Since Love hath kindled in our eyes
A chaste and holy fire
It were a sin, if thou or I
Should let this flame expire

What tho' our bodies never meet
Loves fume's more divine
The fixed stars by their twinkling speak
And yet they never join

Fralfe mortals who still change their place
Tho' they seem fair and bright
Yet when they court to embrace
Fall down and loose their light

If thou perceive thy flame decay
Come light thine eyes at mine
And when I feel mine fade away
I'll take fresh fires at thine

Thus when we shall part forever
The flames of our desires
No vestals shall maintain more chaste
Nor more immortal fires

1700
The Face of the Book, Unmasked.

Here, th' Universe in Natures Frame,
Sustain'd by Truth, and Wisdoms hand,
Does, by Opinions empty Name,
And Ignorance, distracted stand:
Who with strong Cords of Vanity, conspire,
Tangling the Totall, with abstruse Desire.

But then the Noble Heart inflir'd,
With Rayes, divinely from above,
Mounts (though with wings moist and bemir'd.)
The great Gods glorious Light to prove,
Slighting the World: yet felt renouncing, tries,
That where God draws not, there she sinks, and dies.
RESOLVES
The ninth Impressio
With New &
Several other Additions
both in Prose and Verse
et sic domulceo
Vitam.

LONDON
Printed for A Selc, and are to be Sold over
against S Dunstans Church
in Fleet Streete, 1670.
RESOLVES:
Divine, Moral, Political:
THE NINTH IMPRESSION.

With New and several other
ADDITIONS
BOTH IN
PROSE and VERSE
Not Extant in the former Impressions.

BY
Owen Felltham Esq;

Et sic demulceo vitam.

LONDON:
Printed for A. Seile, and are to be sold by Allen Bancks and
Charles Harper at the Flower-de-luce in Fleetstreet
over against Cliffsords-Inn. M. DC. LXX.
Majesty Humbly These

TO THE

RIGHT HONORABLE

My most Honored Lady, the Lady

MARY

Countess Dowager of THOMOND.

Let it please you (Madam) to believe,

That it is not out of the opinion of any worth, that all or any of these ensuing Pieces, can be capable of; but out of the sense of Duty, that they have here aspired to the Patronage of your Name, and Dignity. Being (most of them) Composed under the Coverture of your Roof, and so born Subjects under your Dominion; It would have been the incurring of too apparent a Premunire, against Equity and Justice, to intitle any other, to their owning or Protection; or to set up any foreign Power, to be Supreme and Paramount, to that of your Ladyships, over them.

And yet (Madam) you have further Prerogative, whereby, with me, you may challenge a higher
The Epistle Dedicatory.

higher Command: and that is, your Native Ingenuity, which, with those of your Acquaintance, so prevails upon their Judgment and Estimations; that you seem to have an Empire of Affection, destined, to that vivacity of spirit, which renders your Conversation grateful to all that have the Honour to know you.

These, and many other Obligations, that are upon me to your Lordship, with the desire I have, to leave to Posterity, some Memorial of my Thankfulness (though in itself, not worthy of your Merit, or the World) have emboldened me into this Dedication: and the humbly begging of your pardon, for the breaking out of this Presumption, in

(Madam)

Your most obedient,

and most humble

Servant,

Owen Felltham.

To
To the Reader.

The Reader may please to be informed, That the latter part of these Resolves, formerly Printed as the first Century, the Author, upon their perusal, could not himself be satisfied with them. For, however all seem'd to pass currant, and did arise to several Impressions: yet, being written when he was but Eighteen, they appear'd to him, to have too many young weaknesses, to be still continued to the World: though not for the Honesty; yet, in the Composure of them.

If any shall allledge their general Acceptation. That, to him, is no prevailing Argument; for, the Multitude, though they be the most in number, are the worst and most partial Judges. And that hath made him, in this Impression, to give them a new Frame, and various Composition; by altering many, leaving out some, and adding of others new. That now, upon the matter, they quite are other things. And that they, and the rest, which shall be found in this Volume, are now Publish'd, hath the same Reason which at first was given. They were not written so much to please others, as to gratifie and profit himself. Nor does he plead the importunity of Friends, for the Publication of them. If they be worthy of the common view, they need not that Apology: If they be not, he should have but sow'd, that he had been abus'd, as well by his friends as himself.

The truth is, He hath not the vanity to expect from others, any great applause. He hath often us'd to say, They were written to the middle sort of people. For the wisest, they are not high enough; nor yet so flat and low, as to be only fit for fools:
To the Reader.

fools: whosoever pleaseth only these, is miserable. He writ, as did Lucilius, mention'd by the Orator, Scripta lua, nec ab Doctissimis, nec ab Indoctissimis, legi voluit. Too profound, or too shallow, he holds not proportionate to the Work.

Sure it is, the Invitation be had, to write and publish them, was not so much to please others, or to shew anything he had, could be capable of the name of Parts; but, to give the world some account, how he spent his vacant hours: and that (by passing the Press, they becoming in a manner Ubiquitaries) they might everywhere be as Boundaries, to hold him within the limits of Prudence, Honour, and Virtue.

The Poems, the Character, and some of the Letters, he looks upon as sports; that rather improve a man by preserving him from worse, than by bringing otherwise any considerable profit. As they were his own Recreations, so he wishes they may prove to others. Other things are left to themselves, and all to every man's just liberty, to approve or dislike as he pleases. And however it be, the Author shall not much be troubled; since he believes, No man can lightly have a lesser esteem for them, than dwells with him that writ them: who yet will be best pleas'd, if any man by them shall find but any benefit; and admit him (though but tacitely) in the number of those friends he prays for.

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RESOLVES:
Divine, Moral, Political.

I.

Of Sudden Prosperity.

Prosperity in the beginning of a great Action, many times undoes a Man in the end. Happiness is the cause of mischief. The fair chance of a treacherous Dye, at first flatters an improvident Gamester, with his own hand, to throw away his wealth to another. For while we expect all things laughing upon us, like those we have pass'd; we remit our care, and perils by neglecting. When a rich Crown has newly kis'd the Temples of a gladded King, where he findes all things in a golden stream, and kneeling to him with auspicious reverence; he carelessly moves himself in the swelling plenty: Layes his heart into pleasures, and forgets the future; till ruine seize him, before he can think it. Felicity eats up Circumspection; and when that guard is wanting, we are spread to the shot of general danger. How many have lost the victory of a Battel, with too much confidence in the good fortune, which they found at the beginning? Surely, 'tis not good to be happy too soon. It many times undoes a Noble Family, to have the Estate fall to the hands of an Heir in minority. Witty Children oft fail in their age, of what their childhood promised. This holds not true in temporal things only, but even in spiritual. Nothing slackens the proceedings of a Christian more, than the too-early applause of those that are groundedly Honest. This makes him think he now is far enough, and that he may rest, and breath, and gaze. So he slides back, for want of striving to go on with increase. Good success in the midst of an action, takes a man in a firm settledness: and though he finds the event alter; yet custom before, will continue his care for afterwards. In the end, it crowns his expectation; and encourages him to the like care in other things, that by it, he may finde the sequel answerable. But in the beginning, it falls like much rain as soon as the feed is fown: which does rather wash it away, than give it a moderate rooting. How many had ended better, if they had not begun so well? Pleasure can undo a man at any time, if yielded to. 'Tis an inviting gin to catch the Woodcock-man in. Croesus counsel'd Cyrus, if he meant to hold the Lydians in a slavery, that he should teach them
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| them to sing, and play, and drink, and dance, and dally; and that would do it without his endeavour. I remember Ovid's Fable of the Centoculataed Argus: The Devil I compare to Mercury, his Pipe to pleasure, Argus to Man, his hundred eyes to our care, his sleeping to security, to our soul, his transformation to the curse of God. The Moral is only this: The Devil with pleasure pipes Man into security, then steals away his soul, and leaves him to the wrath of Heaven. It can ruin Anthony in the midst of his Fortunes, it can spoil Hannibal after a long and glorious war: but to meet it at first, is the most danger; it then being aptest to finde admission; though to meet and yield the worst at last: because there is not then a time left for recovery. If the action be of worth that I take in hand, neither shall an ill accident discourage me, nor a good one make me careless: If it happen ill, I will be the more circumspect, by a heedful prevention to avoid the like, in that which infuses. If it happen well, my fear shall make me warily vigilant. I will ever suspect the smoothest stream for deepness, till we come to the end. Deceit is gracious company; for it always studies to be fair and pleasing: But then, like a thief, having train'd us from the Road, it robs us. Where all the benefit we have left is this: that, if we have time to see how we were cozened, we may have so much happiness, as to dye repenting.

II.

Of Resolution.

What a skein of ruffled silk is the uncompos'd Man? Every thing that but offers to even him, intangles him more, as if, while you unbend him one way, he warpeth worse the other. He cannot but meet with variety of occasions, and every one of these, intwine him in a deeper trouble. His ways are strewn with briers, and he busies himself into his own confusion. Like a Partridge in the net, he masks himself the more, by the anger of his fluttering wing. Certainly, a good Resolution is the most fortifying Armour that a discreet man can wear. That, can defend him against all the unwelcome fuffles that the poor rude World puts on him. Without this, like hot Iron, he hisses at every drop that finds him. With this, he can be a Servant, as well as a Lord; and have the same inward pleasantnesses, in the quakes and shakes of Fortune, that he carries in her softest smiles. I confess, blying Penury has too strong talons for mud-wall'd Man to grasp withal. Nature is importunate for necessities: and will try all the Engines of her Wit, and power, rather than suffer her own destruction. But where the hath so much as she may live: Resolution is the only Marshal that can keep her in a decent order. That which puts the loofe woven minde into a whirling tempest, is by the Resolute, seen, slighted, laughed at: with as much honour, more quiet, more safety. The
world has nothing in it worthy a man's serious anger. The best way to perish discontentments, is either not to see them, or convert them to a dimpling mirth. How endless will be the quarrels of a choleric man, and the contentments of him, that is resolved to turn indignities into things to make sport withal? 'Tis true; nothing but experience and collected judgment can make a man do this: but when he has brought himself unto it, how infinite shall he finde his case: It was Xanthippe's observation, that she ever found Socrates return with the same countenance that he went abroad withal. Lucan can tell us,

--- Fortunaque perdat
Opposta virtute, minas.

--- All Fortunes threats be lost,
Where Vertue does oppose.

I wish no man so spiritless, as to let all abuses press the dulness of a willing shoulder: but I wish him an able discretion, to discern which are fit to be stirr'd in, and those to prosecute for no other end, but to shew the injury was more to vertue, and dear natures justice, than to himself. Every man should be Equities Champion: because it is that eternal pillar, whereon the world is founded. In high and mountain'd Fortunes resolution is necessary, to infaile us from the thefts and wiles of prosperity: which fleal us away, not only from our selves, but vertue: and for the moost part, like a long peace, softly delivers us into impoverishing war. In the name of Fortune, Resolution is likewise necessary, to guard us from the discontentes that usually assail the poor dejected man. For all the world will beat the man whom Fortune buffets. And unless by this, he can turn off the blows, he shall be sure to feel the greatest brithen, in his own sad minde. A wise man makes a trouble lefs, by Fortitude: but to a fool, 'tis heavier by his slopping to't. I would fain bring my self to that pass, that I might not make my happiness depend on another's judgement. But as I would never do any thing unhonesly: so I would never fear the immaterial width of censure, when it is done. He that flees by that gale, is ever in danger of wrack. Honesty is a warrant of far more safety than Fame. I will never be afraid of that which bears her seal: As knowing 'tis only Pride's being in fashion, that hath put honest Humility out of countenance. As for the crackers of the brain, and tongue-squibs, they will die alone, if I shall not revize them. The best way to have them forgotten by others, is first to forget them myself. This will keep my self in quiet, and by a noble not-caring, arrow the intenders before: who will ever fret most, when he finds his designs most frustrate. Yet, in all these, I will sometimts respect custom, because she is magnified in that world, wherein I am one. But when the parts from just reason, I shall rather displease her by parting; than offend in her com-
pary. I would have all men set up their rest, for all things that this
world can yield: Yet so as they build upon a surer foundation than
themselves; otherwise, that which should have been their foundation,
will surely cross them; and that is, GOD.

III.
A Friend and Enemy, when most dangerous.

I will take heed both of a speedy Friend, and a slow Enemy. Love
is never lasting, that flames before it burns. And Hatr, like wet-
ted Coals, throws a fiercer heat, when fire gets the Mastery. As the
first may quickly fail; so the latter will hardly be altered. Early
fruits rot soon; As quick wits have seldom found judgements,
which should make them continue: so friendship kindled suddenly,
is rarely found with the durability of affection. Enduring Love is ever
built on Virtue: which no man can see in another at once. He that
fixeth upon her, shall finde a beauty that will every day take him
with some new grace or other. I like that Love, which by a soft
ascension, does degree it self in the soul. As for an Enemy that is long
a making: he is much the worse, for being ill no sooner. I count
him as the actions of a wise State, which being long in resolving, are
in their execution sudden, and striking home. He hates not but with
cause, that is unwilling to hate at all. If I must have both, give me ra-
ther a friend on foot, and an enemy on horseback. I may persuade the
one to stay, while the other may be galloping from me.

IV.
Of the ends of Virtue and Vice.

V

tue and Vice never differ so much, as in the end; at least,
their difference is never so much upon the view, as then.
And this, I think, is our reason, why so many judgements are seduced
in pursuit of ill. They imagine not their last Act will be Tragical;
because their former Scenes have all been Comedy. The end is so
far off, that they see not those slapping Jbemes, that await them in a
killing ambush. If it were nearer, yet their own dim sight would
leave them undiscovered. And the same thing that encourageth Vice,
discourageth Virtue. For, by her rugged way, and the resistance
that she findes in her passage: she is oft persuaded to step into Vice’s path:
which while the findeth smooth, she never perceiveth slippery. Vice’s
Road is paved with Ice; Inviting by the eye, but tripping up the heel,
to the hazzard of a wound, or drowning. Whereas Virtue’s is like
the passage of Hannibal over the Alps, a work of a tryng toil of in-
finte danger. But once performed, it lets him into the Worlds garden,
Italy: and withal, leaves him a fame as lasting, as those which he
did
RESOLVES.

Did conquer, with his most unused weapon of war, Vinegar. Doubtless the world hath nothing so glorious as Virtue: as Virtue when she rides triumphant. When like a Phœbean Champion, she hath routed the Army of her enemies, flatted their strongest Forts, brought the mightiest of her Foes in a chained submission, to humour the motions of her throned Chariot, and be the gaze of the abusive world. Vice, at best, is but a diseased Harlot: all whose commendation is, that she is painted.

Sed locum virtus habet inter astra,
Vera dunn flores venient tepenti,
Et comam silvis biemes resident,
Vel comam silvis revocavit astra.
Pomaque Autumno fujientem cedent,
Nulla te terris rapiet vetustas.
Tu Comes Phæbo, comes ibis astra.

But Vertue's thron'd among the Stars,
And while the Spring warms th'infant bud,
Or Winter balds the flag-hair'd wood:
While Summer gives new locks to all,
And fruits full ripe in Autumn fall,
Thou shalt remain, and still shalt be,
For Stars; for Phœbus, company.

Is a rapture of the lofty Tragedian. Her presence is a dignity, which amazes the beholder with incircling rays. The concert of her Actions, begets admiration in others, and that admiration both infuseth a joy in her, and inflames her magnanimity more: The good honour her, for the love of the like, that they finde in themselves. The bad, though they repine inwardly, yet shame (which is for the most part an effect of base Vice) now goes before the action, and commands their baser hearts to silence. On the other side, what a Monster, what a Painter's Devil is vice, either in her bared skin, or her own enfordid rage! Her own guilt, and the detestation which she finds from others, set up two great Hells in her one little, narrow heart; Horror, Shame; and that which most of all doth gall her, is, that she finds their flames are inextinguishable. Outwardly, sometimes she may appear like Virtue: for all the several Femmes in Virtue, Vice hath counterfeit stones, wherewith the gulls the Ignorant. But there be two main reasons which shall make me Vertues Lover: for her inside, for her end. And for the same reasons will I hate Vice. If I finde there be a difference in their ways; I will yet think of them, as of the two sons in the Gospel: whereof Virtue said she would not go to the Vineyard, yet did: And Vice, though he promised to go, defiled.
RESOLVES.

V.

Of Puritans.

I finde many that are called Puritans; yet few, or none that will own the name. Whereof the reason sure is this, that 'tis for the most part held a name of infancy, and is so new, that it hath scarcely yet obtain'd a definition: nor is it an appellation derived from one man's name, whose Tenents we may finde digested into a Volume: whereby we do much erre in the application. It imports a kind of excellency above another; which man (being conscious of his own frail bendings) is ashamed toassume to himself. So that I believe there are men which would be Puritans: but indeed not any that are. One will have him one that lives religiously, and will not revel in a Shoreless excess. Another, him that separates from our Divine Assemblies. Another, him that in some Tenents only is peculiar. Another, him that will not swear. Absolutely to define him, is a work, I think of Difficulty; some I know that rejoice in the name; but sure they be such, as least understand it. As he is more generally in these times taken, I suppose we may call him a Church-Rebel, or one that would exclude order, that his brain might rule. To decline offences; to be careful and conscionable in our several actions, is a Purity, that every man ought to labour for, which we may well do, without a full en Segregation from all Society. If there be any Privileges, they are fully granted to the Children of the King; which are those that are the Children of Heaven. If Mirth and recreations be lawful, sure such a one may lawfully use it. If Wine were given to cheer the heart, why should I fear to use it for that end? Surely, the merry soul is furer from intended mischief than the thoughtful man.

A bounded Mirth, is a Parent adding time and happiness to the crazed life of Man. Yet if Laertius reports him rightly, Plato deserves a Cenfure for allowing drunkenness at Festivals, because, fayes he, as then, the Gods themselves reach Wines to present Men. God delights in nothing more, than in a cheerful heart, careful to perform him service. What Parent is it, that rejoiceth not to see his Child pleasant, in the limits of a filial duty? I know, we read of Christ's weeping, not of his laughter: yet we see, he graceth a Feast with his first Miracle; and that a Feast of joy: And can we think that such a meeting could pass without the noise of laughter? What a lump of quickened care is the melancholick man? Change anger into Mirth, and the Precept will hold good still: Be merry, but sin not. As there be many, that in their life assume too great a Liberty; so I believe there are some, that abridge themselves of what they might lawfully use; Ignorance is an ill Steward, to provide for either Soul, or Body. A man that submits to reverent Order, that sometimes unbends himself in a moderate Relaxation; and in all, labours to approve himself, in the Reconcile of a healthful Conscience: such a Puritan I will love immutably. But when a man, in things but ceremonial, shall spurn at the grave
RESOLVES.

grave Authority of the Church, and out of a needless nicety, be a Thief to himself, of those benefits which GOD hath allowed him: or out of a blinde and uncharitable Pride, cenfure, and scorn others, as reprobates: or out of obstinacy, fill the World with brawls, about undeterminable tenents: I shall think him one of those, whose opinion hath severed his zeal to madness and distraction. I have more faith in one Solomon, than in a thousand Dutch Parlours of such Opinionists. Behold then, what I have seen good! That it is comely to eat, and to drink, and to take pleasure in all his labour wherein he travelleth under the Sun, the whole number of the days of his life, which GOD giveth him. For, this is his Portion. Nay; there is no profit to Man, but that he eat, and drink, and delight his soul with the profit of his labour. For, he that faw other things but vanity, saw this also, that it was the hand of GOD. Methinks the reading of Ecclesiastes should make a Puritan undress his brain, and lay off all those Phanatick toys that gingle about his understanding. For my own part, I think the World hath not better men, than some, that suffer under that name: nor withal, more Scelestick villains. For, when they are once elated with that pride, they so contemn others, that they infringe the Laws of all humane society.

VI.

Of Arrogancy.

I never yet found Pride in a noble nature: nor Humility in an unworthy minde. It may seem strange to an inconsiderate eye, that such a poor violet Vertue, should ever dwell with Honour: and that such an aspiring flame as Pride is, should ever sojourn with a constant base-ness. 'Tis sure, we seldom finde it, but in such, as being conscious of their own deficiencie, think there is no way to get Honour, but by a bold assuming it. As if, rather than want fame, they would with a rude affault, deslowre her: which indeed, is the way to lose it. Honour, like a noble Virgin, will never agree to grace the man that ravisheth. If the be not won by courtesie, she will never love truly. To offer violence to so choise a beauty, is the way to be contemned, and lost. 'Tis he that has nothing else to commend him, which would invade mens good opinions, by a misbecoming-sawceiness. If you search for high and strained carriages, you shall for the most part, meet with them in low men. Arrogance, is a weed, that ever grows in a dunghill. 'Tis from the ranknes of that soil, that the hath her height and spreading: Witness Clowns, Fools, and Fellows that from nothing are lifted some few steps upon Fortunes Ladder: where, seeing the glorious repre- sentment of Honour, above, they are so greedily of embracing, that they strive to leap thither at once: so by overreaching themselves in the way, they fall of the end, and fall. And all this happiness, either for want of Education, which should seazon their mindes with the gen
RESOLVES.

Of Reward and Service.

When it lights upon a worthy nature, there is nothing procures a more faithful service, than the Master's liberality: nor is there anything that appears more, than a true fidelity. They are each of other, alternate parents; begetting and begotten. Certainly, if these were practiced, great men need not so often change their Followers: nor would the Patrons be abandoned by their old Attendants. Rewards are not given, but paid, to Servants that be good and wise. Nor ought that blood to be accounted lost, which is outletted for a noble Master. Worth will never fail to give Desert her bays. A liberal Master, that loves his Servant, well, is in some sort a God unto him: which may both give him blessings, and protect him from danger. And believe it, on the other side, a diligent and discreet Servant, is one of the best friends that a man can be blest with.

generous precepts of Morality; or, which is more powerful, Example: or else, for lack of a discerning Judgment, which will tell them, that the best way thither, is to go about, by humility and desert. Otherwise, the River of Contempt runs betwixt them and it: and if they go not by these passages, they must of necessity either turn back with shame, or suffer in the desperate venture. Of Trees, I observe, GOD hath chosen the Vine, a low plant, that creeps upon the helpful wall: Of all Beasts, the soft and patient Lamb: Of all Fowls, the mild and gall-les Sur. CHRIST is the Rose of the Field, and the Lilly of the Valley. When GOD appeared to Moses; it was not in the lofty Cedar, nor the furious Oak, nor in the spreading Plane; but in a Bush, an humble, slender, abject shrub. As if he would by these elections, check the conceited arrogance of Man. Nothing procureth Love, like Humility: nothing Hate, like Pride. The proud man walks among daggers, pointed against him: whereas the humble and the affable, have the people for their guard in dangers. To be humble to our Superiors, is duty; to our Equals, courtesy; to our Inferiours, nobleness. Which for all her lowness, carries such a sway, that they may command their souls. But, we must take heed, we express it not in unworthy Actions. For then leaving Virtue, it falls into disdainful baseness: which is the undoubted badge of one, that will betray Society. So far as a man, both in words and deeds, may be free from flattery, and unmanly cowardice; he may be humble with commendation. But surely, no circumstance can make the expression of pride laudable. If ever it be, 'tis when it meets with audacious pride, and conquers. Of this good it may then be author, that the affronting man, by his own folly, may learn the way, to his duty, and wit. Yet this I cannot so well call Pride, as an emulation of the Divine Justice; which will always indicate it fell upon presumptuous ones: and is indeed said to fight against no sin, but Pride.
withal. He can do whatsoever a Friend may: and will be commanded with lesser hazard of losing. Nay, he may in a kinde, challenge a glory above his Master: for, though it be harder to play a King's part well, than 'tis to act a Subject; yet natures inclination is much more bent to rule than to obey: service being a condition, which is not found in any Creatures of one kinde, but Man. Now, if the Question be, when men meet in these relations, who shall the first begin? The lot will surely fall upon the Servant: for he is tied in duty to be diligent; and that ever binds without exception. The Lord is tyed but by his honour: which is voluntary, and not compulsive; Liberality being a free adjuction, and not a yoke in his bargain. 'Tis good sometimes for a Lord to use a Servant like a friend, like a companion: but 'tis always fit for a Servant to pay him the reverence due to a Master. Pride becomes neither the commander nor the commanded. Every family is but a several plume of Feathers: the meanest of the fell-fame stuff; only he that made the plume, was pleased to set the Lord highest. The power of commanding is rather political, than from equal nature. The service of man, to man, followed not the Creation, but the fall of man: and till Noah cursed his Son, the name of Servant is not read in Scripture. Since, there is no absolute freedom to be found below, even Kings are but more splendid servants, for the common body. There is a mutuality between the Lord and Vassals. The Lord serves them of necessaries; and they him, in his pleasures and conveniences. Virtue is the truest liberty: nor is he free, that stoops to passions: nor he in bondage, that serves a noble Master. When Demon saw one cruel in the beating of a Servant: Fie (fayes he) forbear; left by the world, your self be taken for the Servant. And if we have any faith in Claudian, we may believe, that

Fallitur, egregio quisquis sub Principe credit
Servitium: nonquam libertas gratior extat
Quam sub Rege pio.

He knows no bondage, whom a good King sways;
For freedom never shines with clearer ryes,
Than when brave Princes Reign.

Imperialness turns that Servant into a Slave; which moderation makes as an humble-speaking Friend. Seneca begins an Epistle with rejoicing, that his friend lived familiar with his Servant. Neither can have comfort, where both are uncommunicable. I confess, the like countenance is not to be shewed to all. That which makes a wife man modest, makes a fool unmannerly. 'Tis the same Servant that causes the Lord to think his defending favours. Of the two, pride is the more tolerable in a Master. The other is a preposterousness, which Solomon saw the earth did groan for. Hadrian sent his inferior Servant a box on the car, for walking but between two Senators. As I would not serve to be admitted to nothing, but to high commands: So I think, whos'ere is rudely maltreated, blemishes the discretion of himself.
RESOLVES.

Cent. I.

self, and his Lord. As there ought to be equality, because Nature has made it; so there ought to be a difference, because Fortune has set it. Yet cannot the distance of their Fortunes be so much, as their nearness in being Men. No Fate can fright away that likenesses. The other we have found in motion, in variance; even to rare and inverted mutations. Let not the Lord abuse his servant; for 'tis possible he may fall below him: Let not the servant neglect his Master; for he may be cast to a meaner condition. Let the servant deserve, and the Master recompense: and if they would both be noble, the best way is for those that be subject to forget their services; and for those that are Commanders, to remember them. So, each loving other, for their generous worthiness, the world shall draw praises in both their paths. If the servant suppose his lot to be hard, let him think, that service is nothing but the free-mans calling: wherein while he is, he is bound to discharge himself well.

VIII.

Of Reprehension.

To reprehend well, is both the hardeft, and most necessary part of Friendship. Who is it, that will either not merit a check, or endure one? Yet wherein can a friend more unfold his love, than in preventing dangers, before their birth; or, in reducing a man to safety, which is travelling in the way to ruine? I grant, the manner of the application may turn the benefit into an injury: and then it both strengtheneth Error, and wounds the Giver. Correction is never in vain. Vice is a misery deepness: if thou stirrest to help one out, and dost not, thy stirring him, links him in the further. Fury is the maddener for his chain. When thou chideft thy wandering friend, do it secretly; in season, in love: Not in the ear of a popular convention: For many times, the presence of a multitude, makes a man make up an unjust defence; rather than fall in a just blame. Diseased eyes endure not an unmasked Sun: nor does the wound of rankle more, which is vanned by the publick air. Not can I blame a man, though he shuns to make the Vulgar his Confessor: for they are the most uncharitable tell-tales that the burthened Earth doth suffer. They understand nothing but the dregs of actions: and with spattering those abroad, they besmear a deserving fame. A man had better be convinced in private, than be made guilty by a Proclamation. Open rebukes are for Magistrates, and Courts of Justice: for Stalled Chambers, and for Scarlets, in the thronged Hall. Private, are for friends; where all the witnesses of the offenders blushes, are blinde, and deaf, and dumb. We should do by them, as Joseph thought to have done by Mary, seek to cover blemishes with secrecy. Publick reproof, is like striking of a Deer in the Herd, it not onlyounds him, to the los of enabling Blood, but betrayes him to the Envy, his Enemy: and makes him, by his fellows, be pulht out of company. Even conceal-
Resolves.

ment of a fault, argues some charity to the Delinquent: and when we tell him of it in secret, it shews, we wish, he should amend, before the world comes to know his amiss. Next, it ought to be in season, neither when the brain is muddled, with arming Fumes: nor when the minde is maddened, with un-reined passions. Certainly, he is drunk himself, that professes Reason so, as to urge it to a drunken man. Nature unloosed in a flying speed, cannot come off with a sudden flop.

Quis materens, nisi mentis inops, in funere Nati
Flere vetat? non hoc nulla momenta loco est.

He's mad, that dyes a Mother's eyes full tyde
At her Sons Grave: There's no time to chide:

Was the opinion of the smoothest Poet. To admonish a man in the height of his passion; is to call a Souldier to Compost, in the midst, in the heat of a Battle. Let the combat slack, and then thou mayst expect a hearing. All passions are like rapid torrents: they swell the more for meeting with a dam in their violence. He that will hear nothing in the rage and rocr of his anger, will, after a pause, enquire of you. Seem you to forget him; and he will the sooner remember himself. For it often falls out, that the end of passion, is the beginning of repentance. Then will it be easy to draw back a retreating man: As a Boat is rowed with less labour, when it hath both a minde and tide to drive it. A word reasonably given, like a Rudder, sometimes steers a man quite into another course. When the Macedonian Philip was capring in the view of his Captives: Seyes Demades, — Since Fortune has made you like Agamemnon, why will you shew your self like Thebes? And this chang'd him to another man. A blow below'd in the striking time, is better than ten, delivered unseasonably. There are some nicks in Time, which whosoever finds, may promise to himself success. As in all things, so in this; especially if he do it as he ought, in love. It is not good to be too trettical and virulent. Kinde words make rough actions plannifible. The bitternes of Reprehefsion, is inwreathed with the pleasingness of Compellations. If ever flattery might be lawful, here is a case, that would give it admission. To be plain, argues honestly: but to be pleasing, argues disreption. Sores are not to be anguished with a rustick pressure; but gently stroked with a Ladyed hand. Physicians fire not their eyes at Patients: but calmly minifter to their diseases. Let it be so done, as the offender may see affections without arrogance. Who blows our Candles with too strong a breath, does but make them flink, and blows them light again. To avoid this, it was ordain'd among the Lacedemonians, That every Transgressor, should be, as it were, his own Beadle: for, his punishment was, to compass an Altar, singing an Invective made against himself. It is not consonant, that a member so unboned as the tongue is, should smart it with an Iron lath. Every man that advifeth, allumes as it were, a transcendency over the other;
which if it be not allayed with prayers, and some self-including terms grows hateful: that even the reprehension is many times the greater fault of the two. It will be good therefore, not to make the complaint our own, but to lay it upon some others; that not knowing his grounded Virtues, will, according to this, be apt to judge of all his actions. Nor can he be a competent judge of another’s crime, that is guilty of the like himself. ’Tis unworthily done, to condemn that in others, which we would not have but pardoned in our selves. When Diogenes fell in the School of the Stoicks; He answers his detractors, with this Question: Why, do you laugh at me for falling backward, when you your selves do retrograde your lives? He is not fit to cure a dimmed sight, that looks upon another with a beamed eye. Freed, we may free others. And, if we please them with praising some of their Virtues they will with much more eager be brought to know their Vices. Shame will not let them be angry with them, that so equally deal both the Rod, and Laurel. If he be much our Superior, ’tis good to do it sometimes in Parables, as Nathan did to David: So, let him by collection, give himself the censure. If he be an equal, let it appear, affection, and the truth of friendship urging it. If he be our inferior, let it seem our care, and desire to benefit him. Towards all, I would be sure to shew humility, and love. Though I finde a little bluffer for the present, I am confident, I shall meet with thanks afterward. And in my absence, his reverend report following me. If not: the best way to lose a friend, is by seeking, by my love to save him. ’Tis best for others, that they hate me for vice; but if I must be hated, ’tis best for my self, that they hate me for my goodness: For, then am I mine own antidote against all the poison they can spit upon me.

IX.

Of Time’s continual speed.

In all the actions that a Man performs, some part of his life passes. We die with doing that, for which only, our sliding life was granted. Nay, though we do nothing, Time keeps his constant pace, and flies as fast in idleness, as in employment. Whether we play, or labour, or sleep, or dance, or study, the Sun passes, and the Sand runs. An hour of Vice is as long as an hour of Vertue. But the difference which follows upon good actions, is infinite from that of ill ones. The good, though it diminish our time here, yet it lays up a pleasure for Eternity; and will recompense what it taketh away, with a plentiful return at last. When we trade with Vertue, we do but buy pleasure with expence of time. So it is not so much a consuming of time, as an exchange. Or as a man sows his corn, he is content to want it a while, that he may, at the harvest receive it with advantage. But the bad deeds that we do here, do not only rob us of so much time; but also be-speak a torment.
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torment for hereafter: and that in such a life, as the greatest pleasure we could there be crown'd withal, would be the very act of dying. The one treasurers up a pleasure in a lasting life: the other provides us torture in a death eternal. Man, as soon as he was made, had two great Suitors for his life and soul: Virtue, Vice. They both travelled the world with trains, barbers, and large attendance: Virtue had before her, Truth, running naked, valiant, but unelegant: then labour, cold, hunger, thirst, care, vigilance; and these but poorly arrayed, and the in plain, though clean attire. But looking near, the was of such a self-perfection, that the might very well emblème whatsoever Omnipotency could make most rare. Modest she was: and so lovely, That whosoever look't but fleetingly upon her, could not, but insole himself in her. After her, followed Content: full of Jewels, Coins, Perfumes, and all the maffy riches of the world. Then Joy, with Masks, Mirth, Revelling, and all Essential Pleasures. Next, Honour, with all the ancient Orders of Nobility, Scepters, Thrones, and Crowns Imperial. Lastly, Glory, making such a brightness from her Sunny Tresses, that I have heard, no man could ever come so near, as to describe her truly. And behind all these, came Eternity, casting a Ring about them: which like a strong enchantment, made them for ever the same. Thus Virtue. Vice thus: Before her, First went Lying, a smooth, painted buswife: clad all in Changeable, but under her garments, full of Scabs, and ugly Ulcers. She spoke pleasingly, and promised, whatsoever could be wish'd for, in the behalf of her Mithra, Vice. Upon her, Wit waited: a conceited fellow, and one that much took Man with his pretty tricks and gambols. Next Sloth, and Luxury, so full; that they were after soaked with their own fat. Then (because she could not have the true ones, for, they follow Virtue) she gets Impostors, to perforate Content, Joy, Honour, in all their wealth, and royalties: After these, she comes her self, sumptuously apparell'd, but a mafly surfeited Slut; whereby, if any kiss her, they were sure by her breath to perish. After her, followed on a sudden, like enemies in ambush, guilt, horror, shame, loss, want, sorrow, torment. These charmed with Eternities Ring, as the other. And thus they wooed fond Man, who taken with the subtle cozenages of Vice, yielded to lye with her: where he had his nature so impoyson'd, that his seed was all contaminated, and his corruption even to this day, is still Condemn'd to his undone Posterity. It may be Virgil knew of such a story when he writ,

Quisquis enim duros casus virtutis amore
Vicerit, ille sibi laudemque decusque perabit:
At qui defidiam, luxumque sequens inercem:
Dum fugio oppositos, inculto mente, labores,
Turpis impolisque simul, miserable transfget exum.

Man that Love-conquers Virtues thorny ways,
Rears to himself a fame-tomb, for his praise.

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But he that Lust, and Leaden Sloth doth prize,
While headless he, opposed Labour flies;
All, soul and poor, most miserably dies.

'Tis true, they, both spend us time alike: nay many times, honest industry spends a man more, than the ungodly solaces of a sensual Libertine: unless they be pursued with inordinateness, then they destroy the present, shorten the future, and halten pain. Why should I wish to pass away this life ill, which to those that are ill, is the bell? If I must daily lessen it, it shall be by that, which shall joy me with a future Income. Time is like a Ship, which never Anchors: while I am aboard, I had better do those things, that may advantage me at my landing, than practise such, as shall cause my commitment, when I come to the shore. Whatsoever I do, I would think what will become of it, when it is done. If good, I will go on to finish it. If bad, I will either leave off, where I am; or not undertake it at all. Vice, like an unthrift sells away the Inheritance, while it's but in Reversion: But Virtue, husbanding all things well, is a Purchaser. Hear but the witty Spaniards Dillich:

Ampliat etatis spatium sibi, vir bonus, hoc est
Virtiue bis, vita posse priore fru.

He that his former well-led life enjoys,
Lives twice: so gives addition to his days.

X.

Of Violence and Eagerness.

The too eager pursuit of a thing, hinders the enjoyment. For, it makes men take indirect ways, which though they prosper sometimes, are blessed never. The Covetous, because he is mad upon riches, practiseth injurious courses, which God curling, bring him to a speedy Poverty. Oppression will bring a Consumption upon thy gains. Wealth snatch't up by unjust and injurious ways, like a rotten sheep, will infect thy healthful flock. We think by wrong to hide our selves from want, when 'tis that only, which unavoidably pulls it on us. Like Thieves, that hooking for clothes in the dark, they draw the Owner, which takes, and then imprisons them. He that longs for Heaven with such impatience, as he will kill himself, that he may be there the sooner, may by that set, be excluded thence; and lie gnashing of his teeth in Hell. Nay, though we be in the right way, our haste will make our stay the longer: He, that rides all upon the driving spur, tires his Horse ere his journey ends; so is there the later, for making such unwonted speed. He is like a giddy messenger, that runs away without his errand: so dispatches legs for his nimbleness. When God hath laid out Man a way, in vain he seeks a nearer one. We see the things we aim at, as Travellers do Towns in hilly Countreyes; we judge.
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judge them near, at the eyes end; because we see not the valleys, and the brook in them, that interpose. So, thinking to take shorter courses, we are led about, through ignorance, and incredulity. Surely God that made disposing Nature, knows her better, than imperfect man. And he that is once persuaded of this, will rather stay the pleasure of the Deity, than follow the chase of his own delusions. We go sureft, when we point not in a precipitation. Sudden risings, have seldom sound foundations. We might sweat less, and avail more. How have I seen a Beef-brain’d fellow (that hath only had impudence enough to shew himself a fool) thrust into discourse of wit, thinking to get esteem: when, all that he hath purchased, hath been only, the hiss of the wife, and a just derision from the abler judgments. Nor will it be less toy-some, then we have already found it, incommodious. What jealous and envious furies gnaw the burning breast of the ambitious fool? What fears and cares affright the flaring sleeps of the covetous? Of which if any happen, they crush him, ten times heavier, than they would do the minde of the well-temper’d man. All that affect things over-violently, do over-violently grieve in the disappointment. Which is yet occasioned, by that, the too much earneftness. Whatsoever I with for, I will purse easily, though I do it affiduously. And if I can, the hands diligence, shall go without the leaping bounds of the heart. So if it happen well, I shall have more content: as coming less expected. Those joys clasp us with a friendlier arm, that steal upon us, when we look not for them. If it fall out ill, my minde not being set on’t, will teach me patience, in the sadning want. I will cozen pain, with carelessness, and plump my joys, by letting them surprize me. As, I would not neglect a sudden good opportunity; so I would not fury my self in the search.

XI.

Of the trial of Faith and Friendship.

Faith and Friendship, are seldom truly tried, but in extremas. To finde friends when we have no need of them, and to want them, when we have, are both alike easie, and common. In Prosperity, who will not profess, to love a man? In Adversity, how few will shew that they do it indeed? When we are happy, in the Spring-tide of Abundance, and the rising flood of Plenty, then, the world will be our servant: then, all men flock about us, with bare head, with bended bodies, and protesting tongues. But when these pleasing waters fall to ebbing; when wealth but flipteth, to another stand: Then, men look upon us at a distance; and stiffen themselves, as if they were in Armour; lest (if they should comply us) they should get a wound in the cloze. Adversity is like Penelope’s night; which undis, all, that ever the day did weare. ’Tis a misery, that the knowledge of such a blessedness, as a friend is, can hardly be without some sad misfortune.
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For we can never throughly try him, but in the kick of malignant Chance. And till we have try'd him, our knowledge can be called but by the name of Hope. What a pitiful plight is poor duft-temper'd-man in, when he can neither be truly happy without a friend; nor yet know him to be a true friend, without his being unhappy? Our Fortunes, and our selves are things so closely link'd, that we know not, which is the caufe of the love, that we finde. When these two shall part, we may then disjion to which of them affection will make wing: When they are covered together, we know not, which is in pursuit. When they rise, and break, we shall then see, which is aimed at. I confess he is happy, that finds a true friend in extremity; but he is happier, that finds not extremity, wherein to try his friend. Thus the trial of friendship, is by finding, what others will do for us. But the tryal of Faith, is, by finding what we will do for God. To truft him for estate, when we have the Evidences in our Iron Chest, is easy; and not thank-worthy. But to depend upon him, for what we cannot see; As 'tis more hard for Man to do: so 'tis more acceptable to God, if it be done. For, in that act, we make confession of his Deity. We know not in the flows of our contentions, what we our selves are; or, how we could neglect our selves, to follow God, commending us. All men will be Peters in their bragging tongue: and most men will be Peters, in their base denial. But few men will be Peters, in their quick repentance. When we are well, we swear we will not leave him, in our greatest sickness; but when our sickness comes, we forget our vows, and slay. When we meet with blows, that will force us, either to let go our hold of God, or our selves: Then we see, to which our souls will cleave the fatest. And, of this tryal, excellent is the use we may make. If we finde our Faith upon the Test, firm; it will be unto us, a perpetual banquet: If we finde it daftardly staring aside, knowing the weakness, we may strive to finew it, with a stronger nerve. So that it ever is, either the assurance of our happiness, or the way whereby we may finde it. Without this confidence in a power that is always able to aid us, we wander, both in trouble and doubt. Infidelity is the caufe of all our woes, the ground of all our sins. Not trufting God, we discontent our selves with fears and solicitation: and to cure this, we run into prohibited paths. Unworthy earthen worm! that can't think God of fo un-noble a nature, as that he will suffer such to want, as with a dutiful endeavour do depend upon him. It is not usual with Man, to be so base. And can't thou believe, that most Heroical and Omnipotent Infinitenes of his, will abridge a follower of such poor toys, as the accompagnements of this life are? Can a Deity be inhumane? Or can he that grasps the unemptied provisions of the world in his hand, be a niggard to his sons, unless he fees it for their good and benefit? Nay, can't thou that readest this (whatsoever thou art) if thou hadst but a Sceptr'd widows Curse of Gold, couldst thou let a diligent and affectionate servant, that ever waited on thee, want necessaries? Couldst thou endure to see him shamed in
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in disgracing rags; nipt to a benumbing, with the icy thumbs of winter; complaining for want of sustenance; or neglected in the times of sickness? I appeal to thy inward and more noble acknowledgment! I know, thou couldst not. O perverse thought of perverted man! And wilt thou yet imagine, thou canst want such things as these from so unbounded a bounty as his is? Serve him, and but believe; and upon my soul, he will never fail thee, for what is most convenient. O my God! my Refuge, my Altar, and my souls Anchor: I beg that I may but serve thee, and depend upon thee: I need not beg supply to the other two, thou givest that without asking. Thou knowest, for my self, my souls wishes are not for a vast abundance. If ever I should with a plenty, it should be for my friends, not me. I care not to abound in abundance; and I am persuaded, I shall never want; not necessaries, not conveniences. Let me finde my heart dutiful, and my faith upon trial steadfast: and I am sure there will be ground enough for sufficient happiness, while I live here.

XII.

That a wise Man may gain by any Company.

As there is no book so poorly furnished, out of which a man may not gather something for his benefit; so is there no company so lavagely bad, but a wise man may from it learn something to make himself better. Vice is of such a toady complexion, that she cannot chuse but teach the soul to hate: So loathsome, when she's seen in her own ugly drest: that, like a man fallen in a pit before us, she gives us warning to avoid the danger. So admirably hath God disposed of the ways of Man; that even the sight of Vice in others, is like a Warning-arrow shot, for us to take heed. When she thinks by publishing of herself, to procure a train; God, by his secret working, makes her turn her weapons against her self: and strongly plead for her Adversary, Virtue. Of which take Balaam for a type: who intending to curse the Israelites, had enforced blessings, put in his dissenting tongue. We are wrought to good by contraries. Foul acts, keep Virtue from the charms of Vice. Sayes Horace,

—— Infuevit Pater optimus hoc me,  
Ut fingerem exemplis vittorum queque notando.  
Quum me hortaretur parce, frugaliter, atque  
Viverecm ut contentus est, quod mi ipse parasset:  
Nonne vides, Albi ut male vivat filius? utque  
Barrus inops? Magnum documentum, ne patriam rem  
Perdere quis velit. A turpi meretricis amore  
Quum defterret,Seiitam dissimilis sis.  
—— Sic me  
Formabat puern dictis.— D  —— Thu.
---Thus my best Father taught

Me to flye Vice; by noting those were naught

When he would charge me thrive, and sparing be,

Content, with what he had prepar'd for me:

See'lt not how ill young Albion lives? how low

Poor Barren? Sure, a weighty Item, how

One spent his means. And when he meant to strike

A hate to whores: To Setian be not like.

