on Thee,
 Brought Thee low,
Needs must work on me.

Throw away Thy rod :
Though man frailties hath,
 Thou art God ;
Throw away Thy wrath.

THE INVITATION.

COME ye hither, all whose taste
 Is your waste ;
Save your cost, and mend your fare ;
God is here prepared and drest,
 And the feast,
God, in Whom all dainties are.

Come ye hither, all whom wine
Doth define,
Naming you not to your good ;
Weep what ye have drunk amiss,
And drink this,
Which, before ye drink, is blood.

Come ye hither, all whom pain
Doth arraign,
Bringing all your sins to sight ;
Taste and fear not : God is here
In this cheer,
And on sin 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 flood the lower grounds.

Come ye hither, all whose love
Is your dove,
And exalts you to the sky :
Here is love, which, having breath
Even 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 dear :
With me, in me live and dwell ;
For Thy neatness passeth sight,
Thy delight
Passeth tongue to taste or tell.

O what sweetness from the bowl
Fills my soul,
Such as is, and makes divine !
Is some star—fled from the sphere—
Melted there,
As we sugar melt in wine ?

Or hath sweetness in the bread
Made a head
To subdue the smell of sin,
Flowers, and gums, and powders giving
All their living,
Lest the enemy should win ?

Doubtless neither star nor flower
Hath the power
Such a sweetness to impart ;
Only God, Who gives perfumes,
Flesh assumes,
And with it perfumes my heart.

But as Pómanders and wood
Still are good,
Yet being bruised are better scented ;

God, to show how far His love
 Could improve
Here, as broken, is presented.

When I had forgot my birth,
 And on Earth
In delights of Earth was drowned,
God took blood, 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,
 Far from Court,
Wine becomes a wing at last.

For with it alone I fly
 To the sky ;
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 pity
 Be my ditty,
And take up my lines and life :
Hearken under pain of death,
 Hands and breath,
Strive in this, and love the strife.

THE POSY.

LET wits contest,
And with their words and posies windows fill ;
“ Less than the least
Of all thy mercies,” is my posy 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 ;
“ Less than the least
Of all God’s mercies ” is my posy still.

A PARODY.

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 stir abroad,
But leave me to my load—

O what a damp and shade
Doth me invade !
No stormy night

Can so afflict, or so affright,
As thy eclipsèd light.

Ah, Lord, do not withdraw,
Lest want of awe
Make sin appear,
And when Thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that Thou art not here.

And then what life I have,
While Sin doth rave,
And falsely boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost,
Thou and alone thou know'st.

O what a deadly cold
Doth me enfold !
I half believe
That Sin says true ; but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

THE ELIXIR.

TEACH me, my God and King.
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,
 On it may stay his eye ;
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
 And then the Heaven espy.

All may of Thee partake :
 Nothing can be so mean
 Which with his tincture, "for Thy sake ;
 Will not grow bright and clean."

A servant with this clause
 Makes drudgery divine ;
 Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone
 That turneth all to gold ;
 For that which God doth touch and own
 Cannot for less be told.

A WREATH.

A WREATHED garland of deservèd praise,
 Of praise deservèd, unto Thee I give,
 I give to Thee, Who knowest all my ways,
 My crookèd winding ways, wherein I live—
 Wherein I die, not live ; for life is straight,
 Straight as a line, and ever tends to Thee—
 To Thee, Who art more far above deceit,
 Than deceit seems above simplicity.
 Give me simplicity, that I may live ;
 So live and like, that I may know Thy ways ;
 Know them and practise them ; then shall I give,
 For this poor wreath, give Thee a crown of praise.

DEATH.

DEATH, thou wast once an uncouth hideous thing,
Nothing but bones,
The sad effect of sadder groans :
Thy mouth was open, but thou couldst not sing.

For we considered thee as at some six
Or ten years hence,
After the loss of life and sense ;
Flesh being turned to dust and bones to sticks.

We looked on this side of thee, shooting short,
Where we did find
The shells of fledge-souls left behind ;
Dry dust, which sheds no tears, but may extort.

But since our Saviour's death did put some blood
Into thy face,
Thou art grown fair and full of grace,
Much in request, much sought for, as a good.

For we do now behold thee gay and glad,
As at doomsday,
When souls shall wear their new array,
And all thy bones with beauty shall be clad.

Therefore we can go die as sleep, and trust
Half that we have
Unto an honest faithful grave,
Making our pillows either down or dust.

DOOMSDAY.

COME away,
Make no delay ;
Summon all the dust to rise,
Till it stir and rub the eyes ;
While this member jogs the other,
Each one whispering, " Live you, brother ? "

Come away,
Make this the day.
Dust, alas, no music feels,
But Thy trumpet ; then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure tarantula's raging pains,

Come away,
O make no stay !
Let the graves make their confession,
Lest at length they plead possession ;
Flesh's stubbornness may have
Read that lesson to the grave.

Come away,
Thy flock doth stray.
Some to the winds their body lend,
And in them may drown a friend ;
Some in noisome vapours grow
To a plague and public woe

Come away,
Help our decay.
Man is out of order hurled,
Parcelled out to all the world
Lord, Thy broken concert raise,
And the music shall be praise.

JUDGMENT.

ALMIGHTY Judge, how shall poor wretches brook
 Thy dreadful look,
 Able a heart of iron to appal,
 When Thou shalt call
 For every man's peculiar book ?

What others mean to do I know not well ;
 Yet I heard tell
 That some will turn Thee to some leaves therein
 So void of sin,
 That they in merit shall excel.

But I resolve, when Thou shalt call for mine,
 That to decline,
 And thrust a Testament into Thy hand :
 Let that be scanned,
 There Thou shalt find my faults are Thine.

HEAVEN.

O, WHO will show me those delights on high ?
 Thou' Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.
 ECHO :—*I.*
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves ?
 ECHO :—*No.*
 And are there any leaves that still abide ?
 ECHO :—*Bide.*

What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.
 ECHO :—*Holy.*
 Are holy leaves the Echo, then, of bliss?
 ECHO :—*Yes.*
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?
 ECHO :—*Light.*
 Light to the mind : what shall the will enjoy?
 ECHO :—*Joy.*
 But are there cares and business with the pleasure?
 ECHO :—*Leisure.*
 Light, joy, and leisure ; but shall they persevere?
 ECHO :—*Ever.*

 LOVE.

LOVE bade me welcome ; yet my soul drew back,
 Guilty of dust and sin.
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack
 From my first entrance in,
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning,
 If I lack anything.

 “ A guest,” I answered, “ worthy to be here.”
 Love said, “ You shall be he.”
 “ I, the unkind, ungrateful ? Ah, my dear,
 I cannot look on Thee.”
 Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,
 “ Who made the eyes but I ? ”

 “ Truth, Lord, but I have marred them ; let my shame
 Go where it doth deserve.”

"And know you not," says Love, "who bore the blame?"

"My dear, then I will serve."

"You must sit down," says Love, "and taste my meat."

So I did sit and eat.

**Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace,
good will toward men.**





THE CHURCH MILITANT.

—◆—

ALMIGHTY LORD, who from Thy glorious throne
Seest and rulest all things even as one :
The smallest ant or atom knows Thy power,
Known also to each minute of an hour :
Much more do commonweals acknowledge Thee,
And wrap their policies in Thy decree,
Complying with Thy counsels, doing nought
Which doth not meet with an eternal thought.
But above all, Thy Church and Spouse doth prove
Not the decrees of power, but bands of love.
Early didst Thou arise to plant this vine,
Which might the more endear it to be Thine.
Spices come from the East, so did thy Spouse,
Trim as the light, sweet as the laden boughs
Of Noah's shady vine, chaste as the dove,
Prepared and fitted to receive Thy love,—
All emblems which Thy darling doth improve.
The course was westward, that the sun might light
As well our understanding as our sight.
Where the Ark did rest, there Abraham began
To bring the other Ark from Canaan.

Moses pursued this ; but King Solomon
Finished and fixed the old religion.
When it grew loose, the Jews did hope in vain
By nailing Christ to fasten it again ;
But to the Gentiles He bore Cross and all,
Rending with earthquakes the partition-wall.
Only whereas the Ark in glory shone,
Now with the Cross, as with a staff, alone,
Religion, like a pilgrim, Westward bent,
Knocking at all doors ever as She went.
Yet as the sun, though forward be his flight,
Listens behind him, and allows some light,
Till all depart ; so went the Church her way,
Letting, while one foot stept, the other stay
Among the Eastern nations for a time,
Till both removed to the Western clime.
To Egypt first she came, where they did prove
Wonders of Anger once, but now of Love.
The Ten Commandments there did flourish more
Than the ten bitter plagues had done before ;
Holy Macarius and great Anthony
Made Pharaoh Moses, changing the history.
Goshen was darkness, Egypt full of lights,
Nilus for monsters brought forth Israelites.
Such power hath mighty Baptism to produce,
For things misshapen, things of highest use.
How dear to me, O God, Thy 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 posed, Philosophy was set,
Sophisters taken in a fisher's net.
Plato and Aristotle were at a loss,
And wheeled about again to spell Christ-cross.

Prayers chased syllogisms into their den,
And *Ergo* was transformed 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 two were in their prime ;
From Greece to Rome she went, subduing those
Who had subdued all the world for foes,
The warrior his dear scars no more resounds,
But seems to yield Christ hath the greater wounds ;
Wounds willingly endured to work his bliss,
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 sceptre here,
Giving new names and numbers to the year ;
But the Empire dwelt in Greece, to comfort them
Who were cut short in Alexander's stem.
In both of these Prowess and Arts did tame
And tune men's hearts against the Gospel came ;
Which using, and not fearing skill in the one,
Or strength in the other, did erect her throne.
Many a rent and struggling the Empire knew—
As dying things are wont—until it flew
At length to Germany, still Westward bending,
And there the Church's festival attending ;
That as before Empire and Arts made way—
For no less harbingers would serve than they—
So they might still, and point us out the place
Where first the Church should raise her downcast
face.
Strength levels grounds, Art makes a garden there ;

Then showers Religion, and makes all to bear.
Spain in the Empire shared with Germany,
But England in the higher victory,
Giving the Church a crown to keep her state,
And not go less than she had done of late.
Constantine's British line meant this of old,
And did this mystery wrap up and fold
Within a sheet of paper, which was rent
From Time's great Chronicle, and hither sent.
Thus both the Church and sun together ran
Unto the farthest old meridian.

How dear to me, O God, Thy 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,
Sin did set out of Eastern Babylon,
And travelled Westward also ; journeying on
He chid the Church away, where'er he came,
Breaking her peace and tainting her good name,
At first he got to Egypt, and did sow
Gardens of gods, which every year did grow
Fresh and fine deities. They were at great cost,
Who for a god clearly a sallet lost,
Ah, what a thing is man devoid of grace,
Adoring garlic with an humble face,
Begging his food of that which he may eat,
Starving the while he worshipping his meat !
Who makes a root his god, how low is he,
If God and man be severed infinitely !
What wretchedness can give him any room
Whose house is foul, while he adores his broom ?
None will believe this now, though money be
In us the same transplanted foolery.
Thus Sin in Egypt sneakèd for a while ;

His highest was an ox or crocodile,
And such poor game. Thence he to Greece doth
pass,
And being craftier much than Goodness was,
He left behind him garrisons of sins,
To make good that which every day he wins.
Here Sin took heart, and for a garden bed
Rich shrines and oracles he purchasèd ;
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 lottery, and all would pull.
But all was glorious cheating, brave deceit,
Where some poor 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 emperor.
Nero and others lodged him bravely there,
Put him in trust to rule the Roman sphere.
Glory was his chief instrument of old ;
Pleasure succeeded straight, when that grew cold,
Which soon was blown to such a mighty 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 carnal joy
Cheat the most subtle nations. Who so coy,
So trim, as Greece and Egypt ? Yet their hearts
Are given over, for their curious arts,
To such Mahometan stupidities
As the old heathen would deem prodigies.

How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are !
 Who may with Thee compare ?
Only the West and Rome do keep them free
From this contagious infidelity ;
And this is all the Rock whereof they boast,
As Rome will one day find unto her cost ;
Traditions are accounts without our host ;
They who rely on them must reckon twice,
When written Truths shall censure man's device.
Sin being not able to extirpate quite
The Churches here, bravely resolved one night
To be a churchman too, and wear a mitre ;
The old debauchèd ruffian would turn writer.
I saw him in his study, where he sate
Busy in controversies sprung of late :
A gown and pen became him wondrous well ;
His grave aspect had more of Heaven than Hell ;
Only there was a handsome picture by,
To which he lent a corner of his eye.
As Sin in Greece a prophet was before,
And in old Rome a mighty emperor,
So now, being priest, he plainly did profess
To make a jest of Christ's three offices ;
The rather since his scattered jugglings were
United now in one, both time and sphere,
From Egypt he took petty deities,
From Greece oracular infallibilities,
And from old Rome the liberty of pleasure,
By free dispensings of the Church's treasure ;
Then in memorial of his ancient throne,
He did surname his palace Babylon.
Yet that he might the better gain all nations,
And make that name good by their transmigrations,
From all these places, but at divers times,

He took fine vizards to conceal his crimes—
From Egypt anchorism and retiredness,
Learning from Greece, from old Rome stateliness ;
And blending these, he carried all men's eyes, —
While Truth sat by, counting his victories ;
Whereby he grew apace, and scorned to use
Such force as once did captivate the Jews ;
But did bewitch, and finally work each nation
Into a voluntary transmigration.
All post to Rome ; princes submit their necks
Either to his public foot or private tricks.
It did not fit his gravity to stir,
Nor his long journey, nor his gout and fur :
Therefore he sent out able ministers,
Statesmen within, without doors cloisterers ;
Who without spear, or sword, or other drum
Than what was in their tongue, did overcome ;
And having conquered, 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 cracked looking-glass.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are !
Who may with Thee compare ?
Thus Sin triumphs in western Babylon ;
Yet not as Sin, but as Religion.
Of his two thrones he made the latter best,
And to defray his journey from the East.
Old and new Babylon are to Hell and Night
As is the moon and sun to Heaven and Light.
When the one did set, the other did take place,
Confronting equally the Law and Grace.
They are Hell's landmarks, Satan's double crest ;

They are sin's nipples, feeding the East and West.
But as in vice the copy still exceeds
The pattern, but not so in virtuous deeds ;
So though Sin made his latter seat the better,
The latter Church is to the first a debtor.
The second Temple could not reach the first ;
And the late Reformation never durst
Compare with ancient times and purer years,
But in the Jews and us deserveth tears.
Nay, it shall every year decrease and fade,
Till such a darkness do the world invade
At Christ's last coming as his first did find ;
Yet must there such proportions be assigned
To these diminishings as is between
The spacious world and Jewry to be seen.
Religion stands on tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand.
When height of malice and prodigious lusts,
Impudent sinning, witchcrafts, and distrusts—
The marks of future bane—shall fill our cup
Unto the brim, and make our measure up ;
When Seine shall swallow Tiber, and the Thames,
By letting in them both, pollutes her streams ;
When Italy of us shall have her will,
And all her calendar of sins fulfil,
Whereby one may foretell what sins next year
Shall both in France and England domineer—
Then shall Religion to America flee ;
They have their times of Gospel even as we.
My God, Thou dost prepare for them a way,
By carrying first their gold from them away ;
For gold and grace did never yet agree ;
Religion always sides with poverty.
We think we rob them, but we think amiss :

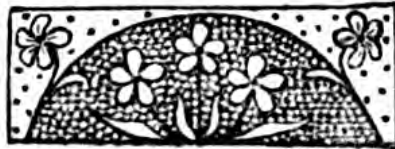
We are more poor, and they more rich by this.
Thou wilt revenge their quarrel, making grace
To pay our debts, and leave our ancient place
To go to them, while that which now their nation
But lends to us, shall be our desolation.
Yet as the Church shall thither Westward fly,
So Sin shall trace and dog her instantly ;
They have their period also and set times
Both for their virtuous actions and their crimes.
And where of old the Empire and the Arts
Ushered the Gospel ever in men's hearts,
Spain hath done one ; when Arts perform the other,
The Church shall come, and Sin the Church shall
smother ;
That when they have accomplishèd the round,
And met in the East their first and ancient sound,
Judgment may meet them both, and search them
round.
Thus do both lights, as well in Church as sun,
Light one another and together run ;
Thus also Sin and Darkness follow still
The Church and sun with all their power and skill.
But as the sun still goes both West and East,
So also did the Church by going West
Still Eastward go ; because it drew more near
To time and place where judgment shall appear.
How dear to me, O God, Thy counsels are ?
Who may with Thee compare ?



L'ENVOI.

KING of Glory, King of Peace,
With the one make war to cease ;
With the other bless Thy sheep,
Thee to love, in Thee to sleep.
Let not Sin devour Thy fold,
Bragging that Thy blood is cold ;
That Thy death is also dead,
While his conquests daily spread ;
That Thy flesh hath lost his food,
And Thy cross is common wood.
Choke him, let him say no more,
But reserve his breath in store,
Till Thy conquest and his fall
Make his sighs to use it all ;
And then bargain with the wind
To discharge what is behind.

**Blessed be God alone,
Thrice blessed Three in one.**





SONNETS, EPITAPHS, Etc.

SONNETS

SENT BY GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER AS A NEW
YEAR'S GIFT FROM CAMBRIDGE.

I.

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 doth feel, no braver fuel choose
Than that, which one day worms may chance refuse?

O-o

II.

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.

EPITAPHS.

ON SIR JOHN DANVERS.

PASS not by ;
 Search, and you may
 Find a treasure
 Worth your stay.
 What makes a Danvers
 Would you find ?
 In a fair body
 A fair mind.

Sir John Danvers' earthly part
 Here is copied out by art ;
 But his heavenly and divine
 In his progeny doth shine.

Had he only brought them forth,
 Know that much had been his worth.
 There's no monument to a son ;
 Read him there, and I have done.

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 blackmoors 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 plain our case,
We doubt much whether you
 Come to our bed
To comfort us, or to be comforted.

TO THE QUEEN OF BOHEMIA.

BRIGHT soul, of whom if any country known
Worthy had been, thou hadst not lost thine own ;
No earth can be thy jointure, for the sun
And stars alone unto the pitch do run
And pace of thy swift virtues ; only they
Are thy dominion. Those that rule in clay
Stick fast therein, but thy transcendent soul
Doth for two clods of earth ten spheres control,
And though stars shot from Heaven lose their light,
Yet thy brave beams, excluded from their light,
Maintain their lustre still, and shining clear
Turn watery Holland to a crystalline sphere.
Methinks, in that Dutch optic I do see
Thy curious virtues much more visibly :
There is thy best throne, for afflictions are
A foil to set off worth and make it rare.
Through that black tiffany thy virtues shine
Fairer and richer. Now we know what's thine,
And what is fortune's. Thou hast singled out
Sorrows and griefs, to fight with them about
At their own weapons, without pomp or state
To second thee against their cunning hate.
O, what a poor thing 'tis to be a Queen
When Sceptres, State, Attendants are the screen
Betwixt us and the people ! whenas glory
Lies round about us to help out the story.
When all things pull and hale, that they may bring
A slow behaviour to the style of king ;
When sense is made by comments, but that face
Whose native beauty needs not dress or lace
To serve it forth, and being stript of all
Is self-sufficient to be the thrall

Of thousand hearts: that face doth figure thee
And show thy undivided Majesty
Which misery cannot untwist, but rather
Adds to the union, as lights do gather
Splendour from darkness. So close sits the crown
About thy temples that the furious frown
Of opposition cannot place thee where
Thou shalt not be a Queen, and conquer there.
Yet hast thou more dominions: God doth give
Children for kingdoms to thee; they shall live
To conquer new ones, and shall share the frame
Of the universe, like as the winds, and name
The world anew: the sun shall never rise
But it shall spy some of their victories.
Their hands shall be the eagle's wings, and chase
Those ravening Harpy's which pick at thy face
At once to Hell, without a baiting while
At Purgatory, their enchanted Isle
And Paris garden. Then let their perfume
And Spanish scents, wisely laid up, presume
To deal with brimstone, that untamed stench
Whose fire, like their malice, nought can quench.
But joys are stored for thee; thou shalt return
Laden with comforts thence, where now to mourn
Is thy chief government, to manage woe,
To curb some rebel tears which fain would flow,
Making a head and spring against thy reason.
This is thy empire yet: till better season
Call thee from out of that surrounded land;
That habitable sea, and brinish strand,
Thy tears not needing. For that hand divine
Which mingles water with thy Rhenish wine,
Will pour full joys to thee; but dregs to those
And meet their taste who are thy bitter foes.

L'ENVOI.

SHINE on, Majestic soul, abide
Like David's tree, planted beside
The Flemish rivers: in the end
Thy fruits shall with their drops contend;
Great God will surely dry those tears,
Which now that moist land to thee bears.
Then shall thy glory, fresh as flowers
In water kept, maugre the powers
Of Devil, Jesuit, and Spain,
From Holland sail into the Main:
Thence wheeling on, its compass shall
This our great sublunary Ball,
And with that Ring thy fame shall wed
Eternity into one bed.





EXCERPTS FROM
A PRIEST TO THE TEMPLE ;

OR,

THE COUNTRY PARSON, HIS CHARACTER AND
RULE OF HOLY LIFE.

—◆—
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.

THE PARSON'S LIFE.

THE Country Parson is exceedingly exact in his life, being holy, just, prudent, temperate, bold, grave, in all his ways. And because the two highest points of life, wherein a Christian is most seen, are patience and mortification: patience in regard of afflictions—mortification in regard of lusts and affections, and the stupefying 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 scandalise 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 the kinds thereof, but especially that of drinking, because it is the most popular vice; into which if he come, he prostitutes

himself both to shame and sin, and by having fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness he disableth himself of authority to reprove them ; for sins make all equal whom they find together, and then they are worst who ought to be best. Neither is it for the servant of Christ to haunt inns, or taverns, or alehouses, to the dishonour of his person and office. The parson doth not so, but orders his life in such a fashion that when death takes him, as the Jews and Judas did Christ, he may say as He did, " I sat daily with you teaching in the Temple." Thirdly, because country people (as indeed all honest men) do much esteem their word, it being the life of buying and selling and dealing in the world, therefore the parson is very strict in keeping his word, though it be to his own hindrance, as knowing that if he be not so, he will quickly be discovered and 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.

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,” etc. 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 weighed. 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 had revealed His truth, as well as to him; and that as one country doth not bear all things, that there may be a commerce, so neither hath God opened or will open all to one, that there may be a traffic in knowledge between the servants of God for the planting both of love and humility. Wherefore he hath one comment at least upon every book of Scripture, and ploughing with this and his own meditations, he enters into the secrets of God treasured in the holy Scripture. 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.

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 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.

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 very well supplied by some able man, who treads in his steps, and will not throw down what he hath built; whom also he entreats to press some point, that he himself hath often urged with no great success, that so, in the mouth of two or three witnesses, the truth may be more established. When he preacheth he procures attention by all possible art, both by earnestness of speech (it being natural to men to think that where is much earnestness there is somewhat worth hearing), and by a diligent and busy cast of his eye on his auditors, with letting them know that he observes who marks and who

not ; and with particularising of his speech—now to the younger folks, 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 those of ancient times, so especially of the late ones ; and those most which are nearest to his parish ; for people are very attentive at such discourses, and think it behoves them to be so, when God is so near them, and even over their heads. Sometimes he tells them stories and sayings of others, according as his text invites him ; for them also men heed and remember better than exhortations, which, though earnest, yet often die with the sermon, especially with country people, which are thick and heavy, and hard to raise to a point of zeal and fervency, and need a mountain of fire to kindle them ; but stories and sayings they will well remember. He often tells them that sermons are dangerous things, that none goes out of church as he came in, but either better or 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 ; but 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 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 shopkeeper when customers use to come in. His thoughts are full of making the best of the day, and contriving it to his best gains. To this end, besides his ordinary prayers, he makes a peculiar one for a blessing on the exercises of the day. That nothing befall him unworthy of that Majesty before which he is to present himself, but that all may be done with reverence to His glory, and with edification to his flock, humbly beseeching his Master that how or whenever He punish him, it be not in his ministry ; then he turns to request for his people that the Lord would be pleased to sanctify them all, that they may come with holy hearts and awful minds into the congregation, and that the good God would pardon all those who come with less prepared hearts than they ought. This done, he sets himself to the consideration of the duties of the day, and if there be any extraordinary addition to the customary exercises, either from the time of the year, or from the state, or from God, by a child born or dead, or any other accident, he contrives how and in what manner to induce it to the best advantage. Afterwards, when the hour calls, with his family attending him, he goes to church, at his first entrance humbly adoring and worshipping

the invisible majesty and presence of Almighty God, and blessing the people, either openly or to himself. Then having read divine service twice fully, and preached in the morning, and catechized 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 hindrance 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 hinds' feet, ever climbing up higher and higher unto Him.

THE PARSON IN HIS HOUSE.

THE Country Parson is very exact in the governing of his house, making it a 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 reference 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, especially the 101st Psalm, which is expressed in a fair table, as being the rule of a family. And when they go abroad, his wife among her neighbours is the 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 straightly 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 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 loss. Wherein he admires and imitates the wonderful providence and thrift of the great Householder of the world: for their being two things which, as they 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 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 of the two former, had not authority interposed ; so that to eat little, and that unpleasant, is the natural rule of fasting, although it be flesh. For since fasting in Scripture language is an afflicting of our souls, if a piece of dry flesh at my table be more unpleasant to me than some fish there, certainly to eat the flesh, and not the fish, is to keep the fasting-day naturally. And it is observable that the prohibiting of flesh came from hot countries, where both flesh-alone, and much more with wine, is apt to nourish more than in cold regions, and where flesh may be much better spared and with more safety than elsewhere, where both the people and the drink being cold and phlegmatic, the eating of flesh is an antidote to both. For it is certain that a weak stomach, being prepossessed with flesh, shall much better brook and bear a draught of beer than if it had been taken before either fish or roots, or such things, which will discover itself by spitting, and rheum, or

phlegm. To conclude, the parson, if he be 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 exceeding obstructive. And obstructions are the cause of most diseases.

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 stoup or flagon, and a basin for alms and offerings; besides which he hath a poor man's box conveniently seated to receive the charity of well-minded people, and to lay up treasure for the sick and needy. And all this he doth, not as out of necessity, or as putting a holiness in the things, but as 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.

THE PARSON IN CIRCUIT.

THE Country Parson upon the afternoons in the week-days takes occasion sometimes to visit in person, now one quarter of his parish, now another. For there he shall find his flock most naturally as they are,

wallowing in the midst of their affairs; whereas on Sunday it is easy for them to compose themselves to order, which they put on as their holyday 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.

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 sometimes some short and honest refreshments which may make his other discourses more welcome and less tedious. And when he comes to his inn he refuseth not to join, that he may enlarge the glory of God to the company he is in, by a due blessing of God for their safe arrival, and saying

grace at meat and at going to bed, by giving the host notice that he will have prayers in the hall, wishing him to inform his guests thereof, that if any be willing to partake they may resort thither. The like he doth in the morning, using pleasantly the outlandish proverb, that Prayers and Provender never hinder Journey. When he comes to any other house where his kindred or other relations give him any authority over the family, if he be to stay for a time, he considers diligently the state thereof to God-ward, 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, holydays, and fasting days are kept. And accordingly, as he finds any defect in these, he first considers with himself what kind of remedy fits the temper of the house best, and then he faithfully and boldly applieth it, yet seasonably and discreetly, by taking aside the lord or lady, or master and mistress of the house, and showing them clearly that they respect them most who wish them best, and that not a desire to meddle with others' affairs, but the earnestness to do all the good he can, moves him to say thus and thus.

THE PARSON IN GOD'S STEAD.

THE Country Parson is in God's stead to his parish, and dischargeth God what he can of his promises. Wherefore there is nothing done either well or ill whereof he is not the rewarder or punisher. If he chance to find any reading in another's Bible, he provides him one of his own. If he find another giving a poor man a penny, he gives him a tester for it, if the

giver be fit to receive it ; or if he be of a condition above such gifts, he sends him a good book, or easeth him in his tithes, telling him when he hath forgotten it, "This I do because at such and such a time you were charitable." This is in some sort a discharging of God ; as concerning this life, who hath promised that godliness shall be gainful, but in the other, God is his own immediate paymaster, rewarding all good deeds to their full proportion. "The parson's punishing of sin and vice is rather by withdrawing his bounty and courtesy from the parties offending, or by private and public reproof, as the case requires, than by causing them to be presented or otherwise complained of. And yet, as the malice of the person or heinousness of the crime may be, he is careful to see condign punishment inflicted, and with truly godly zeal, without hatred to the person, hungereth and thirsteth after righteous punishment of unrighteousness. Thus, both in rewarding virtue and in punishing vice, the parson endeavoureth to be in God's stead, knowing that country people are drawn or led by sense more than by faith, by present rewards or punishments more than by future."

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.

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 was 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.

THE PARSON 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 mislikes, 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 send us the light of heaven." And the parson likes this very well; neither is he afraid of praising or praying to God at all times, but is rather glad of catching opportunities to do them. Light is a great blessing, and as great as food, for which we give thanks; and those that think this superstitious, neither know superstition nor themselves. As for those that are ashamed to use this form as being old, and obsolete, and not the fashion, he reforms and teaches them that at baptism they professed not to be ashamed of Christ's cross, or for any shame to leave that which is good. He that is ashamed in small things, will extend his pusillanimity to greater. Rather should a Christian soldier take such occasions to harden himself, and to further his exercises of mortification.

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 be a beneficial also. Those who use it not do so either out of niceness, because they like the salutations and compliments and forms of worldly language better—which conformity and fashionableness is so exceeding unbecoming a minister that it deserves reproof, not refutation—or else because they think it empty and superfluous. But that which the Apostles used so

diligently in their writings, nay, which our Saviour Himself used (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? 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. If all men are to bless upon occasion, as appears (Romans xii. 14), how much more those who are spiritual fathers?

THE AUTHOR'S PRAYER BEFORE SERMON.

○ 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 save 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 hath 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 Thine 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 Jcsu ! 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, etc.

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 has justified us, sanctified and glorified us, Thou wast born for us, and Thou livedst and diedst for us, Thou hast given us the blessings of this life and of a better. O Lord, Thy blessings hang in clusters, they come trooping upon us ! they break forth like mighty waters on every side. And now, Lord, Thou hast fed us with the bread of life ; so man did eat angels' food. O Lord, bless it ! O Lord, make it health and strength 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, ever. Amen.

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.



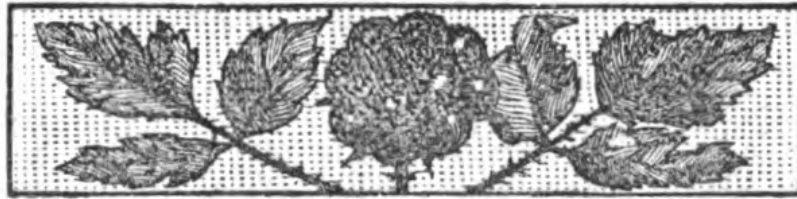


The Oration of Master George Herbert,

Orator of the University of Cambridge, when the Ambassadors
were made Masters of Arts. 27 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 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 book-worms, 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.



JACULA PRUDENTUM;

OR,

OUTLANDISH PROVERBS, SENTENCES, ETC.

SELECTED BY MR. GEORGE HERBERT, LATE ORATOR OF
THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

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.
He that stumbles and falls not, mends his pace.
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.
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.
Empty chambers make foolish maids.
The devil is not always at one door.
He loseth nothing that loseth not God.

Quick believers need broad shoulders.
Love and a cough cannot be hid.
A dwarf on a giant's shoulder sees farther of the two.
Babbling curs never want sore ears.
Better the feet slip than the tongue.
A lion's skin is never cheap.
The goat must browse where she is tied.
Who hath a wolf for his mate, needs a dog for his
man.
God oft hath a great share in a little house.
A cheerful look makes a dish a feast.
If all fools had baubles, we should want fuel.
Were there no hearers there would be no backbiters.
When prayers are done my lady is ready.
Cities seldom change religion only.
At length the fox turns monk.
When a dog is drowning every one offers him drink.
Better a bare foot than none.
He that is warm thinks all so.
At length the fox is brought to the furrier.
He that goes barefoot must not plant thorns.
He that will learn to pray, let him go to sea.
An old wise man's shadow it better than a young
buzzard's sword.
Noble housekeepers need no doors.
I gave the mouse a hole, and she is become my heir.
Assail who will, the valiant attends.
Praise day at night, and life at the end.
The tongue walks where the teeth speed not.
Leave jesting while it pleaseth, lest it turn to
earnest.
The chicken is the country's, but the city eats it.
To a grateful man give money when he asks.
To a boiling pot flies come not.

To a fair day open the window, but make you ready
as to a foul.

Water is as good as oats.

Though the mastiff be gentle, yet bite him not by
the lip.