—thus me a child—

He with his Precepts fashion'd

I confess, I do not learn to correct faults in my self, by any thing more, than by seeing how unconmely they appear in others. Who can but think what a nasty Beast he is in drunkenness, that hath seen how noyforme it hath made another? How like a noted fop, fponged, even to the cracking of a skin? Who will not abhor a choleric passion, and a fancy pride in himself; that sees how ridiculous and contemptible, they render those, that are infected with them? Why should I be so befottedly blinde, as to believe, others should not spy those vices in me, which I can see, when they do disclose in them? Virtue and Vice, whensoever they come to light, are both margin'd with a pointing finger; but in the intent, the difference is much: when 'tis set against Virtue, it betokens then respect and worth: but against Vice, 'tis set in scorn, and for aversion. Though the bad man be the worse, for having Vice in his eye; yet the good man is the better, for all that he sees, is ill. 'Tis certain, neither example, nor precept, (unless it be in matters wholly religious) can be the absolute guides of the true wise man. 'Tis only a knowing, and a practical judgment of his own, that can direct him in the maze of life: in the baffle of the world: in the twists and the twirls of Fate. The other may help us something in the general; but cannot be sufficient in particulars. Mans life is like a State, still casual in the future. No man can leave his Successor rules for several; because he knows not how the times will be. He that lives always by Book-rules, shall shew himself affected, and a fool. I will do that which I see comely, (so it be not dishonest) rather than what a grave Philosopher commands me to the contrary. I will take what I see is fitly good from any: but I think there was never any one man, that liv'd to be a perfect guide of perfection. In many things, I shall fall short: in some things I may go beyond him. We feed not the body, with the food of one dish only: nor does the sedulous Bee, thyme all her thighs from one flowers single verte. She takes the best from many; and together, the makes them serve: not without working that to honey, which the patrid Spider would convert to poison. Thus should the wise man do. But, even by this, he may better learn to love the good, than avoid that which is offensive. Those that are thoroughly arted in Navigation, do as well know the Coasts, as the Ocean: as well the Flaws, the Sands, the Shallowes, and the Rocks;
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as the secure depths, in the most unperillous Channel. So, I think, those that are perfect men (I speak of perfection since the fall) must as well know bad, that they may abraide it, as the good, that they may embrace. And this knowledge we can neither have so cheap, or so certain, as by seeing it in others, with a pitiful dislike. Surely we shall know Virtue the better, by seing that, which is not sbe. If we could pass the world, without meeting Vice: then the knowledge of Virtue only were sufficient. But 'tis not possible to live, and not encounter her. Vice is as a God in this world: whither can we go to fly it? It hath an ubiquity, and anleth too, I wish no man to know it, either by use, or by intrusion: but being unwittingly cast upon it, let him observe, for his own more safe direction. Thou art happy, when thou mak'st another man's vices steps for thee, to climb to Heaven by. The wise Physitian makes the poison medicinable. Even the mud of the world, by the industrious Hollander is turned to an useful fuel. If I light on good company, it shal either induce me to a new good, or confirm me in my liked old. If I light on bad, I wil, by considering their dull stains, either correct those faults I have, or bluse those that I might have. As the Mariner that hath Sea-room, can make any wind serve to set him forward, in his wished voyage: so a wise-man may take advantage from any company, to set himself forward to Virtue Religion. Vice is sublil, and weaving, for her own preferment: why should not Virtue be plotting for hers! It requires as much policy to grow good, as great. There is an innocent providence, as well as the flyness of a vulpine craft. There are vices to be displac'd, that would slop us, in the way of our Rife. There are parties to be made on our side; good Memento's, to uphold us when we are declining, through the private lists of our unjust maligers. There's a King to be pleased, that may protect us against the shock of the envious Plebeians: the reigning humours of the time, that plead custom, and not reason. We must have Intelligencers abroad, to learn what practices, Sins, (our Enemies) have on foot against us: and beware what suits we entertain, lest they dishonour our selves in their grant. Every good man is a Leive here for Heaven: and he must be wise and circumpect, to vain the fleck navigations of those, that would undo him. And, as those that are for the Kingdoms of Earth, will gain something from all Societies that they fall upon: So, those that are for this higher Empire, may gather something beneficial, from all that they shall converse with; either for prevention, or confirmation: either to strengthen themselves, or confound their opposers.

XIII.

Of Man's unwillingness to die.

What should make us all so unwilling to die, when yet we know, till death, we cannot be accounted happy? Is it sweetnes
we finde in this life's solace? Is there pleasure in the lustibus blood? Is it the horro, or the pain, that doth in Death affright us? Or, is it our fear, and doubt of what shall become of us after? Or, is it the guilt of our mif-guided souls, already condemning us, by the pre-apprehension of a future punishment? If I found Death terrible alike to all, I should think there were something more in Death; yea, and in life too, than yet we do imagine. But, I find one man can as willingly dye, as another man can be willing to dine. Some, that can as gladly leave this world, as the wife man, being old, can forbear the Court. There are, to whom Death doth seem no more than a blood-letting: and these, I finde, are of the sort of men, which we generally do esteem for wife.——Every man, in the Play of this world, besides an Actor, is a Spectator too: when 'tis new begun, with him, (that is, in his youth) it promiseth so much, that he is loth to leave it: when it grows to the middle, the Act of virility, then he sees the Scenes grow thick, and still, he would gladly understand the end: but, when that draws near, and he finde what that will be; he is then content to depart, and leave his room to successors. Nay, many times, while before this, he considers, that 'tis all as it were delusion, and a dream, and pales away as the consumed dem, or as the found of a Bell that is rung: he then grows weary with expectation; and his life is entertain'd with a tedious dislike of it self. Oh the unsettled conceit of Man! that seeking after quiet, finds his unrest the more: that knows neither what he is, nor what he shall be? We are like men benighted in a wilderness: we wander in the tread of several paths: we try one, and presently finde another is more likely: we follow that, and meet with more, that crost it: and while we are distracted about these various ways, the fierce Beast, Death, devours us. I finde two sorts of men, that differ much, in their conceptions that they hold of Death. One lives in a full joy here: he sings, and revels, and pleasants his spleen, as if his harvest were perpetual; and the whole worlds face fashione to a posture, laughing upon him. And this man would do anything, rather than dye: whereby he tells us, (though his tongue express it not) that he expects a worse estate hereafter. Another lives hardly here, with a heavy heart, furrowing of a mournful face: as if, like the Beast, he were yeamed into the world, only to act a sad mans part, and dye: and this man seeks Death, and milites him, intimating, that he expects a better condition by Death: for 'tis sure, Nature semper in meliorum tendit: Nature ever aims at better; nor would she with a change, if she did not think it a benefit. Now, what do these two tell us? but that there is both a misery, and a joy attending Man, when he is vanitied hence. The like is shewed by the good man, and the bad: one avoiding what the other would wish; at least not refuse, upon offer. For the good man I must reckon with the wise; as one that equally can dye, or live. He knows, while he is here, God will protect him; and when he goes hence, God will receive him. I borrow it from the Father: Non
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Non sta vixi, ut me vixisse pudeat : nec timeo mori, quia bonum habeo Dominum. I have not so liv’d, as I should be ashamed: nor fear I to dye, for God is merciful. Certainly, we are never at quiet, in any thing long, till we have conquered the fear of death. Every spectacle of Mortality terrifies, Every casual danger affrights us. Into what a dump, did the sight of Cyrus Tomb, strike the most noble Alexander? It comes, like an arrest of Treason in a Jollity: blanks us, like a Lightning-flash, and like a Ring put into our Noses, checks us in the frisks and levities of our dancing Blood. Fear of death kills us often, when Death it self, can do it but once. I love therefore, the saying of the dying Emperour Julian, He that would not dye when he must, and he that would dye when he must not, are both of them Cowards alike. That which we know we must do, once; why should we be afraid to do it at any time? What we cannot do till our time comes, why should we seek to do it before? I like the man that can dye willingly, whenever God would have him dye; and that can live as willingly, whenever God would have him not to dye. To fear Death much, argues an evil man; at best a man that is weak. How brave did Socrates appear, when he told the Athenians they could do nothing; but what Nature had ordain’d, before them, condemn him to dye? How unmovedly did he take his poison? as if he had been drinking of a Glory to the Deity. Into what a trepidation of the soul, does fear decline the Coward? how it drowns the head in the intrembled bosom? But the Spaniards Tragick tells us.

Qui vultus Acherontis atr,
Qui Styg a triflem, nol trilis videt,
Andetque vita ponere finem,
Par ille Regi par Superis curt.
He that smiling can gaze on
Styx, and black-wav’d Acheron;
That dares brave his ruine; he
To Kings, to Gods, shall equal be.

'Tis a Fathers sentence, Nihil est in morte quod metuamus, si nihil timendum, vita commissit: Death hath nothing terrible, but what our life hath made so. He that hath liv’d well, will be seldom unwilling to dye. Death is much facilitated, by the vertues, of a well-led life. To say the good man fears not God, I think may be good Divinity. Faith approaches Heaven with confidence. Aritipus told the Saylers, that wondered why he was not, as well as they, afraid in the storm; that the odds was much: for, they feared the torments due to a wicked life, and he expected the rewards of a good one. Vice draws Death with a horrid look, with a whip, and flames, and torments. It was cold comfort Digenes gave a lowd liver; that banish’d, complain’d he should dye in a foreign soyl; Be of good cheer, man, wherefoever thou art, the way to Hell is the same. I confess, take a man, as Nature hath made him, and there is some reason why he should fear Death; be-
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XIV.

Of the Worship of Admiration.

Whatsoever is rare, and passionate, carries the soul to the thought of Eternity. And, by contemplation, gives it some glimpses of more absolute perfection, than here 'tis capable of. When I see the Royalty of a State-flow, at some unwonted solemnity, my thoughts present me something, more royal than this. When I see the most enchanting beauties, that Earth can shew me; I yet think, there is something far more glorious: methinks I see a kind of higher perfection, peeping through the frailty of a face. When I hear the ravishing strains of a sweet-tuned voice, married to the warbles of the artful Instrument; I apprehend by this a higher Diapason: and do almost believe, I hear a little Deity whispering, through the pory substance of the tongue. But, this I can but grope after. I can neither finde, nor say, what it is. When I read a rarely sententious man, I admire him, to my own impatience. I cannot read some parts of Seneca, above two leaves together. He raises my soul to a contemplation, which sets me a thinking, on more, than I can imagine. So I am forced to call him by, and subside to an admiration. Such effects works Poetry, when it looks to towering Vertues. It gives up a man to raptures; and invades the soul, with such high apprehensions: that all the glories which this world hath, hereby appear, contemptible. Of which the soft-soul'd Ovid gives a touch, when he complains the want.

Impetus illé Sacer, qui vatum Petitor nutrit,

Qui prins in nobis esse solebat, absit.

That Sacred vigor, which had wont, alone,

To flame the Poets noble breff, is gone.

But this is, when these excellencies incline to gravity, and seriousness. For otherwise, light airs turn us into sprightly actions; which breathe away in a loose laughter, not leaving half that impression behind them, which serious considerations do. As if Mirth were the excel-
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The excellency for the body, and meditation for the soul. As if one were, for the contentment of his life; and the other, crying to that of the life to come. All endeavours aspire to Eminency; all Emminencies do beget an Admiration: And, this makes me believe, that contemplative Admiration, is a large part of the worship of the Deity. 'Tis an adoration, purely, of the Spirit: a more sublime bowing of the soul to the Godhead. And this is it, which that Homer of Philosophers avowed, could bring a man to perfect happiness; if to his Contemplation he joined a constant Imitation of God, in Justice, Wisdom, Holiness. Nothing can carry us so near to God, and Heaven, as this. The mind can walk, beyond the sight of the eye; and (though in a cloud) can lift us into Heaven, while we live. Meditation is the soul's Perspective Glass: whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies, as well as souls. And even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those States are likely to flourish, where execution follows sound advices: So is Man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contemplation generates; Action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective. Without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair: but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing: nor ever shut up in nothing but thoughts. Yet, that which some would call Idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life: and, that is, my Thinking. Surely, God made so many varieties in his creatures, as well for the inward soul, as the outward senses; though he made them primarily, for his own free-will, and Glory. He was a Monk of an honest age, that being asked how he could endure that life, without the pleasure of books, answered: The Nature of the Creatures was his Library: wherein, when he pleased, he could muse upon God's deep Oracles.

XV.

Of Fame.

It may seem strange, that the whole world of men, should be carried on with an earnest desire of a noble Fame, and Memory after their deaths: when yet we know it is not material, to our well, or ill being, what concerns, pafs upon us. The tongues of the living, avail nothing, to the good, or hurt, of those that lie in their Graves. They can neither add to their pleasure, nor yet diminish their torment, if they finde any. My account must pafs upon my own actions, not upon the reports of others. In vain men labour'd, to approve themselves to goodness, if the Palaces which Verice rears, could be unbuilt by the taxes of a wounding tongue. False witnesses can never finde admission, where the God of Heaven sits judging. There is no Common Law in
the New Jerusalem. There Truth will be received, though either Plantiffe or Defendant, speaks it. Here we may article against a man, by a common name: and by the frothy buzz of the world, cast away the blood of Innocents. But Heaven proceeds not after such uncertainties. The single man shall be believed in truth, before all the hummimg of successsive Ages. What will become of many of our Lawyers, when not an Advocate, but Truth, shall be admitted? Fame, shall there be excluded, as a lying witness: though here, there is nothing which we do possess, which we reckon of an equal value. Our wealth, our pleasure, our lords, will not all hold weight against it, when this comes in competition. Nay, when we are circled round with calamities, our confidence in this, like a constant friend, takes us by the hand, and cheers us, against all our miseries. When Philip ask't Democritus, if he did not fear to lose his head, he answer'd no; for if he did, the Athenians would give him one immortal. He should be Stained, in the treasury of eternal fame. See if it were not Ovids comforter, in his Banishment.

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Nil non mortale tenemus,
Peitoris exceptis, ingeniique bonos.

Ego, cum patria, carum, voluisse, domumque:
Raptaque sint, adimi quae potuere mihi:

Ingenio tamen ipse meo comitoque fruorque:
Ceasar, in hoc potuit juris habere nihil:

Quilibet hanc seco vitam mihi signat ense:
Metamen extinquo, fama perennis erit.

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All that we hold will dye,
But our brave thoughts, and Ingenuity.

Even I that want my Countrey, House, and Friend:
From whom is ravish't, all that Fate can rend;
Possess yet my own Genius, and enjoy
That which is more, than Cæsar can destroy.
Each Groom may kill me: but when's ere I dye,
My Fame shall live to mate Eternity.

Plutarch tells us of a poor Indian, that would rather endure a dooming to death, than look before Alexander, when he had discontinued; left by shooting ill, he should mar the Fans he had gotten. Doubtless, even in this, Man is ordered by a power above him; which hath instilled in the minds of all men, an ardent appettition of a lasting Fame. Desire of Glories, is the last garment, that, even wise men, lay aside. For this, you may trut Tacitus, Etiam sapientius, Cupido gloriae, novissima eximitur. Not, that it betters himself, being gone; but that it flies up, those that follow him, to an earnest Endeavour of Noble Actions; which is the only means, to win the same we wish for. Themistocles that streamed out his youth, in wine, and venery; and was sodainly changed, to a virtuous, and valiant man, told one, that ask't what did so strangely change him: that, the Trophy of Militiades would
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would not let him sleep. Ladybird made it his practice, to read often the Heroick deeds of his own Progenitors; not as boasting in them: but as glorious examples propounded, to inspire his Virtues. Surely, nothing awakes our sleeping virtues, like the Noble Acts of our Predecessors. They are flaming Beacons, that Fame, and Time, have set on Hills, to call us to a defence of Virtue; whenever Vice invades the Commonwealth of Man. Who can endure to skulk away his life in an idle corner, when he has means, and finds how Fame has blown about deserving names? Worth begets in weak and base minds, Envy: but in those that are Magnanimous, Emulation, Roman virtue, made Roman virtues, lasting. Brave men never dye; but like the Phenix: From whose preferred ashes, one, or other, still doth spring up, like them. How many valiant Soldiers, does a generous Leader make? Brutus, and Brutus, bred many constant Patriots. Fame, I confess, I finde more eagerly pursued by the Heathens, than by the Christians of these times. The Immortality (as they thought) of their name, was to them, as the Immortality of the soul to us: A strong Reason, to perswade to worthines. Their knowledge halted in the latter; so they reeled in the first. Which often made them sacrifice their lives to that, which they esteem'd above their lives, their Fame. Christians know a thing beyond it: And, that knowledge, causes them to give but a secondary respect to Fame; there being no reason, why we should neglect that, whereon all our future happiness depends, for that, which is nothing but a name, and empty air. Virtue were a kind of misery, if Fame only were all the Garland, that did crown her. Glory alone were a reward incompetent, for the toils of industrious Man. This follows him but on Earth, in Heaven is laid up a more Noble, more Essential recompense. Yet, because 'tis a fruit that springs from good actions, I must think, he that loves that, loves also that which causeth it, worthines. In others; I will honour the Fame, for the deserving deeds which caused it. In my self, I will respect the actions, that may merit it. And, though for my own benefit, I will not much seek it: yet, I shall be glad if it may follow me, to incite others; that they may go beyond me, I will, if I can, tread the path which leads to't. If I find it, I shall think it a blessing: if not, my endeavour will be enough for discharging my self within, though I miss it. God is not bound to reward me any way; if he accepts me, I may count it a mercy. The other I will not look for. I like him, that does things that deserve a Fame, without either search or caring for it. Chrift, after many miraculous cures, injoyed his patients silence; perhaps to check the world, for the too too violent quest, of this vacuum. For a mean man to thirst for a mighty fame, is a kind of fond ambition. Can we think a Mouse can call a shadow like an Elephant? Can the Sparrow look for a train like the Eagle? Great Names are for Princes; and such as for their parts, are the Glories of Humanity: Good ones may crown the private. The fame fire may be in the waxen Taper, which is in the flaved Torch; but 'tis not equal either in quantity, or advancement. Let the world speak well of me, and I will
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never care, though it does not speak much. Check thy self, thou Air-monger: that with a madding thought, thus chaefeft fleeting shadows. Love substances, and rest thy self content with what Boetius tells thee:

Quicunque solam, mente precipiti, petit
Summumque credit, Glorió
Laté patentes, ateris cernat plagas,
Arénumque terrarum situm.
Breuem repleere non valentis ambitum,
Pudebit auti nominis.

He that thirsts for Glorious prize,
Thinking that, the top of all:
Let him view th’ expanded skies,
And the Earth’s contracted Ball.
He’ll be ashamed then, that the name he wan,
Fils not the short walk, of one healthful man.

XVI.
Of the choice of Religion.

Variety, in any thing, diversiteth the mind, and leaves it wavering in a dubious trouble; and then, how can it be to sway the mind to either side? But, among all the diversities that we meet with, none trouble us more, than those that are of Religion. 'Tis rare to find two Kingdoms one; as if every Nation had (if not a God, yet at least) a way to God by it self. This stumbles the unsettled soul; that not knowing which way to take, without the danger of erring, sticks to none; so dies, ere he does that, for which he was made to live, the service of the true Almighty. We are born as men set down in the midst of a wood; circled round with several voyages calling us. At first, we see not, which will lead us the right way out; so divided in our selves, we fit still, and follow none: remaining blind in a flat Atheism, which strikes deep at the foundation, both of our own, and the whole worlds happiness. 'Tis true, if we let our dimmed understanding search in these varieties (which yet is the only means, that we have in our selves, to do it with) we shall certainly lose our selves in their windings; there being in every one of them something to believe, above that reason which leads us to the search. Reason gives us the Anatomy of things, and illustrates with a great deal of plainness, all the ways that she goes: but her line is too short, to reach the depths of Religion. Religion carries a consultation along with it: and with a high hand of Sovereignty, awes the inquisitive tongue of Nature; and when she would murmur privately, she will not let her speak. Reason, like a mild Prince, is content to shew his Subjects the causes of his commands, and rule. Religion, with a higher strain of Majesty, bids do it, without inquiring further then the bare command: which, without doubt, is a means of procuring mighty reverence.
reverence. What we know not, we reverently admire; what we do
know, is in a fort subject to the triumphs of the soul, that hath discover-
ed it. And, this not knowing, makes us not able to judge. Every one
tells us, his own is the truest: and there is none, I think, but hath been
seal'd with the blood of some. Nor can I see, how we may more than
probably, prove any: they being all set in such heights, as they are not
subject to the demonstrations of Reason. And as we may easier lay what
a soul is not, than what it is: so we may more easily disprove a Reli-
gion for false, than prove it for one that is true: There being in the
world, far more Error, than Truth. Yet is there besides, another mif-
ery, near as great as this; and that is, that we cannot be our own chus-
ers: but must take it upon trust, from others. Are we not oft, before
we can discern the true, brought up and grounded in the false, stuffing
in Heresie, with our milk in childhood? Nay, when we come to years
of abler judgment, wherein the mind is grown up compleat Man: we
examine not the foundnefs; but retain it sincerely, because our Fathers
taught us it. What a lamentable weakness is this in Man, that he
should build his Eternal welfare, on the approbation of perhaps a weak
and ignorant Parent? Oh! why is our neglect the most, in that, where-
in our care should be greatest? How few are there which fulfill that
Precept of trying all things, and taking the best? Aluredly, though
Faith be above Reason, yet is there a Reason to be given of our Faith.
He is a Fool that believes he knows neither what, nor why. Among all
the Diversities of Religion, that the world holds, I think it may stand
with most safety, to take that, which makes most for God's glory, and
Mans quiet. I confess, in all the Treatises of Religion I ever saw,
I find none that I should so soon follow, as that of the Church of Eng-
land. I never found so found a Foundation, so sure a direction for Reli-
gion, as the Song of the Angels at the Birth of Christ; Glory be to God
on high. There is the Honour, the reverend Obedience, and the Admira-
tion, and the Adoration, which we ought to give him. On earth peace:
This is the effect of the former; working in the hearts of men, where-
by the world appears in his noblest beauty, being an entire chain of inter-
mutual amity. And good will toward men: This is God's mercy, to re-
concile Man to himself, after his fearful desertion of his Maker. Search
all Religions the world through, and you will finde none that ascribes
so much to God, nor that constitutes so firm a love among Men, as does
the established Doctrine of the Protestant Church among us. All other
either detract from God: Or infringe the Peace of Men. The Jews in
their Talmud say, Before God made this, he made many other worlds,
and marred them again; to keep himself from Idleness. The Turks in
their Alcoran bring him in, disputing with the Angels, and they tell-
ling him, of things which before he knew not: and after, they make
him swear by Mahomet's Pen, and Lines, and by Figs, and Olives. The
Papifts portray him as an old Man; and by this means, def-define him,
derogating also from his Royalty, by their odious interpolating of mere.
And for the Society of men; what bloody Tenents do they all hold?
as, that he deserves not the name of Rabbi, that hates not his Enemy to the death. That 'tis no sin to revenge injuries: That 'tis meritorious to kill a Heretick, with whom no faith is to be kept: Even to the up-gluing of the whole world's frame; Contested only, by Commerce, and Contracts. What abhorred barbarisms did Selymus leave in Precept, to his Successor Soliman? which, though I am not certain they were ratified, by their Musties; I am sure, are practiced by the Inheritors of his Empire. By this table, learn to detect them all.

Ne putet esse nefas cognatum haurire crurem:
Et nec fraterna, constabillire Dominum.
Jura, Fides, Pietas, regni domino supersit
Animus, haud turbent religione animan.
Hec ratio est, que sola quaer regae tueri
Nomen, & expertem te situr esse metus.

Think not thy kindreds murther ill, 'tis none:
By thy slain brothers, to secure thy Throne.
Law, Faith, Religion, while no Rivals aim
Thy ruine, may be practic'd, else they main.
This is the way, how kingly names may be
Infat, and from detractive terrors free.

In other Religions, of the Heathen, what fond opinions have they held of their Gods? reviling with uneemly threats, when their affairs have thwart'd them. As if allowing them the name, they would conserve the Nomen to themselves. In their sacrifices, how Butcherly cruel? as if 'tis said of them) they thought by inhumanity, to appease the wrath of an offended Deity. The Religion which we now profess, establisheth all in another strain. What makes more for Gods glory? what makes more for the mutual love of Man, then the Gospel? All our abilities of good, we offer to God, as the Fountain from whence they stream. Can the day be light, and that light not come from the Sun? Can a Clock go, without a weight to move it, or a Keeper to set it? As for Man; it teaches him to tread on Cottons, mild's his wilder temper: and learns him in his patience, to affect his Enemies. And for that which both partake on both: it makes Just God, a friend to unjust man, without being unjust, either to himself, or Man. Sure, it could be no other, then the Invention of a Deity, to find out a way, how Man, that had justly made himself unhappy, should, with a full satisfaction to exactest Justice, be made again most happy. I would wish no man that is able to try, to take his Religion upon others words: but once resolved in it, 'tis dangerous to neglect, where we know we do owe a service,

Dii multa neglecti dederunt,
Hesperie multa luctnose.

God neglected, plenteously
Plagued mournful Italy.

And this, before Horace his time; when God is neglected of Man; Man shall
Resolves.

Of Petitions and Denials.

Denials in suits, are Reprehensions, to him that asketh. We seem thereby to tell him, that he craves that, which is not convenient; so errs from that station, he should rest in. In our demands, we uncover our own desires; in the answers we receive, we gather how we are affected. Beware what thou asketh; and beware what thou denieth. For if discretion guide thee not, there is a great deal of danger in both. We often, by one request, open the windows of our heart wider, then all the endeavours of our observers can. 'Tis like giving of a man our hand in the dark; which directs him better where we are, then either our voice, or his own search may. If we give repulses, we are presently held in suspicion; and insearched for the canle: which if it be found trenching on discourtesy; Love dyes and Revenge springs from the ashes. To a friend therefore, a man never ought to give a rough denial: but always, either to grant him his request, or an able reason why we condescend not; by no means suffereth him to go away unsatisfied: For that, ever leaves fire, to kindle a succeeding jarr. Deny not a just suit; nor prefer thou one, that is unjust: Either, to a wife man, stamps unkindnesses in the Memory. I confess, to a generous spirit, as 'tis hard to beg; so 'tis harsh to be denied. To such, let thy grant be free, for they will neither beg injurious favours, nor be importunate; and when thou beest to receive of such, grate not too much on a yielding friend, though thou maist have thy wish for the present, thou shalt perhaps be a loser in the sequel. Those that are readily daunted upon a repulse, I would with spirit to try by circumstances, what may be the speed of their suit. 'Tis easier to bear collected unkindness, than that which we meet in affronts: the one we may wrap to death in a still silence; the other we must, for honours sake, take notice on. For this cause, will be best, never to propound any thing, which carries not with it, a probability of obtaining. Negat sibi psqui quod fieri non potest petit: When we ask what is not likely, to be had, before we ask, we give our selves the denial. Ill Questions are the mists for worse Answers. Our refusal is deservedly, while our demands are either unfitting, or beyond the expediency of him that should grant. Nor ought we to be offended with any but our selves, when we have in such requests, transgressed the bounds.
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bounds of modesty: though in some I have known the denial of one favour, drowning the memory of many fore-performed ones. To think ill of any man, for not giving me that, which he needs not, is injustice: but for that, to blot out former benefis, is extreme ingratitude. The good man's thanks for old favours, live, even in the blows of injury. Why should a disowned unkindness make me ingrate for wanted benefits? I like not those dispositions, that can either make unkindnesses, and remember them: or unmake favours, and forget them. For all the favours I receive, I will be thankful, though I meet with a stop. The failing of one, shall not make me neglectful of many: no, not though I find upbraiding; which yet hath this effect, that it makes that an injury, which was before a benefit. Why should I, for the abortion of one child, kill all the elder issue? Those favours that I can do, I will not do for thanks, but for Nobleness, for Love; and that with a free expression. Grumbling with a benefit, like a hoarse voice, mars the music of the song: Yet, as I will do none for thanks; so I will receive none without paying them. For Petitions to others, I will never put up uncivil ones; nor will I, if I fail in those, either vex my self, or displease too much the denier. Why should I think he does me an injury, when he only but keeps his own? I like Papareius his mirth well, who when he could not be admitted for one of the three hundred among the Spartans, went away laughing, and said, He was heartily glad, that the Republicque had three hundred better men than himself. I will neither importune too much upon unwilling minds; nor will I be flow in yielding what I mean to give. For the first, with Ovid,

Et pudor, & metuo, semperque eademque precari,
Ne subeas animo te dias justa tuo.

I shall both fear and shame, too oft to pray,
Left urged minds to just disdain give way.

For the other, I am confident, Aufonius gives good counsel, with persuading reasons:

Si bene quid facias, facias citó: nam citó factum,
Gratum erit; ingratum, gratia tardi facit.

Dispatch thy purpos'd good: quick courteous deeds,
Cause thanks: slow favour, men unthankful breeds.

XVIII.

Of Poverty.

The poverty of the poor man, is the least part of his misery. In all the storms of Fortune, he is the first that must stand the shock of extremity. Poor men are perpetual Sentinels, watching in the depth of night, against the incessant assaults of want; while the rich lye stoved in secure repose: and compass'd with a large abundance. If the Land be ruffled with a bloudless Famine; are not the poor the first that sacrifice their lives to Hunger? If War thunders in the trembling Countries lap,
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lap, are not the poor those that are expos’d to the Enemies Sword and outrage; if the Plague, like a loaded sponge, flies sprinkling poison through a populous Kingdom; the poor are the fruit that are shaken from the branch’d Tree: while the rich, furnish’d with the helps of Fortune, have means to wind out themselves, and turn these sad inducements on the poor, that cannot avoid them. Like salt marshes, that lye low; they are sure, whenever the Sea of this World rages, to be first under, and unbarren’d with a fretting care. Who like the poor are harrow’d with oppression, ever subject to the imperious taxes, and the gripes of misery? Continuall care checks the spirit; continuall labour checks the body; and continuall indulgence both. He is like one rowled in a Vessel full of Pikes; which way ever he turns, he something finds that pricks him. Yet besides all these, there is another transcendent misery: and this is, that maketh men contemptible.

Nil habet insalix, &c.

Unhappy want hath nothing harder in it,
Then that it makes men scorn’d.

As if the poor man were but Fortune’s Dwarf; made lower then the rest of men, to be laugh’d at. The Philosopher (though he were the same mind, and the same man) in his squallid rags, could not find admission, when better robes procured both an open door and reverence. Though outward things can add nothing to our essential worth: yet, when we are judged on, by the help of others outward senses, they much conduce to our value or dis-esteem. A Diamond set in brass, would be taken for a Crystal, though it be not so, whereas a Crystal set in Gold, will by many be thought a Diamond. A poor man’s wife, shall be thought a fool; though he have nothing to condemn him, but his being poor: The complaint is as old as Solomon: the wisdom of the poor is despis’d; and his words not heard. Poverty is a gulf, wherein all good parts are swallowed. Poor men, though wise, are but like Sattens without a gloss; which every man will refuse to look upon. Poverty is a reproach, which clouds the lustre of the purest virtue. It turns the wise man fool to humour him that is a fool. Good parts in Poverty, shew like beauty after sickness; pale and palingly deadish. And if all these calamities be but attendants, what may we judge that she is in herself? Undoubtedly, whatsoever we preach of contentedness in want; no precepts can so gain upon Nature, as to make her a Non-sentive. ’Tis impossible to find content in gnawing penury. Lack of things necessary, like a heavy load, and an ill-fadde, is perpetually wringing of the back that bears it. Extream poverty one calls a Lansborn, that lights us to all miseries. And without doubt, when ’tis urgent and importunate, it is ever chasing upon the very heart of nature. What pleaure can he have in life, whose whole life is griped by some or other misfortune? Living no time free, but that, wherein he does not live, his sleep. His mind is ever at jarre, either with desire, fear, care, or sorrow; his appetite unappeas’dly craving supply of food, for his body; which is either nummed with cold, in

idleness;
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idleness; or stowed in sweat, with labour: nor can it be, but it will imbaze even the purest metal in man: it will Alchimy the gold of vertue, and mix it with more dull Alley. It will make a man submit to those course ways, which another estate would scorn: nay, it will not suffer the soul to exercise that generous freedom, which equal Nature has given it; but hales it to such low undecencies, as pull disdain upon it. Counsell and discretion, either quite leave a man; or else are so limited, by unrefitatable necessity, as they lose the brightnesst they use to shine withall,

Crede mihi miseris, prudentiis prima reliquit,
Et sensus cum re, consiliumque fugit.

Believe it, wisdom leaves the man distrest:
With wealth, both wit and counsel quits the best.

Certainly, extreme poverty, is worse then abundance. We may be good in plenty, if we will; in biting penury we cannot, though we would. In one, the danger is casual: in the other, 'tis necessitating. The best is that which partsakes of both, and consists of neither. He that hath too little, wants feathers to fly withall: He that hath too much, is but cumbred with too large a tail. If a flood of wealth could profit us, it would be good to swim in such a Sea: but it can neither lengthen our lives, nor enrich us after the end. I am pleased with that Epigram, which is so like Diogenes, that it makes him bite in his grave.

Effigiem, Rex Caphse, tuam, ditissime regunt,
Vidit apud Manes Diogenes Cynicus:
Consit utque procul, solito majore cachinno
Concussus, dixit: Quid tibi divitie
Nunc present, Regum Rex et ditissime, cum fis
Sicet ego solus, me quoque panisperior?
Nam quocunque habui, mecum feri, cim nihil ipse
Ex tantis tecum, Caphse, feras opibus.
When the Tubb'd Cynick went to Hell, and there,
Found the pale Ghost of golden Caphsus bare,
He stops, and jeering till he shrugs again,
Sayes; O thou richest King of Kings, what gain
Have all thy large heaps brought thee, since I spy
Thee here alone, and poorer now then I?
For, all I had, I with me bring: but thou,
Of all thy wealth, hast not one farthing now.

Of what little use does he make the mines of this same opulent man? Surely, Estates be then best, when they are likest minides that be worst: I mean, neither hot, nor cold: neither distended with too much, nor narrowly pent with too little: yet nearer to a plenty then want. We may be at ease in a room larger then our selves: in a room that is less, we cannot. We need not use more then will serve: but we cannot use less. We see all things grow violent, and struggle, when we would imprison
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prison them in any thing less then themselves. Fire, flut up, is furious. Exhalations included, break out with Thunder. Water comprized, spurret through the stretched strainer. ’Tis harder to contract many grains into one, then to cause many spring out of one. Where the channel is too little for the fluid, who can wonder at the ever-flowing?

Quisquis inops peccat, minor est rens,

He is less guilty, that offends for want,

was the charity of Petronius Arbiter. There is not in the world, such another object of pity, as the pinched state; which no man being secured from, I wonder at the Tyrants braves, and contempt. Questionles, I will rather with charity help him that is miserable, as I may be; then despise him that is poor, as I would not be. They have flinty and steeled hearts, that can add calamities to him, that is already but one intire mass.

XIX.

Of the Evil in Man from himself, and occasions.

’Tis not so much want of good, as excess of ill, that makes man post to lewdness. I believe there are sparks now in the soul, to flame a man, to the moral life of vertue: but that they are quenched by the putrid fogs of corruption. As fruits of hotter Countries, trans-earth’d in colder Climates, have vigour enough in themselves to be fruitful according to their nature: but that they are hindered by the chilling nips of the air, and the soil, wherein they are planted. Surely, the soul hath the reliqu’d impress of Divine Vertue still so left within her, as she would mount her self to the Tower of Nobleness, but that she is deprefsed, by an unpalatable Thicket of hindrances; the frailties of the Body, the current of the world; and the Armies of Enemies that continually war against goodness, are ever checking the production of those motions, she is pregnant with. When we run into new crimes, how we school our selves when the act is over? as if Conscience had still so much justice left; as it would be upright in sentencing even against it self. Nay many times to gratulate the company, we are fain to force our selves to unworthines. All actions run against the grain of the undefiled soul: and, even while we are a doing them, our hearts chide our hands and tongues for transgressing. There are few, that are bad at the first, meerly, out of their love to vice. There is a nobleness in the mind of man, which of itself, intitles it to the hatred of what is ill. Who is it, that is so bottomlessly ill, as to love vice, because it is vice? Yet we find, there are some so good, as to love goodness purely for goodness sake. Nay, vice it self is loved, but for the seeming good that it carries with it. Even the first sin, though it were (as Saint Augustine says) originally from the soul: yet it was by a willful blindness, committed, out of a respect to a good, that was look’t for by it. ’Tis the bodies contagion, which makes the soul leprous. In the opinion that we all hold, at the first infusing, ’tis spotless and immaculate: and where we see, there be means to second the pro-
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gressions of it, it flies to a glorious height; scorning and weary of the muddy declining weight of the body. And when we have performed any honourable action, how it cheers and lightens it self, and man? As if it had no true joy, but in such things, as transcending the sense of the druggy flesh, tended to the blaze, and aspiring flame of vertue: Nay, then, as it she had dispatched the intent of her creation, the refts full, in her own approvement, without the weak worlds reedy under-propping. Man has no such comfort, as to be conscious to himself, of the noble deeds of Vertue. They set him almost in the Throne of a Deity; ascend him to an unmovedness; and take away from him those black fears, that would speake him still to be but fragile man. 'Tis the sick and discafed soul that drives us unto unlimited passions. Take her as she is in her self, not dimm'd and thickned with the milfs of corporality; then is the a beauty, displayed in a full and divine sweetness.

Amst, sapit, reell facit, animo quando obsequitur suo.

When man obeys his mind, he's wife, loves, and does right.

But this is not to be understanded at large. For, says the same Comedian, Dum id modo fiat bone, Nor does it only manifest it self in it self; but even over the body too; and that so far, that it even converts it to a spirituality: making it indefatigable in travails, in toils, in vigilancies; insensible in wounds, in death, in tortures.

omnia deficient, animus tamen omnia vincit; ille etiam vires corpus habere facit:

Sayes the grand Love-Master.

Though all things want; all things the mind subdued,
And can new strength in fainting flesbe infufe.

When we find it seconed with the prevalent incitations of Liquore and sweet Morality: how courageous, how comfortable, how towering is she? Socrates calls Nature, the reason of an honest man: as if man, following her, had found a square, whereby to direct his life. The soul that takes a delight in lewdness, is gain'd upon by excess: and after an undoing, dulling practice takes a joy in that, which at first did daunt with terror. The first acts of sin, are for the most part trembling, fearful, and full of the blush. 'Tis the iteration of evil that gives fore-head to the soul offender. 'Tis eafe to know a beginning sweareower; he cannot mouth it like the practiced man. He oaths it, as a cowardly Fencer playes; who as soon as he hath offered a blow, shrinks back: as if his heart suffered a kind of violence by his tongue: yet had rather take a step in Vice, than he left behind for not being in fashion. And, though a man be plunged in wickedness, yet would he be glad to be thought good. Which may strongly argue the Intentions of the Soul to be good; though unable to maturate that seed that is in it. Nay, and that like a kind of Captive, she is carried by corruption, through boggs, and Des-erts, that at first the fears to tread upon. Sin at first does a little startle the blood. Vice carries sorrow in her considered look, though we find a short
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short plausibility, in the present embraces. There is no man, but in his soul dislikes a new vice, before he acts it. And this difference is so general, that when custom has dulled the sense; yet the mind frames to transmit it self to the tongue as knowing, he which holds Tenents against Natures Principles, shall, by shewing a quick wit, lose his honest name. Goodness is not so quite extinct in man; but that he still shews out a glimmering light, in morality. Though vice in some souls, have got the part on her; yet she makes every mans tongue fight for Vices extinction. He that maintains Vice lawfull, shall have mankind his Enemy.

'Tis gain, not love to Treason, that makes man fall a Traitor. A noble deed does bear a spur in it self. They are bad works, that need rewards to crame them up withall. I believe, if we examine Nature, those things that have a pleasure in their performance, are bad but by mis-use; not simply so in themselves. Eating, drinking, mirth, are ill, but in the manner, or the measure; not at all in the matter. Mans wisdom consists not in the not using, but in the well using of what the world affords him. How to use, is the most weighty lesson of man. And of this we fail, for want of seconding the seeds that be in the soul: The thorns do first choke them; and then, they dwindle, for lack of watering. Two things I will strongly labour for: To remove annoyance; and to cherish the growth of budding Virtue. He spends his time well, that strives to reduce Nature to her first perfection. Like a true friend, she wishes well to man, but is grown so poor, and fallen into such decay, as indeed she is not able. I will help her what I can in the way; though of my self, I be not able to set her safe in the end: and if it be in spiritual things, not able to begin. As man has not that free power in himself, which first he had; so I am far from thinking him so dull, to be a patient meekly; it was not in the first fall slain, but irrecoverably lamed; debilitated, not annihilated. But whether this be true or no, I think it cannot be ill, of whatsoever good we do, to give our God the glory on't.

XX.

Of Preaching.

'The excess which is in the defect of preaching, has made the Pulpit lighted, I mean the much bad Oratory we find it guilty of. 'Tis a wonder to me, how men can preach so little, and so long: so long a time, and so little matter: as if they thought to please, by the incubulation of their vain Tautologies. I see no reason, that so high a Princess as Divinity is, should be presented to the people in the fordid rags of the tongue: nor that he which speaks from the Father of languages, should deliver his Embrasure in an ill one. A man can never speak too well, where he speaks not too obscure. Long and diffus'd clauses, are both tedious to the ear, and difficult for their retaining. A Sentence well couch'd, takes both the sense and the understanding. I love not those Cart-ropes speeches, that are longer then the memory of man can fathom. I see not, but that Divinity, put into apt
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Significants, might ravish as well as poetry. The weighty lines men find upon the stage, I am perswaded, have been the lures to draw away the pulpit's followers. We complain of drowsines of a sermon; when a play of a doubled length, leads us on still with alacrity. But the fault is not all in our selves. If we saw divinity acted, the gesture and variety would as much invigilate. But it is too high to be perforated by humanity. The stage feeds both the ear and the eye; and through this latter sense, the soul drinks deeper draughts. Things acted, piques us more, and are too more retaineable, then the passible tones of the tongue. Besides, here we meet with more composed language: the dulcia sermonis, moulded into curious phrase; though 'tis to be lamented, such words are not set to the right tune, and comforted to divinity; who without doubt, well deck'd, will cast a far more radiant lustre, then those obscene surnerilities, that the stage presents us with, though oc'd and spangled in their gaudiest type. At a sermon well deck'd, what understander can have a motion to sleep? Divinity well ordered, casts forth a bait, which angles the soul into the ear: and how can that close, when such a guest fits in it? They are sermons but of baser metal, which lead the eyes to slumber. And should we hear a continued oration, upon such a subject as the stage treats on, in such words as we hear some sermons, I am confident, it would not only be far more tedious but nauseous and contemptful. The most advantage they have of other places, is, in their good lives and actions; for 'tis certain, cicero and rosenius are most compleat, when they both make but one man. He answered well, that after often asking, said still, that action was the chiefest part of an orator. Surely, the oration is most powerful, where the tongue is distuive and speaks in a native decency, even in every limb. A good orator should pierce the ear, allure the eye, and invade the mind of his hearer. And this is seneca's opinion: fit words are better then fine ones: I like not those that are in-judiciously made; but such as be expressively significant: that lead the mind to something, beside the naked term. And he that speaks thus, must not look to speak thus every day. A kemb'd oration will cost both sweat and the rubbing of the brain. And kemb'd I wish it, not frizzled, nor curl'd. Divinity should not lasciviate. Unwormwooded jests I like well; but they are fitter for the tavern, then the majesty of a temple. Christ taught the people with authority. Gravity becomes the pulpit. demosthenes confed he became an orator, by spending more oyl then wine. This is too fluid an element to get substantialis. Wit, procur'd by wine, is, for the most part, like the sparkling in the cup, when 'tis filling: they brisk it for a moment, but dye immediately. I admire the valour of some men, that before their studies, dare ascend the pulpit; and do there take more pains, then they have done in their library. But having done this, I wonder not, that they there spend sometimes three hours, but to weary the people into sleep. And this makes some such fugitive divines, that like cowards, they run away from their text. Words are not all, nor matter is not all; nor gesture: yet together, they are. 'Tis much moving
moving in an Orator, when the Soul seems to speak, as well as the tongue. Saint Augustine, fayes Tully, was admired more for his tongue, then his mind; Aristotle more for his mind, then his tongue: but Plato for both. And surely, nothing decks an Oration more, then a Judgement able well to conceive and utter. I know, God hath chosen by weak things, to confound the wise: yet I see not but in all times, a wash'd Language hath much prevailed. And even the Scriptures, (though I know not the Hebrew) yet I believe they are penn'd in a tongue of deep expression: wherein, almost every word, hath a Metaphorical sense, which does illustrate by some allusion. How political is Moses in his Pentateuch? How Philosophical Job? How massie and sententious is Solomon in his Proverbs? how quaint and flamely amorous in the Canticles? how grave and solemn in his Ecclesiastes? that in the world, there is not such another dissection of the world as it. How were the Jews astonied at Chrisfs Doctrine? How eloquent a pleader is Paul at the Bar? in disputation how subtle? And he that reads the Fathers, shall find them, as if written with a cripted pen. Nor is it such a fault as some would make it, now and then, to let a Philosopher or a Poet, come in and wait, and give a Trencher at this Banquet. Saint Paul is Precedent for it. I wish no man to be too dark, and full of shadow. There is a way to be pleasingly plain, and some have found it. Nor with I any man to a total neglect of his hearers. Some Stomachs rise at sweet-meats. He prodigals a Mine of Excellency, that lavishes a terse Oration to an Apron'd Auditory. Mercury himself may move his tongue in vain, if he has none to hear him, but a Non-intelligent. They that speak to children, assume a pretty lifting. Birds are caught by the counterfeit of their own shrill notes. There is a Magick in the Tongue, can charm the wilde mans motions. Eloquence is a Bridle, wherewith a wise man rides the Monster of the world, the People. He that hears, has only those affections that thy tongue will give him.