Well may he smell fire whose gown burns.

A drunkard's purse is a bottle.

She spins well that breeds her children.

Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you
in the market.

Every one stretcheth his legs according to his
coverlet.

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.

To buy dear is not bounty.

Jest not with the eye or with religion.

Buy at a fair, but sell at home.

Cover yourself with your shield, and care not for cries.

A wicked man's gift has a touch of his master.

Debtors are liars.

God heals, and the physician hath the thanks.

Think of ease, but work on.

Where there is no honour there is no grief.

Giving much to the poor doth enrich a man's store.

The smith and his penny both are black.

If the old dog bark, he gives counsel.

I wept when I was born, and every day shows why.

He that looks not before finds himself behind.

He that riseth first is first drest.

The river past, and God forgotten.

The honey is sweet, but the bee stings.

A child's service is little, yet he is no little fool that despiseth it.

The son full and tattered, the daughter empty and fine.

Every path hath a puddle.

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.

It is a great victory that comes without blood.

Honour and profit lie not in one sack.

He that rises betimes hath something in his head.

To steal the hog and give the feet for alms.

The thorn comes forth with the point forwards.

A woman and a glass are ever in danger.

The wise hand doth not all that the foolish mouth speaks.

Punishment is lame, but it comes.

There are more men threatened than stricken.

By suppers more have been killed than Galen ever cured.

A mountain and a river are good neighbours.

Gossips are frogs,—they drink and talk.

Prayers and provender hinder no journey.

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.

Good service is a great enchantment.

He will burn his house to warm his hands.

Be not a baker if your head be of butter.

He that strikes with his tongue must ward with his head.

Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

Who spits against heaven, it falls in his face.

Love is not found in the market.

Deaths foreseen come not.

He that blames would buy.

My house, my house, though thou art small, thou art to me the Escorial.

He that speaks sows, and he that holds his peace gathers.

He that comes of a hen must scrape.

He that lives most dies most.

The crow bewails the sheep and then eats it.

The greatest step is that out of doors.

In the kingdom of blind men the one-eyed is king.

War makes thieves, and peace hangs them.

Poverty is the mother of health.

In the morning mountains, in the evening fountains.

A poor beauty finds more lovers than husbands.

Praise the sea, but keep on land.

The filth under the snow the sun discovers.

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.

When the knave is in a plum-tree he hath neither friend nor kin.

Living well is the best revenge.

One pair of ears draws dry a hundred tongues

Love is the true price of love.

The offender never pardons.

When the tree is fallen all go with their hatchet.

There is great force hidden in a sweet command.

It is better to be the head of a lizard than the tail
of a lion.

Willows are weak, yet they bind other wood.

The fish adores the bait.

A wise man needs not blush for changing his
purpose.

Time is the rider that breaks youth.

I was taken by a morsel, says the fish.

When age is jocund it makes sport for death.

Astrology is true, but the astrologers cannot find it.

An idle head is a box for the wind.

A bean in liberty is better than a comfit in prison.

Nothing dries sooner than a tear.

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.

Pardon all but thyself.

Divine ashes are better than earthly meal.

When it thunders the thief becomes honest.

It is a bold mouse that nestles in the cat's ear.

Though you see a churchman ill, yet continue in
the church still.

The effect speaks, the tongue needs not.

It is a proud horse that will not carry his own
provender.

Three women make a market.

The wind in one's face makes one wise.

All the arms of England will not arm fear.

Night is the mother of counsel.

You cannot hide an eel in a sack.

He that fears leaves, let him not go into the wood.

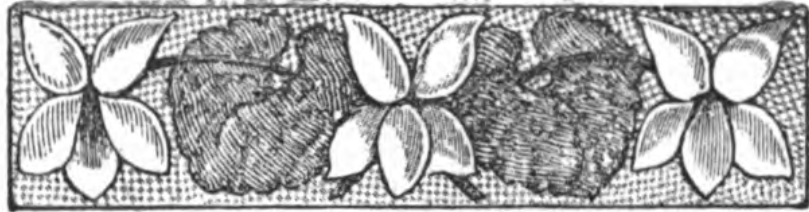
He that pities another remembers himself.

It is good walking with a horse in one's hand

All are not merry that dance lightly.
Courtesy on one side only lasts not long.
War is death's feast.
He that brings good news knocks hard.
You must lose a fly to catch a trout.
He is not free that draws his chain.
There comes nought out of the sack but what was
there.
The tongue is not steel, yet it cuts.
Words are women, deeds are men.
The wolf must die in his own skin.
He that sends a fool expects one.
He that marries late marries ill.
He hath not lived that lives not after death.
In a retreat the lame are foremost.
He that will enter into Paradise must have a good
key.
Death keeps no calendar.
Good horses make short miles.
The dainties of the great are the tears of the poor.
Parsons are souls' waggoners.
Lawyers' houses are built on the heads of fools.
The eyes have one language everywhere.
It is better to have wings than horns.
An ox is taken by the horns, and a man by the
tongue.
Once a year a man may say, On his conscience.
For a morning rain leave not your journey.
He that is in a town in May loseth his spring.
He that is surprised with the first frost feels it all
the winter after.
Who will make a door of gold must knock a nail
every day.
The eye is bigger than the belly.

If you must fly, fly well.
A piece of a churchyard fits everybody.
After death the doctor.
Covetousness breaks the bag.
The noise is greater than the nuts.
I escaped the thunder and fell into the lightning.
To the mouth of a bad dog falls often a good bone.
A dead bee maketh no honey.
Old camels carry young camels' skins to the market.
Words and feathers the wind carries away.
God gives His wrath by weight, and without
weight His mercy.
Of a new prince, new bondage.
Fortune to one is mother, to another is stepmother.
The wolf eats oft of the sheep that have been warned.
A man is known to be mortal by two things : sleep
and lust.
Great deservers grow intolerable presumers.
The love of money and the love of learning rarely
meet.
Some had rather lose their friend than their jest.
Marry your daughters betimes, lest they marry
themselves.
The best mirror is an old friend.
A man's destiny is always dark.





THE
LIFE OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT.

BY IZAAK WALTON.



GEORGE HERBERT was born the third day of April, in the year of our Redemption 1593. The place of his birth was near to the town of Montgomery, and in that castle that did then bear the name of that town and county. That castle was then a place of state and strength, and had been successively happy in the family of the Herberts, who had long possessed it; and with it a plentiful estate, and hearts as liberal to their poor neighbours—a family that had been blessed with men of remarkable wisdom, and a willingness to serve their country, and, indeed, to do good to all mankind, for which they were eminent. But, alas! this family did in the late rebellion suffer extremely in their estates; and the heirs of that castle saw it laid level with that earth that was too good to bury those wretches that were the cause of it.

The father of our George was Richard Herbert (of

Blakehall, in Montgomery), the son of Edward Herbert, Knight, the son of Richard Herbert, Knight, the son of the famous Sir Richard Herbert, of Colebrook, in the county of Monmouth, Banneret, who was the youngest brother of that memorable William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke, that lived in the reign of our King Edward IV.

His mother was Magdalen Newport, the youngest daughter of Sir Richard, and sister to Sir Francis Newport, of High Arkall, in the county of Salop, Knight, and grandfather of Francis, Lord Newport, now Comptroller of His Majesty's Household—a family that for their loyalty have suffered much in their estates, and seen the ruin of that excellent structure where their ancestors have long lived and been memorable for their hospitality.

This mother of George Herbert (of whose person, wisdom, and virtue I intend to give a true account in a seasonable place) was the happy mother of seven sons and three daughters, which she would often say was Job's number and Job's distribution; and as often bless God that they were neither defective in their shapes or in their reason, and very often reprove them that did not praise God for so great a blessing. I shall give the reader a short account of their names, and not say much of their fortunes.

Edward, the eldest, was first made Knight of the Bath at that glorious time of our late Prince Henry's being installed Knight of the Garter; and after many years' useful travel, and the attainment of many languages, he was by King James sent Ambassador to the then French King Louis XIII. There he continued about two years, but he could not subject himself to a compliance with the humours of the Duke de Luines, who was then the great and powerful favourite at Court, so that, upon a complaint to our King, he was called back into England

in some displeasure ; but at his return he gave such an honourable account of his employment, and so justified his comportment to the Duke, and all the Court, that he was suddenly sent back upon the same embassy, from which he returned in the beginning of the reign of our good King Charles I., who made him first Baron of Castle Island, and not long after of Cherbury, in the county of Salop. He was a man of great learning and reason, as appears by his printed book, *De Veritate*, and by his *History of the Reign of Henry VIII.*, and by several other tracts.

The second and third brothers were Richard and William, who ventured their lives to purchase honour in the wars of the Low Countries, and died officers in that employment. Charles was the fourth, and died Fellow of New College, in Oxford. Henry was the sixth, who became a menial servant to the Crown, in the days of King James, and continued to be so for fifty years, during all which time he hath been Master of the Revels, a place that requires a diligent wisdom, with which God hath blessed him. The seventh son was Thomas, who, being made captain of a ship in that fleet with which Sir Robert Mansell was sent against Algiers, did there show a fortunate and true English valour. Of the three sisters, I need not say more than that they were all married to persons of worth and plentiful fortunes, and lived to be examples of virtue, and to do good in their generations.

I now come to give my intended account of George, who was the fifth of those seven brothers.

George Herbert spent much of his childhood in a sweet content under the eye and care of his prudent mother, and the tuition of a chaplain or tutor to him, and two of his brothers, in her own family (for she was

then a widow), where he continued till about the age of twelve years ; and being at that time well instructed in the rules of grammar, he was not long after commended to the care of Dr. Neale, who was then Dean of Westminster, and by him to the care of Mr. Ireland, who was then chief master of that school, where the beauties of his pretty behaviour and wit shined and became so eminent and lovely in this his innocent age, that he seemed to be marked out for piety, and to become the care of Heaven, and of a particular good angel to guard and guide him. And thus he continued in that school till he came to be perfect in the learned languages, and especially in the Greek tongue, in which he after proved an excellent critic.

About the age of fifteen (he being then a King's scholar) he was elected out of that school for Trinity College in Cambridge, to which place he was transplanted about the year 1608 ; and his prudent mother, well knowing that he might easily lose or lessen that virtue and innocence which her advice and example had planted in his mind, did therefore procure the generous and liberal Dr. Nevil, who was then Dean of Canterbury, and master of that college, to take him into his particular care, and provide him a tutor, which he did most gladly undertake, for he knew the excellences of his mother, and how to value such a friendship.

This was the method of his education till he was settled in Cambridge, where we will leave him in his study till I have paid my promised account of his excellent mother, and I will endeavour to make it short.

I have told her birth, her marriage, and the number of her children, and have given some short account of them. I shall next tell the reader that her husband died when our George was about the age of four years.

I am next to tell that she continued twelve years a widow ; that she then married happily to a noble gentleman, the brother and heir of the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who did highly value both her person and the most excellent endowments of her mind.

In this time of her widowhood, she being desirous to give Edward, her eldest son, such advantages of learning and other education as might suit his birth and fortune, and thereby make him the more fit for the service of his country, did, at his being of a fit age, remove from Montgomery Castle with him and some of her younger sons to Oxford ; and having entered Edward into Queen's College, and provided him a fit tutor, she commended him to his care ; yet she continued there with him, and still kept him in a moderate awe of herself, and so much under her own eye as to see and converse with him daily ; but she managed this power over him without any such rigid sourness as might make her company a torment to her child, but with such a sweetness and compliance with the recreations and pleasures of youth, as did incline him willingly to spend much of his time in the company of his dear and careful mother, which was to her great content, for she would often say, "That as our bodies take a nourishment suitable to the meat on which we feed, so our souls do as insensibly take in vice by the example or conversation with wicked company." And would therefore as often say, "That ignorance of vice was the best preservation of virtue ; and that the very knowledge of wickedness was as tinder to inflame and kindle sin, and to keep it burning." For these reasons she endeared him to her own company, and continued with him in Oxford four years, in which time her great and harmless wit, her cheerful gravity, and her obliging behaviour, gained her an acquaintance and

friendship with most of any eminent worth or learning that were at that time in or near that university; and particularly with Mr. John Donne, who then came accidentally to that place in this time of her being there. It was that John Donne who was after Dr. Donne, and Dean of St. Paul's, London; and he, at his leaving Oxford, writ and left there in verse a character of the beauties of her body and mind. Of the first he says—

“No spring nor summer beauty has such grace
As I have seen in an autumnal face.”

Of the latter he says :

“In all her words, to every hearer fit,
You may at revels or at councils sit.”

The rest of her character may be read in his printed poems, in that elegy which bears the name of the “Autumnal Beauty.” For both he and she were then past the meridian of man's life.

This amity, begun at this time and place, was not an amity that polluted their souls, but an amity made up of a chain of suitable inclinations and virtues—an amity like that of St. Chrysostom's to his dear and virtuous Olympias, whom, in his letter, he calls his saint; or an amity, indeed, more like that of St. Hierom to his Paula, whose affection to her was such that he turned poet in his old age, and then made her epitaph: “wishing all his body were turned into tongues, that he might declare her just praises to posterity.” And this amity betwixt her and Mr. Donne was begun in a happy time for him, he being then near to the fortieth year of his age, which was some years before he entered into sacred orders—a time when his necessities needed a daily

supply for the support of his wife, seven children, and a family; and in this time she proved one of his most bountiful benefactors, and he as grateful an acknowledger of it. You may take one testimony for what I have said of those two worthy persons from this following letter and sonnet :—

“MADAM,—

“Your favours to me are everywhere; I use them, and have them. I enjoy them at London, and leave them there; and yet find them at Micham. Such riddles as these become things unexpressible, and such is your goodness. I was almost sorry to find your servant here this day, because I was loth to have any witness of my not coming home last night, and indeed of my coming this morning; but my not coming was excusable, because earnest business detained me; and my coming this day is by the example of your St. Mary Magdalen, who rose early upon Sunday to seek that which she loved most; and so did I. And, from her and myself, I return such thanks as are due to one whom we owe all the good opinion that they whom we need most have of us. By this messenger, and on this good day, I commit the enclosed holy hymns and sonnets (which for the matter, not the workmanship, have yet escaped the fire) to your judgment, and to your protection too, if you think them worthy of it; and I have appointed this enclosed sonnet to usher them to your happy hand.

“Your unworhiest servant,

“Unless your accepting him to be so have mended him,

“JO. DONNE.

“Micham, July 11, 1607.”

TO THE LADY MAGDALEN HERBERT, OF ST. MARY
MAGDALEN.

“Her of your name, whose fair inheritance
Bethina was, and jointure Magdalo,

R-r

An active faith so highly did advance, [know,—
That she once knew more than the Church did
The resurrection ; so much good there is
Delivered of her, that some fathers be
Loth to believe one woman could do this,
But think these Magdalens were two or three.
Increase their number, lady, and their fame :
To their devotion add your innocence ;
Take so much th' example as of the name ;
The latter half ; and in some recompense
That they did harbour Christ Himself a guest,
Harbour these hymns to His dear name address.
" J. D."

These hymns are now lost to us ; but doubtless they were such as they two now sing in heaven.

There might be more demonstrations of the friendship and the many sacred endearments betwixt these two excellent persons (for I have many of their letters in my hand), and much more might be said of her great prudence and piety ; but my design was not to write hers, but the life of her son, and therefore I shall only tell my readers that about that very day twenty years that this letter was dated, and sent her, I saw and heard this Mr. John Donne (who was then Dean of St. Paul's) weep, and preach her funeral sermon in the parish church of Chelsey, near London, where she now rests in her quiet grave, and where we must now leave her, and return to her son George, whom we left in his study in Cambridge.

And in Cambridge we may find our George Herbert's behaviour to be such that we may conclude he consecrated the first-fruits of his early age to virtue and a serious study of learning. And that he did so, this following letter and sonnet, which were, in the first

year of his going to Cambridge, sent his dear mother for a New Year's gift, may appear to be some testimony :—

“ ———— But I fear the heat of my late ague hath dried up those springs by which scholars say the Muses use to take up their habitations. However, I need not their help to reprove the vanity of those many love poems that are daily writ and consecrated to Venus, nor to bewail that so few are writ that look towards God and heaven, For my own part, my meaning, dear mother, is in these sonnets to declare my resolution to be that my poor abilities in poetry shall be all and ever consecrated to God's glory ; and I beg you to receive this as one testimony :

“ 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 woman's eyes for crystal take ;

Such poor invention burns in their low mind,
Whose fire is wild, and doth not upwards 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. " G. H."

This was his resolution at the sending this letter to his dear mother, about which time he was in the seventeenth year of his age ; and as he grew older, so he grew in learning, and more and more in favour both with God and man—in so much, that in this morning of that short day of his life, he seemed to be marked out for virtue, and to become the care of Heaven ; for God still kept his soul in so holy a frame, that he may and ought to be a pattern of virtue to all posterity, and especially to his brethren of the clergy—of which the reader may expect a more exact account in what will follow.

I need not declare that he was a strict student, because that he was so, there will be many testimonies in the future part of his life. I shall therefore only tell that he was made a Bachelor of Arts in the year 1611 ; Major Fellow of the College, March 15th 1615 ; and that in that year he was also made Master of Arts, he being then in the twenty-second year of his age—during all which time all, or the greatest diversion from his study, was the practice of music, in which he became a great master, and of which he would say, " That it did relieve his drooping spirits, compose his distracted thoughts, and raised his weary soul so far above the earth, that it gave him an earnest of the joys of heaven before he possessed them." And it may be noted, that from his first entrance into the college, the generous Dr. Nevil was a cherisher of his studies, and such a lover of his person, his

behaviour, and the excellent endowments of his mind, that he took him often into his own company, by which he confirmed his native gentleness; and if during this time he expressed any error, it was that he kept himself too much retired, and at too great a distance with all his inferiors; and his clothes seemed to prove that he put too great a value on his parts and parentage.

This may be some account of his disposition, and of the employment of his time, till he was Master of Arts, which was Anno 1615; and in the year 1619 he was chosen Orator for the university. His two precedent Orators were Sir Robert Naunton and Sir Francis Nethersole. The first was not long after made Secretary of State; and Sir Francis, not very long after his being Orator, was made secretary to the Lady Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia. In this place of orator our George Herbert continued eight years, and managed it with as becoming and grave a gaiety as any had ever be'ore or since his time. For he had acquired great learning, and was blest with a high fancy, a civil and sharp wit, and with a natural elegance, both in his behaviour, his tongue, and his pen. Of all which there might be very many particular evidences, but I will limit myself to the mention of but three.

And the first notable occasion of showing his fitness for this employment of orator was manifested in a letter to King James upon the occasion of his sending that university his book, called "*Basilicon Doron*;" and their orator was to acknowledge this great honour, and return their gratitude to his Majesty for such a condescension, at the close of which letter he writ,

“*QUID VATICANAM BODLEIANAMQUE OBJIS HOSPES !
UNICUS EST NOBIS BIBLIOTHECA LIBER.*”

This letter was writ in such excellent Latin, was so full of conceits, and all the expressions so suited to the genius of the King, that he inquired the orator's name, and then asked William, Earl of Pembroke, if he knew him ; whose answer was, "That he knew him very well, and that he was his kinsman ; but he loved him more for his learning and virtues, than for that he was of his name and family." At which answer the King smiled, and asked the Earl leave "That he might love him too ; for he took him to be the jewel of that university."

The next occasion he had and took to show his great abilities was with them to show also his great affection to that Church in which he received his baptism, and of which he professed himself a member ; and the occasion was this :—There was one Andrew Melvin, a minister of the Scotch Church, and rector of St. Andrews, who by a long and constant converse with a discontented part of that clergy which opposed episcopacy, became at last to be a chief leader of that faction ; and had proudly appeared to be so to King James, when he was but King of that nation ; who, the second year after his coronation in England, convened a part of the bishops and other learned divines of his Church, to attend him at Hampton Court, in order to a friendly conference with some dissenting brethren, both of this and the Church of Scotland ; of which Scotch party Andrew Melvin was one ; and he being a man of learning, and inclined to satirical poetry, had scattered many malicious bitter verses against our liturgy, our ceremonies, and our Church government ; which were by some of that party so magnified for the wit, that they were therefore brought into Westminster School, where Mr. George Herbert then, and often after, made such answers to them, and such reflections on him and his kirk, as might

unbeguile any man that was not too deeply pre-engaged in such a quarrel.

But to return to Mr. Melvin at Hampton Court conference: he there appeared to be a man of an unruly wit, of a strange confidence, of so furious a zeal, and of so ungoverned passions, that his insolence to the King and others at this conference lost him both his rectorship of St. Andrews and his liberty too. For his former verses and his present reproaches there used against the Church and State, caused him to be committed prisoner to the Tower of London, where he remained very angry for three years. At which time of his commitment he found the Lady Arabella an innocent prisoner there; and he pleased himself much in sending the next day after his commitment these two verses to the good lady; which I will underwrite, because they give the reader a taste of his others, which were like these:

“CAUSA TIBI MECUM EST COMMUNIS CARCERIS: ARABELLA
TIBI CAUSA EST, ARAQUE SACRA MIHI.”

I shall not trouble my reader with an account of his enlargement from that prison, or his death; but tell him Mr. Herbert's verses were thought so worthy to be preserved, that Dr. Duport, the learned Dean of Peterborough, hath lately collected and caused many of them to be printed, as an honourable memorial of his friend, Mr. George Herbert, and the cause he undertook.

And in order to my third and last observation of his great abilities, it will be needful to declare that about this time King James came very often to hunt at Newmarket and Royston, and was almost as often invited to Cambridge, where his entertainment was comedies suited to his pleasant humour; and where Mr. George Herbert

was to welcome him with gratulations and the applauses of an orator, which he always performed so well, that he still grew more into the King's favour, insomuch that he had a particular appointment to attend his Majesty at Royston ; where, after a discourse with him, his Majesty declared to his kinsman, the Earl of Pembroke, " That he found the orator's learning and wisdom much above his age or wit." The year following, the King appointed to end his progress at Cambridge, and to stay there certain days ; at which time he was attended by the great secretary of nature and all learning, Sir Francis Bacon (Lord Verulam), and by the ever-memorable and learned Dr. Andrews, Bishop of Winchester, both which did at that time begin a desired friendship with our orator : upon which the first did put such a value on his judgment, that he usually desired his approbation before he would expose any of his books to be printed, and thought him so worthy of his friendship, that, having translated many of the prophet David's psalms into English verse, he made George Herbert his patron, by public dedication of them to him, as the best judge of divine poetry. As for the learned bishop, it is observable, that at that time there fell to be a modest debate betwixt them two about predestination and sanctity of life ; of both which the orator did, not long after, send the bishop some safe and useful aphorisms, in a long letter, written in Greek ; which letter was so remarkable for the language and reason of it, that, after reading it, the bishop put it into his bosom, and did often show it to many scholars, both of this and foreign nations ; but did always return it back to the place where he first lodged it, and continued it so near his heart till the last day of his life.

To these I might add the long and entire friendship

betwixt him and Sir Henry Wotton, and Dr. Donne, but I have promised to contract myself, and shall therefore only add one testimony to what is also mentioned in the life of Dr. Donne; namely, that a little before his death he caused many seals to be made, and in them to be engraven the figure of Christ crucified on an anchor (the emblem of hope), and of which Dr. Donne would often say, *cruz mihi anchora*. These seals he gave or sent to most of those friends on which he put a value; and, at Mr. Herbert's death, these verses were found wrapped up with that seal which was by the doctor given to him:—

“When my dear friend could write no more,
He gave this seal, and so gave o'er.

“When winds and waves rise highest, I am sure,
This anchor keeps my faith, that me, secure.”

At this time of being orator, he had learnt to understand the Italian, Spanish, and French tongues very perfectly; hoping that, as his predecessors, so he might in time attain the place of a Secretary of State, he being at that time very high in the King's favour, and not meanly valued and loved by the most eminent and most powerful of the Court nobility. This and the love of a Court conversation, mixed with laudable ambition to be something more than he then was, drew him often from Cambridge to attend the King wheresoever the Court was, who then gave him a sinecure, which fell into his Majesty's disposal, I think, by the death of the Bishop of St. Asaph. It was the same that Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to her favourite Sir Philip Sidney, and valued to be worth a hundred and twenty pounds per annum. With this and his annuity, and the

advantage of his college and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and Court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the King were there, but then he never failed; and, at other times, left the manage of his orator's place to his learned friend Mr. Herbert Thorndike, who is now prebendary of Westminster.

I may not omit to tell that he had often designed to leave the university, and decline all study, which he thought did impair his health; for he had a body apt to a consumption, and to fevers, and other infirmities, which he judged were increased by his studies: for he would often say, "He had too thoughtful a wit; a wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for his body." But his mother would by no means allow him to leave the university or to travel; and though he inclined very much to both, yet he would by no means satisfy his own desires at so dear a rate as to prove an undutiful son to so affectionate a mother; but did always submit to her wisdom. And what I have now said may partly appear in a copy of verses in his printed poems: it is one of those that bear the title of "Affliction:" and it appears to be a pious reflection on God's providence, and some passages of his life in which he says:—

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

“Yet, for I threatened oft the siege to raise,
Not simp'ring all mine age,

Thou often didst with academic praise
Melt and dissolve my rage.
I took thy sweetened pill, till I came near ;
I could not go away, nor persevere.

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

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

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

“ G. II.”

In this time of Mr. Herbert's attendance and expectation of some good occasion to remove from Cambridge to Court, God, in whom there is an unseen change of causes, did, in a short time, put an end to the lives of two of his most obliging and most powerful friends, Lodowick, Duke of Richmond, and James, Marquis of Hamilton ; and not long after him, King James died also, and with them all Mr. Herbert's Court hopes ; so

that he presently betook himself to a retreat from London, to a friend in Kent, where he lived very privately, and was such a lover of solitariness, as was judged to impair his health more than his study had done. In this time of retirement he had many conflicts with himself, whether he should return to the painted pleasures of a Court life, or betake himself to a study of divinity, and enter into sacred orders, to which his dear mother had often persuaded him. These were such conflicts as they only can know that have endured them ; for ambitious desires, and the outward glory of this world, are not easily laid aside ; but at last God inclined him to put on a resolution to serve at His altar.

He did at his return to London acquaint a Court friend with his resolution to enter into sacred orders, who persuaded him to alter it, as too mean an employment, and too much below his birth and the excellent abilities and endowments of his mind. To whom he replied, 'It hath been formerly adjudged that the domestic servants of the King of heaven should be of the noblest families on earth ; and though the iniquity of the late times have made clergymen meanly valued, and the sacred name of priest contemptible, yet I will labour to make it honourable by consecrating all my learning, and all my poor abilities, to advance the glory of that God that gave them ; knowing that I can never do too much for Him that hath done so much for me as to make me a Christian. And I will labour to be like my Saviour, by making humility lovely in the eyes of all men, and by following the merciful and meek example of my dear Jesus.'

This was then his resolution, and the God of constancy, who intended him for a great example of virtue, continued him in it ; for within that year he was made deacon, but the day when, or by whom, I cannot learn :

but that he was about that time made deacon is most certain ; for I find by the records of Lincoln that he was made prebendary of Layton Ecclesia, in the diocese of Lincoln, July 15th, 1626 ; and that this prebend was given him by John, then lord bishop of that See. And now he had a fit occasion to show that piety and bounty that was derived from his generous mother, and his other memorable ancestors, and the occasion was this :—

This Layton Ecclesia is a village near to Spalden, in the county of Huntingdon, and the greatest part of the parish church was fallen down, and that of it which stood was so decayed, so little, and so useless, that the parishioners could not meet to perform their duty to God in public prayer and praises ; and thus it had been for almost twenty years, in which time there had been some faint endeavours for a public collection, to enable the parishioners to rebuild it, but with no success, till Mr. Herbert undertook it : and he, by his own and the contribution of many of his kindred, and other noble friends, undertook the re-edification of it, and made it so much his whole business, that he became restless till he saw it finished as it now stands ; being for the workmanship a costly mosaic ; for the form an exact cross ; and for the decency and beauty, I am assured, it is the most remarkable parish church that this nation affords. He lived to see it so wainscoted as to be exceeded by none ; and by his order the reading pew and pulpit were a little distant from each other, and both of an equal height ; for he would often say, “ They should neither have a precedence or priority of the other ; but that prayer and preaching, being equally useful, might agree like brethren, and have an equal honour and estimation.”

Before I proceed further, I must look back to the time of Mr. Herbert's being made prebendary, and tell

the reader, that not long after, his mother, being informed of his intentions to rebuild that church, and apprehending the great trouble and charge that he was likely to draw upon himself, his relations, and friends, before it could be finished, sent for him from London to Chelsea (where she then dwelt), and at his coming said, "George, I sent for you to persuade you to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." Of which he desired he might have a day's time to consider, and then make her an answer; and at his return to her the next day, when he had first desired her blessing, and she given it him, his next request was, "That she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son; for he had made a vow to God that, if he were able, he would rebuild that church." And then showed her such reasons for his resolution that she presently subscribed to be one of his benefactors, and undertook to solicit William, Earl of Pembroke, to become another, who subscribed for fifty pounds; and not long after, by a witty and persuasive letter from Mr. Herbert, made it fifty pounds more. And in this nomination of some of his benefactors, James, Duke of Lennox, and his brother, Sir Henry Herbert, ought to be remembered; as also the bounty of Mr. Nicholas Ferrar and Mr. Arthur Woodnot; the one a gentleman in the neighbourhood of Layton, and the other a goldsmith in Foster Lane, London, ought not to be forgotten, for the memory of such men ought to outlive their lives. Of Mr. Ferrar, I shall hereafter give an account; but before I proceed further, I will give this short account of Mr. Arthur Woodnot.

He was a man that had considered overgrown estates do often require more care and watchfulness to preserve than get them, and considered that there be many discontents that riches cure not, and did therefore set limits to himself as to the desire of wealth. And having attained as much as to be able to show some mercy to the poor and preserve a competence for himself, he dedicated the remaining part of his life to the service of God, and to be useful for his friends; and he proved to be so to Mr. Herbert, for, besides his own bounty, he collected and returned most of the money that was paid for the rebuilding of that church; he kept all account of the charges, and would often go down to state them, and see all the workmen paid. When I have said that this good man was an useful friend to Mr. Herbert's father, and to his mother, and continued to be so to him, till he closed his eyes on his death-bed, I will forbear to say more, till I have the next fair occasion to mention the holy friendship that was betwixt him and Mr. Herbert. From whom Mr. Woodnot carried to his mother this following letter, and delivered it to her in a sickness, which was not long before that which proved to be her last:—

A LETTER OF MR. GEORGE HERBERT TO HIS MOTHER
IN HER SICKNESS.

“MADAM,—

“At my last parting from you, I was the better content because I was in hope I should carry myself all sickness out of your family; but since I know I did not, and that your share continues, or rather increaseth, I wish earnestly that I were again with you; and would quickly make good my wish, but that my employment does fix me here, it being now but a month to our commencement, wherein my absence”

by how much it naturally augmented suspicion, by so much shall it make my prayers the more constant and the more earnest for you to the God of all consolation. In the meantime, I beseech you to be cheerful, and comfort yourself in the God of all comfort, who is not willing to behold any sorrow but for sin. What hath affliction grievous in it more than for a moment? or why should our afflictions here have so much power or boldness as to oppose the hope of our joys hereafter? Madam, as the earth is but a point in respect of the heavens, so are earthly troubles compared to heavenly joys; therefore, if either age or sickness lead you to those joys, consider what advantage you have over youth and health, who are now so near those true comforts. Your last letter gave me earthly preferment, and I hope, kept heavenly for yourself; but would you divide and choose too? Our college customs allow not that; and I should account myself most happy if I might change with you; for I have always observed the thread of life to be like other threads or skeins of silk, full of snarls and incumbrances. Happy is he whose bottom is wound up and laid ready for work in the New Jerusalem. For myself, dear mother, I always feared sickness more than death, because sickness hath made me unable to perform those offices for which I came into the world, and must yet be kept in it; but you are freed from that fear, who have already abundantly discharged that part, having both ordered your family and so brought up your children, that they have attained to the years of discretion and competent maintenance. So that now, if they do not well, the fault cannot be charged on you, whose example and care of them will justify you both to the world and your own conscience; insomuch, that whether you turn your thoughts on the past life, or on the joys that are to come, you have strong preservatives against all disquiet. And for temporal afflictions, I beseech you, consider all that can happen to you are either afflictions of estate, or body, or mind. For those of estate, of what poor regard ought they to be, since if we had riches, we are commanded to give them away? So that the best use of them

is, having, not to have them. But, perhaps, being above the common people, our credit and estimation call on us to live in a more splendid fashion—but, O God, how easily is that answered, when we consider that the blessings in the Holy Scripture are never given to the rich, but to the poor. I never find “Blessed be the rich,” or “Blessed be the noble,” but “Blessed be the meek,” and “Blessed be the poor,” and “Blessed be the mourners, for they shall be comforted.” And yet, O God! most carry themselves so, as if they not only not desired, but even feared to be blessed. And for afflictions of the body, dear madam, remember the holy martyrs of God, how they have been burnt by thousands, and have endured such other tortures as the very mention of them might beget amazement; but their fiery trials have had an end, and yours (which, praised be God! are less) are not like to continue long. I beseech you, let such thoughts as these moderate your present fear and sorrow; and know that if any of yours should prove a Goliath-like trouble, yet you may say with David—“That God, who delivered me out of the paws of the lion and bear, will also deliver me out of the hands of this uncircumcised Philistine.” Lastly, for those afflictions of the soul: consider that God intends that to be as a sacred temple for Himself to dwell in, and will not allow any room there for such an inmate as grief, or allow that any sadness shall be His competitor. And, above all, if any care of future things molest you, remember those admirable words of the Psalmist: “Cast thy care on the Lord, and He shall nourish thee” (Psal. lv. 22). To which join that of St. Peter: “Casting all your care on the Lord, for He careth for you” (1 Pet. v. 7). What an admirable thing is this, that God puts His shoulder to our burden, and entertains our care for us, that we may the more quietly intend His service. To conclude, let me commend only one place more to you (Philip iv. 4.): St. Paul saith there, “Rejoice in the Lord always; and again I say, rejoice.” He doubles it to take away the scruple of those that might say, “What, shall we rejoice in affliction?” Yes, I say again, rejoice; so that

it is not left to us to rejoice or not rejoice; but whatsoever befalls us, we must always, at all times, rejoice in the Lord, who taketh care of us. And it follows in the next verse: "Let your moderation appear unto all men: the Lord is at hand; be careful for nothing." What can be said more comfortably? Trouble not yourselves, God is at hand to deliver us from all, or in all. Dear madam, pardon my boldness, and accept the good meaning of

"Your most obedient son,

"GEORGE HERBERT.