Thou maist give smiles or tears, which joyes do blot:
Or wrath to Judges, which themselves have not.

You may see it in Lucans words:

Flet, sfere jubes, gaudet, gaudere coactus:
Et te dantes, capit indices, quum non habet iram.

I grieve, that any thing so excellent as Divinity is, should fall into a fluttish handling. Sure, though other interpreters do eclipse her; yet this is a principal. I never yet knew a good Tongue, that wanted ears to hear it. I will honour her, in her plain trim: but I will wish to meet her in her gracefull Jewels: not that they give addition to her goodness: but that the is more perswasive in working on the soul it meets with, When I meet with worth which I cannot over-love, I can well endure that Art, which is a means to heighten liking. Confections that are cordial, are not the worse, but the better for being guilded.
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XXI.
Of Reconciling Enemies.

It is much safer to reconcile an Enemy, then to conquer him. Victory deprives him of his power; but reconciliation, of his will; and there is less danger in a will which will not hurt, then in a power, which cannot. The power is not so apt to tempt the will, as the will is studious to find out means. Besides, an Enemy is a perpetual Spie, upon thy actions; a Watch, to observe thy fails, and thy excursions. All which, in time of his Captivity, he treasures up, against the day of advantage, for the confounding of him that hath been his Detainer. When he is free from thy power, his malice makes him nimble-eyed: apt to note a fault, and publish it: and with a strained construction, to deprave those things, that thy intents have told thy soul are honest. Like the Crocodile, he flames thy way, to make thee fall; and when thou art down, he insidiates thy intrapped life; and with the warmest blood of thy life, fattens his insulting envy. Thy ways he strews with Serpents and insinuations. Thy voices he fets, like Pauls, on high: for the gaze of the world, and the scatter'd City: Thy virtues, like Saint Faiths, he placeth under ground, that none may note them. Certainly, 'tis a milery to have any Enemies, either very powerfull, or very malicious. If they cannot wound upon proofs, they will do it yet upon likelihoods: and so by degrees and fly ways corrupt the fair temper of our Reputations. In which, this disadvantage cannot be helped; that the Multitude will sooner believe them than our selves. For Affirmations are apter to win belief, then Negatives to uncredit them. It was a Spawn of Machiavel, that a slander once raised, will scare ever dyes, or fail of finding some, that will allow it both a harbour, and trust. The baggage-world desireth of her self to fear the face, that is fairer then she: and therefore, when she finds occasion, she leaps, and flies then to embracment of the thing she wished for: where, with a sharp-set appetite, she quarries on the prey she meets withall. When Seneca asked the Quefion, Quid est homini inimitissimum? Seneca answers, Alter Homo. Our Enemies studies are the plots of our ruine: nor is any thing left unattempted, which may induce our damage. And many times the danger is the more, because we fee it not. If our Enemy be Noble, he will bear himself valiantly, and scorn to give us an advantage against him: though his own judicious forwardness, may put us to the work, let his worth persuade thee to an atonement. He that can be a worthy Enemy; will, reconcile'd, be a worthier Friend. He that in a just cause, can valiantly fight against thee; can in a like cause, fight as valiantly for thee. If he be unworthy, reconcile him too: though there be nothing else gain'd, but stilling of a scandalous tongue; even that will be worth thy labour. Use him as a Friend in outward fairness: but beware him, as an Enemy, apt to re-allume his Arms. He that is a base foe, will hardly be but false in friendship. Enemies, like Miners, are ever working, to blow up our untainted names. They spit a poison, that will freckle the
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the beauty of a good report: and that flame which is white and pure, they spot with the puddled sprays of the tongue: For, they cannot but sometime speak as they think: and this S. Gregory will persuade us to believe: That Humana mens, omnem quem inimicum tolerat, etiam iniquum e· impium putat: All men think their Enemies ill. If it may be done with honor, I shall think it a work of good discretion, to regain a violent Adversary. But to do it so, as it puts a poorness on a mans self; though it be safe, is worse then to be conquer'd in a manful contestation. Friendship is not commendable, when it rises from dishonorable Treaties. But he that upon good terms, refuses a reconciliation, may be stubborn, but not valiant, nor wise. Whosoever thou art, that willfully continuest an Enemy, thou teachest him to do thee a mischief if he can. I will think that endeavour spent to purpose, that either makes a Friend, or unmakes an Enemy. In the one, a Treasure is won; in the other, a Siege is raised. When one said, he was a wise King, that was kind to his friends, and sharp to his Enemies: Sayes another, He is wiser, that can retain his friends in their love; and make his Enemies like them.

XXII.

Of our sense of absent Good.

Surely, the Mad-worm hath wil'd all Humanity; we sweat for what we lose, before we know we have it. We ever dote most on things when they are wanting; before we possess them, we chase them with an eager run: When we have them, we flight them: When they are gone, we sink under the wring of sorrow, for their loss. Infatuated estate of Man! That the enjoyment of a pleasure, must diminish it: That perpetual use must make it, like a Pyramide, lessen'd by degrees, till it grows at last to a punctum, to a nothing. With what undelayable heat, does the lime-twig'd Lover court a deserving Beauty? Which, when he obtains, is far short of that content it promised him: Yet he again no sooner loses it, but he ever-esteems it, to an hyperbolical sum. Presence drowns, or mightily cools contentment: and absence seems to be a torture, that afflicts most, when most stretched. Want teacheth us the worth of things more truly. How sweet a thing seems liberty, to one immur'd in a case of walls; How dear a jewel is health to him that tumbles in discombered blood? Is it so, that Pleasure, which is an airy constitution, cannot be grasped by a real body? Or do we so empty our selves in the fruition, that we do in it, pour out our appetites alo? Or is content such a slender title, that 'tis nothing but the present now; fled soon then enjoy'd? Like the report of a loud-tong'd Gun, ceas'd as soon as heard, without any thing to show it has been, save remembrance only. We desire long, and please our selves with hope. We enjoy and lose together: and then we see what we have forgone and grieve. I have known many, that have lov'd their dead friends better, then ever they did in their life time. There
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is (if I have given you the right sense) a like complaint in the fine
Lyric.

O quisquis velit impias
Cædès, & rābiem tollere cynicam;
Si querit, Pater urbiun
Subscribi statuis, indomitat ameat
Refrenare licentiam,
Clarus post genitis: quatenus (heu nefas!)
Virtutem incoluern odimus,
Sublatum ex oculis quærimus invidia.

They that strive to chase away
Slaughters and intestine Warre:
That would have dumb Statues lay,
These their Cities Fathers are:
Let them their own wilde Jufts tame,
They shall not live, till dead. (O Fate!)
We envious, hate safe Vertues name:
She dead, we sigh our widowed state.

We adore the blessings that we are depriv’d of. An estate squander’d in a wanton waste, shews better in the mifls, then while we had the use on’t, Possession blunts the thought and apprehension. Thinking is proper to that, which is absent. We enjoy the present: but we think on future things, or pasted. When benefits are lost, the mind has time to recount the several worths: Which, after a considerate search, she finds to be many more, then the examineing possession told her of. We see more in the discomposure of a watch, then we can, when ‘tis set together. ‘Tis a true one: Blessings appear not, till they be vanish’d. The Comician was then serious, when he writ,

Tum denique homines nostra intelligimus bona,
Ciam qui in potentia habémus, ea amisimus.

Fond men, till we have loft the goods we had,
We understand not what their values were.

‘Tis folly to neglect the present; and then, to grieve that we have neglected. Surely, he does best, that is careful to preserve the blessings he has, as long as he can; and when they must take their leaves, to let them go without sorrowing, or ever-summing them. Vain are these lamentations that have no better fruit, then the displeasing of the soul, that owns them. I would add a thirteenth real labour, to the feign’d twelve: or do any thing that lies in noble man, to pleasure or preserve the life of a friend. But dead once; all that tears can do, is only to shew the world our weaknesses. I speak but my self a fool, to do that which reason tells me is unreasonable. It was the Philosophers dictate, That he which laments the death of a Man, laments, that that Man was a Man. I count it a deed-royal, in the Kingly David, who began to warm his joyes again, when the Infants blood was cold: As if the
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breath which the child loth, had disclouded his indarkened heart. I will apply my felt to the present; to preserve it, to enjoy it. But, never be passionate for the loss of that, which I cannot keep; nor can regain. When I have a blessing, I will respect it, I will love it, as ardently as any man. And when 'tis gone, I confess, I would grieve as little. And this I think I may well do, yet owe a dear respect to the memory of that I lost.

XXIII.

That no Man can be good to all.

I Never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest, and afforded him love. Nor ever any so good, but some have thought him vile; and hated him. Few are so figmented, as that they are not honest to some. And few again are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor, can a man in himself, always appear alike to all. In some, Nature hath invented a dissparity. In some, Report hath fore-blinded Judgement. And in some, accident is the cause of dispoising us to love, or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies humours. Or perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions, and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies, which urge as to a liking, even against the Parliamentary Acts of the two Houses; reason, and the Common Sense. As if there were some hidden beauty, of a more Magnetique force, then all that the eye can see. And this too, more powerful at one time, than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man, that hath now welcome'd me with a free expression of love, and courtesies: and another time hath left me unsalted at all. Yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection: and have found this, not an intended neglect; but an indisposedness, or, a mind, feriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleeps, we are led about, we neither know whether nor how. I know there is a generation, that do thus, out of pride; and in strangers, I confess, I know not how to distinguish. For there is no disposition, but hath a warinist visor, as well as an unpenecill'd face. Some people cozen the world: are bad, and are not thought so. In some, the world is cozen'd: believing them ill, when they are not. Unless it hath been some few of a Family; I have known the whole Mole-hill of Pifnires (the World) in an error. For, though Report once ventured, like a stone cast into a Pond, begins circle upon circle, till it meets with the bank, that bounds it: yet Fame often plays the Cure, and opens, when the springs no gaine. Censures will not hold out weight, that have life only from the fanguie cells of the common brain. Why should I definitively censure any man, whom I know but superficially? as if I were a God, to see the inward soul. Nature, Art, Report, may all fail: Yea, oftentimes
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probabilities. There is no certainty to discover Man by, but Time, and Conversation. Every man may be said in some sort, to have two souls; one, the internal mind; the other, even the outward air of the face, and bodies gesture. And how infinitely in some shall they differ? I have known a wise look hide a fool within: and a merry face, inbend a discontented soul. Cleanthes might well have fail'd in his judgement, had not accident have helped him, to the obscured truth. He would undertake to read the mind in the body. Some to try his skill, brought him a luxurious fellow, that in his youth, had been expos'd to toy: seeing his face tann'd, and his hands leather'd with a hardened skin, he was at a stand. Whereupon departing, the man fceed, and Cleanthes says, Now I know the man: he is effeminate. For great labourers rarely fceed. 

Judgement is apt to erre, when it palfe upon things we know not. Everyone keeps his mind, if he lifts, in a Labyrinth. The heart of Man, to Man, is a room infcrutable. Into which, Nature has made no certain window, but as himself shall please to open. One man fews himself to me, to another, he is thut up. No man can either like all, or be liked of all. God doth not please all. Nay, I think it may stand with Divinity, as men are, to fay, he cannot. Man is infinitely more impotent. I will speak of every man as I find. If I hear he hath been ill to others, I will beware him, but not condemn him, till I hear his own Apologie.

Qui statuit aliquid, sarte imaudita altera,
Aequum licet statuerit, hanc aquam est.

Who judgment gives, and will but one side hear,
Though he judge right, is no good Juficier.

The Nature of many men is abfolute: and not to be efpi'd, at an instant. And without knowing this, I know nothing, that may warrant my Sentence. As I will not too far believe reports from others: So I will never cenfure any man, whom I know not internally; nor ever those, but fparing, and with modesty.

XXIV.

That Man ought to be extensiy good.

I find in the Creation, the first blessing God gave Man, was, Be fruitful and multiply. And this I find imposed by a precept, not a promise. It being a thing so necessary, as God would not leave it, but almost in an impulsive quality. And withall he fhou'd us that (even from the beginning) man's happiness should consist in obeying God's commands. All men love to live in pofterity. Barrenness is a curse; and makes men unwilling to dye. Men, rather then they will want infusing memory, will be spoken by the handed Statue: Or by the long-lasting of some insensate Monument. When bragging Camylses would compare himself with his Father Cyrus, and some of his flatterers told him, he did excel him: Stay, fayes Cresus; you are not his equal, for he left a son behinde him. As if he were an imperfect Prince, that leaveth an unhel-
med State. When Philip viewed his young son Alexander, he said, he could then be content to dye. Conceit of a surviving name, sweetens Deaths aloted potion. 'Tis for this, we so love those that are to preserve us in extended successions. There was something more in it, then the naked jeer, when Cesar (seeing strangers at Rome, with whelps and Mon- kies in their indulgent laps) asked, if they were the children that the women of those lands brought forth. For he thought such respectful love, was due to none, but a self-extracted off-spring. Nor is this only in the baser part of man, the body; but even in the sagacious soul. The first Act God requires of a Convert, is Be fruitful. The good man's good- ness, lies not hid in himself alone: he is still strengthening of his wea- ker brother. How soon would the world and Christianity fail, if there were not propagation both of it and man? Good works, and good-in- structions, are the generative acts of the soul: Out of which spring new posterity to the Church and Gospel. And I am persuaded, to be a means of bringing more to heaven, is an inseparable desire of a soul, that is rightly pitched. Good men, with all that they converse withal, in good- ness, to be like themselves. How ungratefully he flinks away, that dyes and does nothing, to reflect a glory to Heaven? How barren a tree he is, that lives, and spreads, and climbs the ground: yet leaves not one seed, not one good work, to generate another after him? I know all cannot leave alike; yet, all may leave something, answering their propor- tion, their kindes. They be dead, and withered grains of Corn, out of which, there will not one Ear spring. The Physician that hath a So- vereign Receipt, and dyeth unrevealing it, robs the world of many blessings which might multiply after his death: Leaving this collection, a truth to all survivors, That he did good to others, but to do himself a greater. Which, how contrary it is to Christianity, and the Nature of exp- licative Love, I appeal to those minds where Grace hath found more Charity. Virtue is distributive, and had rather pleasure many with a self-injury, then bury benefits that might pleasure a multitude. I doubt whether ever he will find the way to Heaven, that defies to go thither alone. They are envious Favorites, that wish their Kings to have no loyal Subjects, but themselves. All heavenly hearts are charitable. In- lightened souls cannot but disperse their rays. I will, if I can, do some- thing for others, and heaven; not to deserve by it: but to express my self, and my thanks. Though I cannot do what I would, I will labour to do what I can.

XXV.

Of the horror Sin leaves behind.

NO willing Sin was ever in the act displeasing; yet, is it not sooner past, then distressful. Though pleasure merries the Senses for a while: yet horror after vultures the unconsuming heart; and those which carry the most pleasing tasts, fit us with the largest reluctations. Nothing so soon, can work so strange a change: Now, in the height of delight:
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delight; Now, in the depth of horror. Damned Satan! that with Orphean airs, and dextrous warbles, lead'st us to the Flames of Hell: and then, with a contempt deridest us. Like a cunning Courtzan, that dallies the Ruffian to undo himself; and then pays him with a fleer, and scorn. Or, as some men will do to a desired beauty, vow, and promise that, in the heat of passion, which they never mind to stand unto. Herein only is the difference: Gratitude, and good nature, may sometimes make them penitent, and seek some way to satisfy; whereas, he that yields to the wooing Devil, does but more augment his tyranny. For when we meet with ignoble spirits, the more obedience, is a cause of the worse use. How often, and how infinitely are we abused? with what Masques and Triumphs are we led to destruction? Foolish, begotted, degenerate Man! that having so often experimented his juggling, wilt yet believe his fictions, and his tured Mines: as if he had not many ways to one destroying end; or could bring thee any pleasure, and in it not aim at thine overthrow. Knowest thou not, that he sows his tares by night; and in his Baitz, hides all he knows may hurt thee? Are not all those delights he brings us, like traps we set for Vermine, charitable, but to kill? Does he not first pitch his toils, and then train us about to insnare us? He thews us nothing but a tempting face; where he hath counterfeited Natures excellency, and all the graces of a modest countenance: while whatsoever is infective, is vailed over with the exactest dress of comelinefs. When our souls thirst after pleasure, we are call'd as Beasts with fodder to the slaughter-house: or as Boys catch Horses with provender in their hands to ride them. Ill actions are perpetual perturbations: the punishment that follows, is far more grievous, then the performance was delightful: and the guilt is worse then the punishment.

Esque pari parum, quam meruiffe, minus.

The most smart is, to think we have deserv'd it.

I'll give you the Story. A Pythagorean bought a pair of Shoes upon trust; the Shoemaker dyes: the Philosopher is glad, and thinks them gains: but a while after, his conscience twitches him, and becomes a perpetual chider: he repairs to the house of the dead, casts in his money, with these words: There, take thy due, Thou livest to me, though dead to all beside. Certainly, ill gotten gains are far worse then losses with preserved honesty. Thesegrieve but once, the other are continually grasing upon our quiet. He diminishes his own contentment, that would add to it, by unlawfulness; looking only on the beginning, he thinks not to what end, the end extendeth. 'Tis indifferency that is Hare-sighted.

O Demea, istuc est sapere, non quod ante pedes modo est
Videre; sed etiam illa qua futura sunt prospicere.

I tell thee Demea, Wisdom looks as well,
To things to come as those that present are.

This difference eth a wife man and a fool. The first, begins in the end; the other ends in the beginning. I will take a part of both, and fix one
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eye on the Act, another on the Consequence. So if I spy the Devil be shrowded in the following train, I will shut the door against the pleasure it self, though it comes like a Lord, under a presence of honouring me.

XXVI.

Of Man's Imperfection.

Of my self, what can I do without the hazard of erring? Nay, what can I think? Nay, what can I not do, or not think? even my best business, and my best vacany, are works of offence and error. Uncomfortable constitution of man; that can not but be bad, both in action, and forbearance. Corruption mixeth with our purest devotions: and not to perform them is neglect. When we think not of God at all, we are impious, and ungrateful; when we do, we are not able to think aright. Imperfection sways in all the weak dispatches of the polluted soul. If the Devil be absent, our own frailties are his tempting deputies. If those forbear, the Meretricious world claps our cheeks, and lolls us to a cozening fail. So which way sooner we turn, we are sure to be bitten with the one, or the other head of this Cerberus. To what can we intend our selves, wherein there is not a Devil to intrap us? If we pray, how he casts in wandering thoughts, or by our eyes, steals away our hearts, to some other object then God! If we hear, he hath the same policy, and prejudices our opinion with the Man, or part of his doctrine. If we read, he persuades us to let Reason judge, as well as Faith: So, measuring by a false rule, he would make us believe, Divinity is much short of what it shews for. If we do good works, he would poison them with Pharisaism, and makes us, by over-valuing, loose them. If we do ill, he encourages us to a continuance: and at last accuses us. If nothing, we neglect the good we should do. If we sleep, he comes in dreams, and wantoneth the ill-inclining soul. If we wake, we mis-spend our time; or, at best, do good, not well. So, by bad circumstances, poison a well intended principle. Even Actions of necessity, we dispatch not without a stain; we drink to excess; and the drowning of the brain. We eat, not to satiety Nature, but to over-charge her, and to venerate the unbridled spirits. As a Mill-wheel is continually turn'd round, and ever drenched with a new stream: so are we always hurried with successions of various sins. Like Arrows shot in mighty winde, we wander from the Bow that sent us. Sometime we think we do things well: but when they are past, we are sensible of the transgression. We progress in the ways of Vice, and are constant in nothing, but perpetual offending. You may see the thoughts of the whipping Saturist, how divine they are: Nobilis, & varia est, ferme natura malorum: Cum seclus admittunt, superest constantia: quid fas, Atque nefas tandem incipiant sentire, peraltis Criminibus: tamen ad mores natura recurrunt Damnatos fixa, & mutari necsia: nam quis Peccandi sinem posuit sibi? quando recepit

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Ejectum semel attribut de fronte ruborem?
Quisnam hominum est, quem tu contentum videris uno
Flagitio?

Nature is motive in the quest of ill:
Stated in mischief: all our a一定程度 skill
Cannot know right from wrong, till wrong be done:
Fix't Nature, will to condemn'd customs run
Unchangedly. Who to his sins can set
A certain end? When hath he ever met
Blures once from his hardned forehead thrown?
Who is it sins, and is content with one?
Surely there will not a man be found, that is able to answer to these queries. Their souls have cied eyes, that can see nothing but perfection, in their own labours. It is not to any man given, absolutely to be absolute. I will not be too forward in censoring the works of others; nor will I ever do any, that I will not submit to judgment, and correction; yet so, as I will be able to give a reason, why I have order'd them, as the world sees.

XXVII.

Of curiosity in Knowledge.

Nothing wraps a man in such a mist of Errors, as his own curiosity, in searching things beyond him. How happily do they live, that know nothing, but what is necessary? Our knowledge doth but shew us our ignorance. Our most studious scrutiny, is but a discovery of what we cannot know. We see the effect, but cannot guess at the cause. Learning is like a River, whose head being far in the Land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed: but, till as you go, it gaps with a wider bank: not without pleasure, and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But till the further you follow, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaives itself in the unfathom'd Ocean; There you see more water; but no shore, no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may find Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the minds dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may discern and have power, and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But, when we come to Metaphysicks, to long buried Antiquity, and unto unreveal'd Divinity, we are in a Sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of Man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever reit, which Man cannot discover. I wonder at those, that will assume a knowledge of all; they are unwisely ashamed of an ignorance, which is not disgraceful. 'Tis no shame for man not to know that, which is not in his possibility. We fill the world with cruel brawls, in the obstinate defence of that, whereof we might with more honour.
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honour, confess our selves to be ignorant. One will tell us our Saviours disputations among the Doctors. Another, what became of Moses do- dy. A third, in what place Paradise stood: and where is local Hell. Some will know Heaven as perfectly, as if they had been hurried about in every Sphere: and I think they may. Former Writers would have the Zones inhabitable; we find them by experience, temperate. Saint Augustine would by no means indure the Antipodes: we are now of nothing more certain. Every Age both confutes old Errors, and begets new. Yet still are we more intangled, and the further we go, the nearer we approach a Saw that blinds us. He that went furthest in these things, we find ending with a censure of their vanity, their vexation. 'Tis questionablc, whether the progress of Learning hath done more hurt, or good, whether the Schools have not made more Questions than they have decided; where have we such peaceable, and nourishing Common-wealths, as we have found among those, which have not so much as had the knowledge of Letters? Surely, these fruitless and enigmatical questions, are bones the Devil hath cast among us, that while we strive for a vain conquest, in these toys we forget the prize we should run for. The Husbandman that looks not beyond the Plough, and the Sythe, is in much more quiet, than the divided brain of the Statist, or the Scholar. Who will not approve the judgement of our Modern Epigrammatist?

Judice me, soli semperque perinde beati
Sunt, quicunque scunt omnia, quiique nilit.

If I may judge, they only happy shew,
Which do or nothing, else all things know.

In things whereof I may be certain, I will labour to be instructed. But, when I come where reason lost her self; I will be content with retiring admiration. Why should I rack my brains, for unprofitable impossibilities? Though I cannot know how much is hid; I may soon judge what may be discovered.

XXVIII.

Of being Overvalued.

Time is an inconvenience for a Man to be counted wiser then ordinary. If he be a Superior, it keeps him from discerning what his inferiors are. For, their opinion of his piercing judgment, makes them to dissemble themselves; and fits them with a care, not only to hide their defects, but to shew him only, the best of themselves. Like ill complexion'd women, that would fain be mistaken for fair; they paint most cunningly, where they know a blemish, or scar; especially, when they are to encounter with those, that are naturally beautiful. Worth in others, and defect in our selves, are two motives, that induce us to the building of our own imperfections. When the Sun-bak'd Peasants go to last it with a Gentleman, he wipeth, and brushes, and kerstes himself in his Holy-day.
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by-day clothes. When the Gentleman comes to him, he does fine up his homely house, and covers his clayed floor, with the freshness of a rusby carpet: and all is, that he may appear as above himself: while he is to meet with one that is so indeed. If he be an equal, men are fore-opinion'd of him for a politick man: and in any matters of weighty commerce, they will study how to be more cautious of him, than they would of an unesteemed man. So he shall be sure to conclude nothing, but upon harder conditions for himself. General Fames warn us to advised contracts. He that is to play with a cunning Fencer, will heed his words, and Advantage more; who, were he to meet with one unskilful, he would neglect, or not think of them. Strong opposition teaches opposition to be so. I have seen a rising Favorite laid at, to be trod in the dust: while the unnote man, hath pass'd with the greater quiet, and gain: Report both makes Jealouies where there are none, and increaseth thofe that there are. If he be an inferior, he is often a man of unwelcome Society. He is thought one of too prying an observation: and that he looks further into our actions, then we would have him search. For there be few, which do not sometimes do such actions, as they would not have discretion scan. Integrity it self, would not be awed with a blabbing Spie. I know, the observer may fail as well as the other: but we all know Nature tobe so compos'd,

Aliena melius ut videant, & judicent, quam sua.

That they see more of others then their own.

We judge of others, by what they should be: of our selves, by what we are. No man has preeminence, but wishes to preserve it in unpruned state; which while an inferior notes of imperfection, he thinks, doth suffer detriment: so he rather seek to be rid of his company, then desires to keep him, as the watch of his ways. Let me have but so much wisdom, as may orderly manage my self, and my means; and I shall never care to be digested, with a That is He. I wish, not to be esteemed wiser then usual: They that are so, do better in concealing it, then in telling the world. I hold it a greater injury to be over-valued, then under. For, when they both shall come to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The first hath more certain'd honor; but less safety: The latter is humbly secure; and what is wanting in renown, is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse then to over-praise a man. For whilst his worth comes short of what report doth speak him: his own actions are ever giving the by to his honour.

XXIX.

That Mis-conceit has ruin'd Man.

Our own follies have been the only cause, to make our lives uncomfortable. Our error of opinion, our cowardly fear of the worlds worthless censure, and our madding after unnecessary gold, have brambled the way of Virtue, and made it far more difficult then indeed it is.
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is. Virtue hath suffered most by those which should uphold her: That now we feign her to be, not what she is, but what our fondness makes her, a Hill almost unascendable, by the roughnefs of a craggy way. We force indufance on ourselves, to wave with the wanton tail of the world: We dare not do those things that are lawful, left the wandering world mis-construe them: As if we were to look more to what we should be thought, than to what we should resolutely be. As if the poet writ untruth, when he tells his friend, that,

Virtue, repulse necia foridae,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus:
Nec sumit, aut ponit secures
Arbitrio popularis Aures.

Virtue, muddied censures scorning;
With untainted Honour shines:
Without vulgar breath’s suborning,
Takes the Throne, and Crown reignes.

Nor does she live in penury; as some have ill imagined: though the lives not in Palaces, yet she does in Paradise: and there is the Spirit of joy, youthful in perpetual life. Virtue is a competent fruition of a lawful pleasure; which we may well use so far, as it brings not any evil in the sequel. How many have thought it the Sumnum bonum? Antifhenes was of opinion, that it had sufficient in it, to make a man perfectly happy: to the attaining of which, he wanted nothing but a Socrates strength. Shall we think Goodness to be the height of pleasure in the other world: and shall we be so mad, as to think it here the sufferance of misery? Surely ’twas none of God’s intent, to square man out for sorrows. In our salutes, in our prayers, we with invoke heaven for the happiness of our friends: and shall we be so unjust, or so uncharitable, as to withhold it from our selves? As if we should make it a fashion, to be kind abroad, and discourteous at home. I do think nothing more lawful, than moderately to satisifie the pleasing desires of Nature: so as they infringe not Religion, hurt not our selves, or the commerce of humane society. Laughing is a faculty peculiar to Man: yet as if it were given us for inversion, no creature lives so miserable, so disconsolate. Why should we deny to ufe that lawfully, which Nature hath made for pleasure in imployment? Virtue hath neither so crabbed a face, nor so aulter a look, as we make her. ’Tis the world, that choking up the way, does rugged that which is naturally smooth. How happy and how healthful do those things live, that follow harmless Nature? They weigh not what is past, are intent on the present, and never solicitous of what is to come: They are better pleased with convenient food then dainty: and that they eat not to distemper, but to nourish, to satisﬁe. They are well arayed with what Nature has given them: and for rayment, they are never clad in the spoils of others; but the Flies, the Beasts, the Fishes, may, for all them, welcome Age in their own Silks, Wools, and Scarlets.
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Scarlets. They live like Children, innocently sporting with their Mother, Nature: and with a pretty kind of harmlessness, they hang upon her nursing breast. How rarely find we any diseased, but by ill-mans mis-pling them? Otherwise, they are sound and uncomplaining. And this blessedness they have here above Man; that never seeking to be more than Nature meant them, they are much nearer to the happiness of their first estate; Wherein this, 1 confes, may be some reason: Man was curs'd for his own sin: they but for the sin of Man: and therefore they decline less into worse, in this the crazed age of the world: Where as, Man is a daily multiplier of his own calamities: and what at first undid him, does constantly increase his woes; Search, and self-presumption. He hath sought means to wind himself out of misery, and is thereby implunged to more. He hath left Virtue which the Stocks have defined to be honest Nature; and is lanched into hy-devices of his own ingiddied brain: nor do I see, but that this definition may hold with true Religion. For that does not abolish Nature, but rectifie it, and bound it. And though Man at first fell desperately, yet we read not of any Law he had to live by, more than the Instinct of Nature, and the remnant of Gods Image in him, till Moses time: Yet in that time, who was it that did teach Abel to do Sacrifice? as if we should almost believe,that Nature could find out Religion. But when Man (once fall) was by degrees growne to a height of prevarication: Then God commanded Moses, to give them rules, to check the madding of their ranging minds. Thus, God made Man righteous; but he sought out vain Inventions; among which, none hath more befooled him, than the setting up of Gold: For now, (riches swaying all) they that serve Virtue, like those of another Faction, are puth at by those that run with the general stream. Incogitable calamity of Man; that must make that for the hinges of his life to turn on, which need not in any thing be conducent to it. I applaud that in the Western Indies; where the Spaniard hath conquer'd: whose Inhabitants esteemed gold, but as it was wrought into necessary vessels; and that no more, than they would alike of any inferior metal; esteeming more of the commodiousness, than they did of the thing it self. Is it not miserable, that we should set up such an Idol, as should destroy our happiness? And that Christians should teach Heathen to undo themselves by covetousness! How happily they liv'd in Spain, till fire made some Mountains vomit gold! and what miserable discords followed after, Wives upon Augusines doth report. If this were put down, Virtue might then be Queen again. Now, we cannot serve her as we ought, without the leave of this Godling. Her access is more difficult, because we must go about to come to her. As when an Usurer hath deposed the rightful King; those that would throw their love to the true one, either dare not, or cannot, for fear of the false ones might. Some things I must do that I would not; as being one among the rest, that are involved in the general necessity. But in those things wherein I may be free from impugning the Laws of Hu-


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manity, I will never deny my self an honest solace, for fear of an airy censure. Why should another mans injustice breed my unkindness to my self? As for gold, surely the world would be much happier, if there were no such thing in it. But since 'tis now the Fountain whence all things flow, I will care for it, as I would for a Paus, to travel the world by, without begging. If I have none, I shall have so much the more misery; because custom hath plaid the fool, in making it material, when it needed not.

XXX.

Of Women.

Some are so uncharitable, as to think all women bad: and others are so credulous, as they believe, they all are good. Sure, though every man speaks as he finds; there is reason to direct our opinion, without experience of the whole Sex: which in a strict examination, makes more for their honor, then most men have acknowledged. At first, she was created his Equal; only the difference was in the Sex: otherwise, they both were Man. If we argue from the Text, that male and female made man: so the man being put first, was worthier. I answer, So the evening and the morning was the first day: yet few will think the night the better. That Man is made her Governor, and so above her; I believe rather the punishment of her sin, then the prerogative of his worth. Had they both stood, it may be thought, she had never been in that subjection: for then it had been no curse, but a continuance of her former estate; which had nothing but blessedness in it. Peter Martyr indeed is of opinion, that man before the fall, had priority. But Chrysostom, he fayes, does doubt it. All will grant her body more admirable, more beautiful then Mans: fuller of curiosities, and Noble Natures wonder: both for conception, and fostering the produced birth. And can we think God would put a worse soul into a better body? When Man was created, 'tis said, God made man: but when woman, 'tis said, God builded her; as if he had then been about a frame of rarer Rooms, and more exact composition. And, without doubt, in her body, she is much more wonderful: and by this, we may think her so in her mind. Philosophy tells us, Though the soul be not caus'd by the body; yet in the general it follows the temperament of it: so the conelisef out-sides, are naturally (for the most part) virtuous within. If place can be any privilidge; we shall find her built in Paradise, when Man was made without it. 'Tis certain, they are by constitution colder then the boyles Man: so by this, more temperate; 'tis best that transports Man to immoderation and furie; 'tis that, which hurries him to a savage and libidinous violence. Women are naturally the more modest: and modesty is the seat and dwelling place of virtue. Whence proceed the most abhorred villanies, but from a masculine unblushing impudence? What a deal of sweetness do we find in a mild disposition? When a woman grows bold and daring, we
resolves.

dislike her, and say, she is too like a man: yet in our selves, we magnify what we condemn in her. Is not this injustice? Every man is so much the better, by how much he comes nearer to God. Man in nothing is more like Him; then in being merciful. Yet woman is far more merciful than Man: It being a sex, wherein pity and compassion have dispers’d far brighter rays. God is said to be Love; and I am sure, every where woman is spoken of for transcending in that quality. It was never found, but in two men only, that their love exceeded that of the feminine sex: and if you observe them, you shall find, they were both of melting dispositions. I know, when they prove bad, they are a sort of the vilest creatures: Yet still the same reason gives it: for, Optima corrupta pessima: The best things corrupted, become the worst. They are things, whose souls are of a more dextrous temper, then the harder metal of man: so may be made both better and worse.

The Representations of Sophocles and Euripides may be both true: and for the tongue-vice, talkativeness, I see not, but at meetings, men may very well vie words with them. 'Tis true, they are not of so tumultuous a spirit, so not so fit for great actions. Natural heat does more actuate the stirring Genius of Man. Their eager Natures make them somewhat more unrestful; whereby men have argued them of fear and inconstancy. But men have always held the Parliament, and have enacted their own wills, without ever hearing them speak: and then how easy is it to conclude them guilty? Besides, Education makes more difference between men and them, then Nature: and, all their aperitions are lefts noble, for that they are only from their Enemies. Men. Diogenes sneered bitterly, when walking with another, he spied two women talking, and said, See the Viper and Ape are changing poison. The Poet was conceited that said, After they were made ill, that God made them fearful, that Man might rule them; otherwise they had past dealing with. Catullus his conclusion was too general, to collect a deceit in all women, because he was not confident of his own.

Nulli se dicit mulier mea rubere malle
Quam mihi: non si se Jupiter ipse petat.
Dict: sed mulier cupidus quod dictu amanti,
In vento & rapidis scribere operet aqua.

My Mistris swears, she’d leave all men for me:
Yes, though that love himself should Switer be.
She lays it: but what women swear to kind
Loves, may be writ in rapid streams and wind.

I am resolved to honour Virtue, in what sex soever I find it. And I think, in the general, I shall find it more in women, then men; though weaker, and more infirmly guarded. I believe, they are better, and may be brought to be worse. Neither shall the faults of many, make me uncharitable to all: nor the goodness of some, make me credulous of the rest. Though hitherto, I confess, I have not found more
sweet and constant goodness in Man, then I have found in woman: and yet of these, I have not found a number.

XXXI.

Of the loss of things loved.

No crosses do so much affect us, as those that befall us in the things we love. We are more grieved to lose one child of affection, then we should be for many that we do not so neerly care for, though every of them be alike to us, in respect of outward Relations. The soul takes a freedom, to inder what it liketh, without discovering the reason to Man: and when that is taken from her, she mourns, as having lost a son. When the choice of the affections dyes, a general lamentation follows. To some things we do dedicate ourselves, that in their partings, they seem to take away even the substance of our soul along: as if we had laid up the treasure of our lives, in the frail and moveable hold of another. The Soul is fram'd of such an active nature, that 'tis impossible but it must assume something to it self, to delight in: We seldome find any, without peculiar delight in some peculiar thing; though various, as their fancies lead them, Honour, War, Learning, Musick, do all find their several votaries: who, if they fail in their soul's wishes, mourn immoderately. David had his Absalon: Hannah's wish was children: Haman's wish was Honour: Achitophel took the glory of his Counsel. Who would have thought, that they could, for the mis of these, have expressed such excessive passions? Who would have believed, that one negligence of his Counsel, would have trues'd up Achitophel in a voluntary Halter? We then begin to be miserable, when we are totally bent on some one temporal object. What one Subliminary Center is there, which is able to receive the circles of the spreading soul? All that we find here, is too narrow, and too little, for the patent affections of the mind. If they could afford us happiness in their possession, it were not then such fondness to inleague our selves with an undividable love: but, being they cannot make us truly happy in their injoying; and may make us miserable by their parting: it will be best, not to concenter all our rayes upon them. Into how many ridiculous passages do they precipitate themselves, that dote upon a Rofey face? Who looks not upon Dido, with a kind of smiling pity, if Virgil's Poetry does not injure her with love to Aeneas, rather then tell the truth of her hate to Iarbas.

Urur infulex Dido, vagatur
Urbe furgens: qualis conjellâ Cervus sagittâ;
Quam procul incautam nemoa inter Cressia fixis
Patoor agentis tellis, liquiâ; volatile ferrum
Necius: illa fugâ silvas saltem; peragrâ
Difles: hæret lateri Lethalis arundo.

Scorch'd in fierce flames, through Cities several ways,
Lost Dido wanders: like some Deer that strayes,
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And unawares, by some rude Shepherds Dart,
In her own Cretes, pierc'd to her fearful heart,
Flies tripping through all Dicte's Groves and Plains;
Yet still the deadly Arrow sticks, and pains.

But for such high-fed Love as this, Crates triple-remedy is the best that I know: either Fastings, or Time: and if both these fail, an Halter. And surely he deserves it, for robbing himself of his soul. Certainly they can never live in quiet, that so vehemently intend a peculiar quest. Fear and suspicion ftruggle their affrighted minds; and many times, their ever-loving is a cause of their loss: Moderate care would make it last the longer. Often handling of the withering Flower, adds not to the continuance, but is a proporcion of more swift decay. Who loves a Glass so well, as he will still be playing with it, breaks that by his childishnes, which might have been found in the cellar or cafe. But when in this we shall lay up all our best contentments, what do we, but like foolish Merchants, venture all our estate in a bottom? It is not good to bring our selves into that absolute necessity, that the failing of one aim should perish us. Who, that cannot swim well, would with one small thred, hazard himself in the faith-less and unfounded Sea? How pleasantly the wife Man laughs at that, which makes the Lady weep; The death of her little Dog? The loving part in her, wanted an object: so play, and lapping on it, made her place it there: and that so deeply, that she must descry her eyes at parting with't. How improvident are we, to make that, affliction in the farewell, which while we had, we knew was not always to play? nor could (if we so pleas'd not) thrive the leaf mitre from us. He is unwise, that lets his light spleen clap his wanton sides, which knows it needs must dye, when're the Musick cea'ses. I like him, that can both play, and win, and laugh, and lose, without a chase or sighs. Our loves are not always constant: their obje's are much more uncertain; and events more casual then they. Something I must like and love: but, nothing so violently, as to undo my self with wanting it. If I should ever be intangled in that snare; I will yet cast the worst, and prepare as well for a parting journey, as cohabitation. And to prevent all, I will bend my love toward that, which can neither be lost, nor admit of excess. Nor yet will I ever love a Friend so little, as that he shall not command the All of an honest man.

XXXII.

Of the uncertainty of life.

Miserable brevity! more miserable uncertainty of life! We are sure that we cannot live long: and uncertain that we shall live at all. And even while I am writing this, I am not sure my pen shall end the sentence. Our life is so short, that we cannot in it contemplate what our selves are: so uncertain, as we cannot say, we will resolve to do it. Silence was a full answer in that Philosopher, that being
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<td>being asked, what he thought of humane life; said nothing, turn’d him round, and vanished. Like leaves on trees, we are the sport of every puff that blows: and with the least gust, may be shaken from our life and nutriment. We travail, we toil, we think to diffuse the world with continued searches: when, while we are contriving but the nearest way to’t, Age, and consumed years o’retake us; and only labour pays us the losses of our ill-expended time. Death whiskers about the unthoughtful world, and with a Pegasus speed, flies upon unwary Man; with the kick of his heel, or the dash of his foot, springing Fountains of the tears of Friends. Juvenal does tell us, how life wings away:</td>
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_Festinat enim decurrere velox_
Flocculus anguife, misera; brevissima vite
_Portio: dum bibimus, dum sertis, ungenenta, puellas_
_Poseimus, obreptis, non intellecta, seneclus._

---

The short-liv’d flower, and portion
Of poor, sad life post-hasteth to be gone:
And while we drink, seek women, wreaths and earn’d
Applause, old age steals on us undiscern’d.

If Nature had not made Man an active creature, that he should be delighted in employment, nothing would convince him of more folly, than the durance of some enterprizes that he takes in hand: for they are many times of such a future length, as we cannot in reason hope to live till their conclusion comes. We build, as if we laid foundations for Eternity: and the expeditions we take in hand, are many times the length of three or four lives. How many warriors have expired in their expugnations; leaving their breath in the places where they laid their Siege? Certainly, he that thinks of lives casualties, can neither be careless, nor covetous. I confess, we may live to the Spectacle, and the bearing-staff, to the slopping back, to the snow, or to the fleekness of the declining crown: but, how few are there, that can unfold you a Diary of so many leaves? More do dye in the Spring and Summer of their years, than live till Autumn, or their grown Winter. When a man shall exhaust his very vitality, for the hilling up of fatal Gold; and shall then think, how a Hair or Fly may snatch him in a moment from it; how it quells his laborious hope, and puts his postulating mind into a more safe and quiet pace. Unless, we are sure to enjoy it, why should any man strain himself, for more than is convenient? I will never care too much, for that I am not sure to keep. Yet I know, should all men respect but their own time, an Age or two would find the World in ruine: so that for such actions, men may plead their charity, that though they live not to enjoy those things themselves, they shall yet be beneficial to posterity. And I rather think this an Instinct that God hath put in Man, for the conservation of things; than an intended good of the Author to his followers. Thus, as in propagation we are often more beholding to the pleasure of our Parents, than their
RESOLVES.

their desire of having us: so in matters of the world, and Fortune, the aims of our Predecessors for themselves, have by the secret work of Providence, cast benefits upon us. I will not altogether blame him that I see begins things lasting. Though they be vanities to him, because he knows not who shall enjoy them: yet they will be things well fitted for some that shall succeed them. They that do me good, and know not of it, are causes of my benefit, though I do not owe them my thanks: and I will rather bless them, as instruments; than condemn them, as not intenders.

XXXIII.

That good counsel should not be valued by the person.