"Trin. Coll. May 25th, 1622."

About the year 1629, and the thirty-fourth of his age, Mr. Herbert was seized with a sharp quotidian ague, and thought to remove it by the change of air; to which end he went to Woodford, in Essex, but thither more chiefly to enjoy the company of his beloved brother, Sir Henry Herbert, and other friends then of that family. In his house he remained about twelve months, and there became his own physician, and cured himself of his ague by forbearing drink, and not eating any meat, no, not mutton, nor a hen or pigeon, unless they were salted; and by such a constant diet he removed his ague, but with inconveniences that were worse; for he brought upon himself a disposition to rheums and other weaknesses, and a supposed consumption. And it is to be noted, that in the sharpest of his extreme fits he would often say, "Lord, abate my great affliction, or increase my patience; but, Lord, I repine not; I am dumb, Lord, before Thee, because Thou doest it." By which, and a sanctified submission to the will of God, he showed he was inclinable to bear the sweet yoke of Christian discipline, both then and in the latter part of his life, of which there will be many true testimonies.

And now his care was to recover from his consumption by a change from Woodford into such an air as was most proper to that end. And his remove was to Dauntsey, in Wiltshire, a noble house which stands in a choice air. The owner of it then was the Lord Danvers, Earl of Danby, who loved Mr. Herbert so very much, that he allowed him such an apartment in it as might best suit with his accommodation and liking. And in this place, by a spare diet, declining all perplexing studies, moderate exercise, and a cheerful conversation, his health was apparently improved to a good degree of strength and cheerfulness. And then he declared his resolution both to marry and to enter into the sacred orders of priesthood. These had long been the desire of his mother and his other relations ; but she lived not to see either, for she died in the year 1627. And though he was disobedient to her about Layton Church, yet in conformity to her will, he kept his Orator's place till after her death, and then presently declined it ; and the more willingly that he might be succeeded by his friend Robert Creighton, who now is Dr. Creighton and the worthy Bishop of Wells.

I shall now proceed to his marriage ; in order to which it will be convenient that I first give the reader a short view of his person, and then an account of his wife, and of some circumstances concerning both.

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

These, and his other visible virtues, begot him much

love from a gentleman of a noble fortune, and a near kinsman to his friend the Earl of Danby ; namely, from Mr. Charles Danvers of Bainton, in the county of Wilts, Esq. ; this Mr. Danvers having known him long and familiarly, did so much affect him, that he often and publicly declared a desire that Mr. Herbert would marry any of his nine daughters (for he had so many), but rather his daughter Jane than any other, because Jane was his beloved daughter. And he had often said the same to Mr. Herbert himself ; and that if he could like her for a wife, and she him for a husband, Jane should have a double blessing ; and Mr. Danvers had so often said the like to Jane, and so much commended Mr. Herbert to her, that Jane became so much a Platonic as to fall in love with Mr. Herbert unseen.

This was a fair preparation for a marriage ; but, alas ! her father died before Mr. Herbert's retirement to Dauntsey ; yet some friends to both parties procured their meeting, at which time a mutual affection entered into both their hearts, as a conqueror enters into a surprised city, and love having got such possession, governed and made there such laws and resolutions as neither party was able to resist, insomuch that she changed her name into Herbert the third day after this first interview.

This haste might in others be thought a love frenzy, or worse ; but it was not, for they had wooed so like princes as to have select proxies, such as were true friends to both parties, such as well understood Mr. Herbert's and her temper of mind, and also their estates, so well before this interview, that the suddenness was justifiable by the strictest rules of prudence, and the more because it proved so happy to both parties ; for the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each

other's mutual and equal affections and compliance ; indeed, so happy, that there never was any opposition betwixt them, unless it were a contest which should most incline to a compliance with the other's desires. And though this begot, and continued in them, such a mutual love, and joy, and content, as was no way defective ; yet this mutual content, and love, and joy, did receive a daily augmentation, by such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluences to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it.

About three months after his marriage, Dr. Curle, who was then rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, was made Bishop of Bath and Wells, and not long after translated to Winchester, and by that means the presentation of a clerk to Bemerton did not fall to the Earl of Pembroke (who was the undoubted patron of it), but to the King, by reason of Dr. Curle's advancement. But Philip, then Earl of Pembroke (for William was lately dead), requested the King to bestow it on his kinsman, George Herbert ; and the King said, " Most willingly to Mr. Herbert, if it be worth his acceptance." And the Earl as willingly and suddenly sent it to him without seeking. But though Mr. Herbert had formerly put on a resolution for the clergy, yet, at receiving this presentation, the apprehension of the last great account that he was to make for the cure of so many souls, made him fast and pray often, and consider for not less than a month ; in which time he had some resolutions to decline both the priesthood and that living. And in this time of considering he endured (as he would often say) such spiritual conflicts as none can think but only those that have endured them.

In the midst of these conflicts his old and dear friend,

Mr. Arthur Woodnot, took a journey to salute him at Bainton (where he then was with his wife's friends and relations), and was joyful to be an eye-witness of his health and happy marriage. And after they had rejoiced together some few days, they took a journey to Wilton, the famous seat of the Earls of Pembroke; at which time the King, the Earl, and the whole Court were there, or at Salisbury, which is near to it. And at this time Mr. Herbert presented his thanks to the Earl for his presentation to Bemerton, but had not yet resolved to accept it, and told him the reason why; but that night the Earl acquainted Dr. Laud, then Bishop of London, and afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, with his kinsman's irresolution. And the Bishop did the next day so convince Mr. Herbert that the refusal of it was a sin, that a tailor was sent for to come speedily from Salisbury to Wilton to take measure, and make him canonical clothes against next day; which the tailor did; and Mr. Herbert, being so habited, went with his presentation to the learned Dr. Davenant, who was then Bishop of Salisbury, and he gave him institution immediately (for Mr. Herbert had been made deacon some years before), and he was also the same day (which was 26th April 1630) inducted into the good and more pleasant than healthful parsonage of Bemerton, which is a mile from Salisbury.

I have now brought him to the parsonage of Bemerton, and to the thirty-sixth year of his age, and must stop here, and bespeak the reader to prepare for an almost incredible story of the great sanctity of the short remainder of his holy life; a life so full of charity, humility, and all Christian virtues, that it deserves the eloquence of St. Chrysostom to commend and declare it; a life, that if it were related by a pen like his, there

would then be no need for this age to look back into times past for the examples of primitive piety, for they might be all found in the life of George Herbert. But now, alas ! who is fit to undertake it ? I confess I am not ; and am not pleased with myself that I must ; and profess myself amazed when I consider how few of the clergy lived like him then, and how many live so unlike him now. But it becomes not me to censure. My design is rather to assure the reader that I have used very great diligence to inform myself, that I might inform him of the truth of what follows ; and though I cannot adorn it with eloquence, yet I will do it with sincerity.

When at his induction he was shut into Bemerton Church, being left there alone to toll the bell (as the law requires him), he stayed so much longer than an ordinary time before he returned to those friends that stayed expecting him at the church door, that his friend Mr. Woodnot looked in at the church window, and saw him lie prostrate on the ground before the altar ; at which time and place (as he after told Mr. Woodnot) he set some rules to himself for the future manner of his life, and then and there made a vow to labour to keep them.

And the same night that he had his induction, he said to Mr. Woodnot, "I now look back upon my aspiring thoughts, and think myself more happy than if I had attained what then I so ambitiously thirsted for ; and I can now behold the Court with an impartial eye, and see plainly that it is made up of fraud, and titles, and flattery, and many other such empty, imaginary, painted pleasures—pleasures that are so empty as not to satisfy when they are enjoyed. But in God and His service is a fulness of all joy and pleasure, and no satiety. And I will now use all my endeavours to bring my relations

and dependants to a love and reliance on Him, who never fails those that trust Him. But, above all, I will be 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. And this I will do, because I know we live in an age that hath more need of good examples than precepts. And I beseech that God, who hath honoured me so much as to call me to serve Him at His altar, that as by His special grace He hath put into my heart these good desires and resolutions, so He will, by His assisting grace, give me ghostly strength to bring the same to good effect. And I beseech Him that my humble and charitable life may so win upon others as to bring glory to my JESUS, whom I have this day taken to be my Master and Governor; and I am so proud of His service, that I will always observe, and obey, and do His will, and always call Him 'Jesus, my Master;' and I will always condemn my birth, or any title or dignity that can be conferred upon me, when I shall compare them with my title of being a priest, and serving at the altar of Jesus my Master."

And that he did so may appear in many parts of his "Book of Sacred Poems," especially in that which he calls "The Odour"—in which he seems to rejoice in the thoughts of that word, "Jesus," and say, that the adding these words, "my Master," to it, and the often repetition of them, seemed to perfume his mind and leave an Oriental fragrancy in his very breath. And for his unforced choice to serve at God's altar, he seems in another place of his poems ("The Pearl," Matt. xiii.) to rejoice, and say, "he knew the ways of learning; knew what nature does willingly, and what when it is forced by fire; knew the ways of honour, and when

glory inclines the soul to noble expressions ; knew the court ; knew the ways of pleasure, of love, of wit, of music, and upon what terms he declined all these for the service of his Master JESUS ;" and then concludes, saying—

“ That through these labyrinths, not my grovelling wit,
But Thy silk twist, let down from heaven to me,
Did both conduct and teach me, how by it
To climb to Thee.”

The third day after he was made Rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical coat, he returned so habited with his friend Mr. Woodnot to Bainton ; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, “ You are now a minister’s wife, and must now so far forget your father’s house, as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners ; for you are to know that a priest’s wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility ; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you that I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth.” And she was so meek a wife as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness. And, indeed, her unforced humility—that humility that was in her so original as to be born with her—made her so happy as to do so ; and her doing so begot her an unfeigned love and a serviceable respect from all that conversed with her ; and this love followed her in all places as inseparably as shadows follow substances in sunshine.

It was not many days before he returned back to Bemerton, to view the church and repair the chancel,

and, indeed, to rebuild almost three parts of his house, which was fallen down or decayed by reason of his predecessor's living at a better parsonage house, namely, at Minal, sixteen or twenty miles from this place. At which time of Mr. Herbert's coming alone to Bemerton, there came to him a poor old woman, with an intent to acquaint him with her necessitous condition, as also with some troubles of her mind ; but after she had spoke some few words to him, she was surprised with a fear, and that begot a shortness of breath, so that her spirits and speech failed her, which he perceiving, did so compassionate her, and was so humble, that he took her by the hand, and said, "Speak, good mother ; be not afraid to speak to me, for I am a man that will hear you with patience, and will relieve your necessities too if I be able, and this I will do willingly ; and therefore, mother, be not afraid to acquaint me with what you desire." After which comfortable speech he again took her by the hand, made her sit down by him, and understanding she was of his parish, he told her, "he would be acquainted with her, and take her into his care." And having with patience heard and understood her wants (and it is some relief for a poor body to be but heard with patience), he, like a Christian clergyman, comforted her by his meek behaviour and counsel ; but because that cost him nothing, he relieved her with money too, and so sent her home with a cheerful heart, praising God and praying for him. Thus worthy, and (like David's blessed man) thus lowly, was Mr. George Herbert in his own eyes, and thus lovely in the eyes of others.

At his return that night to his wife at Bainton, he gave her an account of the passages betwixt him and the poor woman, with which she was so affected that she

went next day to Salisbury, and there bought a pair of blankets, and sent them as a token of her love to the poor woman, and with a message "that she would see and be acquainted with her when her house was built at Bemerton."

There be many such passages both of him and his wife, of which some few will be related; but I shall first tell that he hasted to get the parish church repaired; then to beautify the chapel (which stands near his house), and that at his own great charge. He then proceeded to rebuild the greatest part of the parsonage house, which he did also very completely, and at his own charge; and having done this good work, he caused these verses to be writ upon, or engraven in, the mantel of the chimney in his hall:—

“ 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.”

We will now, by the reader's favour, suppose him fixed at Bemerton, and grant him to have seen the church repaired, and the chapel belonging to it very decently adorned, at his own great charge (which is a real truth), and having now fixed him there, I shall proceed to give an account of the rest of his behaviour both to his parishioners and those many others that knew and conversed with him.

Doubtless Mr. Herbert had considered and given rules to himself for his Christian carriage both to God and

man before he entered into holy orders. And it is not unlike but that he renewed those resolutions at his prostration before the holy altar, at his induction into the church of Bemerton ; but as yet he was but a deacon, and therefore longed for the next Ember Week, that he might be ordained priest, and made capable of administering both the sacraments. At which time the Rev. Dr. Humphrey Henchman, now Lord Bishop of London (who does not mention him but with some veneration for his life and excellent learning ?), tells me, he laid his hand on Mr. Herbert's head, and, alas ! within less than three years lent his shoulder to carry his dear friend to his grave.

And that Mr. Herbert might the better preserve those holy rules which such a priest as he intended to be ought to observe ; and that time might not insensibly blot them out of his memory, but that the next year might show him his variations from this year's resolutions ; he therefore did set down his rules, then resolved upon, in that order as the world now sees them printed in a little book called "The Country Parson," in which some of his rules are :—

The Parson's Knowledge
The Parson on Sundays.
The Parson Praying.
The Parson Preaching.
The Parson's Charity.
The Parson comforting the
Sick.

The Parson Arguing.
The Parson Condescending.
The Parson in his Journey.
The Parson in his Mirth.
The Parson with his Church-
wardens.
The Parson blessing the people.

And his behaviour toward God and man may be said to be a practical comment on these and the other holy rules set down in that useful book : a book so full of plain, prudent, and useful rules, that that country parson, that

can spare twelve pence and yet wants it, is scarce excusable; because it will both direct him what he ought to do, and convince him for not having done it.

At the death of Mr. Herbert this book fell into the hands of his friend Mr. Woodnot; and he commended it into the trusty hands of Mr. Barnabas Oley, who published it with a most conscientious and excellent preface; from which I have had some of those truths that are related in this life of Mr. Herbert. The text for his first sermon was taken out of Solomon's Proverbs, and the words were, "Keep thy heart with all diligence." In which first sermon he gave his parishioners many necessary, holy, safe rules for the discharge of a good conscience both to God and man, and delivered his sermon after a most florid manner, both with great learning and eloquence. But, at the close of this sermon, told them, "That should not be his constant way of preaching; for since Almighty God does not intend to lead men to heaven by hard questions, he would not therefore fill their heads with unnecessary notions; but that for their sakes his language and his expressions should be more plain and practical in his future sermons." And he then made it his humble request, that they would be constant to the afternoon's service and catechizing, and showed them convincing reasons why he desired it; and his obliging example and persuasions brought them to a willing conformity with his desires.

The texts for all his future sermons (which God knows were not many) were constantly taken out of the Gospel for the day; and he did as constantly declare why the Church did appoint that portion of Scripture to be that day read, and in what manner the collect for every Sunday does refer to the Gospel or to the Epistle then read to them; and, that they might pray with

understanding, he did usually take occasion to explain, not only the collect for every particular Sunday, but the reasons of all the other collects and responses in our Church service ; and made it appear to them that the whole service of the Church was a reasonable, and therefore an acceptable sacrifice to God ; as, namely, that we begin with confession of ourselves to be vile, miserable sinners : and that we begin so because, till we have confessed ourselves to be such, we are not capable of that mercy which we acknowledge we need and pray for ; but having, in the prayer of our Lord, begged pardon for those sins which we have confessed, and hoping that as the priest hath declared our absolution, so by our public confession and real repentance we have obtained that pardon ; then we dare and do proceed to beg of the Lord to open our lips, that our mouths may show forth His praise ; for till then, we are neither able nor worthy to praise Him. But this being supposed, we are then fit to say, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost ;" and fit to proceed to a further service of our God, in the collects, and psalms, and lauds that follow in the service.

And as to these psalms and lauds, he proceeded to inform them why they were so often, and some of them daily, repeated in our Church service, namely, the psalms every month, because they be an historical and thankful repetition of mercies past, and such a composition of prayers and praises as ought to be repeated often and publicly ; for with such sacrifices God is honoured and well pleased. This for the psalms.

And for the hymns and lauds, appointed to be daily repeated or sung after the first and second lessons are read to the congregation, he proceeded to inform them that it was most reasonable, after they have heard the

will and goodness of God declared or preached by the priest in his reading the two chapters, that it was then a seasonable duty to rise up and express their gratitude to Almighty God for those His mercies to them and to all mankind ; and then to say with the blessed Virgin, that their souls do magnify the Lord, and that their spirits do also rejoice in God their Saviour. And that it was their duty also to rejoice with Simeon in his song, and say with him, that their eyes have also seen their salvation ; for they have seen that salvation which was but prophesied till his time, and he then broke out into those expressions of joy that he did see it ; but they live to see it daily in the history of it, and therefore ought daily to rejoice, and daily to offer up their sacrifices of praise to their God for that particular mercy—a service which is now the constant employment of that blessed Virgin, and Simeon, and all those blessed saints that are possessed of heaven ; and where they are, at this time, interchangeably and constantly singing, “ Holy, holy, holy, Lord God, glory be to God on high, and on earth peace ! ” And he taught them that to do this was an acceptable service to God : because the prophet David says in his psalms : “ He that praiseth the Lord, honoureth Him.”

He made them to understand how happy they be that are freed from the incumbrances of that law which our forefathers groaned under—namely, from the legal sacrifices and from the many ceremonies of the Levitical law—freed from circumcision, and from the strict observation of the Jewish Sabbath, and the like. And he made them to know that having received so many and so great blessings by being born since the days of our Saviour, it must be an acceptable sacrifice to Almighty God for them to acknowledge those blessings daily, and

stand up and worship and say as Zacharias did, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, for he hath (in our days) visited and redeemed His people; and (He hath in our days) remembered and showed that mercy, which, by the mouth of the prophets, He promised to our forefathers; and this He hath done according to His holy covenant made with them." And he made them to understand that we live to see and enjoy the benefit of it in His birth, His life, His passion, His resurrection, and ascension into heaven, where he now sits, sensible of all our temptations and infirmities, and where He is at this present time making intercession for us to His and our Father; and therefore they ought daily to express their public gratulations, and say daily with Zacharias, "Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, that hath thus visited and thus redeemed His people." These were some of the reasons by which Mr. Herbert instructed his congregation for the use of the psalms and the hymns appointed to be daily sung or said in the Church service.

He informed them also when the priest did pray only for the congregation, and not for himself; and when they did only pray for him; as, namely, after the repetition of the creed, before he proceeds to pray the Lord's prayer, or any of the appointed collects, the priest is directed to kneel down and pray for them, saying: "The Lord be with you;" and when they pray for him, saying: "And with Thy Spirit;" and then they join together in the following collects. And he assured them that when there is such mutual love, and such joint prayers offered for each other, then the holy angels look down from heaven, and are ready to carry such charitable desires to God Almighty, and He as ready to receive them; and that a Christian

congregation, calling thus upon God with one heart and one voice, and in one reverent and humble posture, look as beautiful as Jerusalem that is at peace with itself.

He instructed them also why the prayer of our Lord was prayed often in every full service of the Church, namely, at the conclusion of the several parts of that service; and prayed then, not only because it was composed and commanded by our Jesus that made it, but as a perfect pattern for our less perfect forms of prayer, and therefore fittest to sum up and conclude all our imperfect petitions.

He instructed them also that, as by the second commandment we are required not to bow down or worship an idol or false god, so, by the contrary rule, we are to bow down and kneel, or stand up, and worship the true God. And he instructed them why the Church required the congregation to stand up at the repetition of the creeds, namely, because they did thereby declare both their obedience to the Church, and an assent to that faith into which they had been baptized. And he taught them that in that shorter creed or doxology, so often repeated daily, they also stood up to testify their belief to be that the God that they trusted in was one God and three Persons—the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost—to whom they and the priest gave glory. And because there had been heretics that had denied some of these three Persons to be God, therefore the congregation stood up and honoured Him by confessing, and saying: “It was so in the beginning, is now so, and shall ever be so world without end.” And all gave their assent to this belief by standing up, and saying, “Amen.”

He instructed them also what benefit they had by the Church's appointing the celebration of holy days, and

the excellent use of them, namely, that they were set apart for particular commemorations of particular mercies received from Almighty God, and (as Reverend Mr. Hooker says) to be the landmarks to distinguish times; for by them we are taught to take notice how time passes by us, and that we ought not to let the year pass without a celebration of praise for those mercies which those days give us occasion to remember; and therefore they were to note that the year is appointed to begin the 25th day of March, a day in which we commemorate the angel's appearing to the blessed Virgin, with the joyful tidings that she should conceive and bear a Son that should be the Redeemer of mankind. And she did so forty weeks after this joyful salutation, namely, at our Christmas—a day in which we commemorate His birth with joy and praise; and that eight days after this happy birth we celebrate His circumcision, namely, in that which we call New Year's Day. And that, upon that day which we call Twelfth Day, we commemorate the manifestation of the unsearchable riches of Jesus to the Gentiles; and that that day we also celebrate the memory of His goodness in sending a star to guide the three wise men from the east to Bethlehem, that they might there worship and present Him with their oblations of gold, frankincense, and myrrh. And he (Mr. Herbert) instructed them that Jesus was forty days after His birth presented by His blessed mother in the temple, namely, on that day which we call The Purification of the Blessed Virgin St. Mary. And he instructed them that by the Lent fast we imitate and commemorate our Saviour's humiliation in fasting forty days, and that we ought to endeavour to be like Him in purity. And that on Good Friday we commemorate and condole his crucifixion; and at Easter commemorate His glorious

resurrection. And he taught them that after Jesus had manifested Himself to His disciples to be that Christ that was crucified, dead, and buried; and by His appearing and conversing with His disciples for the space of forty days after His resurrection, He then, and not till then, ascended into heaven in the sight of those disciples, namely, on that day which we call the Ascension, or Holy Thursday. And that we then celebrate the performance of the promise which He made to His disciples at or before His ascension, namely, that though He left them, yet He would send them the Holy Ghost to be their Comforter; and that He did so on that day which the Church calls Whit Sunday. Thus the Church keeps an historical and circular commemoration of times as they pass by us—of such times as ought to incline us to occasional praises for the particular blessings which we do or might receive by those holy commemorations.

He made them know also why the Church hath appointed Ember Weeks; and to know the reason why the commandments, and the epistles, and gospels were to be read at the altar or communion table; why the priest was to pray the Litany kneeling, and why to pray some collects standing. And he gave them many other observations fit for his plain congregation, but not fit for me now to mention, for I must set limits to my pen, and not make that a treatise which I intended to be a much shorter account than I have made it:—But I have done, when I have told the reader that he was constant in catechizing every Sunday in the afternoon, and that his catechizing was after his second lesson, and in the pulpit; and that he never exceeded his half-hour, and was always so happy to have an obedient and a full congregation.

And to this I must add, that if he were at any time

too zealous in his sermons, it was in reproving the indecencies of the people's behaviour in the time of divine service, and of those ministers that huddled up the Church prayers without a visible reverence and affection, namely, such as seemed to say the Lord's Prayer or collect in a breath ; but for himself, his custom was to stop betwixt every collect, and give the people time to consider what they had prayed, and to force their desires affectionately to God before he engaged them into new petitions.

And by this account of his diligence to make his parishioners understand what they prayed, and why they praised and adored their Creator, I hope I shall the more easily obtain the reader's belief to the following account of Mr. Herbert's own practice, which was to appear constantly with his wife and three nieces (the daughters of a deceased sister) and his whole family twice every day at the church prayers in the chapel which does almost join to his parsonage house. And for the time of his appearing, it was strictly at the canonical hours of ten and four ; and then and there he lifted up pure and charitable hands to God in the midst of the congregation. And he would joy to have spent that time in that place where the honour of his Master Jesus dwelleth ; and there, by that inward devotion which he testified constantly by an humble behaviour and visible adoration, he, like Joshua, brought not only his own household thus to serve the Lord, but brought most of his parishioners and many gentlemen in the neighbourhood, constantly to make a part of his congregation twice a day ; and some of the meaner sort of his parish did so love and reverence Mr. Herbert, that they would let their plough rest when Mr. Herbert's saints' bell rung to prayers, that they might also offer their devotions to God

with him, and would then return back to their plough. And his most holy life was such, that it begot such reverence to God and to him, that they thought themselves the happier when they carried Mr. Herbert's blessing back with them to their labour. Thus powerful was his reason and example, to persuade others to a practical piety and devotion.

And his constant public prayers did never make him to neglect his own private devotions, nor those prayers that he thought himself bound to perform with his family, which always were a set form and not long; and he did always conclude them with that collect which the Church hath appointed for the day or week. Thus he made every day's sanctity a step towards that kingdom where impurity cannot enter.

His chiefest recreation was music, in which heavenly art he was a most excellent master, and did himself compose many divine hymns and anthems, which he set and sung to his lute or viol; and though he was a lover of retiredness, yet his love to music was such, that he went usually twice every week on certain appointed days to the cathedral church in Salisbury; and at his return would say, that his time spent in prayer and cathedral music elevated his soul, and was his heaven upon earth. But before his return thence to Bemerton, he would usually sing and play his part at an appointed private music meeting; and, to justify this practice, he would often say, religion does not banish mirth, but only moderates and sets rules to it.

And as his desire to enjoy his heaven upon earth drew him twice every week to Salisbury, so his walks thither were the occasion of many happy accidents to others, of which I will mention some few.

In one of his walks to Salisbury, he overtook a

gentleman that is still living in that city, and in their walk together Mr. Herbert took a fair occasion to talk with him, and humbly begged to be excused if he asked him some account of his faith ; and said, "I do this the rather because though you are not of my parish, yet I receive tithe from you by the hand of your tenant ; and, sir, I am the bolder to do it, because I know there be some sermon hearers that be like those fishes that always live in salt water, and yet are always fresh." After which expression Mr. Herbert asked him some needful questions, and having received his answer, gave him such rules for the trial of his sincerity, and for a practical piety, and in so loving and meek a manner, that the gentleman did so fall in love with him and his discourse, that he would often contrive to meet him in his walk to Salisbury, or to attend him back to Bemerton, and still mentions the name of Mr. George Herbert with veneration, and still praiseth God for the occasion of knowing him.

In another of his Salisbury walks he met with a neighbour minister, and after some friendly discourse betwixt them, and some condolment for the decay of piety, and too general contempt of the clergy, Mr. Herbert took occasion to say, "One cure for these distempers would be for the clergy themselves to keep the Ember Weeks strictly, and beg of their parishioners to join with them in fasting and prayers for a more religious clergy. And another cure would be for themselves to restore the great and neglected duty of catechizing, on which the salvation of so many of the poor and ignorant lay people does depend ; but principally that the clergy themselves would be sure to live unblamably ; and that the dignified clergy especially, which preach temperance, would avoid surfeiting, and take all occasions to express a visible

humility and charity in their lives ; for this would force a love and an imitation, and an unfeigned reverence from all that knew them to be such." (And for proof of this we need no other testimony than the life and death of Dr. Lake, late Lord Bishop of Bath and Wells.) "This," said Mr. Herbert, "would be a cure for the wickedness and growing atheism of our age. And, my dear brother, till this be done by us, and done in earnest, let no man expect a reformation of the manners of the laity ; for it is not learning, but this, this only, that must do it ; and till then the fault must lie at our doors."

In another walk to Salisbury he saw a poor man with a poorer horse that was fallen under his load ; they were both in distress, and needed present help, which Mr. Herbert perceiving, put off his canonical coat, and helped the poor man to unload, and after to load his horse. The poor man blessed him for it, and he blessed the poor man ; and was so like the good Samaritan, that he gave him money to refresh both himself and his horse, and told him, that if he loved himself, he should be merciful to his beast. Thus he left the poor man, and at his coming to his musical friends at Salisbury, they began to wonder that Mr. George Herbert, who used to be so trim and clean, came into that company so soiled and discomposed ; but he told them the occasion ; and when one of the company told him he had disparaged himself by so dirty an employment, his answer was, that the thought of what he had done would prove music to him at midnight, and that the omission of it would have upbraided and made discord in his conscience, whensoever he should pass by that place. "For if I be bound to pray for all that be in distress, I am sure that I am bound, so far as it is in my power, to practise what I

pray for. And though I do not wish for the like occasion every day, yet let me tell you, I would not willingly pass one day of my life without comforting a sad soul, or showing mercy; and I praise God for this occasion. And now let us tune our instruments."

Thus as our blessed Saviour, after His resurrection, did take occasion to interpret the Scripture to Cleopas and that other disciple which He met with and accompanied in their journey to Emmaus; so Mr. Herbert, in his path toward heaven, did daily take any fair occasion to instruct the ignorant, or comfort any that were in affliction; and did always confirm his precepts by showing humility and mercy, and ministering grace to the hearers.

And he was most happy in his wife's unforced compliance with his acts of charity, whom he made his almoner, and paid constantly into her hand a tenth penny of what money he received for tithe, and gave her power to dispose that to the poor of his parish, and with it a power to dispose a tenth part of the corn that came yearly into his barn; which trust she did most faithfully perform, and would often offer to him an account of her stewardship, and as often beg an enlargement of his bounty; for she rejoiced in the employment; and this was usually laid out by her in blankets and shoes for some such poor people as she knew to stand in most need of them. This as to her charity. And for his own, he set no limits to it, nor did ever turn his face from any that he saw in want, but would relieve them, especially his poor neighbours; to the meanest of whose houses he would go, and inform himself of their wants, and relieve them cheerfully if they were in distress; and would always praise God as much for being willing as for being able to do it. And when he was advised by a

friend to be more frugal, because he might have children, his answer was, "he would not see the danger of want so far off; but being the Scripture does so commend charity, as to tell us that charity is the top of Christian virtues, the covering of sins, the fulfilling of the law, the life of faith, and that charity hath a promise of the blessings of this life and of a reward in that life which is to come; being these and more excellent things are in Scripture spoken of thee, O Charity! and that being all my tithes and church-dues are a deodate from Thee, O my God, make me, O my God, so far to trust Thy promise as to return them back to Thee; and by Thy grace I will do so, in distributing them to any of Thy poor members that are in distress, or do but bear the image of Jesus my Master. Sir," said he to his friend, "my wife hath a competent maintenance secured her after my death, and therefore as this is my prayer, so this my resolution shall, by God's grace, be unalterable."

This may be some account of the excellencies of the active part of his life; and thus he continued till a consumption so weakened him as to confine him to his house, or to the chapel which does almost join to it; in which he continued to read prayers constantly twice every day, though he were very weak; in one of which times of his reading his wife observed him to read in pain, and told him so, and that it wasted his spirits and weakened him; and he confessed it did, but said, his life could not be better spent than in the service of his Master Jesus, who had done and suffered so much for him. "But," said he, "I will not be wilful; for though my spirit be willing, yet I find my flesh is weak; and therefore Mr. Bostock shall be appointed to read prayers for me to-morrow, and I will now be only a hearer of them, till this mortal shall put on immortality."

And Mr. Bostock did the next day undertake and continue this happy employment till Mr. Herbert's death. This Mr. Bostock was a learned and virtuous man, an old friend of Mr. Herbert's, and then his curate to the church of Fulston, which is a mile from Bemerton, to which church Bemerton is but a chapel of ease. And this Mr. Bostock did also constantly supply the church service for Mr. Herbert in that chapel, when the music meeting at Salisbury caused his absence from it.