To some, there is not a greater vexation, than to be advised by an Inferior. Directions are unwelcome, that come to us by ascensions: as if wealth only were the full accomplishment of a soul within; and could as well infuse an inward judgement, as procure an outward respect, Nay, I have known some, that being advised by such, have run into a worser contradiction; because they would not seem to learn of one below them: or if they see no other way convenient, they will delay the practice, till they think the Prompter has forgot how he counsel'd them. They will rather flye in a perilous height, then seem to decline at the voyce of one beneath them. Pitiful! that we should rather mischief our selves, than be content to be unprided: For had we but so much humility, as to think our selves but what we are, Men; we might easily believe, another might have brain to equal us. He is sick to the ruin of himself, that refuseth a Cordial, because prefented in a Spoon of wood. That wisdom is not lastingly good, which stops the ear with the tongue: that will command and speak all, without hearing the voice of another. Even the Slave may sometimes light on a way to enlarge his Master, when his own invention fails. Nay, there is some reason why we should be best directed by men below our state: For, while a Superior is sudden and fearless, an Inferior premeditates the best; left being found weak, it might displeafe by being too light in the poise. Job reckons it a part of his integrity, that he had not refused the judgment of his servants. 'Tis good to command, and hear them. Why should we shame, by any honest means, to meet with that which benefits us? In things that be difficult, and not of important secrecy, I think it not amiss to consult with Inferiors. He that lies under the Tree, sees more than they that sit o'th top on't. Nature hath made the bodies eyes to look upward with more ease than down: So the eye of the soul sees better in ascensions, and things meanly raised. We are all, with a kind of delectation, carried to the things above us: and we have also better means of observing them, while we are admitted their view, and yet not thought as Spies. In things beneath w, not being so delighed with them, we pass them over with neglect, and not observing.
Servants are usually our best friends, or our worst enemies: Neuters seldom. For, being known to be privy to our retired actions, and our more continual conversation, they have the advantage of being believed, before a removed friend. Friends have more of the tongue, but Servants of the hand: and actions for the most part, speak a man more truly than words. Attendants are like to the locks that belong to a houfe: while they are strong and close, they preferve us in safety: but weak or open, we are left a prey to thieves. If they be such as a stranger may pick, or another open with a false key; it is very fit to change them instantly: But if they be well warded, they are then good guards of our fame and welfare. 'Tis good, I confefs, to consider how they stand affected; and to handle their counsels before we embrace them: they may sometimes at once, both please and poyson. Advice is as well the wife man's fall, as the fool's advancement: and is often most wounding, when it stooks us with a filken hand. All families are but diminutives of a Court: where most men respect more their own advancement, than the honour of their Throned King. The fame thing, that makes a lying Chamber-maid tell a foul Lady, that she looks lovely: makes a base Lord, foorth up his ill King in mischief. They both counsel, rather to intimate themselves, by floating with a light-lovd humor; than to profit the advised, and improve his fame. It is good to know the ditposition of the Counsellor, so shall we better judge of his counsel; which yet if we find good, we shall do well to follow, howsoever his affection stand. I will love the good counsel, even of a bad man. We think not gold the worse, because 'tis brought us in a bag of leather: No more ought we to cemem good counsel, because it is presented us, by a bad man, or an underling.

XXXIV.
Of Custom in advancing Mony.

Custom misleads us all: we magnifie the wealthy man, though his parts be never so poor; the poor man we despife, be he never so well otherwise qualified. To be rich, is to be three parts of the way onward to perfection. To be poor, is to be made a pavement for the tread of the full-minded man. Gold is the only Coverlet of imperfections: 'tis the Fools Curtain, that can hide all his defects from the world: It can make knees bow, and tongues speak, against the native genius of the groaning heart: It supplies more than Oyl, or Fomentations: and can lighten beyond the Summer Sun, or the Winters white-bearded cold. In this we differ from the ancient Heathen: They make Jupiter their chief god; and we have crowned Pluto. He is Master of the Muses, and can buy their voices. The Graces wait on him: Mercury is his Messenger: Mars comes to him for his pay: Venus is his Prostitute: He can make Vesta break her vow: He can have Bacchus be merry with him; and Ceres feast him, when he lifts: He is the sick man's Aspulanis: and the Pallas of an empty brain. Nor can Cupid cause love, but by his golden-
RESOLVES.

Golden-headed Arrow. Money is a general Man: and, without doubt, excellently parted. Petronius describes his Qualities:

*Quisquis habet nummos, securà naviget aureà:*
Fortunamq; suo temperet arbitrio.
Ducem ducat Danaen, ipsumq; licebit
Acrifium jubet credere quod Danaen:
Carmina componat, declamet, concrepet omnes
Et peragat causas, sitque Catone prior.
Jurisconsultus, paret, non paret, habetor;
Atque esso, quicquid Servius aut Labeo.
Multa loquor: quidvis nummis praebentibus opta,
Et veniet: clasium possidet arca Jovem.

The moneyed-man can safely fail all Seas;
And make his Fortune as himself shall please.
He can wed Danae, and command that now
Acrifius fell that fatal match allow.
He can declaim, chide, cenSure, verses write;
And do all things, better than Cato might.
He knows the Law, and rules it: hath, and is
Whole Servius, and what Labeo could possess.
In brief; let rich men with what's-er they love,
'Twill come; they in a lockt Chefsk keep a love.

The time is come about, whereof Diogenes prophesied: when he gave the reason why he would be buried groveling; We have made the Earths bottom powerful to the lofty skies: Gold, that lay buried in the buttock of the world; is now made the Head and Ruler of the People; putting all under it, we have made it extensive, as the Spanish Ambition: and, in the mean, have undeservedly put worth below it. Worth without wealth, is like an able servant out of employment: he is fit for all busineses, but wants wherewith to put himself into any: he hath good Materials for a foundation: but misleth wherewith to rear the walls of his fame. For, though indeed riches cannot make a man worthy, they can shew him to the world, when he is so: But when we think him wife, for his wealth alone, we appear content to be misled with the Multitude. To the Rich, I confess, we owe something; but to the wife man, most: To this, for himself, and his innate worthinesse: to the other, as being casually happy, in things that of themselves are blessings; but never so much, as to make Virtue mercenary, or a flatterer of Vice. Worth without wealth, beside the native Noblenesse, has this in it; That it may be a way of getting the wealth which is wanting: But as for wealth without worth, I count it nothing but a rich Saddle, for the State to ride an As withal.
RESOLVES.

XXXV.
That Sin is more crafty than violent.

Before we sin, the Devil shews his policy; when we have sinned, his baseness: he makes us first revile our Father, and then steps up, to witness how we have blasphemed. He beggs the rod, and the wand; for faults which had not been, but for his own inticement. He was never such a Souldier, as he is a Politician: He blows up more by one mine, than he can kill by ten assaults: He prevails most by Treaty, and facetious ways, Presents and Parleys win him more than the cruel wound, or the drag of the compulsive hand. All sin is rather subtle, than violent. The Devil is a coward; and will, with thy resisting, fly thee: nor dare he shew himself in a noted good man's company; if he does, he comes in seeming virtues; and the garments of belied Truth, Vice stands abash'd at the glorious Majesty of a good confirmed soul. Cat's presence stops the practices of the Romans brutish Floralia's, Satan began first with hesitations, and his fly-couch'd Oratory: and ever since, he continues in wiles, in stratagems, and the fetches of a toyling brain; rather persuading us to sin, than urging us: and when we have done it, he seldom lets us see our folly, till we be plunged in some deep extremity: then he writes it in capital Letters, and carries it as a Pageant at a show, before us. What could have made David so heartless, when Absalom rose against him, but the guilt of his then presented sins; when he fled, and wept, and fled again? It appears a wonder, that Shimei should rail a King to his face; and, unpunisht, brave him, and his host of Souldiers, calling Stones, and spitting taunts, while he stood incompanied with his Nobles. Surely, it had been impossible, but that David was full of the horror of his sins, and knew he repeated truth; though in that, he acted but the Devil's part, ignobly to insult over a man in misery. Calamity, in the fight of worthiness, prompts the hand, and opens the purse, to relieve. 'Tis a hellish disposition, that watcheth how to give a blow to the man that is already reeling. When we are in danger, he calls us with what we have done; and on our sick beds, shews us all our sins in multiplying-Glasse. He first draws us into hated Treason; and when we are taken, and brought to the Bar, he is both our accuser, and condemning witnes. His else policy, is now turn'd to declared baseness. Nor is it a wonder: for, unworthiness is ever the end of unhonest deceit: yet sure this cozenage is the more condemned, for that it is so ruinous, and so cafe. Who is it but may cozen, if he minds to be a villain? How poor and inhumane was the craft of Cleomenes, that concluding a league for seven days, in the night assaulted the secure Enemy? alleging, The nights were not excluded from slaughter. Nothing is so like to Satan, as a Knave furnish'd with dishonest fraud: the best way to avoid him, is to disdain the league. I will rather labour for colour, at the first, to resist him; than after yielding, to endeavour a flight. Nor can I well tell which I should most hate, the Devil, or his Machiavel. For though the Devil be the more secret Enemy, yet the base Politician
He discontented man is a watch over-wound, wrested out of tune, and goes false. Grief is like Ink poured into water, that fills the whole Fountain full of blackness and dispose. Like mist, it spoils the burnish of the silver-mind. It calls the Soul into the shade, and fills it more with consideration of the unhappiness, than thought of the remedy. Nay, it is so buried in the mischief, as there is neither room, nor time for the ways that should give us release. It does dissociate Man, and sends him, with Beasts, to the lonelines of unpathed Deserts, who was by Nature made a Creature companionable. Nor is it the mind alone, that is thus muddled; but even the body is disfaimed: it thickens the complexion, and dies it into an unpleasing swarthinesse: the eye is dim, in the discoloured face; and the whole man becomes as if starved into stone and earth. But, above all, those discontented stings deepest, that are such as may not with safety be communicated: For, then the soul pines away, and starves for want of counsel, that should feed and cherish it. Concealed sorrow, are like the vapours, that, being shut up, occasion Earth-quakes, as if the world were plagued with a fit of the Colic. That man is truly miserable, that cannot but keep his miseries; and yet must not unfold them. As in the body, whatsoever is taken in, that is distasteful and continues there unavoided, does daily imposium, and gather, till at last it kills, or at least endangers to extremity: So is it in the mind: Sorrow entertain'd, and so mother'd, do collect till, and still inhabit it so, that all good disposition gives way to a harsh morosity. Vexations, when they daily bellow upon the mind, they froward even the sweetest soul, and from a dainty affability, turn it into spleen and testinesse. It is good to do with these, as Zocasta did with Oedipus: cast them out in their infancy, and lame them in their feet: or, for more safety, kill them, to a not reviving. Why should we hug a perplexed Arrow so closely in our wounded bosom? Neither griefs, nor joyes, were ever ordained for secreste. It is against Nature, that we should so long go with child with our conceptions, especially when they are such, as are ever striving to quit the ejecting womb.

Strangulat inclusus Dolor atq; cor aestuat intus;
Cognitar & vires multipliares sus.
Unsolicit grieves choak, cynder the Heart; and, by
Restraint, their burning forces multiply.

I think, no man but would willingly tell them, if either blame of the cause, or distrust of the friend, did not bridle his expressions. Either of these intail a mans mind to misery. Every sorrow is a short convolution; but he that it makes a close prisoner, is like a Papist, that keeps God.

Friday
Resolves.

Friday all the year; he is ever whipping, and inflicting penance on himself, when he needs not. The sad man is an Hypocrite: for he seems wise, and is not. As the eye, fixt upon one object, sees other things but by halves and glancings: so the soul intent on this accident, cannot discern on other contingencies. Sad objects, even for worldly things, I know are sometimes profitable: but yet, like willows, if we set them deep, or let them stand too long, they will grow trees, and overspread, when we intended them but for stays, to uphold. Sorrow is a dull passion, and deads the activenes of the mind. Methinks Crates shew'd a braver spirit, when he dance'd and laugh'd in his thread-bare Cloak, and his wallet at his back, which was all his wealth: than Alexander, when he wept, that he had not such a huge Beast, as the Empire of the world, to govern. He contemn'd, what this other did cry for. If I must have sorrow, I will never be so in love with it, as to keep it to my self alone: nor will I ever so affect company, as to live where vexations shall daily salute me.

XXXVII.

Of Natures recompensing Wrongs.

There be few bodily imperfections, but the beauty of the mind can cover, or counter-vail, even to their not-being. For, that which is unforget in the body, though it be our misfortune, yet it is not our fault. No man had ever power to order Nature in his own composure: what we have there, is such as we could neither give our selves, nor refuse when it was bequeath'd us: But, what we find in the soul, is either the blur of the man, or the blossom for which we praise him: because a mind well qualified, is oft beholding to the industry of the careful man: and that again which is mudder'd with a vicious inquisition, is so, by the vilenes of a wilful self-neglect. Hence, when our soul finds a rareness in a tuned soul, we fix so much on that, as we become charitable to the disproportion'd body, which we find containing it: and many times, the faults of the one, are soils, to set off the other with the greater grace and luster. The minds excellency can salve the real blemishes of the body. In a man deformed, and rarely qualified, we use first to view his blos', and then to tell his virtues, that transcend them: which be, as it were, things set off with more glory, by the pity and defect of the other. 'Tis fit the mind should be most magnified. Which I suppose to be the reason, why Poets have ascribed more to Cupid the Son, than to Venus the Mother: because Cupid strikes the mind, and Venus is but for the body. Homer says, Minerva cur'd Ulisses of his wrinkles and baldness; not that she took them away by supplements, or the deceiving fumes: but that he was so applaud'd, for the acuteness of an ingenious mind, that men spared to object unto him his deformity: and if it shall chance to be remembered, it will be allayed with the adjunct of the other's worth. It was said of bald, book-nos'd, crook-footed Galba, Only that his wit dwelt ill. Worth then does us the best service,
RESOLVES.

service, when it hides the faults of Nature, and brings us into estimation. We often see blemished bodies, rare in mental excellencies: which is an admirable instinct of Nature, that being conscious of her own defects, and not able to absolve them, she uses diversion, and draws the consideration of the beholders to those parts, wherein she is more confident of her qualifications. I do think, for worth in many men, we are more beholden to the defects of Nature, than their own inclination love. And certainly, for converse among men, beautiful persons have least need of the minds commending Qualities. Beauty in itself is such a silent Orator, as is ever pleading for respect and liking: and by the eyes of others, is ever sending to their hearts for love. Yet, even she hath this inconvenience in it, that it makes them oft neglect the furnishing of the mind with Nobleness. Nay, it oftentimes is a cause, that the mind is ill. The modest sweetness of a Lillied face makes men persuade the heart unto immodefly: Had not Dinah had so good a one, she had come home unavailing. Unlovely features have more liberty to be good withal; because they are freer from solicitations. There is a kind of continual combate, between Virtue and Proportions pleasingness. Though it be not a curse; yet 'tis many times an unhappiness to be fair.

Vetat optari faciem Lucretia, qualis
Ipsi habuit, cupret Rutile Virginiae gibbum
Accipere, atq; sann Rutile dare. Plinus autem
Corporis egregii miseris, trepidos parentes
Semper habet: rara eft adeo concordia forma
Atque pudicitiae.

Lucretia's fate warns us to wish no face
Like hers; Virginia would bequeath her grace
To Lute-backt Rutilla, in exchange: for still,
The fairest Children do their Parents fill
With greatest care; so seldom Modesty
Is found to dwell with Beauty.

The words be Juvenal's. Above all therefore, I applaud that man which is amiable in both. This is the true Marriage, where the body and the soul are met in the similiar Robe of Comeliness: and he is the more to be affected, because we may believe, he hath taken up his goodness, rather upon love to it, than upon sinister ends. They are rightly virtuous, that are so, without incitation: nor can it but argue, virtue is then strong, when it lives upright, in the preace of many temptations. And, as these are the best in others eyes, so are they most composed in themselves. For here Reason and the Senses kiss; disporting themselves with mutual speculations: whereas those men, whose minds and bodies differ, are like two that are married together, and love not: they have ever secret reluctations, and do not part for any other reason, but because they cannot.
RESOLVES.

XXXVIII.

Of Truth, and bitterness in Jests.

It is not good for a man to be too tart in his Jests. Bitterness is for serioas Portions; not for Healths of merriment, and the jollities of a mirthful Feast. An offensive man is the Devils bellows, wherewith he blows up contentions and jars. But among all passages of this nature, I finde none more galling than an offensive Truth. For thereby we run into two great Errors. One is, we childe that in a loose laughter, which should be grave, and favour both of love and pity. So we rub him with a peyson'd eye, which spreads the more, for being put in such a fleeting supplenis. The other is, we descend to particulars, and by that means, draw the whole company to witness his disgrace we break it on the Souldier is not noble, that makes himself sport, with the wounds of his own companion. Whosoever will jest, should be like him that flourishes at a show: he may turn his weapon any way, but not aim more at one, than at another. In this case, things like Truth, are better than Truth itself. Nor is it jest ill than unsafe, to fling about this wormwood of the brain: some noses are too tender to endure the strength of the smell. And though there be many, like tyled houses, that can admit a falling spark, unwarne'd: yet some again, are cover'd with such light, dry straw, that with the least touch they will kindle, and flame about your troubled ears: and when the house is on fire, it is no disputing with how small a matter it came: it will quickly proceed to mischief. 

Exitus Jra

This Jra: Anger is but a step from Rage, and that is wilde Fire, which will not be extinguished. I know wise men are not too nimble at an injury. For, as with fire, the light stuffe, and rubbish, kindles sooner than the solid, and more compacted: so anger sooner inflames a Fool, than a man compossed in his resolutions. But we are not sure always to meet direct ones: nor can we hope it, while we our selves are otherwise in giving the occasion. Fools are the greater number: wise men are like timber-trees in a wood, here and there one: and though they be most acceptable, to men wise like themselves, yet have they never more need of wisdom, than when they converse with the ringing elbows: who, like corrupt air, require many Antidotes, to keep us from being infected: But when we grow bitter to a wise man, we are then worst: For, he fees further into the disgrace, and is able to harm us more. Laughter should dimple the cheek, not furrow the brow into ruggednefs. The birth is then prodigious, when Mischies is the child of Mirth. All should have liberty to laugh at a jest: but if it throws a disgrace upon one, like the crack of a string, it makes a stop in the Musick. Plants we may fee proceed from an inward contempt; and there is nothing cuts deeper in a generous mind than scorn. Nature at first makes us all equal: we are differenced but by accident, and outward. And I think 'tis a jealous that she hath instil'd in Man, for the maintaining of her own Honour against external causes. And though all have not wit to reject the Arrow, yet most have memory to retain the offence; which they will be
RESOLVES.

content to owe a while, that they may repay it both with more advantage, and ease. 'Tis but an unhappy wit, that flirs up Enemies against the owner. A man may spit out his friend from his tongue; or laugh him into an Enemy. Gall in mirth is an ill mixture; and sometimes truth is bitterness. I would with any man to be pleasingly merry; but let him beware, he bring not Truth on the Stage, like a wanton with an edged weapon.

XXXIX.

Of Apprehension in Wrongs.

We make our selves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant to, by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrongs hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by fallly making of our selves patients of wrong, we become the true and first Actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesie, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own Comment: nor to flire upon a doubtful indignity, without it: unless we have proofs, that carry weight and conviction with them; words do sometimes fly from the tongue, that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one: and after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, 'tis good to think, The better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends, and quietness. If it be a wrong that is apparent; yet is it sometimes better to dissemble it, than play the Wasp, and strive to return a sting. A wise man's glory is, in passing by an offence: and this was Solomon's Philosophy. A Fool took Cato in the Bath; and when he was sorry for it, Cato had forgot it: For, says Seneca, Melius putavit non agnoscer, quam agnoscer. He would not come so near Revenge, as to acknowledge that he had been wronged. Light injuries are made none, by a not regarding; which with a pursuing revenge, grow both to height, and burthen. It stands not with the discretion of a generous spirit, to return a punishment for every abuse. Some are such, as they require nothing but contempt to kill them. The cudgel is not of use, when the beast but only barks. Though much sufferance be a simplicity, yet a little is of good esteem. We hear of many that are disturbed with a light offence, and we condemn them for it: because, that which we call remedy, slides into disease; and makes that live to mischief us, which else would die, with giving life to safety. Yet, I know not what self partiality makes us think our selves behind-hand, if we offer not repayment in the same coin we received it. Of which, if they may stand for reasons, I think, I may give you two. One is the sudden apprehension of the mind, which will endure any thing with more patience, than a disgrace; as if by the secret spirits of the air it conveyed a stab to the aethereal soul. Another is, because living among many, we would justify our selves, to avoid their contempt; and these being most such, as are not able to judge, we rather satisfy them by external actions, than rely upon
RESOLVES.

upon a judicious veridict, which gives us in for nobler, by contemning it. Howsoever we may prize the revengeful man for spirit; yet without doubt 'tis princely to disdain a wrong: who, when Embassadors have offered undecencies, use not to chide, but to deny them audience: as if silence were the way Royal to reject a wrong. He enjoys a brave composed ness, that bears himself above the flight of the injurious claw. Nor does he by this shew his weakness, but his wisdom. For, Qui leviter servit, sapient magis: The wiseft rage the leaft, I love the man that is modestly valiant, that flirs not till he must needs; and then to purpose. A continued patience I commend not; 'tis different from what is goodness. For though God bears much, yet he will not bear always.

XL.

When vice is most dangerous.

When Vice is got to the midst, it is hard to stay her, till she comes to the end. Give a hot Horse his head at first, and he will surely run away with you. Who can stop a man in the thunder of his wrath, till he a little hath discharge'd his passion either by intemperate speech or blows? In vain we preach a patience, presently after the sense of the lofs. What a firit it asks, to get a man from the Tavern, when he is but half-drunk! Defire is difperfed into every vein; that the Body is in all his parts conceptions. And this dics not in the way; but by discharge or reGscarce. The middle of extremes is worst. In the beginning, he may forbear; in the end, he will leave alone: in the midst, he cannot but go on to worse; nor will he, in that heat, admit of any thing, that may teach him to defist. Rage is no friend to any man. There is a time, when 'tis not safe to offer even the best advice. Be counsel'd by the Roman Ovid.

Dum furor in eurfe est, currenti cede furori;
Difficiles aditus impetus omnis habet.
Stultus, ab obliquo qui cum discedere possest,
Pugnat in adversas irae natator aquas.

When rage runs swiftly step aside, and see
How hard th' approaches of fierce Fury be.
When danger may be seen'd, I reckon him
Unwise that yet against the stream will swim.

We are so blinded in the heat of the Chase, that we beat back all preservatives: or make them means to make our vice more. That I may keep my self from the end, I will ever leave off in the beginning. Whatsoever Precepts strict Stoicism would give us, for the calming of intemperate passion; 'tis certain, there is none like running away. Prevention is the best bridle. I commend the policy of Satyrus, of whom Aristotle hath this Story; that being a Pleader, and knowing himself choleric, and in that whirr of the mind, apt to rush upon foul transgression; he used to stop his ears with wax; left the sense of ill Language should cause his fierce blood to feeth in his distended skin. It is in Man to avoid the occasion; but not the inconvenience, when he hath admitted it.
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Who can retire in the impetuous girds of the Soul? Let a Giant knock, while the door is shut, he may with ease be still kept out; but if it once open, that he gets in but a limb of himself, then there is no course left to keep out the entire bulk.

XLI.

That all things are restrained.

I cannot think of any thing that hath not some enemy, or some Antagonist, to restrain it, when it grows to excess. The whole world is order by discord; and every part of it is but a more particular composed jar. Not a Man, not a beast, not a creature, but have something to ballast their lightness. One scale is not always in depression, nor the other lifted ever high; but the alternate wave of the beam keeps it ever in the play of motion. From the Pismire on the tufted hill to the Monarch on the raised Throne, nothing but hath somewhat to are it. We are all here like birds, that Boys let flie in strings: when we mount too high, we have that which pulls us down again. What man is it which lives so happily, which fears not something, that would sadden his soul if it fell? nor is there any whom Calamity doth so much triflitate, as that he never sees the flashes of some warming joy. Beasts with beasts are terrified and delighted. Man with man is awed and defended. States with States are bounded and upheld. And in all these it makes greatly for the Makers glory, that such an admirable Harmony should be produced out of such an infinite discord. The world is both a perpetual war, and a wedding. Heracletius called Discord and Concord the universal Parents. And to rail on Discord (says the Father of the Poets) is to speak ill of Nature. As in music, sometimes one string is louder, sometimes another; yet never one long, nor never all at once: so sometimes one State gets a Monarchy, sometimes another; sometime one Element is violent, another: yet never was the whole world under one long, nor were all the Elements raging together. Every string has his use, and his tune, and his turn. When the Assyrians fell, the Persians rose. When the Persians fell, the Grecians rose. The loss of one man, is the gain of another. "Tis circumstance that maintains the world. As in infinite circles about one Center there is the same method, though not the same measure: so in the smallest creature that is there is an Epitome of a Monarchy, of a World, which hath in it self Convolutions, Arecations, Enlargements, Excitions: which, like props, keep it upright, which way soever it leans. Surely God hath put these lower things into the hands of Nature, which yet he doth not relinquish, but dispose. The world is composed of four Elements, and those be contraries. The year is quartered into four different seasons. The body both consists, and is nourished by contraries. How divers, even in effect are the birds, and the beasts that feed us, and how divers again are are those things that feed them? How many several qualities have the plants that they browse upon? which all mingled together, what a well-temper'd Sallad do they make? The mind too is a mixture
mixturae disparitatis: joy, sorrow, hope, fear, hate, and the like. Neither are those things pleasing, which flow to us, in the smoothness of a free procession. A gentle resistance heightens the desires of the seeker. A friendly war doth indelicate the enticing close. 'Tis variety that hits the humors of both sides; 'Tis the imbecility of declining Age, that commits man prisoner to a sedentary settlements. That which is the vigor of his life, is ranging. Heat and cold, dryness and moisture, quarrel and agree within him. In all which he is but the great worlds Breviarum. Why may we not think the world like a masquing Battel, which God commanded to be made for his own content in viewing it? Wherein, even a dying fly may lecture out the worlds mortality. Surely, we deceive our selves, to think, on earth, continued joys would please. 'Tis a way that crosses which Nature goes. Nothing would be more tedious, than to be glutted with perpetual follies: were the body tyed to one dish always, (though of the most exquisite delicate, that it could make choice of) yet after a small time, it would complain of bathing and fatiety. And so would the soul, if it did ever epicure it self in joy. Discontents are sometimes the better part of our life. I know not well which is the more useful; joy I may chuse for pleasure, but adversities are the best for profit. And sometimes these do so far help me, as I should, without them, want much of the joy I have.

XLII.
Of Disimulation.

Dissimulation in Vice is like the Brain in man. All the Senses have recourse to that; yet is it much controverted, whether that at all be sensitive, or no: So, all vices fall into dissimulation, yet is it in a dispute, whether that in it self be a vice, or no. Sure, men would never act vice so freely, if they thought not they could escape the blame on't by dissimbling. Vice hath such a loathed look with her, that she desires to be ever masked. Deceit is a dress that she does continually wear. And howsoever the worlds corrupted course may make us sometimes ufe it; even this will condemn it, that it is not of use, but either when we do ill our selves, or meet with ill from others. Men are divided about the question; some disclaim all, some admit too much, and some have hit the Mean. And surely as the world is, it is not all condemnable. There is an honest policy. The heart is not so far from the tongue, but that there may be a reservation; though not a contradiction between them. All policy is but circumstantial dissembling; pretending one thing, intending another. Some will so far allow it, as they admit of an absolute receif from a word already pasted, and say, that Faith is but a merchant, or mechanic-vertue: And so they make it higher, by making it a regal vice. There is an order that out-goeth Machiavel: or else he is honester than his wont, where he confesses, 'His frauds in ceteris actionibus desestabilis: in bello gerendis laudabilis. That fraud which in war is commendable, is, in other actions, destabilis. 'Tis certain there is a prerogative in

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Princes, which may legitimate something in their Negotiations, which is not allowable in a private person. But even the grant of this liberty, hath encouraged them to too great an enlargement. State is become an irreligious Riddle. Lewis the eleventh of France would with his Son to learn no more Latin, than what would teach him to be a dissembling Ruler. The plain heart, in Court, is but grown a better word for a Fool. Great men have occasions both more, and of more weight, and such as require contrivings, that go not the ordinary way; let, being traced, they be countermined, and fall to ruine. The ancient Romans did (I think) mislead it, Industry. And when it was against an enemy, or a bad man, they need would have it commendable. And yet the prisoner that got from Hannibal, by eluding his oath, was by the Senate (as Livie tells us) apprehended and sent back again. They practiz'd more than some of them taught; though in this deed there was a greater cause of performance, because there was a voluntary truth repented. Contrary to the opinion of Plato, that allowed a lye lawful, either to save a Citizen, or deceive an enemy. There is a sort, that the Poet bid us coozon;

*Fallite fallentes, ex magna parte profanum.*

Sunt genus : in laqueos, guos posuere, cadent.

Coozen the Coozeners; commonly they be Profane: let their own share their ruine be.

But sure we go too far, when our coozenge breeds their mischief. I know not well whether I may go along with Lipsius; Fratris trapes: prima levis, ut dissimulatio, et diffidentia: habe suadeo. Secunda media, ut conciliatio, et deception: illum tolero. Tertia magna, ut perfidia, et injustitia, illum damnat. I had rather take Peter Martyr's distinction of good and bad: Good, as the Nurse with the child, or the Physician with his Patient, for his health's sake: Bad, when 'tis any way author of harm. Certainly, the use of it any way is as great a fault, as an imperfection; and carries a kind of difference of God along with it. I believe if Man had not faln, he should never need have us'd it: and as he is now, I think no Man can live without it. The best way to avoid it, is to avoid much business and vice. For, if men defend not in some sort, as others offend; while you maintain one breach, you leave another unman'd: and for Vice, the ever thinks in this dark, to hide her abhorred foulness. If I must use it, it shall be only so, as I will neither, by it, dis honour Religion, nor be a cause of hurt to my neighbour.

| XLIII. |
| Of Censure. |

Is the easieft part to censure, or to contradict a truth. For truth is not one, and seeming truths are many: and few works are performed without errors. No man can write six lines, but there may be something one may carp at, if he be disposed to cavil. Opinions are as various, as false. Judgment is from every tongue, a several. Men think by censuring to be accounted wise; but, in my conceit, there is nothing lays
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lays forth more of the Fool. For this you may ever observe; they that know least, censure most. And this I believe to be a reason why men of precifé lives, are often rash in this extrava.Jancy. Their retiredness keeps them ignorant in the course of business; if they weighed the imperfections of humanity they would breathe less condemnation. Ignorance gives disarrangement, a lowder tongue than knowledge does. Wise men had rather know, than tell. Frequent dispraisés are, at best, but the faults of uncharitable wit. Any Clown may see the Farrow is but crooked, but where is the man that can plow me a straig Ione? The best works are but a kind of Miscellany; the cleanest Corn, will not be without some soil: No not after often winnowing. There is a ten ifure of corruption, that dies even all mortality. I would with men in works of others, to examine two things before they judge. Whether it be more good, than ill: And whether they themselves could at first have performed it better. If it be most good, we do amifs for some errors to condemn the whole. Who will cast away the whole body of the Beast, because it in¬held both guts and ordure? As man is not judged good, or bad, for one action, or the fewest number; but as he is most in general: So in works, we should weigh the generality, and according to that, censure. If it be rather good than ill, I think he deserves some praise, for raising Nature above her ordinary flight. Nothing in this World can be framed so entirely perfect, but that it shall have in it some delinquencies, to argue more were in the compifor. If it were not so, it were not from Nature, but the immediate Deity. The next, if we had never seen that frame, whether or no, we think we could have mended it. To efp'y the inconveniences of a house built, is ease: but to lay the plot at first, well; is matter of more pate, and speaks the praise of a good Contriver. The crooked lines help better to shew the freight. Judgment is more certain by the eye, than in the fancy;iffer in things done than in those that are but in censation. If we find our selves able to correct a Copy, and not to produce an Original, yet dare to deprave; we shew more Criticism than Ability. Seeing we should rather magnifie him, that hath gone beyond us; than condemn his worth for a few fails. Self-examination will make our judgments charitable. 'Tis from where there is no judgment, that the heaviest judgment comes. If we must needs censure, 'tis good to do it as Suetonius writes of the twelve Caefars; tell both their virtues, and their vices impartially: and leave the upshot to collection of the private mind. So shall we learn by hearing of the faults to avoid them: and by knowing the virtues practice the like. Otherwise, we should rather praise a man for a little good, than brand him for his more of ill. We are full of faults, by Nature, we are good, not without our care and industry.

XLIV.

Of Wisdom and Science.

Science by much is short of wisdom. Nay, so far, as I think you shall scarce find a more Fool, than sometimes a mere Scholar. He will speak
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Speak Greek to an offer, and Latine familiarly to women that understand it not. Knowledge is the treasure of the mind, but Discretion is the key: without which it lies dead, in the depths of a fruitless reef. The prick part of wisdom is the best. A native ingenuity is beyond the watchings of industrious study, wisdom is no inheritance, no not to the greatest Clerks. Men write commonly more formally than they practice; and they conversing only among books are put into affectation, and pedantism. He that is built of the Press, and the Pen, shall be sure to make himself ridiculous. Company and Conversation are the best Instructors for a Noble behaviour. And this is not found in a melancholy study alone. What is written, is most from Imagination and Fancy, And how very must they needs be, that are conversed wholly on the times, perhaps of distempered brains? For if they have not judgment, by their Learning, to amend their conversations; they may well want judgment to chuse the worthiest Authors. I grant they know much: and I think any man may do so, that hath but Memory, and bestows some time in a Library. There is a flowing nobleness, that some men be graced with, which far outshines the notions of a timèd Student. And without the vain parts of Rhetorique; some men speak more excellently, even from Natures own judiciousness, than can the Scholar by his guides of Art. How fond and untunable are Fresh-mens Brawls, when we meet them out of their College? with many times a long recited Sentence, quite out of the way, Arguments about nothing; or at least niceties. As one would be of Martin's Religion, another of Luther's, and so quarrel about their Faith. How easy an invention may put false matter into true Syllogisms? So I see how Seneca laught at them. O puellæ ineptias! in hoc supercilii subduximur? in hoc barbaran dimissimus? Disputationes ille, utinam tantrum non prodeant, recent. O most childish follies! is it for this we hurt our brows, and stroke our beards? would God these Disputations only did not profit us: they are hurtful. In discourse, give me a Man that speaks reason, rather then Authors: rather Enge, than a Syllogism, rather his own, than another's. He that continually quotes others, argues a barrenness in himself, which forces him to be ever a borrowing. In the one, a man bewrais Judgment; in the other, Reading. And in my opinion, 'tis a greater commendation to say, he is wise, than well-read. So far I will honour Knowledge, as to think, this art of the brain, when it meets with an able Nature in the mind, then only makes a man compleat. Any man shall speak the better, where he knows what others have said. And sometimes the consciousness of his inward knowledge, gives a confidence to his outward behaviour: which of all other is the best thing to grace a man in his carriage.

XLV.

That misapplication makes Passion ill.

I read it but of one, that 'tis said, He was a Man after Gods own heart. And Him among all others, I find extremely passionate, and very valiant.
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valiant. Who ever read such bitter Curses, as he prays may light upon his Enemies? Let Death come hastily upon them: and let them go quick to Hell. Let them fall from one wickedness to another. Let them be wiped out of the Book of Life. Let their prayer be turned into sin. Certainly, should such imprecations fall from a Modern tongue, we should censure them for want of charity: and I think we might do it justly. For God hath not given us Commission to curse his enemies, as he did to David. The Gospel hath let Religion to a sweeter Tune. The Law was given with Thunder, striking Terror in the Hearsers; The Gospel with Musick, Voyces, and Angel-like apparitions. The Law came in like War, threatening ruin to the Land of Man; The Gospel like Peace, in the soft pleasures of uniting Weddings. And this may satifice for his rigour: But if we look upon him in another trim of the mind: how smooth he is, and mollifying? how does his soul melt it self into his eyes, and his bowels flow with the full streams of compassion? how fixt he was to Jonathan? how like a weak and tender woman, he laments his Rebel Absalom, and weeps oftener, than I think we read of any through the whole Story of the Bible? His valour, we cannot doubt: it is so eminent in his killing of the Bear and Lyon: in his Duel with that huge Polyphene of the Philistims, and his many other Martial acts against them. So that there seems to be in him, the heightest pitch of contrary passions: and yet the man, from God's own mouth, hath a testimony of a true approvement. When passions are directed to their right end, they may fail in their manner, but not in their measure. When the subject of our hatred is sin, it cannot be too deep: When the object of our Love is God, it cannot be too high. Moderation may become a fault. To be but warm, when God commands us to be hot, is sinful. We belye Virtue into the confluent dulness of a Mediocrity. I shall never condemn the nature of those men, that are sometimes violent: but those that know not, when 'tis fit to be so. Valor is then best tempered, when it can turn out of a stern fortitude into the mild strains of Pity. 'Tis written to the honor of Tambelane, that conquering the Muscovites with expression of a princely valour, he falls from the joy of the victory, to a lamentation of the many casual miseries they endure, that they are tyed to follow the leading of Ambitious Generals: And all this, from the light of the field covered with the foulest men. Some report of Caesar, that he wept, when he heard how Pompey dy'd. Though pity be a downy virtue, yet the never shines more brightly, than when the is clad in steel. A Martial man compassionate shall conquer both in peace and war; and by a two-fold way get Victory, with honour. Temperate men have their passions so balanced within them, as they have none of either side in their height and purity. Therefore, as they seldom fall into foule acts: so they very rarely call a luster, in the excelling deeds of Noblenesses. I observe in the general, the most famed men of the world have had in them both courage and compassion; and oftentimes wet eyes, as well as wounding hands. I would not rob Temperance of her Royalty. Estims may conquer by delaying, as well as Caesar, by expedition. As the casualties of the
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The world are, Temperance is a virtue of singular worth: But without doubt, high spirits directed right will bear away the Bays for more glorious actions. Those are best to raise Common-wealths; but the other are best to rule them after. This, best keeps in order, when the other hath stood the shock of an innovation; of either, there is excellent use. As I will not over-value the moderate: So I will not too much disesteem the violent. An arrow, aimed right, is not the worse for being drawn home. That action is best done, which being good, is done with the vigour of the spirits. What makes zeal so commendable, but the fervency that it carryeth with it?

XLVI.

Of the waste and change of Time.

I look upon the lavish Expendes of former Ages, with Pity and Admiration, That those things men built for the honour of their name, (as they thought) are either eaten up by the steely Teeth of Time, or else reft as monuments, but of their pride and luxury. Great works, undertaken for ostentation, misf of their end, and turn to the Authors blame: if not; the transitions of time, wear out their engraved names, and they last not much longer then Caligula’s Bridge over the Baje. What is become of the Mausoleum, or the ship-besriding Colossus? where is Marcus Scaurus Theater, the Bituminated walls of Babylon? and how little relics of the Egyptian Pyramids? and of rhece, how divers does report give in their Builders? Some ascribing them to one, some to another. Who would not pity the toys of Vertue, when he shall find greater honor inscribed to loofe Phryne, then to victorious Alexander? who when he had razed the walls of Thebes, he offer’d to reedifie them, with condition this Sentence might but on them be in litter’d: Alexander pull’d them down; but Phryne did rebuild them. From whence, some have jested it into a quarrel for fame, betwixt a whore and a Thief: Doubtles, no Fortifications can hold against the cruel devastations of Time. I could never yet find any estate exempted from this Mutability. Nay, those which we would have thought had been held up with the strongest pillars of continuance, have yet suffered the extremest changes. The bones of the dead, and the wormed bones, have sometimes met with rude hands, that have scattered them. Who would have thought when Scanderbeg was laid in his tomb, that the Turks should after rife it, and wear his bones for jewels? Change is the great Lord of the world, Time is his Agent, that brings in all things to suffer his unslaid Domination.

— Ille tot Regum parents,
Caret Sepulchro Priamus, & flammat indiget.
Ardente Troja.

— He that had a Prince each Sonne,
Now finds no grave, and Troy in flames,
He wants his Funeral one.
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We are so far from leaving any thing certain to posterity, that we cannot be sure to injure what we have, while we live. We live sometimes to see more changes in ourselves, than we could expect could happen to our offspring. As if none were ignorant of the Fate, the poet asks.

Divitis audita est cui non opulentia Cræst?
Nempe tamen vitam, captus ab hospe tuli.
Ille, Syracusis modo formidatus in urbe,
Vir humili duram repulsit arte famem.
Who has not heard of Cræsus heaps of Gold,
Yet knows his Foe did him a Pris'ner hold?
He that once av'd Sicilia's proud extent,
By a poor Art, could Famine scarce prevent.

We all put into the World, as men put Money into a Lottery. Some lose all, and get nothing: Some with nothing, get infinite prize; which perhaps venturing again, with hope hope of increase, they lose with grief, that they did not rest contented. There is nothing that we can confidently call our own: or that we can surely say, we shall either do, or avoid. We have not power over the present: Much less over the future, when we shall be absent; or dissolved. And indeed, if we consider the world aright, we shall find some reason, for those continual Mutations. If every one had power, to transmit the certain possession of all his acquisitions, to his own Successors, there would be nothing left, for the Noble Deeds of new aspi-rers to purchase: Which would quickly betray the world, to an incommunicable dulness, and utterly discourage the generous designs of the stirring, and more elementary Spirit. As things now are, every man thinks something may fall to his share: and since it must crown some endeavours, he imagines, why not his? Thus by the various treads of Men, every action comes to be done, which is requisite for the world maintaining. But since nothing here below is certain, I will never purchase any thing with too great a hazard. 'Tis Ambition, not Wisdom, that makes Princes hazard their whole estates for an honor no earthly titular. If I find that lost, which I thought to have kept; I will comfort myself with this, that I knew the world was changeable; and that as God can take away a less good: so he can, if he pleas, confer me a greater.

XI. VII.

Of Death.

There is no Spectacle more profitable, or more terrible, than the sight of a dying man, when he lies expiring his soul on his death-bed: to see how the ancient society of the body and soul is divell'd; and yet to see how they struggle at the parting: being in some doubt what shall become of them after. The spirits shrink inward, and retire to the anguish heart: as if, like Sons prep't from an indulgent Father, they would come for a sad Vale, from that which was their lives maintainer.
tainer: while that in the mean time pants with afrighting pangs; and the hands and feet, being the most remote from it, are by degrees enclosed to a fashionable Clay: as if Death crept in at the nails, and by an insensible surprize, suffocated the inviron'd heart. To see how the mind would fain utter it fell, when the Organs of the voice are so debilitated, that it cannot. To see how the eye fumbles to a fixed dimness, which a little before, was swift as the boots of Lightning, nimbler than the thought, and bright as the polifh'd Diamond: and in which this Miracle was more eminent than in any of the other parts. That it, being a material earthly body, should yet be conveyed with quicker motion, than the revolutions of an indefinite Soul; so suddenly bringing the object to conceit, that one would think, the apprehension of the heart were seated in the eye itself. To see all his friends, like Conduits, dropping tears about him; while he neither knows his wants, nor they his cure. Nay, even the Physician, whose whole life is nothing but a study and practice to continue the lives of others, and who is the Anatomist of general Nature, is now as one that gazes at a Comet, which he can reach with nothing, but his eye alone. To see the Countenance, (through which perhaps there shined a lovely Majesty, even to the captivating of admiring Souls) now altered to a frightful paleness, and the terrors of a ghastly look. To think, how that which commanded a Family, may perhaps a Kingdom; and kept all in awe, with the moving of a spongy tongue, is now become a thing so full of horror, that Children fear to see it: and must now therefore be transmitted from all these enchanting blandishments, to the dark and hideous grave: Where, in stead of shaking the golden Scepter, it now lyes imprison'd but in five foot of Lead; and is become a nest of worms, a lump of filth, a box of pallid putrefection. There is even the difference of two several Worlds betwixt a King enamelled with his Robes and Jewels, sitting in his Chair of adored State, and his condition in his bed of Earth, which hath made him but a Cask of Crawlers: and yet all this change without the loss of any visible substance: Since all the limbs remain as they were, without the least sign, either of dissection, or diminution. From hence 'tis, I think, Scaliger defines Death to be the Cessation of the Souls functions: as if it were rather a restraint, than a mischievous ill. And if any thing at all be wanting, 'tis only colour, motion, heat, and empty air. Though indeed, if we consider this dissolution, man by death is absolutely divided and disman'd. That gross object, which is left to the spectators eyes, is now only a composure but of the two baser Elements, Water, and Earth: that now it is these two only, that seem to make the body, while the two purer, Fire and Air, are wing'd away, as being more fit for the compact of an elemental and affective Soul. When thou shalt see all these things happen to one whose conversation had indueired him to thee; when thou shalt see the body put on Death's sad and afflicting countenance, in the dead age of night, when silent darkness does encompass the dim light of thy glimmering Taper, and thou hearest a solemn Bell tolled, to tell the world of it; which now, as it were, with this sound, is struck into
into a dumb attention: Tell me if thou canst then find a thought of thine, devoting thee to pleasure, and the fugitive toys of life? O what a bubble, what a puff, what but a wink of Life is man! And with what a general swallow, Death still gapes upon the general world! when Hadrian askt Secundus, What Death was, He answered in these several truths: It is a sleep eternal; the Bodies dissolution; the rich mans fear; the poor mans wish; an event inevitable; an uncertain Journey; a Thief that steals away man; Sleeps father; Life's flight; the departure of the living, and the resolution of all. Who may not from such sights and thoughts as these, learn, if he will, both humility and loftiness? the one to vilifie the body, which must once perish in a shameful nastiness; The other to advance the Soul, which lives here but for a higher, and more heavenly, attention? As I would not care for too much indulging of the flesh, which I must one day yield to the worms: So I would ever be studious for such actions, as may appear the issues of a noble and diviner Soul.

XL VIII.

Of Idlenes.