About one month before his death, his friend Mr. Ferrar (for an account of whom I am by promise indebted to the reader, and intend to make him sudden payment) hearing of Mr. Herbert's sickness, sent Mr. Edmund Duncon (who is now Rector of Fryer Barnet, in the county of Middlesex) from his house of Gidden Hall, which is near to Huntingdon, to see Mr. Herbert, and to assure him he wanted not his daily prayers for his recovery; and Mr. Duncon was to return back to Gidden with an account of Mr. Herbert's condition. Mr. Duncon found him weak, and at that time lying on his bed or on a pallet; but at his seeing Mr. Duncon, he raised himself vigorously, saluted him, and with some earnestness inquired the health of his brother Ferrar, of which Mr. Duncon satisfied him; and after some discourse of Mr. Ferrar's holy life, and the manner of his constant serving God, he said to Mr. Duncon, "Sir, I see by your habit that you are a priest, and I desire you to pray with me;" which being granted, Mr. Duncon asked him, "What prayers?" to which Mr. Herbert's answer was, "Oh, sir, the prayers of my mother, the Church of England. No other prayers are equal to them!—but, at this time, I beg of you to pray only the Litany, for I am weak and faint;" and Mr. Duncon did so. After which, and some other discourse of Mr.

Ferrar, Mrs. Herbert provided Mr. Duncon a plain supper and a clean lodging, and he betook himself to rest.—This Mr. Duncon tells me; and tells me that at his first view of Mr. Herbert, he saw majesty and humility so reconciled in his looks and behaviour, as begot in him an awful reverence for his person, and says, “his discourse was so pious, and his motion so genteel and meek, that after almost forty years, yet they remain still fresh in his memory.”

The next morning Mr. Duncon left him, and betook himself to a journey to Bath, but with a promise to return back to him within five days; and he did so. But before I shall say anything of what discourse then fell betwixt them two, I will pay my promised account of Mr. Ferrar.

Mr. Nicholas Ferrar (who got the reputation of being called St. Nicholas at the age of six years) was born in London, and doubtless had good education in his youth; but certainly was at an early age made Fellow of Clare Hall in Cambridge, where he continued to be eminent for his piety, temperance, and learning. About the twenty-sixth year of his age he betook himself to travel, in which he added to his Latin and Greek a perfect knowledge of all the languages spoken in the western parts of our Christian world, and understood well the principles of their religion, and of their manner, and the reasons of their worship. In this his travel he met with many persuasions to come into a communion with that Church which calls itself Catholic; but he returned from his travels as he went, eminent for his obedience to his mother, the Church of England. In his absence from England, Mr. Ferrar's father (who was a merchant) allowed him a liberal maintenance; and, not long after his return into England, Mr. Ferrar had, by the death

of his father, or an elder brother, or both, an estate left him, that enabled him to purchase land to the value of four or five hundred pounds a year, the greatest part of which land was at Little Gidden, four or six miles from Huntingdon, and about eighteen from Cambridge—which place he chose for the privacy of it, and for the hall, which had the parish church or chapel belonging and adjoining near to it; for Mr. Ferrar having seen the manners and vanities of the world, and found them to be, as Mr. Herbert says, “a nothing between two dishes,” did so contemn it, that he resolved to spend the remainder of his life in mortifications, and in devotion, and charity, and to be always prepared for death; and his life was spent thus:

He and his family, which were like a little college, and about thirty in number, did most of them keep Lent and all Ember Weeks strictly, both in fasting and using all those mortifications and prayers that the Church hath appointed to be then used; and he and they did the like constantly on Fridays, and on the vigils or eves appointed to be fasted before the saints' days; and this frugality and abstinence turned to the relief of the poor; but this was but a part of his charity; none but God and he knew the rest.

This family, which I have said to be in number about thirty, were a part of them his kindred, and the rest chosen to be of a temper fit to be moulded into a devout life; and all of them were for their dispositions serviceable, and quiet, and humble, and free from scandal. Having thus fitted himself for his family, he did, about the year 1630, betake himself to a constant and methodical service of God, and it was in this manner: He, being accompanied with most of his family, did himself use to read the Common Prayers (for he was a

deacon) every day at the appointed hours of ten and four, in the parish church, which was very near his house, and which he had both repaired and adorned, for it was fallen into a great ruin, by reason of a depopulation of the village before Mr. Ferrar bought the manor. And he did also constantly read the matins every morning at the hour of six, either in the church or in an oratory which was within his own house; and many of the family did there continue with him after the prayers were ended, and there they spent some hours in singing hymns or anthems, sometime in the church, and often to an organ in the oratory. And there they sometimes betook themselves to meditate, or to pray privately, or to read a part of the New Testament to themselves, or to continue their praying or reading the psalms; and, in case the psalms were not always read in the day, then Mr. Ferrar, and others of the congregation, did at night, at the ring of a watch-bell, repair to the church or oratory, and there betake themselves to prayers and lauding God, and reading the psalms that had not been read in the day; and when these, or any part of the congregation, grew weary or faint, the watch-bell was rung, sometimes before and sometimes after midnight, and then another part of the family rose, and maintained the watch, sometimes by praying or singing lauds to God or reading the psalms; and when after some hours they also grew weary and faint, then they rung the watch-bell, and were also relieved by some of the former, or by a new part of the society, which continued their devotions (as hath been mentioned) until morning. And it is to be noted that in this continued serving of God, the psalter, or whole book of psalms, was, in every four-and-twenty hours, sung or read over from the first to the last verse; and this was done as constantly as the sun

runs his circle every day about the world, and then begins again the same instant that it ended.

Thus did Mr. Ferrar and his happy family serve God day and night : thus did they always behave themselves as in His presence. And they did always eat and drink by the strictest rules of temperance ; eat and drink so as to be ready to rise at midnight, or at the call of a watch-bell, and perform their devotions to God.

And it is fit to tell the reader that many of the clergy that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidden Hall, and make themselves a part of that happy society, and stay a week or more, and then join with Mr. Ferrar and the family in these devotions, and assist and ease him or them in the watch by night. And these various devotions had never less than two of the domestic family in the night ; and the watch was always kept in the church or oratory, unless in extreme cold winter nights, and then it was maintained in a parlour which had a fire in it, and the parlour was fitted for that purpose. And this course of piety, and great liberality to his poor neighbours, Mr. Ferrar maintained till his death, which was in the year 1639.

Mr. Ferrar's and Mr. Herbert's devout lives were both so noted that the general report of their sanctity gave them occasion to renew that slight acquaintance which was begun at their being contemporaries in Cambridge ; and this new holy friendship was long maintained without any interview, but only by loving and endearing letters. And one testimony of their friendship and pious designs may appear by Mr. Ferrar's commending "The Considerations of John Valdesso" (a book which he had met with in his travels, and translated out of Spanish into English) to be examined and censured by Mr.

Herbert before it was made public; which excellent book Mr. Herbert did read, and returned back with many marginal notes, as they be now printed with it; and with them Mr. Herbert's affectionate letter to Mr. Ferrar.

This John Valdesso was a Spaniard, and was for his learning and virtue much valued and loved by the great Emperor, Charles the Fifth, whom Valdesso had followed as a cavalier all the time of his long and dangerous wars; and when Valdesso grew old, and grew weary both of war and the world, he took his fair opportunity to declare to the Emperor that his resolution was to decline his Majesty's service, and betake himself to a quiet and contemplative life, because there ought to be a vacancy of time betwixt fighting and dying. The Emperor had himself, for the same or other like reasons, put on the same resolution; but God and himself did, till then, only know them; and he did therefore desire Valdesso to consider well of what he had said, and to keep his purpose within his own breast till they two might have a second opportunity of a friendly discourse, which Valdesso promised to do.

In the meantime the Emperor appoints privately a day for him and Valdesso to meet again, and after a pious and free discourse, they both agreed on a certain day to receive the blessed sacrament publicly, and appointed an eloquent and devout friar to preach a sermon of contempt of the world, and of the happiness and benefit of a contemplative life, which the friar did most affectionately. After which sermon the Emperor took occasion to declare openly, that the preacher had begot in him a resolution to lay down his dignities, and to forsake the world, and betake himself to a monastic life. And he pretended he had persuaded John Valdesso to do

the like; but this is most certain, that after the Emperor had called his son Philip out of England, and resigned to him all his kingdoms, that then the Emperor and John Valdesso did perform their resolutions.

This account of John Valdesso I received from a friend that had it from the mouth of Mr. Ferrar; and the reader may note that in this retirement John Valdesso wrote his "Hundred and Ten Considerations," and many other treatises of worth, which want a second Mr. Ferrar to procure and translate them.

After this account of Mr. Ferrar and John Valdesso, I proceed to my account of Mr. Herbert and Mr. Duncon, who, according to his promise, returned from the Bath the fifth day, and then found Mr. Herbert much weaker than he left him; and therefore their discourse could not be long; but at Mr. Duncon's parting with him, Mr. Herbert spoke to this purpose: "Sir, I pray give my brother Ferrar an account of the decaying condition of my body, and tell him I beg him to continue his daily prayers for me; and let him know that I have considered that God only is what He would be; and that I am, by His grace, become now so like Him as to be pleased with what pleaseth Him; and tell him that I do not repine, but am pleased with my want of health; and tell him my heart is fixed on that place where true joy is only to be found; and that I long to be there, and do wait for my appointed change with hope and patience." Having said this, he did, with so sweet a humility as seemed to exalt him, bow down to Mr. Duncon, and, with a thoughtful and contented look, say to him, "Sir, I pray deliver this little book to my dear brother Ferrar, and tell him he shall find in it a picture of the many spiritual conflicts that have passed betwixt 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." Thus meanly did this humble man think of this excellent book, which now bears the name of "The Temple ; or, Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations ;" of which Mr. Ferrar would say, there was in it the picture of a divine soul in every page ; and that the whole book was such a harmony of holy passions as would enrich the world with pleasure and piety. And it appears to have done so, for there have been more than twenty thousand of them sold since the first impression.

And this ought to be noted, that when Mr. Ferrar sent this book to Cambridge to be licenced for the press, the Vice-Chancellor would by no means allow the two so much noted verses—

" Religion stands a tiptoe in our land,
Ready to pass to the American strand"—

to be printed ; and Mr. Ferrar would by no means allow the book to be printed and want them ; but after some time, and some arguments for and against their being made public, the Vice-Chancellor said, "I knew Mr. Herbert well, and know that he had many heavenly speculations, and was a divine poet ; but I hope the world will not take him to be an inspired prophet, and therefore I licence the whole book." So that it came to be printed without the diminution or addition of a syllable since it was delivered into the hands of Mr. Duncon, save only that Mr. Ferrar hath added that excellent preface that is printed before it.

U-u.

At the time of Mr. Duncon's leaving Mr. Herbert (which was about three weeks before his death), his old and dear friend Mr. Woodnot came from London to Bemerton, and never left him till he had seen him draw his last breath, and closed his eyes on his death-bed. In this time of his decay he was often visited and prayed for by all the clergy that lived near to him, especially by his friends the Bishop and Prebendaries of the cathedral church in Salisbury, but by none more devoutly than his wife, his three nieces (then a part of his family), and Mr. Woodnot, who were the sad witnesses of his daily decay, to whom he would often speak to this purpose: "I now look back upon the pleasures of my life past, and see the content I have taken in beauty, in wit, and music, and pleasant conversation, are now all past by me like a dream, or as a shadow that returns not, and are now all become dead to me, or I to them; and I see that as my father and generation hath done before me, so I also shall now suddenly (with Job) make my bed also in the dark; and I praise God I am prepared for it; and I praise Him that I am not to learn patience now I stand in such need of it; and that I have practised mortification, and endeavoured to die daily that I might not die eternally; and my hope is that I shall shortly leave this valley of tears, and be free from all fevers and pain; and which will be a more happy condition, I shall be free from sin, and all the temptations and anxieties that attend it; and this being past, I shall dwell in the new Jerusalem—dwell there with men made perfect: dwell where these eyes shall see my Master and Saviour Jesus, and with him see my dear mother, and all my relations and friends. But I must die, or not come to that happy place. And this is my content, that I am going daily towards it; and that every day which I have

lived hath taken a part of my appointed time from me ; and that I shall live the less time for having lived this and the day past."

These and the like expressions, which he uttered often, may be said to be his enjoyment of heaven before he enjoyed it. The Sunday before his death, he rose suddenly from his bed or couch, called for one of his instruments, took it into his hand, and said,

“ My God, my God !
My music shall find Thee,
And ev'ry string
Shall have his attribute to sing.”

And having tuned it, he played and sang :

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

Thus he sang on earth such hymns and anthems as the angels, and he, and Mr. Ferrar now sing in heaven.

Thus he continued meditating, and praying, and rejoicing till the day of his death ; and on that day said to Mr. Woodnot, “ My dear friend, I am sorry I have nothing to present to my merciful God but sin and misery ; but the first is pardoned, and a few hours will now put a period to the latter, for I shall suddenly go hence, and be no more seen.” Upon which expression Mr. Woodnot took occasion to remember him of the re-edifying Layton Church, and his many acts of mercy ; to which he made

answer, saying, "They be good works if they be sprinkled with the blood of Christ, and not otherwise."

After this discourse he became more restless, and his soul seemed to be weary of her earthly tabernacle: and this uneasiness became so visible, that his wife, his three nieces, and Mr. Woodnot stood constantly about his bed, beholding him with sorrow, and an unwillingness to lose the sight of him whom they could not hope to see much longer. As they stood thus beholding him, his wife observed him to breathe faintly and with much trouble; and observed him to fall into a sudden agony, which so surprised her, that she fell into a sudden passion, and required of him to know how he did; to which his answer was, "That he had passed a conflict with his last enemy, and he had overcome him by the merits of his Master Jesus." After which answer he looked up and saw his wife and nieces weeping to an extremity, and charged them, "If they loved him, to withdraw into the next room, and there pray every one alone for him; for nothing but their lamentations could make his death uncomfortable." To which request their sighs and tears would not suffer them to make any reply, but they yielded him a sad obedience, leaving only with him Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock. Immediately after they had left him, he said to Mr. Bostock, "Pray, sir, open that door; then look into that cabinet, in which you may easily find my last will, and give it into my hand:" which being done, Mr. Herbert delivered it into the hand of Mr. Woodnot, and said, "My old friend, I here deliver you my last will, in which you will find that I have made you my sole executor for the good of my wife and nieces; and I desire you to show kindness to them, as they shall need it. I do not desire you to be just, for I know you will be so for your own sake; but

I charge you, by the religion of our friendship, to be careful to them." And having obtained Mr. Woodnot's promise to be so, he said, "I am now ready to die." After which words he said, "Lord, forsake me not, now my strength faileth me, but grant me mercy for the merits of my Jesus. And now, Lord—Lord, now receive my soul." And with these words he breathed forth his divine soul without any apparent disturbance, Mr. Woodnot and Mr. Bostock attending his last breath, and closing his eyes.

Thus he lived, and thus he died like a saint, unspotted of the world, full of alms-deeds, full of humility, and all the examples of a virtuous life ; which I cannot conclude better than with this borrowed observation—

" All must to their cold graves ;
But the religious actions of the just
Smell sweet in death, and blossom in the dust."

Mr. George Herbert's have done so to this, and will doubtless do so to succeeding generations. I have but this to say more of him, that if Andrew Melvin died before him, then George Herbert died without an enemy. I wish (if God shall be so pleased) that I may be so happy as to die like him.

Iz. WA.

There is a debt justly due to the memory of Mr. Herbert's virtuous wife, a part of which I will endeavour to pay by a very short account of the remainder of her life, which shall follow.

She continued his disconsolate widow about six years, bemoaning herself and complaining that she had lost the

delight of her eyes ; but more, that she had lost the spiritual guide for her poor soul ; and would often say, "Oh that I had, like holy Mary, the mother of Jesus, treasured up all his sayings in my heart ! but since I have not been able to do that, I will labour to live like him, that where he now is, I may be also." And she would often say (as the prophet David for his son Absalom), "O that I had died for him !" Thus she continued mourning, till time and conversation had so moderated her sorrows, that she became the happy wife of Sir Robert Cook, of Highnam, in the county of Gloucester, Knt. ; and though he put a high value on the excellent accomplishments of her mind and body, and was so like Mr. Herbert as not to govern like a master, but as an affectionate husband ; yet she would, even to him, often take occasion to mention the name of Mr. George Herbert, and say, "That name must live in her memory till she put off mortality."