The Idle man is the barrenest piece of Earth in the Orb. There is no Creature that hath life, but is busied in some action for the benefit of the restless world. Even the most venemous and most ravenous things that are, have their commodities as well as their annoyances: and they are ever engaged in some action, which both profiteth the world, and continueth them in their Natures courses. Even the Vegetables, wherein calm Nature dwells, have their turns and times in fruitifying: they leaf, they flow, they seed. Nay, Creatures quite inanimate are (some) the most laborious in their motion. With what a cheerly face the Golden Sun Chariots thorow the rounding skie? How perpetual is the Maiden Moon, in her just and horn'd mutations? The Fire, how restless in his quick and catching flames? In the Air, what transitions? and how fluctuous are the salted waves? Nor is the seeming earth weary, after so many thousand years production? All which may tutor the couch-stretched man, and raise the modest red to shewing thorow his unwast-face. Idlenes is the most corrupting Fly, that can blow in any humane mind. That ignorance is the most miserable, which knows not what to do. The Idle man is like the dumb Jack in a Virginal: while all the other dance out a winning musick, his, like a member out of joint, fullens the whole Body, with an ill disturbing laziness. I do not wonder to see some of our Gentry grown (well-nee) the lewdelest men of our Land: since they are most of them, so muffled in a non-employment. 'Tis Action that does keep the Soul both sweet and sound: while lying still does rot it to an odour'd nosiness. Augustine imputes Esau's loss of the blessing, partly to his slothfulness, that had rather receive meat, than seek it. Surely, exercise is the farning food of the Soul, without which, she grows lank, and thinly-parted. That the Followers of Great men are so much debauched, I believe to be want of employment.
R E S O L V E S.

For the Soul, impatient of an absolute recess, for want of the wholesome food of business, preys upon the lower actions. 'Tis true, Men learn to do ill, by doing what is next it, nothing. I believe Solomon meant the field of the sluggard, as well for the Embleme of his mind, as the certain index of his outward state. As the one is over-grown with Thorns and Briers; so is the other with vice and enormities. If any wonder how Egistus grew adulterate, the exit of the Verse will tell him—Desidius eras. When one would brag the blessings of the Roman state, that since Carthage was raz'd, and Greece subjected, they might now be happy, as having nothing to fear: Says the best Scipio, We now are most in danger; for while we want business, and have no Foe to awe us, we are ready to drown in the mud of Vice and slothfulness. How bright does the Soul grow with use and negotiation! With what proportioned sweetness does that Family flourish, where but one laborious Guide steareth in an order'd Course! When Cleanthes had laboured, and gotten some coin, he shews it his Companions, and tells them, that he now, if he will, can nourish another Cleanthes. Believe it, Industry is never wholly unfruitful. If it bring not joy with the incoming profit, it will yet banish mischief from thy besieged gates. There is a kind of good Angel waiting upon diligence, that ever carries a Laurel in his hand, to crown her. Fortune, they said of old, should not be pray'd unto, but with the hands in motion. The bosom'd fift beckens the approach of poverty, and leaves beside, the noble head ungarded: but the lifted arm does frighten want, and is ever a shield to that noble director. How unworthy was that man of the world, that ne'er did ought, but only liv'd and dy'd. Though Epaminondas was severe, he was yet exemplary, when he found a soldiery sleeping in his watch, and ran him thorow with his Sword; as if he would bring the two Brothers, Death and Sleep, to a meeting: And when he was blam'd for that, as cruelty, he says he did but leave him as he found him, dead. It is none of the meanest happiness, to have a mind that loves a vertuous exercise: 'Tis daily rising to blessedness and contentation. They are idle Dividers, that are not head-ned in their lives, above the un-studious man. Every one shall smell of that he is busied in: as thofe that sit among perfumes and flowers, shall, when they are gone, have still a grateful odour with them: so they, that turn the leaves of the worthy Writer, cannot but retain a smack of their long-liv'd Author. They converse with Vertues Soul, which he that writ, did spread upon his lastling Paper. Every good line adds fine to the vertuous mind: and withal, heals that vice, which would be springing in it. That I have liberty to do any thing, I account it from the favouring Heavens. That I have a mind sometimes inclining to use that liberty well; I think, I may, without ostentation, be thankful for it, as a bounty of the Deity. Sure, I should be miserable, if I did not love this businesse in my vacancy. I am glad of that leisure, which gives me leisure to employ my self. If I should not grow better for it; yet this benefit, I am sure, would accrue me: I should both keep my self from worse, and not have time to entertain the Devil in.

That
XLIX.

That all things have a like progression and fall.

There is the same method thorow all the world in general. All things come to their height by degrees; there they stay the least of time; then they decline as they rose: only mischiefs, being more importunate, ruin us at once, what Nature hath been long a rearing. Thus the Poet sung the fall.

Ommia sunt hominum tenui pendentia filo,
Et subito casu, que valeure, ruunt:
All that man holds, hangs but by slender twine;
By sudden chance the strongest things decline.

Man may be kill’d in an instant; he cannot be made to live, but by space of time in conception. We are curdled to the fashion of a life, by time, and set successions; when all again is left, and in the moment of a minute, gone. Plants, fishes, beasts, birds, men, all grow up by leisurely progressions: so Families, Provinces, States, Kingdoms, Empires, have the same way of rise by steps. About the height they must stay a while, because there is a nearness to the middle on both sides, as they rise, and as they fall: otherwise, their continuance in that top, is but the very point of time, the present now, which now again is gone. Then they at best descend; but for the most part tumble. And that which is true in the smallest particulars, is, by taking a larger view, the same in the divided bulk. There were first, Men, then Families, then Tribes, then Common-Wealths, then Kingdoms, Monarchies, Empires; which, we find, have been the height of all worldly dignities: And as we find those Monarchies did rise by degrees; so we find they have slid again to decay. There was the Assyrian, the Persian, the Grecian, the Roman. And sure, the height of the world’s glory was in the days of the Roman Empire; and the height of that Empire, in the days of Augustus. Peace then gently breathed thorow the Universe, Learning was then in her fullest flower: no Age, either before or since, could present us with so many towering ingenuities. And then, when the whole world was most like unto God, in the sway of one Monarch, when they saluted him by the Title of Augustus; and they then, like God, began in rule to be called Impe- rators: This, I take it, was the fulness of time, wherein God, the Saviour of the world, vouchsafed, by taking humane nature upon him, to descend in the world. And surely the consideration of such things as these, are not unworthy our thoughts: Though our Faith be not bred, yet it is much confirmed, by observing such like circumstances. But then may we think, how small a time this Empire continued in this flower. Even the next Emperor, Tiberius, began to degenerate; Caligula more; Nero yet more than he; till it grew to be embroiled, and dismembered, to an absolute division. Since, how has the Turk seiz’d one in the East? And the other in the West, how much is it subdivided, by the deduction of France, Britain, Spain? Some have also observed the Site of these Empires, how the first was nearest the East; the next, a Degree further off;
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of; and so on in distant removals, following the course of the Sun: as if beginning in the morning of the world, they would make a larger day, by declining toward the West, where the Sun goes down, after his rising in the East. This may stand to the Southern and Western Inhabitants of the World; but I know not how to the Northern: for else how can that be said to rise any where which rests no where, but is perpetually in the speed of a circular motion? For the time, it was when the world was within a very little, aged 4000 years; which, I believe, was much about the middle age of the world: though seeing there are promises that the latter days shall be shortened, we cannot expect the like extent of time after it, which we find did go before it. Nor can we think, but that decay, which hastens in the ruin of all lesser things, will likewise be more speedy in this. If all things in the world decline faster by far, than they do ascend; why should we not believe the world to do so too? I know not what certain grounds they have, that dare assume to foretell the particular time of the worlds configuration. But surely in reason, and Nature, the end cannot be mightily distant. We have seen the Infancy, the Youth, the Virility, all part: Nay, we have seen it well steeped into years, and declination, the most infallible premonitors of a dissolution. Some could believe it within less than this nine and twenty years, because as the Flood destroy’d the former world, one thousand six hundred fifty six years after the first destroying Adam; so the latter world shall be consumed by fire, one thousand six hundred fifty and six years after the second saving Adam; which is Christ. But I dare not fix a certainty, where God hath left the world in ignorance. The exact knowledge of all things is in God only. But surely, by collections from Nature and Reason, Man may much help himself, in likelihood and probabilities. Why hath Man an arguing and premeditating Soul, if not to think on the course and causes of things, thereby to magnifie his Creator in them? I will often muse in such like Theems: for, besides the pleasure I shall meet, in knowing further; I shall find my Soul, by admiration of these wonders, to love both Reason, and the Deity better. As our admiring of things evil, guides us to a secret hate and deception: so, whatsoever we applaud for goodness, cannot but cause some raise in our affections.

L.

Of Detraction.

In some unlucky dispositions, there is such an envious kind of Pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth for excellent: so that when they hear one justly praised, they will either seek to dismount his Virtues; or, if they be like a clear light, eminent; they will stab him with a But of detraction: as if there were something yet so foul, as did obvitate even his brightest glory. Thus when their tongue cannot justly condemn him, they will leave him in suspected ill, by silence. Surely, if we considered detraction, to be bred of envy,
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nested only in deficient minds; we should find, that the applauding of virtue would win us far more honor, than the seeking sily to disfigure it. That would shew we loved what we commended; while this tells the world, we grudge at what we want in our selves. Why may we not think the Poet meant them for Destractors, which spring of the teeth of Cadmus poisoned Serpent? I am sure their ends may parallel; for they usually murther one another in their fame: and where they find not foes, they devise them. It is the basest Office Man can fall into, to make his tongue the whisper of the worthy man. If we do know vices in men, I think we can fear he shew our selves in a nobler virtue, than in the charity of concealing them: so it be not a flattery, persuading to continuance. And if it be in absence, even sometime that which is true, is most unbecoming the report of a Man. Who will not condemn him as a Traitor to reputation and society, that tells the private fault of his friend, to the publick and depraving World? When two friends part, they should lock up one another’s secrets, and interexchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbours fails, than any way uncertain them. I care not for his humor, that loves to clip the wings of a lofty name. The Counsel in the Satyre I do well approve of:

—Absenem qui rodit amicum,

Qui non defendit alio culpante, solutos
Qui captat viris hominum, famam; dicacis,
Fingere qui non visa potest, commissa tacere
Qui neguit; hic neger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.

—who bites his absent Friend,

Or not defends him blam’d, but holds along
With mens loose laughter, and each prater’s tongue;
That feins what was not, and discloaks a soul;
Beware him, Noble Roman, he is soul.

And for the most part, he is as dangerous, in another vice as this. He that can detract unworthily, when thou canst not answer him; can flatter thee as unworthily, when thou canst not chuse but hear him. ’Tis usual with him to smooth it in the Chamber, that keeps a railing tongue for the Hall. And besides all this, it implies a kind of cowardise: for who will judge him otherwise, that but then unbuttons his tumour’d breast, when he finds none to oppose the bigness of his looks and tongue? The valiant man’s tongue, though it never boasteth vainly, yet is ever the greatest Coward in absence; but the Coward is never valiant but then: and then too, ’tis without his heart, or spirit. There is nothing argues Nature more degenerate, than her secret repining at another’s transcendency. And this, besides the ill, plunges her into this folly, that by this art, she is able lefs to discern. He that pretending virtue is baffe in the stains of men, is like to him that seeks lost gold in ashes, and blowing them about, hides that more, which he better might have found with study.

To over-commend a man, I know is not good: but the Destractor wounds three with the one Arrow of his viperous tongue. Indeed it is hard to speak a man true, as he is: but howsoever, I would not deprave
Prave the fame of the absent: 'Tis then a time for praises, rather than for reprehension. Let praise be voiced to the spreading air; but chidings whisper'd in the kiss'd ear: Which action teaches us, even while we chide, to love. If there be virtues, and I am call'd to speak of him that owns them, I will tell them forth impartially. If there be vices mixt with those, I will be content the world shall know them by some other tongue than mine.

L I.

**Against Compulsion.**

A nothing prevails more than Courtefie: So Compulsion often is the way to lose. Too much importunity does but teach men how to deny. The more we desire to gain, the more do others desire that they may not lose. Nature is ever jealous of her own supremacy: and when the fees that others would under-tread it, she calls in all her powers for resistance. Certainly they work by a wrong Engine, that seek to gain their ends by constraint. Cross two Lovers, and you kill but their affection stronger. You may streak the Lyon into a bondage: but you shall sooner bow him to pieces, than beat him into a chain. The Fox may praise the Crow's meat from her Bill: but cannot with his swiftness overtake her wing. Ease Nature, and free liberty, will steal a man into a winy excess: when urged he f giỏis do but shew him the way to refuse. The noblest weapon, wherewith Man can conquer, is love, and gentle Courtefie. How many have loft their hopes, while they have fought to ravish them with too rude a hand? Nature is more apt to be led by the soft motions of the musical tongue, than the ruffick threthnings of a striking arm. Love of life, and folly, will draw a man to more, than the fear of death, and torments. No doubt, Nature meant Cæsar for a Conquerour, when she gave him both such courage, and such Courtefie; both which put Marins into a maze. They which durst speak to him, (he said) were ignorant of his greatness; and they which durst not, were so of his goodness. They are men the best composed, that can be resolute, and remiss. For, as fearful Natures are wrought upon by the sternness of a rough comportment: so the valiant are not gain'd on, but by gentle affability, and a shew of pleasing liberty. Little Fishes are twitched up with the violence of a sudden pull: when the like action cracks the line, whereon a great one hangs. I have known denials, that had never been given, but for the earnestness of the requestor. They teach the petitioned to be suspicious; and suspicion teaches him to hold and forfife. He that comes with you must have me, is like to prove but a fruitless wooer. Urge a grant to some men, and they are inexorable; seem careless, and they will force the thing upon you. Augu{tus} got a friend of Cinna, by giving him a second life, whereas his death could at best but have remov'd an Enemy. Hear but his exile'd Poet.

_Flecit in obsequio curvatus ab arbo re ramus:_

_Frages, a vires expersvicne tus._

Obsequio
Of Dreams.

Dreams are notable means of discovering our own inclinations. The wise man learns to know himself as well by the night's black mantle, as the searching beams of day. In sleep, we have the naked and natural thoughts of our souls: outward objects interpose not, either to shuffle in occasional cogitations, or hale out the included fancy. The mind is then that up in the Burrough of the body: none of the Cinqueports, of the Isle of Man, are then open, to in-let any strange disturbers. Surely, how we fall to vice, or rise to virtue, we may by observation find in our dreams. It was the wise Zeno, that said, he could collect a man by his dreams. For then the soul, flated in a deep repos', bewrayed her true affections: which in the busy day, she would either not shew, or not note. It was a custom among the Indians, when their kings went to their sleep, to pray with piping acclamations, that they might have happy dreams; and withal consult well for their Subjects' benefit: as if the night had been a time, wherein they might grow good, and wise. And certainly, the wise man is the wiser for his sleeping, if he can order well in the day, what the eye-less night prefenteth him. Every dream is not to be counted of; nor yet are all, to be cast away with contempt. I would neither be a Stoick, superstitious in all; nor yet an Epicure, considerate of none. If the Physician may by them judge of the disease of the body, I see...
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I see not, but the Divine may do so, concerning the soul. I doubt not but the Genius of the soul is waking and moving, even in the fastest closures, of the imprisoning eye-lids. But to preface from these thoughts of sleep is a wisdom that I would not reach to. The best use we can make of dreams is observation: and by that, our own correction, or encouragement. For, 'tis not doubtful, but that the mind is working, in the dullest depth of sleep, I am confirmed by Claudian,

Omnia quae sensu voluuntur vota diurna,
Tempore nocturno reddit amica quiu,
Venator defessa toro cum membra reponit,
Mens tandem ad Sylvas, & sua lusitra reedit.
Judicibus lites, arigae somnus currus,
Vanaque nocturnis meta cavetur equiv.

Furto gaudet amans; permutat navia mercos:
Et vigil clapses quarris avarus opes.
Blandaque largis tur frutra sitentibus agris,
Irigus gelido poca vonte forop.
Me quoque Musarum studium, sub noite silenti,
Aribus Affidius, sollicitare solos.

Day thoughts, tranw winged from th' induflrious brest,
All seem re-acted in the nights dumb rest.
When the tyr'd Huntman his repose begins,
Then flies his mind to Woods, and wild Beasts dens.
Judges dream cases: Champions seem to run,
With their night Courfers, the vain bounds to flun.
Love hugs his rapes, the Merchant traffique minds.
The Mifer thinks he some lost treasure finds,
And to the thirsty sick some potion cold.
Stiffe flattering sleep inanely seems to hold.
Yea, and in th' age of silent rest, even I,
Troubled with Arts deep musings, nightly lye.

Dreams do sometimes call us to a recognition of our inclinations, which prime the deeper in so undisturbed times. I could wish men to give them their consideration, but not to allow them their trust, though sometimes 'tis caus'd to pick out a profitable Moral. Antiquity had them in much more reverence, and did oft account them prophesies, as is easily found in the sacred volume: and among the Heathens, nothing was more frequent. Asyges had two of his daughter Mandana, the Vine, and her Urin. Calphurnia of her Cesar, Hecuba of Paris; and almost every Prince among them, had his Fate shewed in interpreted dreams. Galen tells of one, that dream'd his thigh was turn'd to stone, when soon after it was struck with a dead Palfie. The apiece of the humors to the like effects, might suggest something to the mind, then apt to receive. So that I doubt not but either to preserve health or amend the life, dreams, may, to a wise observer, be of special benefit. I would neither depend upon any, to incur a prejudice, nor yet cast them all away, in a prodigal neglect and scorn. I find it of one that having long been troubled with
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with the paining spleen; that he dreamt, if he opened a certain vein, between two of his fingers, he should be cured: which he, awaked, did, and mended. But, indeed I would rather believe this, then be drawn to practice after it. These predictions are more rare fore-tellings, used to be lapp'd in obscured folds: and now that Art lost, Christianity hath fent us to less inquisition; 'tis for a Roman Soothsayer to read those dar-ker spirits of the night, and tell that still Dictator; His dream, of populations with his mother, signified his subjecting of the world to himself. 'Tis now so out of use, that I think it not to be recovered. And were it not for the power of the Gospel, in crying down the vains of men, it would appear a wonder, how a Science so pleasing to humanity, should fall so quite to ruine.

LIII.
Of Bounty.

There is such a Royalty in the mind, as betrays a man to baseness, and to poverty. Excesses, for the most part, have but ill conclusions. There is a dunghill mischief, that awaits even the man of the bountious soul: and they, that had store of a native goodness, grow at last to the practice of the foulest villains. They are free as the descending rain, and pour a plenty on the general world. His Magnificence consumes them, and brings them to the miserly of an emptied Mine. Yet, in this fall of their melted demeanors, they grow ashamed to be publicly seen come short of their wonted revelling. So, rather than the world shall see an alteration, they leave no lewdness privately unpractised. 'Tis a noted truth of Tacitus. Avarice, ambition, exhausts, per se vera supplenum erit. Treasure spent ambitious, will be supply'd by wickedness. 'Tis pity, that which bears the name of Noble, should be parent of such hated Vileness. What is it Ambition will not practise, rather than let her port decline? Pain-glory ends in lewdness, and contempt. The lew'd mind loves any indirection better than to flag in state. A fond popularity be-witches the soul, to show about the wealth, and means: and, to feed that dissipative humor, all ways shall be trodden, though they never so much unworthy the man. Surely, we nick-name the same flooding man, when we call him by the name of Brave. His striving, to be like a God in Bounty, throws him to the lowest estate of man. 'Tis for none, but him that has all, to give to all abundantly. Where the carrying stream is greater, than the bringing one, the bottom will be quickly waterless; and then what commendation is it, to say, There is a plenty waited? He has the best Fame, that keeps his estate unmingled: The other flux, is meerly out of weakness. He overvalues the drunken and reeling love of the vulgar, that buys it with the ruine of himself, and his family. He fears he is not lov'd, unless that he be loole and scattering. They are fools that think their minds ill-woven, unless they have allowance from the popular stamp. The wise man is his own both World and Judge; he gives what he knows is fit for his estate, and him, without ever caring how
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how the waving Tumult takes it. To weak minds, the People are the greatest Parasites: they worship and kneel them, to the spending of a fair inheritance: and then they crush them with the heavy load of Pity. 'Tis the inconsiderate Man, that railes out a spacious Fortune. He never thinketh how the heap will lessen, because he looses, but by grains, and parcels. They are ill Stewards, that so show away a large State. Says Democritus, when he saw one giving to all, and that would want nothing which his mind did crave; Mayest thou perish unpitied, for making of the Virgin Graces, Harlots. He made his liberality, like a Whore, to court the Public; when indeed the ought to win by modesty. For, as the Harlots offers but procure the good mans hate: So when bounty proves a Curtezan, & offers too undecently, it fails of gaining love, and gets but the dislike of the wife. He does bounty injury, that heuws her to Much, as he makes her but be laugh'd at. Who gives or spends too much, must fall, or else defeat with shame. To live well of a little, is a great deal more honor, than to spend a great deal vainly. To know both when, and what to part withal, is a knowledge that befits a Prince. The best object of bounty, is either necessity, or desert. The best motive, thy own goodness: And the limit, is the safety of thy state. For, this I will constantly think: The best bounty of man, is, not to be too bountiful. It is not good to make our kindness to others, to be cruelty to our selves and ours.

XLIV.

Of Mans Inconstancy.

No weathercock under Heaven is so variable, as inconstant Man. Every breath of wind, fans him to a various shape. As if his mind were so near a kin to Air, as it must, with every motion, be in a perpetual change. Like an Instrument cunningly plaied on, it does rise, and fall, and alter, and all on a sudden. We are Feathers blown in the bluster of our own loose passions, and are merely the dalliance of the flying winds. How many in an instant have murdered the men they have lov'd? as if Accident were the Fates of things, and the Epicure had balked truth. How ardent can we affect some, even beyond the desire of dying for them, when immediately one sudden Ebulition of Choler shall render them extremely offensive? nay, steep them in our hate, and curses? Behold the hold which Man doth take of Man! tis lost in a moment, with but the clacking of the tongue, a nod, or frown, or any such like nothing. We cancel leagues with friends, make new ones with our Enemies, and break them ere concluded: Our Favorites with the places alter: And our hate hath wings to alight, and depart. In our diet, how infinitely does the variation of humors diffuse the ill tasting palate? what to day we raven on, is the rife of the next days stomach. In our recreations how inconstantly loving? sometimes affecting the noiseful Hound; sometimes the fuller part of the wing; though ever ingaged to a giddy variety. In our Apparel how mutable? as if fashion were a God, that needs
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needs would be ador'd in changes. Our whole life is but a greater, and longer child-hood. What man living would not die with anguish, were he bound to follow another, in all his unsatisfied motions; which though they be ever turning, yet are never pleasing, but when they proceed from the native freedom of the Soul? which argues her change not more out of object, than her self, and the humors wherewith she is composed. They first flowing to incite Defire, then powered out upon an object, dye in their birth, while more succeed them. Like Souldiers in a running Skirmish, come up, discharge, fall off, and re-inforce themselves. Only order is in their proceedings, while confusion doth distract the man. Surely, there is nothing argues his imperfection more. For though the Nbler Elements be most Motive, and the Earth leaf of all, which is yet base: yet are they never mutable, but as the object that they fix on makes them; nor do they ever wander from that quality, wherewith Nature did at first insoect them. But man, had he no object, he would change alone; and even to such things, as Nature did not once intend him. Minds thus temper'd, we use to call too light, as if they were unequally mixt, and the two nimblest Elements had gotten the predominance. Certainly, the best is a noble constancy. For, perfection is immutable. But for things imperfect, change is the way to perfect them. It gets the name of wilfulness, when it will not admit of a lawful change, to the better. Therefore Constancy, without Knowledge, cannot be always good. In things ill, 'tis not virtue, but an absolute Vice. In all changes, I will have regard to these three things: Gods approbation, my own benefit, and the non-harming of my Neighbour, where the change is not a fault, I will never think it a disgrace; though the great Exchange, the world, should judge it so. Where it is a fault, I would be constant, though outward things should with my turning. He hath but a weak warrant for what he does, that hath only the fortune to find his bad actions plausible.

LV.

Of Logick.

Nothing hath spoily'd Truth more than the Invention of Logick. It hath found out so many definitions, that it in wraps Reason in a mist of doubts. 'Tis Reason drawn into too fine a thread; tying up Truth in a twit of words, which, being hard to unloose, carry her away as a prisoner. 'Tis a net to intangle her, or an art instructing you, how to tell a reasonable lie. When Diogenes heard Zeno, with suble Arguments, proving that there was no Motion: he suddenly starts up, and walks. Zeno asks the cause? Says he again, A but confute your reasons. Like an over-curious workman, it hath sought to make Truth so excellent; that it hath mar'd it. Vives faith, He does not but the Devil did invent it. It teaches to oppose the Truth, and to be falsely obstinate, so cunningly delighting, to put her to the worse, by deceit. As a Conceite, it hath laid on so many colours, that the counterfeit is more various than the pattern. It gives us so many likes, that we know not which
which is the same. Truth, in logical arguments, is like a prince in a Masque; where are so many other presented in the same attire, that we know not which is he. And as we know there is but one prince, so we know there is but one Truth; yet by reason of the Masque, Judgment is distracted, and deceived. There might be a double reason, why the Areopagite banish Stilpo, for proving by his Sophistry, Minerva was no Goddess: One, to show their dislike to the Art; another, that it was not fit, to suffer one to wanton with the Gods. Sure, howsoever men might first invent it, for the help of truth, it hath provid but a help to wrangle; and a thing to set the mind at jar in itself: and doing nothing but confound conceit, it grows a toy to laugh at. Let me give you but one of our own.

Nascitur in tenebris animal, puer, insinus, infans,
Conferat Oxonium se, cito fiet homo.
A thing born blind, a child, and foolish too,
Shall be made man, if it to Oxford go.

Aristarchus his Quip, may fall upon our Times: Heretofore (says he) there were but seven wise men; and now it is hard to find that number of fools. For every man will be a Sophister, and then he thinks he's wise; though I doubt, some will never be so, but by help of Logick. Nature her self makes every man a Logician: they that brought in the Art, have presented us with one that hath over-acted her: and something strain'd her beyond her genuine plainness. But I speak this of Logick at large, for the pure Art is an Excellency. Since all is in use, 'tis good to retain it, that we may make it defend us, against it self. There is no way to secure a Mine, but to countermine. Otherwise, like the Art of Memory, I think it spoils the Natural. How can it be otherwise, when the Invention of Man, shall strive with the investigation of Supreme Nature? In matters of Religion, I will make Faith my means to ascertain, though not comprehend them; for other matters, I will think simple Nature the best Reason, and naked reason the best Logick. It may help me to strip off doubts, but I would not have it help to make them.

LVI.

Of Thoughtfulness in Misery.

The unfortunate man's wisdom, is one of his greatest miseries. Unless it be as well able to conquer, as discern, it only shews him but the blacker face of mourning. 'Tis no commendation, to have an insight deep in Calamity. It can shew him mischief which a Fool sees not; to help him to vacillation, which he cannot tell how to cure. In temporal things, 'tis one great happiness to be free from miseries: A next to that, is not to be sensible of them. There is a comfort, in seeing but the bell of sorrow. And in my opinion, he does wisely, that, when grief presents her self, lets her wear a vizor, fairer than her naked skin. Certainly, 'tis a felicity to be an honest fool, when the piercing eye of his spirit, shall not see into the bowels of his attendant trouble. I believe
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our eyes would be ever winterly, if we gave them the slow but for every just occasion. I like of Solon's course; in comforting his constant friend: when taking him up to the top of a Turret, over-lookings all the piled buildings, he bids him think, how many Discontents there had been in those houses since their framing, how many are, and how many will be. Then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else, were hardness, and injustice. To mourn for all, were endless. The best way is, to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that wepine in woes. Sorrows are like putrid graves, the deeper you dig, the fuller both of fench, and horror. Though consideration and a Fool be contraries, yet nothing increaseth misery like it. Who ever knew a Fool dye of a discontenting melancholy? So poor a condition is man fain to, that even his glory is become his punishment: and the rays of his wisdom light him but to see those anguishs, which the darkness of his mind would cover. Sorrows are not to be entertained with lugs, and lengthened complements; but the caft of the eye, and the put-by of the turning hand. Search not a wound too deep, left you make a new one. It was not spokent without some Reason. That fortunate is better than wise; since whosoever is that, shall be thought to be this. For vulgar eyes judge rather, by the event, than the intention. And he that is unfortunate, though he be wise, shall find many, that will diewith that at least supposed folly. This only is the wise man's benefis: As he sees more mischiefs; so he can curb more passions: and by this means hath wit enough, to endure his pains in secrecy. I would look so far into crosses, as to cure the present, and prevent the future: But will never care for searching further, or incurring cares by thoughtfulnes. They are like Charons Cave in Italy, where you may enter a little way, without danger, and further perhaps with benefit, but going to the end, it stifes you. No Ship but may be cast away, by putting too far into tempestuous Seas.

LVII.

Of Ill Company.

We have no Enemy like base Company: it kills both our fame, and our souls. It gives us wounds, which never will admit of healing: and is not only disgraceful, but mischievous: Wert thou a King, it would rob thee of thy Royal Majesty: who would reverence thy sway, when, like Nero, thou shouldst Tavern out thy time with wantons, triumph with Ministers in thy Chariot, and present thy self upon a Common stage with the buskin'd Tragedian, and the Pantomime? 'Tis like a Ship new trimmed, wherefoever you but touch, it soyles you: and though you be clean, when you enter, even a little motion will fill you with defiled badges. And then the whiter the Swan is, the more is the black apparent. How many have died ignominiously, and have used their last breath, only to complain of this; as the witch that had enchanted them, to the evils that they now must smart for? 'Tis an Engine where-
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Wherewith the Devil is ever practising, to lift Man out of Virtues seat. 'Tis the spiritual whore, which toys the good man to his soul's undoing. Certainly, if there be any Dalilah under Heaven, it is in bad Society. This will bind us, betray us, blind us, undoe us. Many a man hath been good that is not, if he had but kept good company. When the Achates of thy life shall be ill, who will not imagine thy life to be so too? even waters change their virtues, by running thorow a changed vein. No man but hath both good and bad in his nature, either of which fortis; as they meet with their like, or decline, as they find a contrary. When Vice runs in a single stream, 'tis then a passable shallow; but when many of these shall fall into one, they swell a deeper channel to be drowned in. Good and wise Associates, are like Princes in defensive Leagues; one defends the other against the devices of the common Foe. Lewd ones are like the mistaken Lantern in 88, which under pretence of guiding, will draw us unto hazard, and loss among our Enemies. Nor was the fiction of the Syrens any other in the Moral, than pleasant wits, vitiated in accustom supplements, who for that were feign'd to be Monstros of a parted nature, and with sweet tunes, intisied men to destruction. Could my name be false, yet my soul were in danger; could my soul be free; yet my fame would suffer; were my body and estate secure, yet those other two (which are the purest excellencies of Man) are ever laid at the stake. I know, Physicians may converse with sick ones, uninfected; but then, they must have stronger Antidotes, than their nature gives them: else they themselves shall soon stand in need, of, what themselves once were, Physicians. One rotten Apple, will infect the tree. The putrid Grape, corrupts the whole found cluster. Though I be no Hermite, to fit away my days in a dull Cell; yet will I chuse rather to have no Companion, than a bad one. If I have found any good, I will cherish them, as the chaise of men: or as Angels, that are sent for Guardians. If I have any bad ones, I will study to lose them: left by keeping them, I lose my self in the end.

LVIII.

That no Man always Sins Unpunish'd.

When David saw the delights of the wicked, he was forced to fly to the hop, with a, Fret not thy self, 0 my soul! The Joilities of the villainous man stagger the religious mind. They live, as if they were passing thorow the world in state; and the stream of prosperity turning it self, to roll with their applauded ways: When, if we do but look to despised virtue, how miserable, and how stormy is her Sea? Certainly, for the present, the good man seems to be in the disrace of Heaven. He smart, and pines, and sadders his incumbered soul and lives as it were in the frown, and the rod of the traducing world. When the Epicure considered this, it made him to exclude the Providence. And surel to view the vitious with but Nature eyes, a man would think, they were things that Nature evir'd, or that the whole world were deluded, with
RESOLVES.

with a poisonous yce, in making only the virtuous happy. 'Tis only the
daring soul, that digesting vice in gross, climbs to the seat of Honor. In-
ocence is become a snare to let others rife to our abuse, and not to raise
our selves to greatness. How rare is it to find one raised for his sober
worth and virtue? What was it but Joseph's goodness, that brought
him to the flocks, and horns? Whereas if he had coap'd with his Inticr,
it's like he might have swam in Gold, and liv'd a lapling to the silk, and
dauncies. The world is so much Knave, that 'tis grown a vice to be ho-
nest. Men have removed the Temple of Honor, and have now set it, like
an arbor, in a wilderness, where unless we trace those devious ways, there
is no hope of finding it. Into what a sad Complaint, did these thoughts
drive the weighty Tragedian?

Res humanas ordine nullo
Fortuna regit, fparitique manu
Munera caca, pejora fovenis.
Vincit santos dura libido;
Eras sublimi regnat in aula.
Tradere turpi fasces populus
Gauder: eodem colit, atque odit.
Tris'mis virtus peregita tulit
Prania recti: Casos sequitur
Mala paupertas, vitioque potens
Regnat Adulter.

Bent to worse, all humane ways
Quite at random, Fortune sways,
Her loose favours blindly throwing.
Cruel lust the good man kills :
Fraud the Court triumphant fills;
People, honors ill bestowing,
Them they hate, even those they kifs.
Sad worth ill rewarded is;
And the chaste are poor, while Vice
Lords it by Adulteries.

Were these Ages chain'd to ours? Or why complain we that the world
is worse, when fifteen hundred years space cannot (for ought I see) al-
ter the condition? But, what is past, we forget, what is to come, we know
not: so we only take a spleen at the present. 'Tis true, Vice bravery it
with a bolden face, and would make one think, it were only the that
the dating world had chos'd, to make a Favorite on. But, if we have
time for observation, we shall see her halting with a Crab, and Shame.
Have we not seen the vices of the aged Father, punish'd in the Son, when
he hath been aged too? I am persuad'd there be few notorious vices, but
even in this world have a certain punishment, although we cannot
know it. God (for the most part) doth neither punish, nor bless at once;
but by degrees, and warnings. The world is so full of changings, that 'tis
rare for one man, to see the compleat race of another. We live not
long enough to observe, how the judgments of the justest God do walk
N
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their rounds in striking. Neither always are we able. Some of God's corrections are in the night, and clostcct. Every offence meets not with a Market last. Private punishments sometimes gripe a man within, while men, looking on the outer face of things, see not how they smart in secret. And sometimes those are deep wounds to one man, that would be Balm and Physick to another. There are no Temporal blessings, but are sometimes had in the nature of perverted curses. And surely all those creatures that God hath put subordinate to Man, as they (like inferior servants) obey him while he is a true Steward: so when he grows to injure his great Master, they send up complaints against him, and forfake him: chusing rather to be true to their Maker, God, than assisting to the vileness of his false Steward, Man. So that though men, by lewd ways, may start into a short preferment; yet sure there is a secret chain in Nature, which draws the universal to revenge a vice. Examples, might be infinite; every Story is a Chronicle of this Truth, and the whole world but the practice. How many Families we daily see, therein a whipping hand scourgeth the stream of all their lineal blood? As if there were curses, hereditary with the Lands their Fathers left them. I confess, they have a valour beyond mine, that dare forage in the wilds of vice. Howsoever I might for a while, in my self, sleep with a dumb conscience; yet I cannot think the All of Creatures would so much cross the current of their natures, as to let me go unpunished. And, which is more than this, I find a soul within my soul, which tells me, that I do unmably, while I love Sin more for the pleasure of it, than I do Virtue for the amiable sweetness that the yields in her self.

LIX.
Of Opinion.

Nor any earthly pleasure is so essentially full in itself, but that even bare conceit may return it much dissatisfaction. The world is wholly set upon the God and waging: meer Opinion is the Genius, and, as it were, the foundation of all temporal happiness. How often do we see men pleased with Contraries? As if they parted the sights and frays of Nature: every one maintaining the Faction which he liketh. One delighteth in Mirth, and the friskings of an Airy soul: another findeth something amiable in the saddest look of Melancholy. This man loves the free and open-handed; that the grasped fist, and frugal sparing. I go to the market, and see one buying, another selling, both are exercized in things different, yet either pleas'd with his own; when I, standing by, think it my happiness, that I do neither of these. And in all these, nothing frames Content so much as Imagination. Opinion is the foup of pleasures, where all humane felicities are forged, and receive their birth. Nor is their end unlike their beginning: for, as they are begot out of an airy phantasy; so they dye in a flame, and disappear into nothing. Even those things which in them carry a shew of reason, and wherein (if Truth be Judge) we may discern solidity, are made placid or dissatisfy, as fond Opinion
Opinion catches them. Opinion guides all our passions and affections, or, at least, begets them. It makes us love, and hate, and hope, and fear, and vary: for, every thing, we light upon, is as we apprehend it. And though we know it be nothing, but an uncertain prej[udgment of the mind, mili-informed by the outward senses; yet we see it can work wonders. It hath untongued some on the sudden; and from some hath snatch'd their natural abilities. Like Lightening, it can strike the Child in the womb, and kill it as 'tis worlded; when the Mother shall remain unhurt. It can cast a man into speedy diseases, and can as soon recover him. I have known some, but conceiving they have taken a potion, have found the operation, as if they had taken it indeed. If we believe Pliny, it can change the Sex: who reports himself to have seen it; and the running Montaigne speaks of such another. Nor is it only thus powerful, when the object of the mind is at home in our selves; but also when it lights on things abroad, and apart. Opinion makes women fair, and Men lovely: Opinion makes men wise, valiant, rich, nay any thing. And whatsoever it can do on one side to please and flatter us; it can do the same on the other side, to molest and grieve us. As if every man had a several seeming truth in his soul, which if he follows, can for a time render him, either happy, or miserable. Here lies all the difference; If we light on things but seeming, our felicity fades; if on things certain and eternal, it continues. 'Tis sure, we should bring all opinions to Reason, and true Judgment, there to receive their doom of admittance or ejection: but even that, by the former is often seduced, and the grounds that we follow, are erroneous, and false. I will never therefore wonder much at any man, that is swayed with particular affections, to things sublunary. There are not more objects of the mind, than dispositions. Many things I may love, that I can yield no Reason for: or, if I do, perhaps Opinion makes me coin that for a Reason, which another will not attest unto. How vain then are those, that aspiring a liberty to themselves, would yet tie all men to their Tenets? Conjuring all men to the trace of their steps; when, it may be, what is Truth to them, is Error to another as wise. I like not men that will be Gods, and have their judgments absolute. If I have liberty to hold things as my mind informs me, let me never desire to take away the like from another. If fair arguments may perwade, I shall with quiet shew what grounds do lead me. If those cannot satisfy, I think I may with any man to satisfy his own Conscience. For that, I suppose, will bear him out in the things that it justly approves. Why should any man be violent for that, which is more diverse, than the wandering judgments of the burrying Vulgar, more changing than the love of inconstant women; more multivarious than the sports and plays of Nature, which are every minute fluctuation, and returning in their new varieties? The best guide that I would choose, is the reason of an honest man: which I take to be a right-informed Conscience: and as for Books, which many rely on, they shall be to me, as discourses but of private men, that must be judged by Religion, and Reason; so not to tie me, unless these and my Conscience joyn, in the consent with them.
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LX.

That we are govern'd by a Power above us.

That which we either desire or fear, I observe, doth seldom happen; but something, that we think not on, doth for the most part intervene, and conclude: or if it do fall out as we expect, it is not till we have given over the search, and are almost out of thought of finding it. Fortunes befall us unawares, and mischiefs when we think them escape. Thus Cambyses, when Cyrus had been King of the Boys, he thought the predictions of his rule fulfilled, and that he now might sit and sleep in his throne, when suddenly he was awaked to ruine. So, Sarah, was fruitful, when she could not believe it: and Zachary had a son, when he was tlooped into years, and had left hoping it. When Dioclesian thought himself deluded by the Prophets, having kill'd many wild Boars, at last he lights on the right Aper, after whose death he obtained the Empire. As if God, in the general would teach, that we are not wise enough to chuse for our selves, and therefore would lead us to a dependency on Him. Wherein he does like wise Princes, who feed not the expectations of Favourites that are apt to presume; but often cross them in their hopes and fears: thereby to eie them fatter in their duty, and reverence to the hand that giveth. And certainly, we shall find this insallible: Though God gives not our desires, yet he always imparts to our profits. How infinitely should we intangle our selves, if we could fit down, and obtain our wishes? Do we not often wish that, we after fee would be our confusion, and is not this, because we ignorantly follow the flesh, the body, and the blinded appetite, which look to nothing, but the bell and outside? Whereas God respecteth the soul, and distributeth his favour, for the good of that, and his glory. God sees and knows our hearts, and things to come in certainty: we but only by our weak collections, which do often fail of finding truth, in the Crowd of the Worlds occasions. No man would be more miserable, then he that should cull out his own ways. What a precious fbow carried Midas his wish with it, and how it paid him with ruine at laft! Surely, God will work alone, and Man must not be of his counsel. Nothing pulls destruction on him sooner, than when he presumes to part the Empire with God. If we can be patient, God will be profitable: but the time and means we must leave to him, not challenge to our selves. Neither must our own indexours wholly be laid in the couch to laze. The Moral of the Tale is a kind of an instructive Satyre, when the Carter prayed in vain to Jupiter, because he did not put his shoulder to the wheel. Do thy part with thy industry, and let God point the event. I have seen matters fall out so unexpectedly, that they have tutor'd me in all affairs, neither to despair, nor presume: Not to despair; for God can help me: Not to presume; for God can cross me. It is said of Marius, that one day made him Emperor, the next saw him rule; and the third he was flain of the Soldiers. I will never despair, 'caufe I have a God: I will never presume, 'caufe I am but a Man. Seneca has counsel, which I hold is worth the following:

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Nemo confidat nimium secundis,
Nemo deseret meliora, lapsus;
Misert hac illis, prohibe; Clotho
Stare fortunam—

Let none faln, despair to rise,
Nor trust too much prosperities.
Clotho mingling both, commands
That neither stands.

LXI.

Of Misery after Joy.

As it is in Spiritual proceedings, better never to have been righteous, than, after righteousness, to become Apostate: So in temporal it is better never to have been happy, than after happiness, to be drown'd in calamities. Of all objects of sorrow, a distressed King is the most pitiful, because it presents us most the frailty of Humanity; and cannot but most midnight the soul of him that is fall'n. The sorrow of a deposed King, are like the disorganiments of a darter Conscience; which none can know, but he that hath lost a Crown. Who would not have wept, with our Second Edward, when his Princeely tears were all the warm water his Butchers would allow to shew him with? when the hedge was his cloth of State; and his Throne, the humble, though the honour'd ground. Misery after Joy, is killing as a sudden damp; terrible, as fire in the night, that startles us from a pleasing repose. Sudden changes, though to good, are troublesome, especially if they be extreme: but when they plunge us into worse, they are then the Strapadoes of a humane soul. A palpable darkness in a Summers day would be a dismal thing. Diseases, when they do happen, are most violent in the strongest constitutions. He that meets with plagues after a long prosperity, has been but fatted, like a beast, for slaughter: he is more mollified, only to make the pains and pangs of death more sensible: as if we should first supple a limb with Oils and Unguents; and then dab it with Aqua fortis, toothed waters, and corroding Minerals. It is better never to have been fair, than after a rare beauty, to grow into ugliness: The memory of thy blessedness, makes thy misery more deplorable; which like dead Beer, is never more delicious, than after a Banquet of Sweet-meats. Nor is this misery meerly opinionate, but truly argued from the measure of pity that it meets with from others. For you may period upon this: That where there is the most pity from others; there is the greatest misery in the party pitied. Toward those that have been alway poor, pity is not so passionate: for they have had no elevation to make their depression seem the greater wonder. The tann'd slave, that hath ever tugg'd at the Oar, by a long life, hath mingled Misery with Nature; that he can now endure it uncomplaining. But when a soft wanton comes to the Galley, every stroke is a wounding Spear in the side. I wonder not to hear Dionysius says, They are happy, that have been unblest from their youth. It was the opinion
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opinion of Diogenes, that the most lamentable spectacle that the world had, was an old man in misery: whereunto, not only a present impotency, but also a remembrance of a passed youth, gave addition. Even the absence alone of fore-gone joy, is troublesome: how much more, when they wind downward, into smarthe extremites? Death and Darkness both are but privations: yet we see how deep they terrifie. Wax, when it takes a second impression, receives it not without new passion, and more violence: so the mind, retaining the prints of joy, suffereth a new Creation, in admitting a contrary stamp. For Bajazet to change his Serailie for a Cage; for Valerian to become a Footstool to his proud foe; are calamities that challenge the tributes of a bleeding eye. I shal not pity any man that meeteth with misery: but they that find it after continual blessedness, are so much the more to be wailed, by how much they are unacquainted with the gloominfs of downsails. That which Sophonisba return'd, when her Husband sent her poison, the day after her wedding, as it flow'd down her, to incite compassion in others: Hoc nuntia, melius me mortuam suis, si non in funere meo mupfissem. Tell him, I had died more willingly, if I had not met my Grave in Marriage.

LXII.

Of the temper of Affections.

Every Man is a vast and spacious Sea: his passions are the winds, that swell him into disturbant waves: How he tumbles, and roars, and fomes, when they in their fury trouble him! Sometimes the west of pleasure, fanning in luxurious gales: sometimes the madid South, sorrowful, and full of tears; sometimes the fharf East, piercing with a tefly fleen: sometimes the violent and blustering North, swelling the cheeks, with the Angers boiling blood. Any of these, in extremes, makes it become unnavigable, and full of danger to the vesel that shall coall upon it. When they are too lowd, 'tis perilous: but when again they are all laid in the stillnes of an immotive calm, 'tis useles: and though it be not so ready to hurt, yet it is far from availing, to the profit of a Voyage: and the passengers may sooner famish, by being becalmed, than coall it over for the advantage of their Marts. Surely, the man that is always still and repofed in his own thoughts, though he be good, is but a piece of deadned charity. I care not for the planed Stoick, there is a Seat between him and the Epicure. An unmoved man, is but a motive Statue; harmless and unprofitable. Indeed fury is far the worfe extreme: for, besides the trouble it puts on the company, it always delivers the Author into successive mischiefs. He that is raging in one thing, feeds his bulines with many inconveniencies. Fury is like false position in a Verse, at least nine faults together.

Says Claudian,

---Caret eventus nimius furor:
---Rage knows not when, nor how to end.
I like neither a devouring Stork, nor a Jupiter's Log. Man is not fit for conversation, neither when his passions hurry him in a hideous temper; nor when they are all laid in a silent and unstirring calm. The Sea is best in a pleasant Gale; and so is Man, when his passions are alive, without raging. God implanted passions in the Soul, as he gave his Talents in the Gospel, neither to be lavished out impetuously, not to be buried in Napkins. We may warm us at these fires: though we burn not. Man without any, is no better than a speaking Stone. Cato's best Emperor was, qui potuit imperare aseptibus; he does not say, deponere. Moderate passions are the most affable expressions of humanity; without which, the Soul finds nothing like it self to love. A Horse, too hot and fiery, is the danger of his Rider; one too dull, is his trouble: And as the first will not endure any man; so the last will be indur'd by no man. One will suffer none to back him; the other admits each child to abuse him.

A good temper is a sure expression of a well-compos'd Soul. Our wild passions are like so many Lawyers, wrangling and bawling at the Bar; discretion is the Lord-Keeper of Man, that sits as Judge, and moderates their contemtations. Too great a spirit in a man born to poor means, is like a high-heeled shoe to one of mean stature: It advances his proportion, but is ready to fit him with falls. The flat sole walks more sure, though it abates his gracefulness: yet, being too low, it is subject to bemire the foot. A little elevation, is the best mediocrity; 'tis both raised from the Earth, and sure: and for his taleness, it disposeth it to an equal competency. I will neither walk so lifted, as to occasion falling; nor so dejected, as at every step to take soil. As I care not for being powder, or the cap of the Company; so I would not be Earth, or the Fools Foot-ball.

LXII.
That Religion is the best Guide.

No man lives conveniently, unless he propounds something, that may bound the whole way of his actions. There must be something for him to fly to, beyond the reach of his cavilling senses, and corrupted reason: other wise, he shall waver in his ways, and ever be in a doubtful unsettledness. If he takes policy, that is both endless and uncertain: and many times depends more upon the circumstance, than the main Act. What to day is good, is to morrow unsaving: what benefits one, may be the undoing of another; though to an eye that is not curious, the matter may appear the same. How like the As it show'd, when he thought by leap ing in his Master's lap, to be made much on, because he had seen the Dog do the like, before him? Besides, Policy is not a Flower growing in every Man's Garden. All the world is not wit and stratagem. If it were, Policy is but a fight of wit, a brain-war: and in all wars, how doubtful, how inconstant is Victory? Oedipus his cunning, in the resolung Sphinx's Riddle, did but betray him to the fatal marriage of his Mother. Palamedes found out Ulysses sained madness; and
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Ulysses after, by hidden gold, and forged Letters, found means to have him stoned; even while he made shew of defending him. No man has a monopoly of craft alone. Again, in private men it is infinitely stronger, both in respect of means and lawfulnes. Even those that have allowed deceit lawful in Princes, have yet condemn'd it as vicious in private persons. And believe it, Policy runs smoothest, when it turns upon a golden hinge: without the supply of means, 'tis but like a clock without a weight to set it going: Curious workmanship, but it wants a mover. If a man takes Nature, she is both obscure and insufficient: and will, with a pleasing breath, waltz us into Marc mortuum. Nay, 'tis that, before Man fell, was his sufficient genius, is since become his parasite, that smoothing his senses, serves them, as the tyrannous Emperor did his servants, let them fall into a chamber fill'd with roses; that, being smoother'd in them, they might meet the bitterness of death, in sweetness. Nor is Nature, for the most part, without the over-bearing of predominant humors. Cicero is in one place doubtful, whether he be a mother, or a step-dame; she is sometimes so weighing a man to extremities. Nor, if she were able, could we have her pure alone. Custom hath so mingled her with Art, that we can hardly sever her: if we do, we shall so differ from the world, as we shall but, by it, make our selves a prey to the nature that is arsted with the subtilities of time and practice. Either of these are but sinking floors, that will fail us, when our weight is on them. Reason is contradicting, and so is Nature; and so is Religion, if we measure it by either of these. But Faith being the rule of that placeth it above the cavils of imagination, and so subjecteth both the other to it. This being above all, is that only, which, giving limits to all our actions, can confine us to a settled rest. Policy governs the world; Nature, Policy; but Religion, All. And as we seldom see those kingdoms govern'd by Vice-Rois, flourish like those where the Prince is present in person: So, we never find Policy or Nature, to keep a man in that quiet, which Religion can. The two first I may use as Counsellors; hear what they say, and weigh it: but the last must be my Sovereign. They are to Religion, as Apocrypha to the Bible; They are good things, may be bound up, and read with it; but must be rejected, when they cross the Text Canonical. GOD is the Summit of Mans happiness: Religion is the way. Till we arrive at Him, we are but vapours, transported by unconstant winds.

LXIV.

Of the Soul.

How infinitely is Man distracted about himself? Nay, even about that which makes him capable of that distraction; his soul? Some have thought it of the nature of fire, a hot subtil body, dispersing it fell into rays, and fiery Atoms; as Democritus and some of the Stoicks. Others have thought it Air; as Diogenes, and Varro, and others. Epicurus makes it a Spirit, mixt of fire and air. Some would have every...
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Element a Parent of the Soul; separately: so every Man should have many distinct Souls, according to the Principles of his composition. Some have call'd it an undetermined virtue; some, a self-moving number; some, a Quint-essence. Others have defin'd it to be nothing but a Harmony, conflated by the most even composure of the four Elements in Man. And for this, one might thus argue: The body is before the soul; and till the body be perfect, the soul appears not: as if the perfection of the body, in his even contemplation, were the generation of the soul within it. The soul also changeth with the body: Is it not childish in Infancy, luxurious and unbounded in Youth, vigorous and differing in the strength of Manhood, sordid and doting in the declining age of his life? For, that which in old Men we call transcending wisdom, is more collected by long observation, and experience of things without them, than the genuine vigour of judgment in themselves. Hence some wise Princes have been careful, neither to chuse a green head, nor one that is worn with age, for Counsel. Next, we see the soul following the temperature of the body; nay, even the desires of it, generated by the present constitution of the body: as in longing after things that please our humors, and are agreeable to their defect or excess: Doth not the dittemper of the body infatiate the soul? What is madness, but Mania, and the exuberance and pride of the blood? And when again they mean to cure the soul, do they not begin with Doses, and Potions, and Prescriptions to the body? Johannes de Combis cites Augustine, saying, Animus est omnium simulab: because it can fanctify it self, the shape of whatsoever appears. But for all these, I could never meet with any, that could give it so in an absolute Definition; that another, or himself could conceive it: Which argues, that to all these, there is something sure immortal and transcending, infused from a supernal Power. Cicero is there divine, where he says, Credo Deum immortalem parissife animos in human corpora: and where he says again, Mibi guidem nongum persuaderi poturus, Animos, dum in corporibus effcit mortalibus, vivere: cum exsistent exis, mori: I could never think souls to live in mortal bodies, to die when they depart them. Seneca does raise it higher, and asks, Quid alius voces hume, quam Deum, in corpo humano hospitantem? What other canst thou term it, but a God, Inning in the flesh of Man? The Confidence, the Character of a God stamped in it, and the apprehension of Eternity, do all prove it a fruit of Everlastingness. For though I doubt whether I may be of their opinion, who utterly take away all reason from Beasts: yet I verily believe, these are things that were never infused in them. Man hath these things in grant only: whereby the soul doth seem immortal; and by this seeming, is proved to be so indeed: Else seeming should be better than certainty; and falsehood better than truth; which cannot be. Therefore they which say, the soul is not immortal; yet, that 'tis good men should think it so, thereby to be awed from vice, and incited to virtue; even by that Argument, argue against themselves. They that believe it not, let them do as Philosophers with, them to do, that deny fire to be hot, because they see not the means that
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that make it so: let them be cast into it, and then hear if they will deny: So let them that deny the immortality of the soul, be immerged in the horrors of a valued Conscience, then let them tell me what they believe. 'Tis certain, Man hath a Soul; and as certain, that it is immortal. But what, and how it is, in the perfect nature and substance of it; I confess, my humane reason could never so inform me, as I could fully explain it to my own apprehension. O my GOD! what a cloud of moving ignorance is Man! when all his industry cannot instruct him, what himself is: when he knows not that, whereby he knows that he does not know it. Let him study, and think, and invent, and search the very inwards of obscured Nature; he is yet to seek, how to define this inexplicable, immortal, incorporeal wonder: this Ray of Thee; this emanation of thy Deity. Let it then be sufficient, that GOD hath given me a Soul, and that my eternal welfare depends upon it: though he be not accountable either how I had it, or what it is. I think both Seneca and Cicero say true, when they are of opinion, that Man cannot know what the Soul is. Nor indeed need any man wonder at it: Since he may know, whatsoever is created by a Superior Power, suffers a Composition, but cannot know it: because it was done, before it self was. Man, though he hath Materials, cannot make any thing, that can either know how it was made, or what it is, being made: yet it is without defect, in respect of the end its intended for. How then can Man think to know himself, when both his materials and composition, are both created and formed by a Supreme Power, that did it without cooperation? Why should I strive to know that, which I know I cannot know? Can a man distinguish an Atom? can he grasp a flame? or hold and seiz on Lightenings? I am sure I have a soul: and am commanded to keep it from sin. O Thou, the GOD of that little god within me, my Soul! let me do this, and I know, thou art not such an Enemy to ignorance in Man, but that thou art better pleased with his admiration of thy secrets, than his search of them.

LXV.

Of Courtesies.

Nothing inflatheth a grateful Nature; like a free benefit. He that confers it on me, heals me from my self: and in one and the same Act, makes me his Vassal, and himself my King. To a disposition that hath worth in it, 'tis the most tyrannical War in the world: for, it takes the mind a prisoner: and, till the Ransom be paid by a like return, 'tis kept in fetters, and constrained to love, to serve, and to be ready, as the Conquerer defires it. He that hath required a Benefit, hath redeemed himself out of prison: and, like a man out of debt, is free. For, Courtesies, to Noble minds, are the most extreme extortions that can be. Favours; thus imparted, are not Gifts, but Purchases, that buy men out of their own liberty. Violence and compulsion, are not half so dangerous. These besiege us openly, give us leave to look to our selves, to collect our
our forces, and refortife, where we are fensible of our own weaknesses: nay, they sometimes befriend us, and raise our fortitude higher, than their highest bravés. But the other, undermine us, by a fawning Stra-
tagem: and if we be Enemies, they make us lay down our Weapons, and
take up Love. Thus the Macedonian proved himself a better Physician
for calumny, by his bounty; than his Philosophers, by their gray ad-
vifements. They make of an Enemy, a Subject; of a Subject, a Son. A
Crown is safer kept by Benefits, than Arms, Melius beneficis Imperium
custoditur quam Armis. The golden Sword can conquer more than steel-
one: and when these shall cause a louder cry, that shall silence the
barking tongue. There is nothing adds fo much to the greatness of a
King, as that he hath wherewith to make friends at his pleasure. Yet
even in this, he plays but the Royal Merchant, that putting no condition
in his bargain, is dealt with in the fame way: so for a pity benefit, he
often gets an ineftrimable friend. For, Benefits, binding up our bodies,
take away our souls for the giver. I know not that I am ever fadder,
than when I am forced to accept courtesies, that I cannot require. If
ever I should affect in-justice, it should be in this, that I might do cour-
tesies, and receive none. What a brave height do they fly in, that like
gods, can bind all to them, and they be tied to none! But indeed, it is
for a God alone. How heroical was it in Alexander Severus, who used
to chide those he had done nothing for, for not asking; demanding of
them, if they thought it fit, he should be still in their debt; or that they
should have cause to complain of him when he was gone? Certainly,
as it is a transcending happiness to be able to shine to all; so, I muft
recon it one of the greatest miseries upon Earth, wholly to depend
upon others favours: and a next to this, is, to receive them. They are
gains caft into rich ground, which makes it felf fertile, by yielding fuch
a large increase. Gifts are the greatest Ufury; because a two-fold re-
tribution is an urged effect, that a Noble nature prompts us to. And
surely, if the generous man confiders; he fhall find he pays not fo much
for any thing, as he does for what is given him. I would not, if I could,
receive favours of my friends, unless I could re-render them. If I muft,
I will ever have a readymind, though my hand be fhortned. As I think
there be many, will not have all they may: So I think there are few,
can require all they have: and none, but sometimes must receive some.
God hath made none Abolute. The Rich depends upon the Poor, as well
as does the Poor on him. The World is but a more magnificent building:
all the stones are gradually concentred, and there is none that sub-
fifteenth alone.

LXVI.
Of a Mans Self.

We ever carry our greatest Enemy within us. There was never a
founder truth, than Nemo leditur nisi a feipso. Had we the true
reins of our own passions and affections, outward occasions might exercise
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our virtues, but not injure them. There is a way to be wise and good, in spight of occasions. We go abroad, and fondly complain, that we meet with wrongs; as if we could cross the Proverb, and prove, that they may be offered to a willing preparedness. Others cannot draw us into inconveniences, if we help not our selves forward. 'Tis our inside that undone us. Therefore says Machiavel, A Prince ought to know the tempers of men, that he may fit them with baits, and wind them to his own ends. A Courtezana cannot hurt thee, unless there lies a Letcher in thy heart. When men plot upon us, to intrap and snare us, they do but second our own inclinations: and, if they did not see a kind of invite-ment from our selves, they would never dare to begin. When Cyrus befothe the Lacedemonians to enter League with him, rather than Ar-taxerxes; he only tells them, he had a greater heart than his Brother, and could bear his drink better: For he knew they loved men generous and hardy: so by making himself like them, he thought to win their liking. When men happen upon things that go against the Genius of the mind, then they work in vain: but when others flatteries shall joyn with the great Flatterer, a man self; he is then in the way to be wrought upon. 'Tis sure, there is sometimes a self-constancy, that is not temporable. In Athens there may be one Phocion, to refute the gold of Harpalus and Alexander. But this indeed is rare, and worthy his magnifying. Nil magnum in rebus humanis nisi animus magna deficiens. Otherwise, it is we only, that ruin our selves: if not totally, yet pri-marily. If we do ill compulsively, we are cleared by the violence. In the judgment of an upright soul, a man is not guilty of that which he cannot avoid, (I mean, in Civil matters.) There is no mischief that we fall into, but that we our selves are at least a coadjuutive cause, and do help to further the thing. A man's own heart is as arch a Traitor, as any he shall meet withal: we trust it too much, and know it too little: and while we think it sure-footed, it slips, and does deceive us. That we are the Authors of our own ill, the success will tell us: For, Conscience is always just, and will not chide us wrongfully: and when we have done an ill, though by others procurement, yet she rates us even to a loathing of our selves. Says the Comick,

—Jam aderit tempus, cum se etiam
ipse oderit. —

The day will come, when he shall hate himself.

The wife man shouldever therefore keep a double watch: one, to keep his heart from extravagencies; the other, to keep the Enemy from approaches. Occasion, and our Nature, are like two inordinate Lovers; they seldom meet, but they sin together. If we keep them aunder, the harm is prevented: or if they do meet, and the heart consent not, I am in some doubt, whether the offence be punishable, though the act be committed. It is no fault in the true man, to let the Thief have his purse, when he can do no other. In the old Law, the ravished woman was to be free'd: for, says the Text, There is in her no cause of death. Qui volens injuste agit, malus est: qui verò ex necessitate, non dic pro-
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fus malum. 'Tis not the necessitated, but the making ill that stains. Even actual sins have so far dependency on the hearts approbation, as that alone can vitiate or excuse the Act. While we keep that check'd, our Enemies can much less hurt us. The reason is, it is not in Man to compel it. The mind of Man, from Man, is not capable of a violation: and whom then can I tax for my own yielding, but my self? No man hath power over my mind unless I my self do give it him. So that this I shall think certain; No man falls by free action, but is faulty in something, at least by some circumstance; though excusable in the most, and most important. I know, calumny and conjecture may injure Innocence itself. In matters of censure, nothing but a certain knowledge, should make us give a certain judgment. Fame and Air are both too weak foundations for unspotted Truth to build on: only deeds are lyable to the down-right Tax: Because they carry the heart along: which in every action is a witness, either for or against us. Surely, Man is his own Devil, and does oftentimes tempt himself. All the Precepts of moderation, we meet with, are but given us to beware our selves: and undoubtedly, he that can do it, is rising toward Deity. Hark but to the Harp of Horace.

Latinus regnes, avidum domando
Spiritum, quam si Lybiam remotis
Gadibus jugas, & uterq; Panus
Serviat uni.

By curbing thy intarate mind,
Thou shalt fly away more, than couldst thou bind
Far Spain to Lybia: or to thee
cause either Carthage subject be.

One eye I will sure have for without; the other I will hold within me: and left I see not enough with that, it shall ever be my Prayer, that I may be delivered from myself. 

A me me salva, Domine! shall be one Petition I will add to the Litanies of my beseechings.

LXVII.

Of the worst kind of Perfidie.

The Dead, the Absent, the Innocent, and him that trusts me, I will never deceive willingly. To all these we owe a Nobler Justice; in that they are the most certain trials of human equity. As that grief is the truest, which is without a witness; so is that honestly best, which is for it self, without hope of reward, or fear of punishment. Those virtues that are sincere, do value applause the least. 'Tis when we are conscious of some internal defect, that we look out for others approbations. Certainly, the world cannot tempt the man that is truly honest. And he is certainly a true man, that will not steal, when he may, without being impeached. The two first are hindered, that they cannot tax my injury; and deceit to them is not without cowardice, throwing Nature into the lowest degree of baseness. To wrong the third, is savage, and contes
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comes from the Beast, not Man. It was an Act like Nature in Xenocrates, when the pursued Sparrow flew into his bosom, to cherish and dismiss it. How black a heart is that, which can give a stab; for the innocent smiles of an Infant? Surely, Innocence is of that purity, that it hath more of the God in it, than any other quality; it intimates a freedom from general vice. And this is it, which makes the injury to it so detestable; and sometimes gives the owners a divine and miraculous force: as we may read in the Turkish story, of a Child that struck an intending Murtherer into a wound, with offering to embrace him. The last I cannot defraud without ingratitude; which is the very lees of vice; and makes my offence so much the greater, by how much he was kinder, in making me Master of himself. Assuredly, as Nature hath endowed man with a more earnest desire to do right to these; because a true performance doth in these things most magnifie him: so she hath made the contrary appear the most odious; because they are breaches that most destroy humanity. It came from him that had but Nature, Cicero; Perditissimi est hominis, fallere eum, qui laesus non esse, nisi credidisset. None but the most villainous man, will deceive him that had been safe, but for trusting.

LXVIII.

Against Insultation.

I t cannot be safe to insult over any. As there is no creature so little, but may do us a mischief: so is no Man so low, but may occasion our smart. The Spider can impoyson; the Ant can sting; even the Fly can trouble our patience. Into all sensitive Creatures, Nature hath put a kind of a vindictive justice; that in some measure they are able to return an Injury. If they do not always, 'tis only because they are not able. Man hath both a more able, and more impatient soul: and though Reason teaches him not to be furious, yet withal, it teaches him not to be dull. Extremities of Injury often awake extremities of Revenge: especially, if we meet with contempt from others, or find despair in our selves: for despair makes a Coward bold and daring. Nor stands it but with reason, that a strong patience, urged beyond it self, should turn into the strongest rage. The Bow, that is hardest to bend, sends out an Arrow, with most force. Neglect an Enemy, but contemn him not. Disdain will banish Patience, and bring in Fury; which is many times a greater Lord, than he that rules a Kingdom. Contempt unbridles Fear, and makes us both to will, to dare, and to execute. So Lipsius has it, Contemptus excitit timoris frument, & efficit, ut non velis folium, sed andreas, & tennes. It is not good too far to pursue a Victory. Sigismund said true, He hath conquer'd well, that hath made his Enemies fie: we may beat them to a desperate resistance, that may ruin us. He is the wrong way high, that scorns a man below him, for his lowness. They are but puffing minds, that bubble thus above Inferiors. We see, 'tis the same, only, that gets to the top of the water. Man cannot be so much above Man, as that
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that his difference should legitimate his scorn. Thou knowest not what may fly it fell, when thy contempt awakes the Lion of a sleeping mind. All Disdain, but that of Vice, detracteth from the worth of Man. Greatness, in any man, makes not his injury more lawful, but more great. And as he that sufferers, thinks his disgrace more noted for the others eminency: so he thinks his own honour will be the more, when he hath accomplished his revenge; whereby, in some kind, he hath raised himself to be his Superiors equal. Man is, Animal generosissimum: and though he be content to subject himself to another's commands, yet he will not endure his braves. A lash given to the soul, will provoke more, than the bodies cruel torture. Derision makes the Peasant brave the Prince. When Augustus saw one like himself, and asked him in a scoff, if his Mother were never at Rome: The Boy answers, No; but his Father was. When Julian in a mock, asked the severend, and aged, blind Ignatius, Why he went not into Galilee, to recover his sight: Says he, I am contentedly blind, that I may not see such a Tyrant as thou art. We are all here fellow-servants: and we know not how our grand Master willbrook Insoledencies in his Family. How darest thou, that art but a piece of Earth, that Heaven has blown into, presume thyself into the impudent usurpation of a Majesty unbaken? Thou canst not fit upon so high a Cog, but mayst with turning prove the lowest in the wheel; and therefore thou mayst think of the measure that thou wouldest then have given me. If we have Enemies, 'tis better we deserve to have their friendship than either to despise, or irritate them. No man's weakness shall occasion my greater weakness, in proudly contempning him. Our Bodies, our Souls have both the like original composure: If I have any thing beyond him, 'tis not my goodness, but God: and he, by time and means, may have as much, or more. Take us alone, and we are but Twins of Nature. Why should any despise another, because he is better furnished with that which is none of his own?

LXIX.
Of Abomination.

Thus the whole world this holds in general, and is the end of all; That every thing labours to make the thing it meets with, like it self. Fire converts all to fire. Air exiccates and draws it self. Water moistens, and refolveth what it meets withal. Earth changeth all, that we commit to her, to her own nature. The world is all vicissitude and conversion. Nor is it only true in Materials and Substances; but even in Spirits, in Incorporeals; nay, in these there is more aptness; they mix more subtly, and pass into one another with a nimble glide. So we see infection sooner taken by breath than contagion: and thus it is in dispositions too: The Souldier labours to make his Companion valiant. The Scholar endeavours to have his Friend learned. The bad Man would have his company like himself. And the good Man strives to frame others virtuous. Every Man will be bulie in dispensing that quality,
quality, which is predominant in him. Whence this Caveat may well become us, to beware both whom and what we chuse to live withal. We can converse with nothing, but will work upon us; and by the unperceived stealth of Time, assimilate us to it self. The choyce therefore of a mans Company, is one of the most weighty Actions of our lives: For, our future well or ill being depends on that Election. If we chuse ill, every day declines us to worse: we have a perpetual weight hanging on us, that is ever sinking us down to Vice. By living under Pharaoh, how quickly Joseph learned the Courtship of an Oath? Italy builds a Villain: Spain superbiates; Germany makes a Drunkard, and Venice a Letcher. But if we chuse well, we have a hand of Virtue, gently lifting us to a continual rising Nobleness. Antifhences used to wonder at those, that were curious but in buying an earthen Dish, to see that it had no cracks, nor inconveniences; and yet would be careless in the choyce of Friends; to take them with the flaws of Vice. Surely, a mans Companion is a second Genius, to sway him to the white, or bad. A good Man is like the Day, enlightening and warming all he shines on, and is always rising upward, to a Region of more constant purity, than that wherein it finds the Object. The bad Man is like the night, dark, obstructing fears, and dimitting unwakon vapours upon all that rest beneath. Nature is so far from making any thing absolutely idle, that even to stones and dullest medalls, the hath given an operation: they grow, and spread, in our general Mothers veins: and by a cunning way of incroachment, couzen the Earth of it: and when they meet a Brother’s Constitution, they then unite and fortifie. Hence grows the height of friendship, when two similar Souls shall blend in their commixions. This cauæ, that we seldom see different dispositions to be entirely loving.

Oderunt hilarem tristes, tristemque jocos:
Sedatum celebes, agilem gnacumque remissi.
Potos Eburni medii de noce Falerni
Oderunt porcella negamentum pocus.
Sadmen hate mirth; the pleasant sadness shun:
Swift men, the slow; the slothful, those that run.
Who drinks at midnight, old Falernian wine,
Scorns him that will not take his cup.

It is likeness that makes the true-love-knot of friendship. When we find another of our own disposition, what is it, but the same soul in a divided body? What find we, but our selves intermutually transposed, each into other? And Nature, that makes us love our selves, makes us, with the same reason, love those that are like us. For this, a Friend is a more sacred name than a Brother. What avails it to have the Bodies from the same Original, when the Souls within them differ? I believe, that the applause which the Ancients gave to equal friendship, was to be understood of the likenes of minds, rather than of estate, or years: For, we find no season, nor no degree of Man, but hath been happy with this Sun of the World, Friendship: Whereas in jarring dispositions, we never as yet found it true. Nay, I think, if the minds be consonant, the best friendship,
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friendship is between different fortunes. He that is low, looks upward with a greater loving reverence: and he that is high, looks downward more affectionately; when he takes it to be for his honour, to favour his Inferior, whom he cannot chuse but love the more for magnifying him. Something I would look to outwards; but in a friend, I would especially chuse him full of worth, that if I be not so myself, he yet may work me like him. So for Company, Books, or whatsoever; I would, if I have freedom, chuse the best: though at first I should not fasten them, continual use will alter me, and then I shall gain by their graces. If judgment direct me right in my choice, custom, winning upon my will, will never fail in time to draw that after it.

L XXI.

Of Poets and Poetry.

Surely he was a little wanton with his leisure, that first invented Poetry. 'Tis but a Play, which makes words dance, in the evenmens of a Cadency: yet, without doubt, being a Harmony, it is nearer to the mind than prose: for that it self is a Harmony in heighth. But the words being rather the drossy part, Conceit I take to be the principal. And here though it digests from Truth, it flies above her, making her more rare, by giving curious rayment to her nakedness. The Name, the Grecians gave the men that wrote thus, they'd how much they honour'd it: They call'd them Makers. And had some of them had power to put their Conceits in Act, how near would they have come to Deity? And for the virtues of men; they rest not on the bare Demeanor, but slide into imagination: so proposing things above us, they kindle the Reader to wonder and imitation. And certainly, Poets, that write thus, Plato never meant to banish. His own practice shews, he excluded not all. He was content to hear Antimachus recite his Poem, when all the Herd had left him: and he himself wrote both Tragacies, and other pieces. Perhaps he found them a little too busie with his gods: and he, being the first that made Philosophy Divine, and Rational, was model’d in his own beginnings. Another Name they had of honour too, and that was Vates. Nor know I how to distinguish between the Prophets and Poets of Israel. What is Jeremiah's Lamentation, but a kind of Sapphic Ele- gie? David's Psalms are not only Poems; but Songs, Snatches, and Raptures of a flaming spirit. And this indeed I observe, to the honour of Poets: I never found them covetous, or scraping-bafe. The Jews had not too much Kings in all their Catalogue, as Solomon, and his Father; Poets both. There is a largeness in their Souls, beyond the narrowness of other men: and why may we not then think, this may embrace more, both of Heaven, and God? I cannot but conjecture this to be the reason, that they, most of them, are poor: They find their minds so solaced with their own flights, that they neglect the study of growing rich: and this, I confess again, I think, turns them to vice, and unmanly courses. Besides, they are for the most part, mighty lovers of
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their pallates; and this is known an impoverish. Antigonus, in the Tented Field, found Antagoras cooking of a Conger himself. And they all are friends to the Grape and Liquor: though I think, many, more out of a dulible Nature, and their love to pleasant company, than their affection to the juice alone. They are all of free Natures; and are the truest Definition of that Philosopher's man, which gives him, Animal Risible. Their grossest fault is, that you may conclude them sensu-al: yet this does not touch them all. Ingenious for the most part they are. I know there be some Ruming fools; but what have they to do with Poetry? When Salust would tell us, that Sempronius's wit was not ill; says he,—Ponit versus favere, & jocum movere: She could make a Verse, and break a Jeft. Sometimes there is in it, more than ordinary: in that it is all in such measured Language, as may be mar't'd by reading. I laugh heartily at Philoxenus his Jeft, who passing by, and hearing some Masons, miffenfing his lines, (with their ignorant fawing of them) falls to breaking again: They ask the cause, and he replies, They spoyl his work, and he theirs. Certainly, a worthy Poet is so far from being a Fool, that there is some wit required in him that shall be able to read him well: and without the true accent, numbred Poetry does lofe of the glows. It was a speech becoming an able Poet of our own, when a Lord read his Verses crookedly, and he befeecht his Lordship not to murder him in his own lines. He that speaks false Latin, breaks Frisean's head: but he that repeats a Verse ill, puts Homer out of joynt. One thing commends it beyond Oratory; it ever completh to the sharpest Judgments. He is the best Orator that pleaseth all, even the Crow and Clowns. But Poetry would be poor, that they should all approve of. If the Learned and Judicious like it, let the Throng bray. These, when 'tis best, will like it the least: So, they contemn what they understand not; and the neglected Poet falls by want. Calphurnius makes one complain the misfortune,

Frangit puer calamos, & inanes defere Musas:
Et potis glandes, rubicundas, collige corna,
Duc ad multa greges, & lac venes ad urbum
Non tacitus porta: Quid enim tibi Fiflula reddet,
Quo tutere famem? certe, mea carmina nemo
Prater ab his scopulis ventosa venit murmurat Eccho.
Boy, break thy Pipes, leave, leave thy fruitlesse Muse:
Rather the Mafs, and blood-red Cornill chufe.
Go lead thy Flocks to milking; fell and and cry
Milk through the City: what can Learning buy,
To keep back hunger? None my Verses mind,
But Eccho, babbling from these Rocks and Wind.

Two things are commonly blamed in Poetry: nay, you take away That, if Them: and these are Lyes, and Flattery. But I have told them in the worst words: For, 'Tis only to the shallow in sight that they appear thus. Truth may dwell more clearly in an Allegory, or a moral'd Fable, than in a bare Narration. And for Flattery, no man will take Poetic literal:
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literal: since in commendations, it rather shews what men should be, than what they are. If this were not, it would appear uncomely. But we all know, Hyperbole's in Poetry do bear a decency; nay, a grace along with them. The greatest danger that I find in it, is, that it wants the Blood, and Imagination; as carrying a man in too high a Delight. To prevent these, let the wise Poets strive to be modest in his Lines. First, that he does not the Gods: next, that he injure not Chastity, nor corrupt the Ear with lasciviousness. When these are declined, I think a grave Poem the deepest kind of Writing. It wings the Soul up higher, than the slacked pace of Prose. Blunders that do follow the Cup, I fear me, are too spiritually to be solid: they run smartly upon the loose, for a Distance or two; but then being soul, they give in, and tyre. I confess, I love the sober Muse, and satyr: From the other, matter cannot come so clear, but that it will be milled with the flames of Wine. Long Poetry some cannot be friends withal: and indeed, it pallies upon the reading. The wittiest Poets have been all short, and changing soon their Subject; as Horace, Martial, Juvenal, Seneca, and the two Comedians. Poetry should be rather like a Coranto, short, and nimbly-lyzy; than a dull Lesson, of a day long. Nor can it but be dead, if dis tended: For, when 'tis right, it centers Conceit, and takes the spirit of things: and therefore foolish Poetic is of all writing the most Ridiculous. When a Goose dances, and a fool versifies, there is sport alike. He is twice an Ass, that is a raving one. He is something the less unwise, that is unwise but in Prose. If the Subject be History, or contexted Fable, then I hold it better put in Prose, or Blanks: for ordinary discourse never shews so well in Meter, as in the strain that it may seem to be spoken in: the commendation is, to do it to the life: Not is this any other, then Poetry in Prose. Surely, though the World think not so, he is happy to himself, that can play the Poet. He shall vent his passions by his Pen, and cove his heart of their weight: and he shall often raise himself a joy in his Raptures, which no man can perceive, but he. Sure, Ovid found a pleasure in't, even when he writ his Tristia. It gently delivers the mind of diflumbers, and works the thoughts to a sweetness, in their searching conceit. I would not love it for a Profession: and I would not want it for a Recreation. I can make my felt harmless, nay, amending mirth with it; while I should perhaps be trying of a worse pastime. And this I believe in it further, Un超过Conversiion corrupts his easiness, it lifts a man to Nobleness; and is never in any rightely, but it makes him of a Royal and capacious Soul.

LXXXII.

Of Fear and Cowardice.

They, that are made of fearful dispositions, of all others, may seem the least beholding to Nature. I know not any thing, wherein they can be more unfortunacy. They enjoy nothing without a frightened mind; no, not so much as their sleep. They doubt what they have done,
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done, left it may hurt them: they tremble at the present; and Miseries that but may come, they anticipate and fend for, and infect in a more horrid habit, than any Enemy can devise to put them in. Nay, it were well, if they did but fear more miseries, than the bolder people: But it plainly appears, that the Coward really meets more dangers, than the valiant man. Every base Nature, will be ready to offer injuries, where they think they will not be repayed. He will many times beat a Coward, that would not dare to strike him, if he thought him valiant. When the Passenger gallops by, as his fear made him speedy; the Cow follows him with an open mouth, and swiftness: let him walk by, in a confident neglect; and the Dog will never stir at him. Surely, 'tis a weakness that every Creature (by a native instinct) takes advantage of: and Cowards have souls of a courser mixture, than the common spirits of men. Evils that must be, they meet with before their time: as if they strived to make themselves miserable, sooner, than God appointed them. Evils that are but probable, they ascertain. They that by an even poise might fit safe, in a Boat on a rough Sea, by rising up to avoid drowning, are drowned. For this is sure; it cozen's the weak mind infinitely, both in making of her falsely believe she may avoid dangers by flying, and in counterfeiting whatsoever is evil. All diseases are belied by fear, and conceit: and we know some, out of fear of Death, have dy'd. In a Battle we see the valiant man escape oft safe, by a constant keeping his rank, when the Coward, shifting dangers, runs, by avoiding one, into the several walks of many. Multis in summa periculo mitis venturi timor ipse mali. Certainly I have studied in vain, in thinking what a Coward may be good for: I never heard of any Act becoming virtue, that ever came from him. All the Noble deeds that have beat their Marches through succeeding Ages, have all proceeded from men of courage. And I believe many times, their confidence kept them safe. An unappalled look does daunt a base attempter. And oftentimes, if a Man has nothing but a courageous eye, it protects him. The brave soul knows no trembling. Cæsar spake like Cæsar, when he bade the Mariners fear nothing; for they carried him and his Fortunes. And indeed valor casts a kind of honour upon God; in that we shew that we believe his goodness, while we trust our selves, in danger, upon his care only: Whereas the Coward eclipses his sufficiency, by unworthily doubting, that God will not bring him off. So unjustly accusing either his power, or his will, he would make himself his own Saviour, and becomes his own confounder. For when man mistrusts God, 'tis just with God to leave Man. Marcus Antonius would not believe, that Avidius Cassius could ever have deposed him: and his reason was, The Gods had greater care of him than to let Cassius wrong him undeservedly. And this winning him love, establish'd him: whereas, Fear on the other side frustrates a sufficient defence. Themistocles compared a Coward to the Sword-slayer, which hath a weapon, but wants a heart. And then what use can the quaking hand put it to? Nay, when he may flie, cowardize binders him from playing the Coward; He would run away, and fear
fear arrests him with a senseless amazement, that betrays him to the pursuit of his foes. No armour can defend a fearful heart. It will kill it self, within. Cleomenes was so far out of charity with this pale passion, as the spoils he won from Cowards, he would neither sacrifice to the Gods, nor let the Lacedemonian Youth behold them; There are two miseries, for which it is famous beyond all other passions. Love, Anger, Sorrow, and the like, are but for a time, and then over: but this is perpetual. A disease of a life long, which every day slays a man to whatsoever ill he meets with. It vassails him to the world, to beasts, and men. And like a tyrant, inflicts whatsoever it propofeth. For this, does Martial Epigram upon it.

Quid si me Tonsor, cum stricta novacula supra est,
Tunc libertatem, Deutiasque rogus?
Promittam: nec enim rogat illo tempore Tonsor,
Latro rogat. Res est imperiosa Timor.
Suppofe my barber, when his razor's high
My throat, should then ask wealth, and liberty;
I'd promise more. The barber asks not this,
No, 'Tis a thief, and fear imperious is.

Next, whereas other passions are grounded upon things that are, as Envy upon happiness: Rage upon Injury, Love upon Beauty; and so the rest. This is as well upon things that are not. It coyns mischiefs that neither be, nor can be. Thus having no object to bound it, it runs in infinitum, and cannot be secured by any condition of life. Let the Coward have a guard, and he fears that: Let him have none, and he will fear for want of it. I have known some, as happy as the world could make them; and their own needless fears have made their lives more sorrowful than his that hath been frightened in all. I have pitied them; to think that a weak, vexations, and unprofitable passion should quite raise the blessings of a fair estate. Some things I may doubt, and endeavour to shun: but I would never fear them to a servility. If I can keep but reason Lord, fear will serve, and benefit me; but when that gets the throne, it will domineer insultingly. Let me rather have a mind confident, and undaunted with some troubles; than a pulse still beating fear, in the flux of prosperity.

L. X. X. I. I.

That Man is neither happy, nor miserable: but by comparison.

Here is not in this world, either perfect misery, or perfect happiness. Comparison, more than reality, makes men happy, and can make them wretched. What should we account miserable, if we did not lay it in the balance with some thing, that hath more felicity? If we saw not some men vaulting, in the gay trim of Honour; and Greatness, we should never think a poor estate so lamentable. Were all the world ugly, Deformity would be no Monster. In those countries where all go naked, they neither shame at their being uncovered, nor complain that
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that, they are expos'd to the violence of the Sun and Winds. 'Tis without doubt, our eyes, gazing at others above, call us into a shade, which before that time, we met not with. Whatsoever is not pain, or sufferance, might well be born without grumbling: did not other objects, fuller of contentedness, draw away our souls from that we have, to those things which we see, we have not. 'Tis Envy, and Ambition, which makes us far more miserable, than the constitution which our liberal Nature hath allotted us. Many never find themselves in want, till they have discovered the abundance of some others. And many again, do bear their wants with ease, when they find others below themselves in happiness. It was an answer bewraying a Philosopher, which Thales gave to one, that asked him how Adversity might beft be born? By seeing our Enemies in worse estate than our selves. We pick our own sorrows, out of the joys of other men: and out of their sorrows, likewise, we assume our joys. When I see the toiling Labourer sweat thorow both his skins, yet can scarce get so much, as his importunate belly consumes him; I then look upon my self with gladness. But when I eye the Distributors of the Earth, in their Royalty: when I think of Nero in his journey, with his thoufand Chariots, and his Mules all fho'd with silver; then, what a poor Atom do I account my self, compar'd with these huge piles of State?

*Tolle felices, removeto multo
Divites auro, removeto centum
Rura qui scintant opulentà babus;
Pauperi surgent animi jacentes.
Est miser nemo, nisi comparatus.
Void the bleft, and him that flows
With the weighty Gold, and fifty Ploughs
Furrowing wealthy paffures goes;
Poor minds then will spring. For none
Is poor but by comparison.

It was comparison, that first kindled the fire to burn Troy withal. Give it to the faireft, was it, which had the Goddesses. Paris might have given the Ball with lefs offence, had it not been fo inscribed. Surely, Juno was content with her beauty, till the Trojan Youth caft her by advancing Venus. The Roman Dame complained not of her husbands breath, while the knew no kids but his. While we fpy no joys above our own, we in quiet count them blessings. We see, even a few companions can lighten our miseries: by which we may guess the effect of a generality. Blackmef, a flat nose, thick lips, and goggle eyes, are beauties, where no shapes nor colours differ. He is much impatient, that refuseth the general Lot. For my felf, I will reckon that misery, which I find hurts me in my felf; not that which coming from another, I may avoid, if I will. Let me examine whether that I enjoy, be not enough to felicitate me, if I stay at home. If it be, I would not have another better fortune put me out of conceit with my own. In outward things, I will look to those that are beneath me; that if I must build my felf out
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out of others, I may rather raise content than murmur. But for accomplishments of the mind, I will ever fix on those above me; that I may, out of an honest emulation, mend my self, by continual striving to imitate their Nobleness.

LXXIII.

Of Pride and Choler.

The Proud man and the Cholerick seldom arrive at any height of virtue. Pride is the choler of the mind; and choler is the pride of the body. They are sometimes born to good parts of Nature, but they rarely are known to add by industry. 'Tis the mild and suffering disposition, that oftendt doth attain to Eminency. Temper, and Humility are advantagious Virtues, for businesses, and to rise by. Pride and Choler make such a noise, that they awaken dangers; which the other with a soft tread steal-by undiscovered. They swell a man so much, that he is too big to pass the narrow way. Temper and Humility are like the Fox, when he went into the Garner; he could creep in at a little hole, and arrive at plenty. Pride and Choler are like the Fox offering to go out, when his belly was full; which inlarging him bigger than the passage made him flay, and be taken with shame. They, that would come to preferment by Pride, are like them that ascend a pair of Stairs on Horseback; 'tis ten to one, but both their Beasts will eat them, ere they come to tread their Chamber. The minds of proud men have not that clearness of discerning, which should make them judge aright of themselves, and others. 'Tis an uncharitable vice, which teaches men how to neglect and content. So depressing others, it seeketh to raife it self; and by this depression angers them, that they bandy against it, till it meets with the loss. One thing it hath more than any vice that I know: It is an Enemy to it self. The proud man cannot endure to see pride in another. Diogenes trampled Plato: though indeed 'tis rare to find it in men so qualified. The main thing that should mend these two, they want; and that is, the Reprehension of a friend. Pride scorns a Corrector, and thinks it a disparagement to learn: and Choler admits no counsel that crosses him; crossing angers him, and anger blinds him. So if ever they hear any fault, it must either be from an Enemy in disdain, or from a Friend, that must resolve to lose them by't. M. Drusus, the Tribune of the People, cast the Consul, L. Philipus, into Prison, because he did but interrupt him in speech. Other Dispositions may have the benefits of a friendly Monitor; but these by their vices do seem to give a defiance to Counsel. Since, when men once know them, they will rather be silent, and let them rest in their folly, than, by admonishing them, run into a certain Brawl. There is another thing shews them to be both base. They are both most awed by the most abject passion of the mind, Fear. We dare neither be proud to one that can punish us; nor cholerick to one much above us. But when we have to deal with such, we clad our selves in their contraries: as know-
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ing they are habits of more safety, and better liking. Every man flies from the burning house: and one of these hath a fire in his heart, and the other discovers it in his face. In my opinion, there be no vices that incroach so much on Man as these: They take away his Reason, and turn him into a storm; and then Virtue her self cannot board him, without danger of demagination. I would not live like a Beast, puffet at by all the world for vilienes; nor yet like a waif, flattering upon every touch. And this moreover shall add to my misliking them, that I hold them things accursed, for fowing of strife among Brethren.

LXXIV.

That great Benefits cause Ingratitude.