By Sir Robert she had only one child, a daughter, whose parts and plentiful estate make her happy in this world, and her well using of them gives a fair testimony that she will be so in that which is to come.

Mrs. Herbert was the wife of Sir Robert eight years, and lived his widow about fifteen ; all which time she took a pleasure in mentioning and commending the excellences of Mr. George Herbert. She died in the year 1663, and lies buried at Highnam ; Mr. Herbert in his own church, under the altar, and covered with a grave-stone without any inscription.

This Lady Cook had preserved many of Mr. Herbert's private writings, which she intended to make public ; but they and Highnam House were burnt together by the late rebels, and so lost to posterity.

I. W.



NOTES.

[In these notes the initial G. stands for the Rev. A. B. Grosart :
M. for Dr. George Macdonald.]

FRONTISPIECE.—This *facsimile* is a reproduction of the last page of the unique little manuscript volume in the Williams Library, referred to in the Introduction, all the Latin portion of which is in Herbert's own handwriting. "Lucus," as was explained previously, may be interpreted according to Mr. Grosart to "intend a Sacred Grove, with, perhaps, a sub-reference to the transfiguring light of the Divine presence there." We give the full Latin of the *facsimile* MS. poem, followed by a translation by the Rev. R. Wilton, either by whom, or the Rev. A. B. Grosart, the whole of Herbert's Latin verse has been excellently Englished in the "Fuller Worthies' Library" edition.

AD DOMINUM.

Christe, decus, dulcedo, et centum circiter Hyblæ,
Cordis apex, animæ pugnaque paxque meæ :
Quin sine, te cernam ; quoties jam dixero, cernam ;
Immoriarque oculis, O mea vita, tuis.
Si licet, immoriar : vel si tua visio vita est,
Cur sine te, votis, immoriturus, ago ?
Ah, cernam ; Tu, qui cæcos sanare solebas,
Cum te non videam, mene videre putas !
Non video, certum est jurare ; aut si hoc vetuisti,
Prævenias vultu non facienda tuo.

TO THE LORD.

Christ! glory, sweetness, Hybla of the mind,
 Heart's crown, where my soul's strife and peace I find;
 Nay, let me, let me see Thee, oft I say,
 And on Thine eyes expire, my Life—I pray—
 If I may die; or if life is sight-born,
 Why, soon to die with prayers, live I forlorn?
 Thou Who didst cure the blind, ah, let me see!
 Dost deem it sight when I behold not Thee?
 I swear I see not: if Thou forbid'st this,
 With Thine own Face prevent me—and 'tis bliss.

THE CHURCH PORCH, p. 1—*Perirrhantarium*, “A Greek word for an instrument for sprinkling holy water,” as explained by Dr. Lowe in his school edition of this poem, published by Parker in 1867. The idea is of a sprinkling of holy water in the Porch before actually entering the Church itself. So the first words in the poem succeeding are:—

“Thou whom the former precepts have
Sprinkled, and taught how to behave
 Thyself in Church,” etc.

V. i. “Verser”—Versifier. v. ii., “Beware of lust” etc. There are several interesting variations in the text to be found in the Williams MS. volume, and the first four lines of this verse especially, as given there, are so forcibly different that they deserve record:—

“Beware of Lust (startle not), O beware,
 It makes thy soul a blot: it is a rod
 Whose twigs are pleasures, and they whip thee bare:
 It spoils an Angel: robs thee of thy God.”

P. 2, v. 4. “Impaled”—enclosed, fenced in; “Cross”—contrary.—G. P. 3, v. x. “Were I an epicure, I could bait swearing.” This may be rendered freely, “For mere pleasure's sake, I would avoid swearing. P. 5, v. xx. “Sowre”—hardy. “Shelf”—reef.—G. P. 12, v. lvi. “Lethargickness”—lethargy. P. 13, v. lviii. The usual reading of the last couplet of this verse runs:—

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

The superiority of the reading adopted, which is from the Williams MS., is manifest.

SUPERLIMINARE, p. 17. "Superliminare"—"The lintel or upper door-post of the church doorway." "Avoid"—avaunt!—G.

THE ALTAR, p. 17. This poem illustrates Herbert's tendency to whim in his verse. The shape of the printed poem on the page is meant to resemble an actual altar, as the poem of EASTER WINGS the wings of a bird.

THE THANKSGIVING, p. 27. "Preventest"—goest before.—M. "Stroking"—Soothing, as in stroking a cat. "Spital"—Hospital.

SEPULCHRE, p. 32, v. ii. "Toys"—Trifles.

EASTER, p. 33. The Song, v. i.—As showing the careful revision which George Herbert gave his verse, examine the reading of this stanza from the Williams MS.—

"I had prepared many a flower
To strow Thy way and victory;
But Thou wast up before mine hour,
Bringing Thy sweets along with Thee."

Many other instances occur to show with what excellent effect Herbert revised much of his original writing.

EASTER-WINGS, p. 35, v. ii. "Imp my wing on Thine"—Join my wing to Thine.

HOLY BAPTISM, II., p. 36, v. ii. "Behither"—"By or byehither: a strengthened form of hither, implying well or fairly on this side of."—G.

AFFLICTION, p. 38, v. v. "My flesh begun unto my soul in pain."—Coleridge notes here, "Either a misprint or noticeable idiom of the word *began*. Yes! and a very beautiful idiom; the first colloquy or address of the flesh"—the address of the flesh to the soul, that is. P. 40, v. ix. "Cross-bias"—"An image taken from the bowling green. A *bias* is an irregularity given to a bowl, or a slope in the ground, both leading to the same—namely, the carved or cross course of the bowl. . . . The succeeding lines render it probable that to cross-bias is to roll a (bias) bowl with a curved course, so as to strike the adversary's bowl sideways out of a winning position. Such a stroke would be useless to the player except as taking the other out of his lie."—G.

ANTIPHON, p. 46. "Antiphon"—Willmott notes on this in his edition of George Herbert—"The chant or singing of a choir in church, in which strain answers strain."

THE TEMPER, p. 47, v. ii.—"Peere." There is a parallel use of the word in Milton's "Ode on the Nativity"—

" And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day."
—Willmott.

JORDAN, p. 49, v. iii.—"Pull for prime." A figure of speech taken from a game of cards, referring to pulling a card from the pack, *Prime* in the game of *Primers* being "a winning hand of different suits."—G.

THE HOLY SCRIPTURES, p. 51. I. "Lieger"—Ambassador.—G. II. "Match"—Sometimes printed watch, but match seems better sense.

WHIT-SUNDAY, p. 52, v. i. "Hatching my tender heart so long."—"Who can help smiling at the notion of the incubation of the heart-egg, although what the poet means is so good that the smile vanishes in a sigh."—M.

MATINS, p. 56. "Matins"—Morning song, or morning worship, as Vespers—"Even-song," the next poem but one:

SIN, p. 57.—Compare Burns's "Address to the Deil."

EVEN-SONG, p. 57, v. vi.—"Ebony box," of course, means Night.

THE QUIDDITY, p. 64.—"The Quiddity was originally a school-term for the nature or essence of a thing; but often used also for a quip or quirk."—Willmott

HUMILITY, p. 64, v. ii. "Mansuetude"—Gentleness. v. iv., "Amerced"—Fined.—G.

CONSTANCY, p. 67, v. vii. "Writhe his limbs"—Bend his limbs.

EMPLOYMENT, p. 74, ver. v.:—

"Oh that I were an orange tree,
That busy plant!"

Busy "because it has both blossoms and fruit on it at one and the same time."—G.

CHRISTMAS, p. 77. "Rack"—Manger.

THE WORLD, p. 80, v. iii. "Sommers"—"The Main or Master-beams of a Building."—G.

THE PEARL, p. 85, v. iv. "Sealèd"—"A technical term in hawking, for drawing a thread through both eyelids so as to close the eye."—G.

MAN, p. 88, v. vii. "Distinguished"—Divided, in opposition to *united* in previous line, as by an island, upon which men build and dwell. v. viii. "He treads down that which doth befriend him, when sickness makes him pale and wan." This refers to medicinal herbs.

SUBMISSION, p. 92, v. iii. "Disseize"—Deprive.

CHARMS AND KNOTS, p. 93. We have adopted the present reading of the last couplet from the Williams MS., as being more imaginative and characteristic than that usually adopted—

"In shallow waters Heaven doth show ;
But who drinks on, to Hell may go."

There are three other couplets in the MS. which are interesting—

"Who turns a trencher, setteth free
A prisoner crushed with gluttony.

The world thinks all things big and tall ;
Grace turns the optick, then they fall.

A falling star has lost its place ;
The courtier gets it that has grace."

"Optick" means telescope, referring to the lens's magnifying or diminishing properties, according to the end looked through. In the seventh couplet of the text, the word *powder* has a note by Mr. Grosart—"The hair-powder here spoken of was gold-dust, tale flakes, and the like, sprinkled so as to make the hair glisten."

MISERY, p. 97, v. xii. "Posy"—Motto. v. xii. "Shelf"—Reef.—G.

JORDAN, p. 100, v. i. "Burnish"—Burgeon, to swell out as a bud, to grow in bulk.—G.

THE BRITISH CHURCH, p. 108, v. v. "She on the hills"—means the Church of Rome, referring to the seven hills of Rome. v. vii. "She in the valley"—the Puritan Church.

THE QUIP, p. 109. "Quip"—Retort—M. In its most refined sense it was a bitter pleasantry or raillery.—G.

LOVE-JOY, p. 116. "Annealed"—Burnt.—G.

PROVIDENCE, p. 116, v. xiv. "Prevent"—Come before, *i.e.*, nothing is born into the world before due food is provided for it. v. xxxii. "The Indian Nut"—The cocoa-nut.—G.

HOPE, p. 122. "This poem is a narrative picture of one of Herbert's many despondencies."—G. "Optick"—Telescope, as in CHARMS AND KNOTS previously.

SIN'S ROUND, p. 122. Note the way in which the lines are repeated in this poem, so as to fancifully illustrate the *round* of sin in the turn of the stanzas as well as in the ideas. This is another instance of what has been called Herbert's "artfulness" in versification. v. i. "Cockatrice." The mediæval basilisk, or cockatrice, was a strange animal, with legs, wings, a cock's head, a serpentine tail, possessing fearfully venomous properties and born of a cock's egg hatched under a toad or serpent.—(Sir Thomas Browne's *Vulgar Errors*, vol. iii. c. 7). v. ii. "The Sicilian Hill"—Mount Etna.—G.

PEACE, p. 126, v. v. "Twelve Stalks of Wheat"—meaning the Twelve Apostles.—G.

LOVE-UNKNOWN, p. 130. Last line, "Quick"—living.

THE METHOD, p. 135, v. ii. "Move"—used much as it is in Parliamentary usage, etc., as, "move the adjournment," and so on.—G.

DIVINITY, p. 137, v. vii. "Epicycles"—a term in the Ptolemaic Astronomy, meaning circles upon circles, used here apparently for astronomical diagrams upon paper.

THE SIZE, p. 140, v. vii. A fourth line which was missing has been added, and a slight alteration made in this verse according to the warranty of the MS., and Mr. Grosart's emendation.

THE PILGRIMAGE, p. 145. Willmott notes on this—"Written, probably, before Bunyan was born, it contains all the *Pilgrim's Progress* in outline," and proceeds to show the analogy between the poem and Bunyan's famous work, "The Pilgrimage" having, it is inferred, possibly suggested that famous prose allegory.

THE DISCHARGE, p. 148, v. i. "Licorous"—lustful, greedy. v. ii.—"Depart"—part with.—G.

LONGING, p. 153. "This was set to music by Henry Purcell in the *Treasury of Music*."—G.

THE SEARCH, p. 167, v. iv. "Simper"—sparkle, as in a smile.—G.

THE FLOWER, p. 172, v. iii. "Spell"—Interpret.—G.

SELF-CONDEMNATION, p. 177, v. iv. "Prevent"—Anticipate.

THE ODOUR, p. 182, v. iv. "Pomander"—A scent ball.—G.

THE FORERUNNERS, p. 184, v. ii. and vi. "Pass"—care.—G.

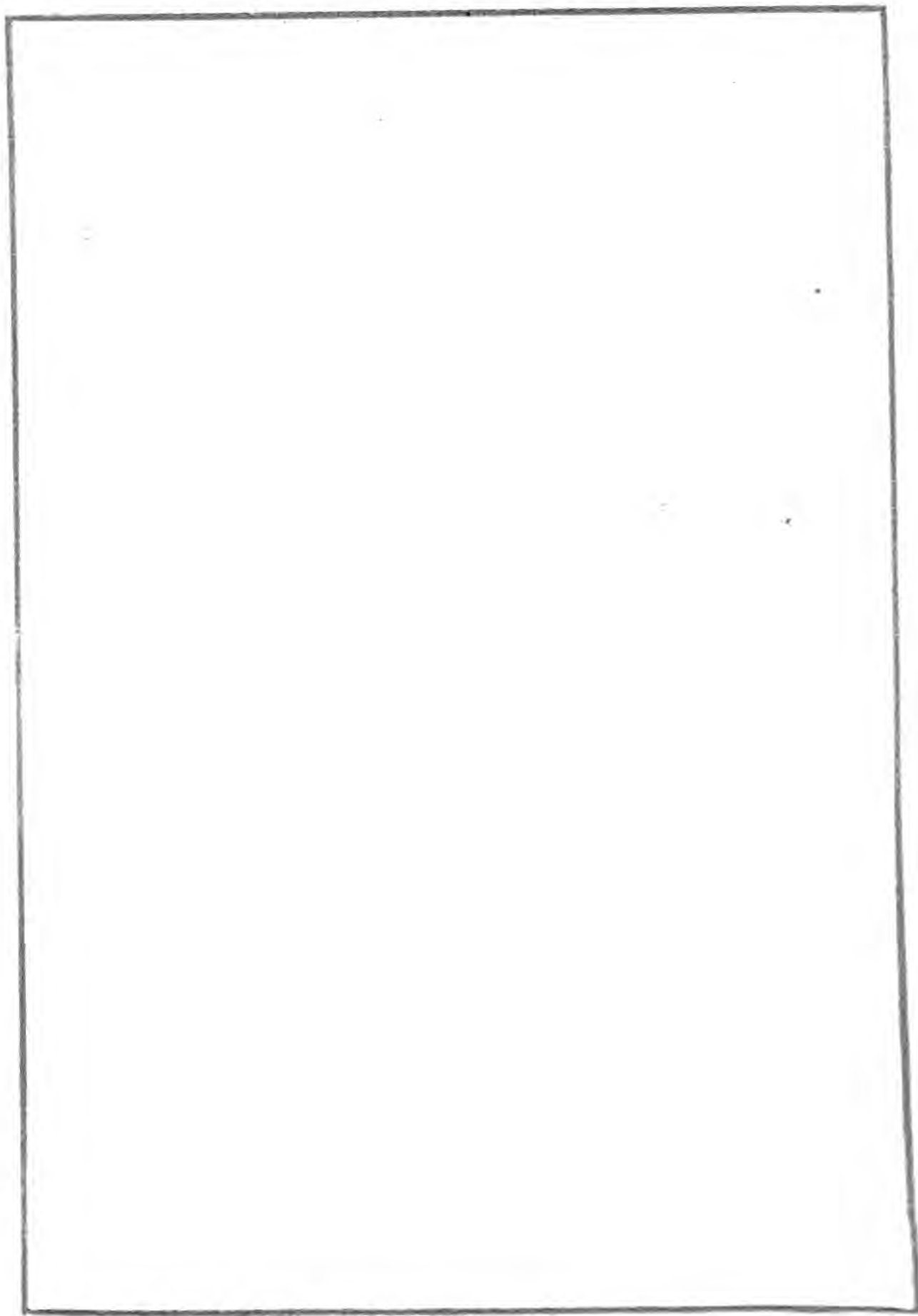
THE BANQUET, p. 189, v. i. "Neatness"—Milton has the word in his sonnet to Mr. Lawrence—

"What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice."
—Willmott.

THE POSY, p. 191. "Posy"—Motto.—G.

A PARODY, p. 191. Parody—has not exactly the sense we give it now, but means a paraphrase rather. The original is a love-lyric by Donne. It is something new to find one poet "parodying" another with ideal instead of burlesque intent.

THE ELIXIR, p. 192.—"The Elixir was an imagined liquid sought by the old physical investigators, in order that by its means they might turn every common metal into gold. They called this something, when regarded as a solid, the *Philosopher's Stone*. In the poem it is also called a *tincture*." (See v. iv.)—M.



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