AS the deepest hate is that which springs from the most violent love; So, the greatest discourtesies of all arise from the largest favours. Benefits to good Natures can never be so great, as to make thanks blush in their tendering: but when they be weighty, and light on ill ones, they then make their return in ingratitude. Extraordinary favours make the giver hated by the receiver, that should love him. Experience hath proved, that Tacitus wrote truth, Beneficia usque ad eodem, letas sint, dum videntur profes exolvis: ubi multum antevenerit, pro gratia, odium redditur. Benefits are so long grateful, as we think we can repay them: but when they challenge more, our thanks convert to hate. It is not good to make men owe us more than they are able to pay: except it be for virtuous deserts, which may in some fort challenge it. They that have found transcending courtesies, for Offices that have not been found; as in their first actions they have been blamed, so in their progress they will prove ungrateful: For, when they have served their turn of his benefits, they seldom see their Patron without thraldom; which (now by his gifts being lifted into happiness) they grieve to see, and strive to be quit of. And if they be defensive favours, for matter of fact, then, with their thraldom, they saw them their shame: and this pricks them forward to wind out themselves, though it be with incurring a greater. The Malefactor, which thou savest, will, if he can, condemn thee. Some have written, that Cicero was slain by one, whom his Oratory had defended, when he was accused of his Father's murder. I knew a French Gentleman invited by a Dutch to his Houfe; and, according to the voice of that Nation, he was welcome'd so long with full cups, that in the end the drink distemper'd him: and going away, in stead of giving him thanks, he quarrels with his Host, and strikes him. His friend blaming him, he answered, It was his Host's fault, for giving him liquor so strong. It palls'd for a jest: but certain, there was something in it more. Men that have been thus beholding to us, think we know too much of their vileness: and therefore they will rather free themselves by their Benefactors' ruin, than suffer themselves to be had in so low an esteem. When kindnesses are such as hinder Justice, they seldom yield a fruit that is commendable:
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as if vengeance followed the Bestower, for an injury to equity, or for not suffering the Divine Edicts to have their due fulfillings. Beware how thou rob'st the Law of a Life, to give it to an ill-deserving man. The wrong thou dost to that, is greater than the benefit that thou dost confer upon him. Such pity wounds the Publicke, which is often revenged by him thou didst bestow it upon. Benefits, that are good in themselves, are made ill by their being misplaced. Whatever favours thou impartest, let them be to those of desert. It will be much for thy Honour, when, by thy kindness, men shall see that thou affected Virtue: and when thou layest it on one of worth, grudge not that thou hast placed it there: For, believe it, he is much more Noble that deserves a benefit, than he that bestows one. Riches, though they may reward Virtues, yet they cannot cause them. If I shall at any time do a courtesie, and meet with a neglect, I shall yet think I did well, because I did well intend it. Gratitude makes the Author worse, but the Benefactor rather the better. If I shall receive any Kindnesses from others, I will think, that I am tryst to acknowledge, and also to return them; small ones, out of Courtesie; and great ones out of duty. To neglect them, is inhumanity: to require them with ill, Satirical. It is only in rank grounds, that much rain makes weeds spring: where the soil is clean, and well planted, there is the more fruit return'd, for the showers that did fall upon it.

LXXV.
Of Virtue and Wisdom.

There are no such Guards of Safety, as Virtue and Wisdom. The one secures the soul; the other, the Estate and Body. The one defends us against the stroke of the Law; the other against the mutability of Fortune. The Law has not power to strike the virtuous: nor can Fortune subvert the wise. Surely, there is more Divinity in them, than we are aware of: for, if we consider rightly, we may observe, Virtue or Goodness to be habitual, and Wisdom the distributive or actual part of the Deity. Thus, all the Creatures flowing from these two, they appeared to valde bona, as in the Text. And the Son of Sirach couples them more plainly together: for he says, All the works of the Lord are exceeding good: and all his Commandments are done in due season. These only perfect and defend a man. When unjust Kings desire to cut of those they dillate, they first lay trains to make them fall into Vice: or at last, give out, that their Actions are already criminal, so rob them of their Virtue, and then let the Law seize them. Otherwise, Virtue's garment is a Sanctuary so sacred, that even Princes dare not strike the man that is thus robed. 'Tis the Livery of the King of Heaven: and who dares arrest one that wears his Cloth? This protects us when we are unarmed: and is an Armour that we cannot, unless we be false to our selves, lose. Demetrius could comfort himself with this, that though the Athenians demolished his Statues, yet they could
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could not extinguish his more pyramidal virtues, which were the cause of raising them. Phocion did call it the Divine Law, which should be the square of all our actions: Virtue is the Tenure, by which we hold of Heaven: without this we are but Out-laws, which cannot claim protection. Sure, Virtue is a Defensress, and valiant the heart of man. Horace reports a wonder, which he imputes to his integrity.

Integer viti seelirig: purus
Non eget Mauri facultis, nec Acrum,
Nec venenatis gravida Sagitis,
Fusce, pharetra.
Sive per Syrtes iter aethiopum,
Sive factumus per inhospitalum
Causacum, vel qua loca fabulosas
Lambis Hydaspe.
Namaq; me sylva lupus in Sabina,
Dam meas cantu Lalagem, & ultra
Terminum curis uator expeditum,
Fugit inermem.

Innocent and spotless hearts
Need nor Morian Bow nor Darts:
Quivers cram’d with payson’d shot,
O Fusces! they need not.
Boyling Sands, un navigable,
Scythia’s Mount inhospitable,
Media, Inde, and Parthia: they
Dare pass, without diffmays.
For when I prais’d my Lalage,
And careless walk’d beyond my way,
A fierce wolf from a Sabine Wood,
Fled me: when nak’d I ftood.

If sometimes Virtue gives not freedom, she yet gives such Cordials, as frollick the heart, in the præs of adversity. She beams forth her self to the gladding of a bruised soul: and by her lights the dungeon’d prisoners dance. Especially she is brave, when her Sister wisdom’s with her. I see not but it may be true, that The wise man cannot fall. Fortune, that the Ancients made to rule all, the wisest of the Ancients have subject-

to wisdom. ’Tis she that gives us a safe conduit thorow all the various casualties of Mortality. And therefore when Fortune means to ruine us, she flatters us first from this Altar: she cannot hurt us, till we be stript of these Habilities: than the doth both wound and laugh. ’Tis rare to see a man decline in Fortune, that hath not declin’d in wis-
dom before. It is for the most part true, that,

Stultus factit Fortuna, quem nullus perdere.

Fortune first fools the Man she means to foil.
She dares not, she cannot hurt us while we continue wise. Discretion always the Stars, and Fate: For wealth, the Philosophers foresight of the scarcity of Oyl, shews it can help in that defect. For Honour, how many
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did it advance in Athens, to a renown'd Authority? When all is done, The wise man only is the cunning Art Fencer. No man can either give a blow to soon, or ward himself too safely. In two lines has the witty Horace summ'd him.

Ad summum: Sapiens uno minor est iove. Divae. 
Liber, Honorum, Pulcher; Rex denig, Regum.
Take all; There's but one Jove above him. He
Is Rich, Fair, Noble, King of Kings, and free.

Surely, GOD intended we should value these two above our lives; To live, is common; to be wise and good, particular; and granted but to a few. I fee many that with for honour, for wealth, for friends, for fame, for pleasure: I desire but these two, Virtue, Wisdom. I find not a Man that the world ever had, so plentiful in all things, as was Solomon. Yet we know, his request was but one of these; though indeed it includeth the other. For without Virtue, Wisdom is not; or if it be, it is then nothing else, but a cunning way of undoing our selves at the last.

LXXXVI.

Of Moderation.

Nothing makes Greatness last, like the Moderate use of Authority. Haughty and violent minds never blest their owners with a settled peace. Men come down by domineering. He that is lifted to sudden preferment, had need be much more careful of his actions, than he that hath enjoy'd it long. If it be not a wonder, it is yet strange; and all strangers we observe more strictly, than we do those that have dwelt among us. Men observe fresh Authority, to inform themselves, how to trust. It is good that the advanced Man remember to retain the same Humility, that he had before his Rise: and let him look back, to the good intentions that surround'd him in his low estate. Commonly, we think them of worthy deeds; which we promise ourselves to do, if we had but means. But when that means comes, we forget what we thought, and practise the contrary. Whosoever comes to place from a mean being, had need have so much more Virtue, as will make good his want of Blood. Nobility will check at the leap of a low-man. Salus has observed of Tully, when he was spoken of for Consul: That, plexa; Nobilitas invicta astutus, & quasi pollui Consulatum credebat; si eum, quamvis egregius, homo vives, adeptus foret. To avoid this, it is good to be just and plausible. A round heart will gather friends; and link men to thee, in the chains of Love. And, believe it, thou wilt find those friends firmest, (though not most) that thy Virtues purchase thee. These will love thee, when thou art but man again: Whereas those that are won without desert, will also be lost without a cause. Smoothness declines Enemy. It is better to descend a little from State, then assume any thing, that may seem above it. It is not safe to tenter Authority. Pride increases Enemies: but it puts our friends to flight. It was a just Quip, that a proud Cardinal had from a friend, that upon his Election went
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went to Rome, on purpose to see him: where finding his behaviour stretched all to pride and state, departs, and makes him a Mourning Suite, wherein next day he comes again to visit him: who asking the cause of his blanks, was answered, It was for the death of Humility, which dy'd in him, when he was Elected Cardinal. Authority displays the Man. Whatsoe'er opinion in the world, thy former virtues have gained thee, is now under a Jury, that will condemn it, if they slack here. The way to make Honour last, is to do by it, as men do by rich Jewels; not uncommon to them to the every-day eye: but case them up, and wear them but on Festivals. And, be not too glorious at first; it will send men to too much expectation, which when they fail of, will turn to neglect. Thou hast better shew thy self by a little at once; than, in a windy ostentation, pour out thy self together. So, that respect, thou gainest, will be more permanent, though it be not got in such haste. Some profit thou mayest make of thinking from whence thou camest. He that bears that still in his mind, will be more wary, how he trench upon those, that were once above him.

Fama est, fictilibus exsaffe Agathoclea Regem;
Atque ab acutum Samio sape norisse luto:
Perula gemmatis cum ponere horrida visis,
Et miseret opes, panperiemque simul.
Quarenti causam, respondit: Rex ego qui sum
Sicanias, figulo sum genitore fatus.
Fortunam reverenter habe, quiquunque repente
Divus ab exili progrescire loco.

With Earthen Plate, Agathocles (they say)
Did use to meal: so serv'd with Samo's Clay.
When Jewell'd Plate, and rugged Earth was by,
He seem'd to mingle wealth, and poverty.
One ask'd the cause, he answers, I, that am
Sicilia's King, from a poor Potter came.
Hence learn, thou that are rais'd from mean estate

to sudden riches, to be temperate.

It was the Admonition of the dying Otho, to Coccineus: Neither too much to remember, nor altogether to forget, that Caesar was his Uncle. When we look on our selves in the shine of prosperity, we are apt for the puff and scorn. When we think not on't at all, we are likely to be much imbased. An estate evened with these thoughts indureth; Our advancement is many times from Fortune; our moderation in it is that, which he can neither give nor deprive us of. In what condition ever I live, I would neither bite, nor swan. He does well that subscribes to him that writ,

Nolo minor me timeat, despicatius major.

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LXXVII.
Of Modesty.

There is Modesty, both a Virtue, and a Vice; though indeed, when it is blameable, I would rather call it a foolish baseness. For then it betrays us to all inconveniences. It brings a Fool into Bonds, to his utter undoing: when, out of a weak flexibility of Nature, he has not courage enough to deny the request of a seeming friend. One would think it strange at first, yet is it provedly true: That, Modesty undoes a Maid. In the face, it is a lure to make even lewd men love: which they oft express with large gifts, that so work upon her yielding nature, as she knows not how to deny: so rather than be ungrateful, she oft becomes unchaste: Even blushing brings them to their Devirgination. In friendship, tis an odious vice, and lets a man run on in absurdities; for fear of displeasing by telling the faults. Tis the Fool only, that puts Virtue out of countenance. Wise men ever take a freedom of reproving, when Vice is bold, and daring. How plain was Zeno with Necarchus? How blunt Diogenes with Alexander? How serious Seneca with the f Savage Nero? A Spirit modestly bold, is like the wind, to purge the world's bad air. It disperses Exhalations from the muddy Earth, which would, unfir'd, infect it. We often let Vice spring, for wanting the audacity and courage of a Debellation. Nay, we many times forbear good actions, for fear the world should laugh at us. How many men, when others have their store, will want themselves, for shaming to demand their own? And sometimes in extremes, we unwisely stand upon points of insipid Modesty. But, Rebus semper pudor asbit in arctis. In all extremes flye Basfulness. In any good Action, that must needs be bad, that hinders it: of which brain, many times, is the fondness of a blushing baseness. But to blush at Vice, is to let the world know, that the heart within hath an inclination to Virtue. Modesty a virtue, is an excellent curb to keep us from the stray, and offence. I am persuaded, many had been bad, that are not; if they had not been bridled by a basful nature. There are divers that have hearts for vice, which have not face accordingly. It chides us from base company, restrains us from base enterprises; from beginning ill, or continuing where we see it. It teaches to love virtue only: and directs a man rather to mix with a chaste soul, than to care for preening of the ripened bosome. It awes the uncivil tongue; chains up the licentious hand; and with a silent kind of Majesty, (like a watch at the door of a Thief's Den) makes Vice not dare peep out of the heart, wherein it is lodged. It withholds a man from vain-boasting: and makes a wise man not to scorn a fool. Surely, the Graces sojourn with the blushing man. And the Cynick would needs have Virtue to be of a blushing colour. Thus Aristotle's Daughter flew'd her self a better Moralist, than Naturalist: when, being asked which was the best colour, the answered: That which Modesty produced in Men ingenuous! Certainly, the heart of the blushing man, is neater Heaven than the blazed forehead.
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For it is a branch of Humility, and when that dyes, Virtue is upon the vanish. Modesty in Women, is like the Angel's flaming Sword, to keep vile man out of the Paradise of their Chastity. It was Livia's modesty, that took Augustus: and the that was Cyrus from a Multitude, was a modest one. For though it be but exterior, and face-deep only, yet it invites affection strongly. Plautus had skill in such commodities:

\[ \text{M} \text{eretrivem pudorem gerere magis decet, quam purpuram:} \]
\[ \text{Magis quidem meretrivem pudorem, quam aurum gerere condreet.} \]

Even in a whore, a modest look, and fashions,

Prevents beyond all gold, and purple dyes.

If that be good which is but counterfeit, how excellent is that which is real? Those things that carry a just infamy with them, I will justly be ashamed to be seen in. But in actions either good, or not ill, it may as well be a crime. 'Tis fear and cowardize, that pulls us back from Goodness. That is base blood, that blushes at a virtuous action. Both the action, and the moral of Agesilaus was good: when in his Oblations to Pallas, a Lome bit, and he pulls it out, and kills it before the People, saying; Transgressors were even at the Altar to be set upon. I know, things unseemly, though not dishonest, carry a kind of shame along; but sure, in resisting villany, where Courage is asked, Baseness is, at best, but a weak, and treacherous virtue.

LXXXVIII.

Of Suspicion.

Suspicions are sometimes out of Judgment. He that knows the world bad, cannot but suspect it will be so still: but where men suspect by judgment, they will likewise, by judgment, keep that suspect from hurting them. Suspicion for the most part, proceeds from a self-defect: and then it gnaws the mind. They that in private listen to others, are commonly such as are ill themselves. The wife and honest, are never fooled with this quality. He that knows he deserves not ill, why should he imagine that others should speak him so? We may observe how a man is disposed, by gathering what he doubts in others. Saint Chrysostom has given the rule; Sicus difficili aliquem suspiceratur malum, qui bonus est: Sicus difficili aliquem suspiceratur bonum, qui ipse malus est. Nero would not believe, but all men were most foul Libidinos. And we all know, there was never such a Roman Beas as he. Suspicating that we see not, we intimate to the world, either what our acts have been, or what our dispositions are. I will be wary in suspicating another of ill, lest, by so doing, I proclaim my self to be guilty: But whether I be, or not, why should I strive to hear my self ill spoken of? Jealousy is the worst of madness. We seek for that, which we would not find: or, if we do, what is it we have got, but matter of vexation? which we came so safely by, as we are ashamed to take notice of it. So we are forced to keep it boiling in our breasts: like new wine, to the hazard of the Hog's head, for want of venting. Jealousy is a gin that we set to catch Serpents; which, af-
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Soon as we have caught them, sting us. Like the Fool, that finding a box of poison, safes, and is poison'd indeed. Are we not mad, that being quiet, as we are, must needs go search for discontentments? So far should we be from seeking them, as to be often careless of those we find. Neglect will kill an injury, sooner than revenge. Said Socrates, when he was told that one rail'd on him: Let him beat me too, so I be absent, I care not. He that will question every disparage word which he hears is spoken of him, shall have few friends, little wit, and much trouble. One told Chrysippus that his friend reproached him privately. Says he, Age, but chide him not, for then he will do as much in public. We shall all meet with vexation enough, which we cannot avoid. I cannot think any man loves sorrow so well, as out of his discretion, to invite it to lodge in his heart. Pompey did well to commit those Letters to the fire, before he read them, wherein he expected to find the cause of his grief. I will never undertake an unworthy watch for that which will but trouble. Why should we not be ashamed to do that, which we shall be ashamed to be taken in? Certainly, they that let spies upon others; or by listening, put the base office of Intelligencer upon themselves; would blust to be discovered in their projects: and the best way to avoid the discovery, is at first to avoid the act. If I hear any thing by accident, that may benefit me; I will, if I can, take only the good: but I will never lie in wait for mine own abuse; or for others that concern me not. Nor will I flame at every vain tongue's puffe. He has a poor spirit that is not planted above petty wrongs. Small injuries I would either not hear, or not mind: Nay, though I were told them, I would not know the Author: for by this I may meet my self, and never malice the person.

LXXIX.
Of Fate.

Certainly, there is a Fate that hurries Man to his end beyond his own intention. There is uncertainty in wisdom, as well as in folly. When man plotteth to save himself, that plotting delivers him into his ruining. Decrees are laid upon us: and our own wit often hunters us into the snares, that above all things we would shun. What we suspect and would fly, we cannot: what we suspect not, we fall into. What which fav'd us now, by and by kills us. We use means of preservation, and they prove destroying ones. We take courses to ruin us, and they prove means of safety. When Agrippina's death was plotted, her woman thought to save her self; by alluming of her Misfis name: and that only was the cause of her killing. Florus tells of one, to whom, Victoriam praelio error dedit: an error in the fight, gave victory. How many have, flying from danger, met with death? and, on the other side, found protection even in the very jaws of mischief?

Et cum Fata voluit, bina venena juvanti.
And when Fate lifts, a doubled poison saves.
Some men in their sleep are cast into Fortunes lap: while others, with all their industry, cannot purchase one smile from her. How strange a rescue from the sackage of an Enemy had that City, that by the Leaders crying, Back, back, when he wanted room for the fetching of his blow, to break a chain that hinder'd him, was, by mis-apprehending the word, put back in a violent flight? There is no doubt, but wisdom is better than Folly, as light is better than darkness. Yet, I see, faith Solomon, it happens to the wise and fool alike. It fell out to be part of Mithridates misery, that he had made himself unpoysonable. All humane wisdom is defective: otherwise it might help us against the flash and storm. As it is, it is but letter folly, which preserving sometimes, fails as often. Grave directions do not always prosper: nor does the Fools bolt ever mis. Domitian's reflective Galleries could not guard him from the skarfed arm. Not did Titus his freenefs to the two Patrician aspirers, hurt him: For, his confidence was, That Fate gave Princes Sovereignty. Man is meerly the Ball of Time: and is sometime taken from the Plow to the Throne; and sometimes again from the Throne to a Halter: as if we could neither avoid being wretched, or happy, or both.

Non sollicita postus cura
Mortae rati flamina fugi.
Quicquid patimur mortale genus,
Quicquid facimus, venit ex alio.
Servavi, sua decreta colus
Lacheas, durum revoluta manu:
Omnia certa tramit Badunt;
Primus; dies dedit extremum.

Our most thoughtful cares cannot
Change establisht Fates firm plot.
All we suffer, all we prove,
All we act comes from above.
Fates Decrees still keep their course:
All things strictly by their force
Wheel in undisturbed ways;
Ends are set in our first days.

Whatsoever Man thinks to do in contrariety; is by GOD turned to be a help of hastening the end he hath appointed him: It was not in the Emperors power, to keep Atelearius from the Dogs, no, though it was foretold him: and he bent himself to cros it. We are govern'd by a Power, that we cannot but obey, our minds are wrought against our minds, to alter us. Man is his own Traitor, and maddeth to undo himself. Whether this be Nature order'd and relinquish'd: or whether it be accidental; or the operating power of the Stars; or the eternal connexion of causes; or the execution of the will of God; whether it takes away all freedom of will from Man; or by what means we are thus wrought upon, I dispute not. I would not think any thing, that should derogate from the Majesty of God. I know, there is a Providence order-
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ing all things as it pleaseth; of which, Man is not able to render a reason. We may believe St. Jerome, Providentia Dei omnia gubernatur; & quo putatur penna, Medicina est. But the secret progressions, I confess, I know not; I see, there are both Arguments and Objections on every side. I hold it a kind of Mundane predestination, writ in such Characters, as it is not in the wit of man to read them. In vain we murmur at the things that must be: in vain we mourn for what we cannot remedy. Why should we rave, when we meet with what we look not for? 'Tis our ignorance that makes us wonder our selves to a dull stupefaction. When we consider but how little we know, we need not be disturbed at a new event.

Regitur Fatis mortale genus,
Nec fisci quisquiam sponde potest
Firmum; & stabile: perg: eamus
Voluitur varios semper nos.
Metuenda dies.
All Mankind is rul'd by Fate,
No man can propose a state
Firm and stable: various chance,
Always rowling, doth advance
That Something which we fear.

Surely out of this, we may raise a Contentment Royal, as knowing we are always in the hands of a Noble Protector, who never gives ill, but to him that has deserved ill. Whatsoever befalls me, I would subscribe to, with a squared soul. It were a super-insanitated folly, to struggle with a power, which I know is all in vain contended with. If a fair endeavour may free me, I will practice it. If that cannot, let me wait it with a calmed mind. Whatsoever happens as a wonder, I will admire and magnifie, as the Act of a Power above my apprehension. But as it is an alteration to Man, I will never think it marvellous. I every day see him suffer more changes, than is of himself to imagine.

LXXX.
Of Ostentation.

Ain-glory, at best, is but like a window-cushion, speious without, and garnished with the stazed pendant; but within, nothing but hey, or tom, or some such trifle, not worth looking on. Where I have found a flood in the tongue, I have often found the heart empty. 'Tis the hollow Instrument that sounds loud: and where the heart is full, the tongue is seldom liberal. Certainly, he that bragges, if he be not ignorant, is insconsiderate; and knows not the sights and casualties that hang on Man. If he had not an unworthy heart, he would rather stay till the world had found it, than so undecently be his own Proctor. If thou beest good, thou mayst be sure the world will know thee so. If thou beest bad, thy bragging tongue will make thee worse; while the actions of thy life confute thee. If thou wilt yet boast the good thou truly hast,
haft, thou obscureft much of thine own worth, in drawing of it up by so unseemly a bucket, as thine own tongue. The honest man takes more pleasure in knowing himself honest, than in knowing that all the world approves him so. Virtue is built upon her self. Flourishes are for Networks; better Contextures need not any other additions. Phocion call'd bragging Laofhenes, The Cypress's Tree; which makes a fair show, but seldom bears any fruit. Why may he not be emblem'd by the cozening Fig-tree, that our Saviour curs'd? 'Tis he that is conscious to himself of an inward defect, which by the brazen Bell of his tongue, would make the world believe, that he had a Church within. Yet, fool that he is! this is the way to make men think the contrary, if it were so. Ostentation after, overthrows the Action, which was good, and went before; or at least, it argues that good not done well. He, that does good for praise only, falls of the right end. A good work ought to propound, He is virtuous; that is so for Virtue's sake. To do well, is as much applause as a good man labours for. Whateover good work thy hand builds, is again pull'd down by the folly of a boasting tongue. The blushings of the proud will go out in a spleen and smoke: Their bragging will convert to shame. Saint Gregory has it wittily: Sub hosque quem præternis, meritor, qui de culpà quam superat e convers. He both loseth the good he hath done, and hazardeth for shame with men: For clouds of disdain are commonly raised by the wind of Ostentation. He that remembers too much his own Virtues, teacheth others to object his Vices. All are Enemies to assuming Man. When he would have more than his due, he seldom findeth so much. Whether it be out of jealoufy, that by promulgating his Virtues we vainly think he should rob us of the world's love; or whether we take his exalting himself to be our depression; or whether it be our envy; or that we are angry, that he should so undervalue goodness, as, despising her approbation, he should seek the uncertain warrant of men: or whether it be an Infinité infamity in Man, to dislike them; 'Tis certain, no man can endure the puffs of a swelling mind. Nay, though the vaunts be true, they do but awaken scoffs: and in stead of a clapping hand, they find a check with scorn. When a Sounder brag'd too much of a great scar in his forehead, he was asked by Augustus, if he did not get it, when he looked back, as he fled? Certainly, when I hear a vaunting man, I shall think him like a Pece that is charged but with powder; which near hand gives a greater report, than that which hath a Bullet in't. If I have done any thing well, I will never think the world is worth the telling of it. There is nothing added to essential virtue, by the hoarse clamor of the blustering Rabble. If I have done ill; to boast the contrary, I will think, is like painting an old face, to make it so much more ugly. If it be of any thing past, the world will talk of it, though I be silent. If not, 'tis more Noble to neglect Fame, than seem to beg it. If it be of ought to come, I am foolish, for speaking of that which I am not sure to perform. We disgrace the work of Virtue, when we go about any way to seduce voices for her approbation.
LXXXI.
Of Hope.

Humane life hath not a surer friend, nor many times a greater enemy than Hope. "Tis the miserable man's God, which in the hardest grip of calamity, never fails to yield him beams of comfort." Tis the presumptuous man's Devil, which leads him a while in a smooth way, and then makes him break his neck on the sudden. Hope is to Man, as a bladder to a learning swimmer; it keeps him from sinking in the bosom of the waves; and by that help it may attain the exercise: but yet many times it makes him venter beyond his height, and then, if that breaks, or a storm rises, he drowns without recovery. How many would dye, did not Hope sustain them? How many have dy'd, by hoping too much? This wonder we may find in Hope; that she is both a flatterer, and a true friend. Like a valiant Captain, in a losing Battel, it is ever encouraging Man; and never leaves him, till they both expire together. While breath pants in the dying body, there is Hope fleeting in the weeping Soul. "Tis almost as the air, by which the mind does live. There is one thing which may add to our value of it; that it is appropriate unto Man alone: For surely, Beasts have not hope at all; they are only capable of the present; whereas Man, apprehending future things, hath this given him, for the satisfaction of his drooping Soul. Who would live rounded with calamities, did not smiling Hope cheer him, with expectation of deliverance? The common one is in Tibullus:

Fam mala finissim Letho; sed credula vitam
Spes floret, & melius eras fore semper aut.
Spes altis agricolas; spes sulsis credit aratis
Semina, quse magno semine reddat ager.
Hec laqueo volucres, hae capit aurumine pisces,
Cum tennes habes abdit ante cibum,
Spes etiam valida solatur compede vinenum;
Crura sonant ferro, sed canis inter opus.

Hope flatters Life, and says she'll still bequeath Better; else I had cur'd all ills by Death.

She blythes the Farmer, does his grain commit To Earth, which with large use repentieth it. She shares the Birds; and Fishes, as they glide, Strikes with small hooks, that cozing baits do hide: She cheer the shackled prisner, and with's thigh Rings with his chain, he works and sings on high.

There is no estate so miserable, as to exclude her comfort. Imprison, vex, fright, torture, new death with his horridst brow; yet Hope will dart in her reviving rays, that shall illumine and exhilarate, in the tumour, in the swell of these. Nor does she more friend us with her gentle shine, than the often fools us with her fleck delusions. She dandles us into killing flames, sings us into Lethargies, and, like an lover-hafty Chirurgeon, skinneth dangers, that are full, and foul within. She cozens
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the Thief of the Coin he steals: and cheats the Gamester more than even the falsest Dye. It abuseth universal Man, from him that floops to the dome wall, upon the naked Common, to the Monarch in his purpled Throne. It undoes the melting Prodigal; it delivers the Ambitious to the edged Axe; and the rash Souldier to the shatterings of the fired Vomits. Whatsoever good we see, it tells us we may obtain it; and in a little time, tumble ourselves in the Down of our wishes: but it often performs like Domitian, promising all, with nothing. 'Tis (indeed) the Rattle, which Nature did provide, to still the froward crying of the fond child Man. Our Life is but a Run after the drag of something that doth itch our senses: which when we have hunted home, we find a meer delusion. We think we were for Rachel, but are deceiv'd with bleared-eye Leah. Jacob is as Man, Laban is the cholrius, envious, ungrateful world: Leah is the pleasure it pays us with, blemish'd in which is the life of beauty, perill'd even in the Eye; emblem'd too by the sex of frailty, women. We see a Box, wherein we believe a Pardon; so we are merry in the brink of Death. While we are dancing, the Trapdoor falls under us, and Hope makes us joyous, till the ladder turns, and then it is too late to care. Certainly, it requires a great deal of judgment to balance our hopes even. He that hopes for nothing, will never attain to any thing. This good comes of over-hoping, that it sweetens our passage thorow the World, and sometimes so lures us to work, as it produces great actions, though not always to our ends. But then again, he that hopes too much, shall cozen himself at last; especially, if his industry goes not along to fertile it. For hope without action is a barren under. The best is to hope for things possible, and probable. If we can take her comforts, without transferring her our confidence, we shall surely find her a sweet companion. I will be content my Hope should travel beyond Reason; but I would not have her build there. So by this, I shall reap the benefit of her present service, yet prevent the Treason she might beguile me with.

LXXXII.

That Sufferance causeth Love.

In Noble Natures, I never found it fail, but that those who suffered for them, they ever loved intirely. 'Tis a Justice living in the Soul, to induct those that have smartsed for our fakes. Nothing furer uyes a friend, than freely to subhumerate the burthen which was his. He is unworthy to be freed a second time, that does not pay both affection, and thanks, to him that hath under-gone a mischief, due to himself. He hath in a fort made a purchase of thy life, by laving it: and though he doth forbear to call for it, yet I believe, upon the like, thou owest him. Sure, Nature, being an Enemy to all injustice, since she cannot recall a thing done, labours some other way, to recompense the passed injury. It was Darius his confession, that he had rather have one whole Zephyrus, than ten such Babylons as his mangling wan. Volumnius would needs
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needs have dy'd upon Lucullus corps, because he was the cause of his undertaking the war. And Achilles did alter his purpose of refraining the Græcian camp, to revenge Patroclus his death, when he heard that he was slain in his borrowed Armour. Sure, there is a sympathy of souls; and they are subtilely mixed by the Spirit of the Air; which makes them sensible of one another's sufferances. I know not by what hidden way; but I find that love increaseth by adversity. Ovid confesses it:

——Adverso tempore crevit Amor:
——Love heightens by depression.

We often find in Princes, that they love their Favourites, for being screen'd, that take away the envy of the People; which else would light on them: and we shall see this love appear most, when the People begin to lament them; as if they were then y'd to that out of Justice and Gratitude, which before was but matter of favour, and in the way of courtesies. To make two friends intire, we need but plot, to make one suffer for the others sake. For this is always in a worthymind; it grieves more at the trouble of a friend, than it can do for itself. Men often know in themselves how to manage it, how to entertain it; in another they are uncertain how it may work. This fear troubles love, and sends it to a nearer search, and pity. All creatures shew a thankfulness to those that have befriended them. The Lyon, the Dogg, the Stork in kindnesse are all returners: Whole Nature leans to mutual requitals; and to pay with numerous use, the favours of a free affection. And if we owe a Retribution for unpainful Courtesies, how much should we reflow, when they come array'd in sufferings? Though it be not to our selves a benefit of the largest profit; yet it is to them a service of the greatest pains: and it is a great deal more Honour to recompense after their Act, than our Receipt. In Courtesies, 'tis the most Noble, when we receive them from others, to prize them after the Authors intention, if they be mean; but after their effect, if they be great: and when we offer them to others, to value them less good, but as the sequel proves them to the Receiver. Certainly, though the world hath nothing worth loving, but an honest man: yet this would make one love the man that is vile. In this case I cannot exempt the ill one out of my affection: but I will rather with he may still be free, than I in bonds to lewdness. Nor will I, if my industrious care may void it, ever let any induce a torment for me; because it is a courtsey, which I know not bow to requisite. So till I meet with the like opportunity, I must rest in his debt, for his passion. It is not good to receive favours, in such a nature, as we cannot render them. Those bonds are cruel eyes, which make man ever subject to debt, without a power to cancel them.

That
## LXXXIII.

**That Policy and Friendship are scarce compatible.**

As Policy is taken in the general, we hold it but a kind of crafty wisdom, which boweth every thing to a self-profit. And therefore a Politician is one of the worst sorts of men, to make a friend on. Give me one, that is virtuously wise, not cunningly bid, and twined to himself. Policy in friendship, is like Logick in truth: something too subtle for the plainness of of disclosing hearts. And whereas this works ever for appropriate ends; Love ever takes a partner into the benefit. Doubtless, though there be that are sure, and straight to their friend: yet in general, he is reckoned, but a kind of postpositum: or an Heir that must not claim till after. We have found out an Adage, which doubles our love to our selves: but withal, it robs our Neighbour. *Proximus ipse mihi,* is urged to the ruin of friendship. They that love themselves over-much, have seldom any expressive goodness. And indeed, it is a quality that fights against the twist of friendship. For what love joyns, this divides, and distanceth. *Scipio* would not believe it was ever the speech of a wise man, which wills us, so to love, as if we were to hate immediately. The truth of affection projecteth perpetuity. And that love which can presently leave, was never well begun. He that will not in a time of need, halve it with a frownd friend, does but usurp the name, and injure it. Not is he more to be regarded, that will kick at every fail of his friend: A friend invited *Achabades* to supper: He refused: but in the middle of their meal, he rushes in with his servants, and commands them to catch up the wine, and carry it home to his house: they did it, yet half they left behind. The Guests complained of this unciwul violence: but his friend with this mild speech, excused him, saying: He did courteously to take but half, when all was at his service. Yet in these lenities I confess Politicians are most plausible. There are that will do as *Fabius* said of *Syphax*, keep correspondence in small matters, that they may be trusted, and deceive in greater: and of graver consequence. But these are to be banished the League. The politick heart is too full of cranks and angles, for the discovery of a plain familiar. It is uncertain finding of him, that useth often to shift his habitation: and so it is a heart, that hath devices, and inversions for it self alone. Things that differ in their end, will surelie part in their way. And such are these two: The end of Policy, is to make a mans self great. The end of love, is to advance another. For a friend to converse withal, let me rather meet with a sound affection, than a crafty brain. One may fail me by accident, but the other will do it out of fore-intent. And then there is nothing more dangerous, than studied adoration; especially, where it knows tis trusted. The soundest affection, is like to be between those, where there cannot be expectation of sinister ends. Therefore have your Poets feigned, the entirest love, among humble Shepheardes: where wealth and honour have had no sway in their unions.
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LXXXIV.
Of Drunkenness.

Said Muses, The reward of Virtue is perpetual Drunkenness. But he meant it, of celestial exhilaration: and surely so, the good man is full of gladding vivification, which the world does never reach unto. The other drunkenness, arising from the Grape, is the floating of the blemish enfees in a sea, and is as great a Hydra, as ever was the multitude. That dispositions differ, as much as faces, Drink is the clearest prover. The Cup is the betrayer of the mind, and does disapparel the soul. There is but one thing which distinguishes Beast and Man: Reason. And this it robs him of: Nay, it goes further, even to the subverting of Natures institution. The thoughts of the heart, which God hath declused from the very Devil, and Spirits, by this do suffer a search, and demudation. Quod in corde sobrii, in linguâ ebrii. He that would Anatomize the Soul, may do it best, when Wine has numm'd the enfees. Certainly, for confession, there is no such rack as wine; nor could the Devil ever find a cunninger bait to angle both for acts, and meaning: Even the most benighted cogitations of the soul, in this fluid, do tumble from the scowled tongue; yet madly we pursue this Vice, as the kindler both of wit and mirth. Alas! it is the blemish of our times, that men are of such flow conceits, as they are not company one for another, without excessive draughts to quicken them. And surely 'tis from this barrenness, that the impertinencies of drink, and smoke, were first tame in at meetings. It was an excellent way, for men of quality, to convert this madness, to the discussion and practice of Arts, either Military or Civil. Their places of resort might be so fitted with instruments, as they might be like Academies of instruction, and proficiency. And these they might sweeten, with the adding of didactic games. What several Plays and Exercices had their continual use with the flourishing Romans? was there not their Comptiales, Circenfes, Scenici, Ludicri, and the like? all which, were as Schools to their Youth, of Virtue, Active-
ness, or Magnanimity: and how quickly, and how eagerly, were their Bacchanalia banished, yet the teachers only of detested vice? Indeed Drunkenness befors a Nation, and besiates even the bravest spirits. There is nothing which a man that is foked in drink is fit for, nor not for sleep. When the sword and fire rages, 'tis but man warring against man: when Drunkenness reigns, the Devil is at war with man, and the Epitomes of dumb liquor damn him. Macedonian Philip would not war against the Persians, when he heard they were such Drinkers: For he said, they would ruine alone. Doublets, though the Soul of a Drunkard should be so drowned, as to be insensible, yet his Body, me thinks, should irk him to a penitence and disseision. When like an impovoyed bulk, all his powers mutiny in his distended skin, no question but he must be pained, till they come again to settling. What a Monster Man is, in his Inebriations! a swimming eye, a Face both rosy and sod, a temulent Tongue, clammed to the roof and gums; a drumming Ear, a favourou
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body; a boyling Stomach; a Mouth nafty with offensive fumes, till it ficken the Brain with giddy verminations; a palsied hand, and legs tottering up and down their myifttened burthen. And whereas we eat our dishes several, because their mixture would loath the tafle, the eye, and smell; this, when they are half made excrement, reverts them, marsh'd in an odious vomit. And very probable 'tis, that this was the poften, which kill'd the valiant Alexander. Proteas gave him a quaff of two gallons, which fet him into a diftance he dyed of. 'Tis an ancient Vice; and Temperance is rare. Cato us'd to say of Cæsar, that He alone came sober, to the overthow of the State. But you shall scarce find a man much addicted to drink, that it ruin'd not. Either it dothes him into the snares of his Enemies, or over-bears his Nature, to a final sinking. Yet there be, whose delights are only to tunn in: and perhaps, as Bonaſius, they never stain their bladder for. But surely, some ill fate attends them, for confuming of the Countries fat. That 'tis practis'd most of the meaneft people, proves it for the bafer Vice. I knew a Gentleman that followed a Noble Lady, in this Kingdom, who would often complain, that the greatest inconvenience he found in Service was, his being urged to drink. And the better he is, the more he shall find it. The eyes of many are upon the Eminent: and Servants, especially those of the ordinary Rank, are often of so mean breeding, as they are ignorant of any other entertainments. We may observe, it ever takes footing firft in the molt Barbarous Nations. The Scythians were such lovers of it, as it grew into their name: and unless it were one Anacharjis, how barren were they both of wit and manners? The Getians, I confess, had it; but when they fell to this, they mightily decayed in brain. The Italians and Spaniards, which I take to be the molt civilized, I find not tainted with this pot. And though the Heathen (in many places) Tempeld and adored this drunken God; yet one would take their ascriptions to him, to be matter of dishonour, and mocks: As his troop of furied Women: his Chariot drawn with the Linx and Tyger: And the Beasts fared to him, were only the Goat and Swine. And fuch they all prove, that frequently honour him with excessive draughts. I like a Cup, to brisk the spirits; but continuance dulls them. It is les labour to poy, than to pot it: and urged Healths do infinitely add to the trouble. I will never drink but Liberties, nor ever those fo long, as that I hope mine own.

Hvace reads it thus:—Non ego re, candidiæ Baffareu! Invitum quatiam: nec varis suis obfita frondibus Sub drunc raptam. Seva tene Bercycintho Cornu tympana; que subsequitur racus amor sui, Et tollens vacuum, plus mimio, gloria vetereem, Arcamig; fides prodigia, perluxedior vitro. ————Dear Bacbus, Ile not heave The flak'd Cup 'gainst my stomack: not yet reave Ope’ arbor’d secrets. Let thy Tymbrels fierce, And Phrygian Horn be mute: blind self-loves curse.
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Braves without brain; Faith's closetings, alas!
Do follow thee, as if but cloath'd with Glass.
Let me rather be disliked for not being a Beast, than be good-fellowed with a Buff, for being one. Some laugh at me for being sober: and I laugh at them for being drunk. Let their pleasures crown them, and their mirth abound: the next day they will stick in mud. Bibite, & persegracanini, & Cimmerii! Ebrictstcem, stupor; dolor, simbectillias, morbus, & mors ipsa comitantur.

LXXXV.

Of Marriage, and single life.

Both Sexes made but Man. So that Marriage perfects Creation.
When the Husband and the Wife are together, the World is contracted in a Bed; and without this, like the Head and Body parted, either would confume, without a possibillity of reviving. And though we find many Enemies to the name of Marriage; yet 'tis rare to find an Enemy to the use on't. Surely he was made imperfect, that is not tending to propagation. Nature, in her true work, never made any thing in vain. He that is perfect, and marries not, may in some sort be said to be guilty of a contempt against Nature; as disdaining to make use of her endowments. Nor is it that which the Turks hold without some colour of Reason: They say, He that marries not at a fitting time (which they hold is about the age of five and twenty years) is not just, nor pleaseth the. I believe it is from hence, that the Vow of Chastity is many times accompanied with such inconveniences as we see ensue. I cannot think God is pleaseth with that, which crosses his first Ordination, and the current of Nature. And in themselves, it is a harder matter to root out an inseparable sway of Nature, than they are aware of. The best chastity of all, I hold to be Matrimonial chastity: when Pairs keep themselves in a moderate intermutualness, each constant to the other: for still it tendeth to union, and continuance of the World in posterity. And 'tis fit even in nature and Policy, that this propriety should be inviolable: First, in respect of the impureness of mixt posterity. Next, in respect of peace and concord among Men. If many Men should be interested in one Woman, it could not be, but there would infinite Fars wife. Some have complained of Christian Religion, in that it ties men so strictly in this point, as when matches happen ill, there is no means of Remedy. But fully, if liberty of change were granted, all would grow to confusion: and it would open a gap to many mischiefs, arising out of humour only, which now by this necessity are digested, and made straight again. Thos. I observe to agree best, which are of free natures, not subject to the fits of cholera. Their freedom thouts out Jealousie, which is the canker of wedlock; and withal, it divideth both joy and sorrow. And when hearts alike disclose, they ever link in love. Nay, whereas small and domestic Fars more fixed marriages, than great ones and public; these two will take them away. Freedom reveals them, that they ranckle not S
the Heart to a secret loathing: and mildness bears them, without Anger, or bitter words: so they close again after discussion, many times in a straighter Tye. Poverty in Wedlock, is a great decayer of love and contention; and Riches can find many ways, to divert an inconvenience: but the mind of a Man is all. Some can be servile, and fall to those labours which another cannot stoop to. Above all, let the generous mind beware of marrying poor: for though he cares the least for wealth, yet he will be most galled with the warts of it. Self-conceited people never agree well together: they are willful in their brawls, and Reason cannot reconcile them. Where either are only opinionately wife, Hell is there, unless the other be a Patient meekly. But the world is, when it lights on the woman: she will think to rule, because the hath the subicier brain: and the Man will look for't, as the privilege of his sex. Then certainly, there will be mad work, when Wit is at war with Prerogative. Yet again, where Marriages prove unfortunate, a Woman with a bad Husband, is much worse, than a Man with a bad wife. Men have much more freedom, to court their Content abroad. There are, that account women only as seed-pots for posterity: others worse, as only quench for their fires. But surely there is much more in them, if they be discreet and good. They are women but in body alone. Quelchonless, a woman with a wise soul, is the fittest Companion for man: otherwife God would have given him a Friend rather than a wife. A wise wife comprehends both sexes: she is woman for her body, and the is man within: for her soul is like her Husbands. It is the Crown of blessings, when in one woman a man findeth both a wife and a Friend. Single life cannot have this happiness; though in some minds it hath many it prefers before it. This hath fewer Cares, and more Longings: but marriage hath fewer Longings, and more Cares. And as I think Care in marriage may be commendable; so I think Desire in single life, is not an evil of so high a bound, as some men would make it. It is a thing that accompanies Nature, and Man cannot avoid it. Some things there are, that Conscience in general Man condemns, without a Literal Law: as Injustice, Blasphemy, Lying, and the like: But to curb and quite beat down the desires of the flesh, is a work of Religion, rather than of Nature. And therefore says Saint Paul, I had not known Lust to have been a sin, if the Law had not said, Thou shalt not Lust. Votive abstinence, some cold constitutions may endure with a great deal of vexation penitence. To live chaste without vowsing, I like a great deal better: nor shall we find the Devil so bese to tempt us to a single sin of unchastity; as he will, when it is a sin of unchastity and perjury too. I find it commended, but not imposed. And when Jeptha's Daughter dyed, they mourned, for that she dy'de a Maid. The Grecians, the Romans did, and the Spaniards at this day do (in honour of marriage) privilege the wedded. And though the Romans had their Vestals, yet after their thirty years continuance, the cruelty of enforced chastity was not in force against them. Single life I will like in some, whose minds can suffer continency: but should all live thus, a hundred years would make
make the world a Desart. And this alone may excuse me, though I like of marriage better. One tends to ruine, the other to increasing of the glory of the world, in multitudes.

LXXXVI.
Of Charity.

Charity is communicated goodness: and without this, Man is no other than a Beast, praying for himself alone. Certainly, there are more men live upon Charity, than there are, that do subsist of themselves. The world, which is chain'd together by intermingled love, would all flutter, and fall to pieces, if Charity should chance to dye. There are some secrets in it, which seem to give it the chair from all the rest of virtues. With Knowledge, with Valour, with Modesty, and so with other particular Virtues, a man may be ill with some contrarying vice: But with Charity we cannot be ill at all. Hence, I take it, is that saying in Timothy; The end, or consummation of the Law is love out of a pure heart. Habere omnia Sacramenta, & malus esse potest: habere utem Charitatem, & malus esse non potest, said Saint Augustine of old. Next, whereas other virtues are restrictive, and looking to a man's self: This takes all the world for it's object: and nothing that hath sense, but is better for this Display. There be among the Mahometans, that are so taken with this beauty, that they will with a price redeem incaged Birds, to restore them to the liberty of their plumed wing. And they will oftentimes, with cost had fishes in the streaming water. But their opinion of deserving by it, makes it as a Superstitious folly: and in materials, they are nothing fo zealous. Indeed, nothing makes us more like to God, than Charity. As all things are filled with his goodness, so the Universal is partaker of the good man's spreading love. Nay, it is that which gives life to all the Race of other Virtues. It is that which makes them to appear in All. Wisdom and Science are worth nothing, unless they be distributive, and declare themselves to the world. Wealth in a Mifer's hand is useles, as a lock-up Treasure. Tis Charity only, that maketh Riches worth the owning. We may observe, when charitable men have ruled, the world hath flourished, and enjoyed the blessings of Peace and Prosperity; the times have been more pleasant and smooth: nor have any Princes late more secure or firm in their Thrones, than those that have been eminent and benign: as Titus, Trajan, Antonine, and others. And we may observe again, how rugged, and how full of bracks those times have been wherein cruel ones have had a power. Cicero says of Sylla's time, — Nemo illo invito, nec boni, nec patriam, nec vitam retinere potuerat. And when the Senate in Council was frighted at the cry of seven thousand Romans, which he had sent to execution at once, he bids them mind their business, for it was only a few Seditiaries, that he had commanded to be slain. No question but there are, which delight to see a Rome in flames, and like a Ravisher Troy, mocking the abient day with earthly fires, that can linger Men to
martyrdom, and make them dye by piece-meal. Tiberius told one that petitioned to be quickly kill'd; that he was not yet his friend. And Vitellius would needs fee the Scrivener dye in his presence, for he said he would feed his eyes. But I wonder, whence these men have their minds. God, nor Man, nor Nature ever made them thus. Sure, they borrow it from the Wilderness, from the imboasted Savage, and from tormenting spirits. When the Legge will neither bear the Body, nor the stomach disperse his receipt, nor the hand be serviceable to the directing Head, the Whole must certainly languish, and dye: So in the body of the world, when Members are fallen'd, and snarl one at another, down falls the frame of all.

Quod mundum, stabili side,
Concordes variat urces:
Quod pugnantia femina
Fædus perpetuum tenet:
Quod Phæbus roseum diem,
Curru provebit amno.
Ut quas duxeris Helesmus,
Phæbe noctibus imperet:
Ut fluatio avidum mare
Certo fine coercet,
Ne terris liceat vagis
Latos tendere terminos:
Hanc Rerum seriem ligat
(Terras ac Pelagus regens,
Et Celo imperitans) Amor.
That the world in constant force,
Varies his concordant course:
That feeds jarring hot and cold,
Do the breed perpetual hold:
That the Sun's in's golden Car,
Does the Rosie Day still rere.
That the Moon sways all those lights,
Helesmus to dark nights,
That alternate Tydes be found,
Seas high-prided waves to bound;
Left his fluid waters Mace,
Creek broad Earth's invallied face.
All the Frame of things that be,
Love (which rules Heaven, Land, and Sea)
Chains, keeps, orders, as you see.

Thus Boetius. The world contains nothing, but there is some quality in it, which benefits some other creatures. The Air yields Fowls; the Water Fish; the Earth Fruit. And all these yield something from themselves, for the use and behalf, not only of Man, but of each other. Surely, he that is right, must not think his charity to one in need, a courtesy; but a debt, which Nature at his first being, bound him to pay. I would
would not water a strange ground, to leave my own in drought: yet I think to every thing that hath sense, there is a kind of pity owing. Solomon's good man, is merciful to his beast: not take I this to be only intentional; but expressive. God may respect the mind, and will; but man is nothing better for my meaning alone. Let my mind be charitable, that God may accept me. Let my actions express it, that man may be benefited.

LXXXVII.
Of Travail.

A Speech which often came from Alexander was; that he had discovered more with his eye, than other Kings did comprehend in their thoughts. And this he spoke of his Travail. For indeed, men can but guess at places by relation only. There is no Map like the view of the Country. Experience is best Informer. And one Journey will shew a man more, than any description can. Some would not allow a man to move from the bed of his own Country. And Claudian mentions it as a happiness, for birth, life, and burial, to be all in a Parish. But surely, Travail filleth the Man: he hath liv'd but lock'd up in a larger Chest, which hath never seen but one Land. A Kingdom to the World, is like a Corporation to a Kingdom: a man may live in't like an unbred man. He that searcheth foreign Nations, is becoming a Gentleman of the world. One that is learned, honest, and travell'd, is the best compound of man; and so corrects the Vice of one Country, with the Virtues of another, that like Mithridate, he grows a perfect mixture, and an Antidote. Italy, England, France and Spain are as the Court of the World, Germany, Denmark, and China are as the City. The rest are most of them Country, and Barbarians: who hath not seen the best of these, is a little lame in knowledge. Yet I think it not fit, that every man should travel. It makes a wise man better, and a Fool worse. This gains nothing but the gay sights, vices, exotick gestures, and the Apery of a Country. A Travailing Fool is the Shame of all Nations. He shames his own, by his weakness abroad: He shames others, by bringing home their follies alone. They only blab abroad domestick vices, and import them that are transform'd. That a man may better himself by Travail, he ought to observe, and comment: noting as well the bad, to avoid it; as taking the good, into use. And without Registering these things by the Pen, they will slide away unprofitably. A man would not think, how much the Characterizing of a thought in Paper, falsens it. Litera scripta manet, has a large sense. He that does this, may, when he pleafeth rejourney all his Voyage, in his Closets. Grave Natures are the best proficients by Travail: they are not so apt to take a Soil; and they observe more: but then they must put on an outward freedom, with an Inquisition seemingly careless. It were an excellent thing in a State, to have always a select number of Youth, of the Nobility and Gentry; and, at years of some maturity, send them abroad for Education. Their Parents could not better
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better dispose of them, than in dedicating them to the Republick. They themselves could not be in a faire way of preferment: and no question but they might prove mightily serviceable to the State, at home; when they shall return well versed in the World, languaged and well read in men; which for Policy, and Negotiation is much better than any Book-learning, though never so deep, and knowing. Being abroad, the best is to converse with the best, and not to chuse by the eye, but by Fame. For the State, instruction is to be had at the Court; For Traffic, among Merchants. For Religious Rites, the Clergie; for Government, the Lawyers; and for the Country, and rural knowledge, the Boors, and Peasantry can best help you. All Rarities are to be seen, especially Antiquities; for these shew us the ingenuity of elder times in Act: and are in one both example, and precept. By these, comparing them with modern Invention, we may see how the World thrives in ability, and brain. But above all, see rare men. There is no monument, like a worthy man alive. We shall be sure to find something in him, to kindle our spirits, and enlarge our minds with a worthy emulation of his virtues. Parts of extraordinary note cannot so lie hid, but that they will shine forth through the tongue, and behaviour, to the enlightening of the ravish'd beholder. And because there is less in this, to take the sense of the eye, and things are more readily from a living pattern; the Soul shall more easily draw in his excellencies, and improve itself with greater profit. But unless a man has judgment to order these right, in himself, at his return, all is in vain, and lost labour. Some men, by Travel will be changed in nothing: and some again, will change too much. Indeed, the moral outside, wherefore we be, may seem best, when something fitted to the Nation we are in: but wheresoever I should go, or stay, I would ever keep my God, and Friends unchangeably. Howsoe're he returns, he makes an ill Voyage, that changeth his Faith with his Tongue and Garments.

LXXXVIII.

Of Musick.

Diogenes spake right of Musick, when he told one that brag'd of his skill; that, wisdom govern'd Cities; but with Songs, and Measures, a house would not be order'd well. Certainly, it is more for pleasure, than any profit of man. Being but a sound, it only works on the mind for the present; and leaves it not reclaimed, but rapt for a while: and then it returns, forgetting only ear-deep marbles. It is but wanton'd Air, and the Tisitation of that spirited Element. We may see this, in that 'tis only in hollowed Instruments, which gather in the stirred Air, and so cause a sound in the Motion. The advantage it gains upon the mind, is in respect of the nearness it hath to the spirits composure, which being Aetherial, and harmonious must needs delight in that which is like them. Besides, when the air is thus moved, it comes by degrees to the ear by whose winding entrance; it is made more pleasant, and by
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by that in-essent Air, carried to the Auditory nerve, which presents it to
the common sense; and so to the intellectual. Of all Musick, that is best
which comes from an articulate voice. Whether it be that man cannot
make an Instrument so melodious, as that which God made, living
man: or, because there is something in this, for the rational part, as
well as for the ear alone. In this also, that is best, which comes with
a careless freeness, and a kind of a neglective easiness. Nature being al-
ways most lovely, in an unaffected and spontaneous flowing. A dexterous
Art shews cunning, and industry; rather than judgment, and ingenuity.
It is a kind of disparagement, to be a cunning Fiddler. It argues his ne-
eglect of better employments, and that he hath spent much time upon a
thing unnecessary. Hence it hath been counted ill, for great Ones, to
sing, or play, like an Arted Musician. Philip ask'd Alexander, if he were
not ashamed, that he sang so artfully. And indeed, it softens the mind;
the curiosity of it, is fitter for women than Men, and for Cretans than
women. Among other descriptions of a Roman Dame, Sallust puts it
down for one, that she did — Psallerie, & saltare, elegantius, quam
necesse est probe. But yet again 'tis pity, that these should be so excel-
 lent; in that which hath such power to fascinate. It were well, Vice were
barr'd of all her helps of wooing. Many a mind hath been angled unto ill,
by the Ear. It was Stratonice, that took Mithridates with a Song. For as
the Notes are framed, it can draw, and incline the mind. Lively Tunes do
lighten the mind; Grave Tunes give it Melancholy. Lofty ones raise it, and
advance it to above. Whole dull blood will not caper in his veins,
when the very air, he breaths in, frisketh in a tickled motion? Who can
but fix his eye, and thoughts, when he hears the sights, and Dying groans,
gestur'd from the mournful Instrument? And I think he hath not a mind
well temper'd, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly Anthem. So
that indeed musick is good, or bad, as the end to which it tendeth. Sure-
ly, they did mean it excellent, that made Apollo, who was god of wisdom,
to be god of musick also. But it may be the Egyptians; attributing the
invention of the Harp to him, the rarity and pleasingness made them so
to honour him. As the Spartans used it, it served still for an excitation
to Valour, and Honourable actions: but then they were so careful of the
manner of it, as they fined Terpander, and nailed his Harp to the post,
for being too inventive, in adding a string more than usual: Yet had
he done the State good service; for he appealea a Sedition by his play,
and Poetry. Sometimes, light Notes are useful; as in times of ge-
neral Joy, and when the mind is preyed with sadness. But certainly
thofe are best, which inflame zeal, incite to courage, or induce to gra-
"uity. One is for Religion; fo the Jews. The other for War, to the Gre-
cians, and Romans. And the last for Peace, and Morality: Thus Or-
phes civilized the Satyrs, and the bad rude men. It argues it of some
 excellency, that 'tis used only of the most aerial creatures; loved, and
understood by man alone; the Birds next, have variety of notes. The
Beasts, Fishes, and the reptilia, which are of grofser composition, have
only silence, or untuned sounds. They that despise it wholly, may well
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be suspected, to be something of a Savage nature. The Italians have somewhat a smart censure, of those that affect it not: They say, God loves not him, whom he hath not made to love music. Aristotle's conceit, that love doth neither Harp nor Song, I do not hold a dispraise. We find in Heaven there be Hallelujahs sung. I believe it, as a helper both to good and ill; and will therefore honour it, when it moves to Virtue, and beware it when it would flatter into Vice.

LXXXIX.

Of Repentance.

He that will not repent, shall ruine; not is he to be pitied in his sufferings, that may escape a torment, by the composition of a heart, and tears. Surely, that God is merciful, that will admit offenses to be expiated by the sigh, and fluxed eyes. But it is to be wondered at, how Repentance can again infavour us with an offended God; since when a sin is past, grief may lessen it, but not unseat it. That which is done, is unrecallable; because a sin does intend in infinitum. Adultery once committed, maugre all the tears in man, for the Act remains Adultery still: yea though the guilt, and punishment be remitted: nor can a man un-act it again. When a Maid is robb'd of her Virgin honour, there may be some satisfaction, but no restitution. Certainly, there are secret walks of Goodness and Purity, whereby all things are revolved in a constant way, which by the Supreme Power of God, they were at first invested in. And when man strays from this Inseff, the whole course of Nature is against him, till he be reduced into his first rank, and order. And this, I think, may excuse God of changeableness, when he turns to man, upon his Penitence: for indeed 'tis man that changes, God is still the un-altered same. And the first Immutability of things, never leaves a man, till he be either restored again in his place, or quite cut off from troubling of the Motion. And as he is not rightly re-inferr'd, till he does co-operate with the Noble revolution of all: fo he is not truly penitent, that is, not progressive in the Motion of aspiring goodness. When he is once thus again, though he were a straggler from the Round, and like a wry Cog in the wheel; yet now, he is freighted, and set again in his way, as if he had never been out. Says the Tragedian:

Remembris illus, non deict prius, / Abire.

Return we whence it was a shame to stray:

And presently after,

Quem panites peccasse, panis est innocens.

He that repents, is well-near innocent.

Nay, sometimes a failing, and return, is a prompter to a surer hold. Saint Ambrose observes, that Peter's Faith was stronger after his fall, than before: fo as he doubts not to say, that by his fall, he found more grace, than he lost. A man shall beware the steps he once hath stumbled on. The Devil sometimes coozens himself, by plunging man into a deep
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depth offense. A sudden ill Act grows abhorred in the mind that did it. He is mightily careless, that does not grow more vigilant, on an Enemy that hath once surprised him. A blow that smart will put us to a safer ward. But the danger is, when we glide in a smoothed way: for then we shall never return to our selves alone. Questionless, Repentance is so powerful, that it cannot be but the gift of Deity. Said the Rom. Theodosius: That living men dye, is usual, and natural, but that dead men live again by Repentance, is a work of Godhead only. How far, how secure should we run in Peace, did not the power of goodness, check us in our full-blown sail? Without doubt that is the best life, which is a little sprinkled with the salt of Crosses. The other would be quickly rank, and tainted. There are whose paths are washed with Butter, and the Rosebud crowns them: but doubtless, 'tis a misery to live in oiled vice, when her ways are made slippery with her own slime: and the bare track invites to a ruinous race. Heaven is not had without repentance, and repentance seldom meets a man in jollity, in the career of Lust, and the bloods loose riot. A Father said of David: He sinned, as Kings use to do; but he repented, sighed, and wept, as Kings have used not to do. I would not be so happy, as to want the means whereby I might be penitent. I am sure no man can live without sin: and I am sure no sinner can be favored without it. Nor is this in a man's own choice, to take it up when he please. Surely, man, that would never leave to sin, would never of himself begin to repent. It were best, if possible, to live so, as we might not need it: but since I can neither not need it, nor give it my self, I will pray him to give it me, who after he hath given me this, will give me both release and glory.

X C.

Of War, and Souldiers.

After a long Scene of Peace, War ever enters the Stage; and indeed, is so much of the World's Physick, as it is both a Purge, and blood-letting. Peace, Fulness, Pride, and War, are the four Fellies, that being let into one another, make the wheel, that the Times turn on. As we see in Bees, when the Hive multiplies and falls, Nature hath always taught it a way of case by swarms: So the World and Nations, when they grow over-populous, they discharge themselves by Troops, and Bands. 'Tis but the dishearring of the body Politick, which (like the natural) Rest, and a full dye hath bursten'd with repletion: and that heightens humours, either to sickness or evacuation. When 'tis eaced of these, it subdues again to a quiet rest and temper. So War is begotten out of Peace gradually, and ends in Peace immediately. Between Peace and War are two Stages; Luxury, Ambition: between War and Peace, none at all. The causes of all Wars, may be reduced to five heads: Ambition, Avarice, Revenge, Providence, and Defense. The two first, were the most visial causes of War among the Heathen. Yet what all the conquer'd call'd Pride and Covetousness; both the Romans and

Greeks
Greeks were taught by their high bloods, to call Honour and increase of Empire. The original of all Tibullus will needs have gold.

Quis suit, horrendos primus qui proculit enseus?
Quam femus, et vcrd ferreus illae suit?
Tunc cedes hominum gener, tum praelianata;
Tunc brevior dira mortis aperta via est.
At nihil illae miser meruit; nos ad mala nostra,
Vertimus, in saucas quod dedit ille femus.
Divitis hoc vitium eft auris, nec bella fierunt,
Faginus astabat dum sphumus ante dapes.
Of killing Swords who might first Author be?
Sure, a steel mind, and bloody thought had he.
Mankinds destruction, wars were then made known,
And shorter ways to death with terror shown.
Yet (curs'd) he's not the fault; we madly bend
That on our selves, he did for beasts intend.
Full gold's the fault: no wars, no jars were then,
When Beech-bowls only were in use with men.

That which hath grown from the propagation of Religion, was never of such force, as since the Mahometan Law, and Catholic caufe, have ruffled among the Nations. Yet questionless to lay the foundation of Religion in blood, is to condemn it, before we teach it; The Sword may force Nature, and destroy the Body, but cannot make the mind believe that Lawful, which is begun in unlawful acts: Yet without doubt in the enterprizers, the opinion has animated much: we see how it formerly fired the Turk, and is yet a strong motive to the Spaniards attempts:

Unlefs he throws this abroad to the world, to blanch his Rapine and his cruelty. For that of Revenge; I see not, but it may be lawful for a Prince, even by War, to vindicate the honour of himself, and People. And the reason is, because in such cases of injury, the whole Nation is interested: and many times the recompense, is more due to the Subjects, than the Sovereign. That of Providence may well have a past; as when Princes make War to avoid War: or, when they see a storm inevitably falling, 'tis good to meet it, and break the force: Should they ever fit still while the blow were given them, they might very well undo themselves by patience. We see in the body, men often bleed to prevent an imminent sickness. For that of Defence, both Religion and all the Rules of Nature plead for't. The Commanders in War ought to be built upon these three Virtues; they should be Wise, Valiant, Experienced. Wisdom in a General, many times ends the war without war. Of all Victories, the Romans thought that best, which left was stain'd with blood. And they were content to let Camillus triumph, when he had not fought. In these times it is especially requisite, since Stratagems and Advantages are more in use than the open and the daring Valour. Yet Valiant he must be; else he grows contemptible, loses his Command, and, by his own fear, infects his Troops with Cowardice. To the eternal honour of Cæsar, Cicero reports that in all his Command of the Field, there
there was not found an Ito, but a Veni: as if he scorn'd in all his On-
sets, to be any thing, but still a Leader. Always teaching by the
strongest Authority, his own forwardness, his own example. And though
these be Excellencies, they be all, without Experience, lame. Let him
be never so learned, his Books cannot limit his Designs in several: and
though he be perfect in a Paper-plot, where his eye has all in View; he
will fail in a Leaguer, where he sees but a limb at once: Besides, Expe-
rience puts a credit on his Actions, and makes him far more prompt in
undertakings. And indeed, there is a great deal of reason, why we
should respect him, that, with an untainted Valour, has grown old in
Arms, and hearing the Drum beat. When every minute, Death seems
to pass by, and flun him; he is as one that the Supreme God has car'd
for, and, by a particular Guard, defended in the Hall of Death. 'Tis
true, 'tis a life tempting to exhorbitancy; yet this is more in the com-
mon fort, that are pressed as the refuse, and burthen of the Land, than
in those that, by a Nobler breeding, are able to Command. Want, Idle-
ness, and the desperate face of blood, hath hardened them to Out-rages.
Nor may we wonder, since even their life is but an order'd Quarrel,
rased to the feud of killing. Certainly, it was with such that Lucan
was so out of charity.

Nulla siles, pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,
Venalesquis manus: ibi fas, ubi maxima merces.

Not Faith, nor Conscience, common Soldiers carry:
Best pay is right: their hands are mercenary.

For the weapons of War, they differ much from those of ancient times;
and I believe, the invention of Ordnance hath mightily saved the lives
of men. They command at such distance, and are so unresistable, that
men come not to the shock of a Battel, as in former Ages. We may
observe, that the greatest numbers have falt by those weapons, that
have brought the Enemies nearest together. Then the pitched field was
the trial, and men were so ingaged that they could not come off, till
blood had decided victory. The same advantages are still, and rather
greater now, than of old: The wind, the Sun, the better ground. In
former Wars, for all their arms, the air was ever clear: but now their
Pecies do mix, and thicken it; which, beaten upon them by disadvan-
tages, may soon indanger an Army. Surely, Wars are in the same nature
with offenses, Necesse est ut veniant. They must be; yet, We indu-
cents, They are mightily in faults that cause them. Even reason teaches
us to call the blood of the slain, upon the unjust Authors of it. That
which gives the mind security, is a just cause, and a just deputation. Let
me have these, and of all other, I shall think this, one of the noblest,
and most manly ways of dying.
RESOLVES.

XCI.
Of Scandal.

Is unhappiness enough to himself, for a man to be rotten within. But when by being false, he shall pull a stain on a whole Society, his guilt will gnaw him with a sharper tooth. Even the effect is contrary to the sway of Nature, and the wishes of the whole extended Earth. All men desire, that vexing their foes, they may gratifie and glad their friends: only he that scandals a Church, or Nation makes his Friends mourn, and his Enemies rejoice. They thrive, for his just shame unjustly flung on them: these smile, to see an adversary fall, and the blow given to those that would uphold him. And though the Author lives where he did, yet his soul has been a Traitor, and uphold the contrary side. One ill man may discomfit even the warrant and maintained cause of a Nation; especially if he has been good. Blots appear fouler in a strict life, than a loose one; no man wonders at the Swines wallowing: but to see an Ermine myr'd, is a Prodige. Where do Vices (they so foul), as in a Minister, when he shall be heavenly in his Pulpit alone? Certainly, they wound the Gospel, that preach it to the world, and live, as if they thought to go to Heaven some other way than that they teach the people. How unseemly is it, when a grave Cassock, shall be lind with a wanton Reveler, and with crimes, that make a loose one odious? Surely, God will be severest against those, that will wear their badge, and seem his servants, yet inwardly side with the Devil, and lusts. They spot his Honour, and cause profane ones jeft at his Holiness. We see, the Prince suffers in the fails of his Ambassadors: and a servant's ill action is some touch to his Masters reputation: nor can he free himself, but by delivering him up to justice, or discarding him: otherwise, he would be judged to patronize it. Other offenses God may punish, this he must, left the Enemies of his Truth triumph against him. David had his whip for this: Because by this he had caufed the Enemies of God to blaspheme, the Child must dye. When he that had Anthem'd the pureness of the God of Israel, and proclaimed the Noble Arts he did of old, and seem'd as one increas'd to the Almighty's love: how would the Philistins rejoice, when he should thus become Apo- state, and with a wild licentiousness, mix his lust with murther and ingratitude? Surely, the Vices of Alexander the sixth did mighty discolour Papacy: till then, Princes were afraid of Bulls and Excommunications: but it was so usual with him, to curse upon his own displeasure, and for advancing of his furious race: that it hath made them slighted, ever since his passions so impublik'd them. What a stain it was to Christianity, that the Turk should pull a Christian KIng's violated Covenant from his bosom, in the War, and present it the Almighty, as an act of those, that profess'd themselves his Servants? Beware how thy Actions fight against thy Tongue or Pen. One ill life will pull down more, than many good tongues can build. And doubtles, G O D, that is jealous of his Honour, will vindicate these foils, with his most destructive arm. 

Take
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Take heed, not of strictness, but of falling foully after it. As he that frames the strongest Arguments against himself, and then does fully answer them, does the best defend his Cause: So he that lives strictest, and then forgoes his hold, does worst disgrace his Patron. Sins of this nature, are not faults to our selves alone, but, by a kind of argumentative way, dishonour GOD in the consequent. And even all the Church of sincerest good men, suffer in a seeming good man fall. This is to be religiously lewd. If thou beest unfound within, sry not the glorious Road of Truth; by putting it upon thy beastliness. When Diogenes saw a wanton vaunting in a Lion's skin, he calls unto him, that he should forbear to make Virtues garment blush. And indeed, Virtue is ashamed, when the bath a servant vile. When those that should be Suns, shall be eclipsed, the lesser Stars will lose their light and splendour. Even in the Spaniards Conquests of the Indians, I dare think, their cruelty and bloudines have kept more from their Faith, than all their force hath won them. Some would not believe, Heaven had any blessedness, because there were some Spaniards there. So hateful can detected Vice make that, which is even goodness its self: and so excellent is a soul of integrity, that it frights the lewd from luxury to reverence. The banebyly Floralians were abaft'd and ceas'd at the upright Cato's presence. A second to eternal goodness, is, a wise man, uncorrupt in life: his soul shines, and the beams of that shine, attract others that admire his worth, to imitate it. The best is, to let the same spirit guide both the hand and tongue. I will never profess, what I will not strive to practice; and will think it better to be but crooked timber, than a strait block, and after lye to stumble men.

XCVII.

That Divinity does not cross Nature, so much as exceed it.

They that are Divines without Philosophy, can hardly maintain the Truth in disputes. Tis possible they may have an infused faith, sufficient for themselves: but if they have not Reason too, they will scarce make others capable of their Instruction. Certainly, Divinity and Morality are not so aversive, but that they well may live together: For, if Nature be rectified by Religion; Religion again is strengthened by Nature. And as some hold of Fate, that there is nothing happens below, but is writ above in the Stars, only we have not skill to find it: so, I believe, there is nothing in Religion, contrary to Reason, if we knew it rightly. For conversation among men, and the true happiness of Man; Philosophy hath agreed with Scripture. Nay, I think I may also add, for defining of God, excepting the Trinity, as near as Man can conceive him. How exact hath it made Justice? How brittle to find out Truth? How rightly directed Love? exalting with much earnestness, all those Graces, that are any way amiable. He that seeks in Plato, shall find him making God the Solus summum Bonum; to which a pure and virtuous life is the way. For defining God; my opinion is, that
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Man, neither by Divinity nor Philosophy, can, as they say, Quidditative, tell, What he is. It is fitter for Man to adore and admire him, than in vain to study to comprehend him. God is for Man to stand amazed and wonder at. The clogg'd and droffie Soul can never find him, who is the unimaginable Fountain of Spirits; and from whom, all things, by a graduate Derivation, have their light, life, and being. In these things they agree, but I find three other things, wherein Divinity over-foareth Nature. In the Creation of the World, in the Redemption of Man, and in the way and Rites wherein God will be worshipped. In the Creation of the World: No Philosophy could ever reach at that which Moses taught us. Here the Humansits were all at a stand and far: all their conjectures being rather witty, and conceit, than true and real. Some would have all things from Fire; some, from Air; some, from Water; some, from Earth; some, from Numbers; some, from Atoms; some from Simples; some; and some, from Compounds. Aristotle came the nearest, in finding out the truest Materia Prima: but because he could not believe this made of nothing, he is content to err, and think it was eternal. Surely, this conceit was as far from reason, as the other: his Reason might have fled unto Omnipotency, as well as to Eternity. And so indeed, when Philosophy hath gone as far as she is able, she arriveth at Almightyness, and in that Abys is lost: where not knowing the way, she goeth by guess, and cannot tell when she is right or wrong. Yet is the rather subordinate, than contrary. Nature is not crofs, but runs into Omnipotency: and, like a petty River, is swallowed in that boundless Main. For the Redemption of Man, even the Scripture calls it a Mystery: and all that Humanity could ever reach of this, was, only a flying to the general name of Mercy, by the urgings of the Conscience. They all knew, they had failed, and faln. Their own bosoms would tell them thus: but the way how they might be restored, never fell into their Heathen-thoughts. This was a work that GOD declared only to his own Peculiar, by the immediate Revelation of his Word and Will. For the manner how God would be worshipped, no Naturalist could ever find it out, till he himself gave directions from his sacred Scripture. In the first Chapter to the Romans, Saint Paul grants, that they may know God, through the Visitabilities in his works: but for their ignorance in this, he says, The wrath of God is revealed against them: Because that when they knew God, they glorified him not as God, but turned the Glory of the incomparable God, to the finitude of the Image of a corruptible Man, and of Birds, and of four-footed Beasts, and of creeping things. And these three things the Scripture teacheth us; which else we could never have learned, from all the books in the world. Thus we see for Morality, Nature still is something fierce and vigorous: but in the things of God it is confined, that is thick-fighted, and cannot see them. Can a Fly comprehend Man upon the top of Monarchy? no more can Man comprehend God in the height of Omnipotency. There are as well Mysteries for Faith, as Causes for Reason. This may guide me, when I have to deal
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deal with Man; but in Divine affairs, Reason shall wait on Faith, and submit to her Prerogative. The Conscience is great; but God is far greater than it.

XCI I.

Of Tediumsness in Discourse.

A Prating Barber came to trim King Archelaus, and asked him, Sir, How will you please to have me cut your hair? Says the King, Silently. And certainly, though a Man has nothing to do, but to hear and answer; yet a limitless tongue, is a strange unbitten Beast, to worry one with. And the misery is, they that speak much, seldom speak well; for they that know how to speak aright, know not how to dwell in Discourse. It cannot be but ignorance, when they know not, that long speeches, though they may please the speaker, yet they are the torture of the hearing ear. I have pitted Horace, when he was put into his sweat, and almost slain in the via sacra, by the accidental detention of a Babblers tongue. There is nothing tires one, like the sawing of one's ears, when words shall clatter, like a window loose in wind. A talkative Fellow is the unbraid'd Drum, which beats a wise man out of his wits. Surely, Nature did not guard the tongue with the double sense of teeth and lips, but that the meant it should not move too nimblly. I like in Socrates, when of a Scholar, full of words, he asked a double Fee: o're, to learn him to speak well, another, to teach him to hold his peace. They which talk too much to others, I fear me, seldom speak with themselves enough; and then, for want of acquaintance with their own bosoms, they may well be mistaken, and present a Fool to the People, while they think themselves are wise. But there are, and that severally, that be much troubled with the dis ease of speaking. For, allureth, Loquacity is the Fistula of the mind; ever running, and almost incurable. Some are blabs of secrets; and these are Traitors to Society; they are vessels unfit for use; for they be bored in their bottoms. Some will boast the favours they have found; and by this means, they often bring goodness into suspicion, lose love and injure Fame.

Sed tacitus paci si posset Corrus, habet
Plus laps, & rixu multo minus, inviesque.
But could the Crow be silent fed, his diet
Might daintyer be, less envied, and more quiet.
You shall find too them, that which cloy you with their own Inventions: and this is a fault of Poets; which, unless they meet with those that love the Muses, is as a dainty Oration deliver'd to one in a Language that he understands not. His judgment found this fault, that made his Epigram inviting his Friend to supper, promiss of that he
———no Verses would repeat.
Some will preamble a tale impertinently, and cannot be delivered of a jest, til they have travailed an hour in trivials; as if they had taken the whole Tale by Stenography, and now were putting it out at large: thus
thus they often spoil a good dish, with improper sauce, and unfavourable sentence. Some have a vein in counselling; even till they stop the ear, they pour it in. Tedious admonitions dull the advised, and make the giver contemptible. 'Tis the short, reproof, that stays like a stab in the Memory: and many times three words do more good, than an idle Discourse of three hours. Some have varieties of Stories, even to the tyring of an Auditor; and these are often, even the grave follies of age: whose unwatcht tongues stray into the waste of words, and give us cause to blame their memories, for retaining so much of their youth. There are too, that have a leaping tongue, to juggle into the tumult of discourse; and unless you have an Aristophanes to take you off, you are in much danger of a deep vexation. A Rook-yard, in a Spring-morning, is neither fo ill nor noiseful, as is one of these. But this is commonly a feminine fault. Doublets, the best way for speech, is to be short, plain, material. Let me hear one wise man sentence it, rather than twenty Fools, garrulous in their lengthened tattlet. Est tempus quando nihil, est tempus quando aliquid: nulla autem est tempus, in quo dicenda sunt omnia. Hugo Victorius.

XCVI.

Of Liberty, and Restraint.

It was but a flourish of Cicero's Oratory, when he said, Ad Deos et Libertatem nati sumus. The greatest Prince, that ever was produc'd by woman, comes insanguin'd into the world, and is a poor restless slave, to the first arm that he falls into. But if he meant it of the Noble spirit of Man, then I think 'tis true: for it still advanceth to that Sun, from whence it hath both life and vigour. And thus, we see all things do aspire to liberty and the affecting of an uncontrolled freedom. Every Creature is prompted by Nature, to be like that, from whence it is derived. Look over all the world, and you shall find, that every thing, as far as the ability will give it line, does sinual it after a Deity, and with a kind of rising Emulation, flowly Apes Almightyness. But this Liberty of Human spirit, is that which cannot be restrained; and therefore the restraint of the body, is that which we will speak of. This is commonly by imprisonment, or by service. That of Imprisonment, is nothing such a mischief, as the most do think it. The greatest is, in that, the eye is debared the delight of the Worlds Variety. Nor indeed is this total, but in part, and local only. In this, a blind man is the most miserable Prisoner of all: Whatsoever place does hold him, he is still in the Worlds Dungeon, wandering in the Nights uncomfortable shade. And indeed, the most burthensome imprisonment is to be Prisoner to a Disease, as to the Gout, the Palsy, and the like: because for the most part, these hold us, not without pain, and the mighty trouble of our friends about us. For the other, I see not, but a local restraint, without want, and enforced employment, may very easily be converted to a happiness: unless men will let their minds long against the Tide of Reason.
Reason. It is no other but a place of retyring, and sequestation from
the world, which many of the wiselest have voluntarily put upon them-
selves. Democlesines would shew his beard by half, to keep himself
within, by a willing necessity. Dioclesian's two and twenty years Empe-
ry, could not put him out of love with his retyring place: Not Charles
the Fifth, his many Kingdoms. There are Examples of extraordinary
gain, that men have made of such confines. Assuredly, while a man
is tood among men, and himself; he cannot so enjoy himself, as when
he is something secluded from both of these. And it is a Misery, when
a man must so apply himself to others, as he cannot have leisure to ac-
count with himself. Besides, he is never so at large; he does but run
over the same things; he sees but the like world, in another place.
If he has but light, and any prospect, he may see by that, what the rest
is, and enjoy it, by his bounds. For the restraint by service; if
it be with imposed toil, then is it far worse, than the being circum-
mored only: This Man differeth not in the act of his life from a Beast:
He must ply his task, and have his food but only to make him fit for his
task again: he is like one that is Surety for a Bankrupt. The gods fell all
for labour; and he has entred Covenant, to work for one that plays: so
is become a principal for another man's debt, and pays it. This surely
is the greatest Captivity, the greatest slavery. The attendant services of
Nobility, are far easier to the Man and Mind: though the perpetual
fight of full Estates above them, may well endanger those minds that
have not Ballast in them. To see Heaven, and come no nearer, than to
wait at the door, is a terrible torment to the spirit. A naked Beauty seen,
would tempt one chase, to err. Yet withal, 'tis something like Love,
a kind of bitter-sweet, it both pleaseth and displeaseth the mind at once:
It is pleased to see it; but 'tis displeased, that it cannot enjoy it. Be-
sides, if there be toil, a wise man may take less of it: and an honest man
by the plea of his duty, makes his mind content in dispatches. Courage
and Ability, make business much the easier. One asked the Cynick, how
he could live a Servant to Zeniades? but he returns; That a Lyon does
not serve his Keeper, but his Keeper him. Yet for all this, Nature pleads
for Liberty: and though Command may be often caiete, yet they some-
times grava, and gall. So that if we appeal to the mind of Man, that will
say, It is better being a King, though but in a Tub; than to be a ser-
vant in the roofed Palace. There are helps that may abate Inconveni-
cencies: but Liberty will over-sway with Man. When one was applauding
Calisthenes, that he went brave, and dined with the King; Diogenes
replies, That for all that, Calisthenes dined when Alexander pleased;
and Diogenes, when it pleased Diogenes. If this be not rather opiniona-
tive than real, it is questionless an unhappines to serve. If I have my
liberty, I would rest in the privileges that accrue it. If I want it, I
would joy in the benefits that accrue the want; so in either estate, I
may find Content my Play-fellow.
RESOLVES.

Of the Causes that make Men different.

Homo homini quid prostat? was the former times just wonder: and indeed, it would almost pose the thought, to weigh the difference of the spirits of men. It hath been a question, whether all souls are equal at their first infusion? and if it be of that soul purely, which at the same infant, is both created and infused; then, no question, but they are alike. Nothing comes immediately from God, but is pure, perfect, and incorrupt. But because the sensitive part in Man bears a great sway, it many times falls out, that by the deficiency of the Organical parts, the soul is eclipsed and imprisoned, so as it cannot appear in the vigour it would shew, if the Bodies composition were perfect, and open. A perfect soul, in an imperfect body, is like a bright taper in a dark lantern: the fault is not in the light, but in the case which curtains it with so dull an outside, as will not let the shine be transparent. And we may see this, even in those that we have known both able and ingenious; who after a hurt received in some vital part, have grown morbid, and almost insensible: When the vital passages of the sensitive and vegetative are imperfect, though they extinct not the intellectual, because it is impossible, that a thing mortal, should destroy a thing immortal: yet their defects keep it so under, as it appeareth not to the outward apprehension. Not that Man hath three distinct souls: for the intellectual in Man, containeth the other two: and what are different in Plants, Beasts, and Man; are in Man one, and co-wind together. Otherwise, he were a plant, and severally, a brute, and rational. But as the solid crystalline heaven, and first mover, contains the region of the fire and air; and the region of the fire and air, the globe of the earth and waters; yet all make but one world: So the intellectual contains the sensitive, and the sensitive the vegetative; yet all in Man, make but one soul. But the differences of men may all be referred to two causes; either inward, or outward: inward, are defects in nature, and generation: either when the active part, the seed, is not perfect; or when the nutritive and passive power fail of their sufficiency, are too abundant, or corrupted. And when Man is of himself, from the womb, the malignity of some humour may interpose the true operation of the spirits internal. Certainly, those men that we see mounting to the nobleness of mind, in Honourable actions, are pieces of Nature's best work; especially in their inward faculties. External defects, may be, and yet not always hinder the internal powers: as, when they happen remoted from the noblest parts, else they are often causes of debilitation. And these are commonly, from the temperature of the air, from education, from diet, and from age, and passion. From the air, we see the southern people are lightsome, ingenious, and subtle; by reason of the heat that rarifies the spirits. The Northern are frowner, and more dull, as having them thickened with the chill colds condensation.
RESOLVES.

Temperie Cali Corpusque, Animusque Juvatur.

Both Soul, and Body, change, by change of Air.

Education hath his force seen in every place. If you travail but from Courts, to the Country; or but from a Village to an Academie: or see but a Horse well manag'd, and another Restly in his own Serenity. Diet, no question alters much; even the giddy Airiness of the French, I shall rather impute to their Diet of Wine, and wild Fowls, than to the difference of their Climate, it being so near an adjoyner to ours. And in England, I believe our much use of strong Beer, and gross Flesh, is a great occasion of draining our Spirits, and corrupting them, till they shorten life. Age, is also a changer. Man hath his Zenith, as well in wit, as in ability of body; he grows from sense to reason; and then again declines to dotage, and to Imbecility. Youth is too young in brain; and Age again does drain away the Spirits. Passion blunts the edge of conceit: and where there is much sorrow, the mind is dull, and unperceiving: The soul is oppressed, and lies languishing in an unsociable loneliness, till it proves stupid, and inhuman. Nor do these more alter the mind, than the body. The lamenting Poet puts them both together.

Jam mihi detior canis aspergitur atas;
Famque meos vultus ruga senilis arat.

Jam vigor, & quasno languet in corpore vires
Nec juveni, Lusus, qui placuer, juvenat.

Nec me, si subito videas, cognoscere poscis;
Ætas satis est tanta ruina mea.

Confiter, facere hoc annos: sed altera causa est;
Anxietas animi, continuus; Labor.

Now, colder years, with snow my hairs enchange:
And now the aged wrinkle plows my face.

Now through my trembling joints, my vigour fails,
Mirth too, that cheered my youth, now nought avails.

So ruin'd and so alter'd am I grown,
That at first sight, I am not to be known.

Age one cause is: but that which more I find,
Is pain perpetual, and a troubled mind.

Certainly, the best is, to weigh every man, as his means have been: a man may look in vain for Courtship, in a Plowman; or Learning in a Mechanick. Who will expect a lame man should be swift in running; or, that a sick man should deliver an Oration with a grace, and cheerfulness? If I find any man failing in his Manners, I will first consider his means, before I censure the man. And one that is short of what he might be, by his sloth and negligence, I will think as justly blameable, as he that out of industry has adorn'd his behaviour above his means, is commendable.
RESOLVES.

XCVI.
Of Divination.

What is it Man so much covets, as to pry into Nature's Closet, and knows, not what is to come? Yet, if we but consider it rightly, we shall find it a profitable Providence, which hath set our estate in future, something in dark and shade. If Man doubted not of what Death would deliver him to, he would (I think) either live more heedly, or more unhappily. If we knew death were only an end of life, and no more; every man for his own ends, would be a disturber of the world's peace. If we were certain of torment; thought and fear would make our present life a death continual, in the agitations of a troubled soul. If we were sure of Joy, and Glory, we should be careless of our living well. Certainly, God hath made Man to dwell in doubt, that he might be awed to Good, by Fear and Expectation. We are led along by Hope, to the Ends that are appointed us; and by an uncertain way, we come at last to a certain end; which yet we could neither know, nor avoid. The great Creator wifely put things to come, in the Mist and Twilight, that we might neither be over-joyed with the certainty of good; nor over-much terrified with the assurance of an unavoidable ill. Though Providence, and Divination be a God-like Quality, yet, because it can only tell of danger, and not prevent it, the wiser sort have ever had this Art in neglect, in dislike. If Fate be certain, it can be no good to know it, because we cannot prevent it. If it be uncertain, we search in vain to find out that which may be. So, either way we hazard for unhappiness. Bis miser effe cupit, qui mala, que vitari non possint, amat prescire. I remember, Cicero reports it of Cato, that he wondered how South-fazers could forbear laughter, when they met one another; they knew they used to gall the People. One thing there is, that (if it were certain) doth mightily disparage it; and this is, That it sets a Man over to second causes, and puts him off from Providence. But it cannot be certain and determinate: Man is not wise enough to scent out the abstruse steps of Deity. It is observed by one, that, Nigidius what used for defense of his Art (by turning of a wheel, and marking it twice with ink) hath cast it all into a vast uncertainty. And indeed, the minute of Generation, Conception, and Production, are so hard to know justly; the points of place so hard to find: the Angles, the Aspects, and the Conjunctions of the Heavens so impossible to be cast right in their influences, by reason of the rapid and Lightning-like motion of the Spheres; that the whole Art, thorowly searched and examined, will appear a mere fallacie and delusion of the wits of Men. If their Calculations be from the seven Motive Spheres only, how is there such difference in the lives of children born together, when their oblique motion is so slow, as the Moon, (though far more speedy than any of the rest) is yet above seven and twenty days in her course? If their calculations be by their diurnal motion, it is impossible to collect the various influences, which every title of a minute gives. Besides, in close rooms, where the windows are clozed; the
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Fire, Perfumes, concourse of people, and the parental humours bar their operation from the Child. But suppose there were a Fate transferred from the Stars to Man; Who can read their significations? Who hath told their particular predictions? Are they not all meerly the uncertain conjectures of men, which rarely hit, and often fall? So in Beasts, in Birds, in Dreams, and all variy Omens, they are only the gheative interpretations of dim-cy’d Man: full of doubt, full of deceit. How did the Tuscan Southsayers, and the Philosopher that were with Julian, differ about the wounded Lion, presented him, when he went to invade the Persians? How about the Lightning that flew Foviminus, and his two Horses? Yet of the rest, I believe there is more from the Stars, than these other observations: but this is then for general inclinations, not for particular events: Those are sure in the hands and Cabinet of the Almighty: and none but Prophets, that he inspires, are able to reveal them. The securest way is to live well; then we may be sure of a fair end, and a passable way. He that lives virtuously, needs not doubt of finding a happy Fate. Let my life please God, and I am sure, the success shall please me. Virtue and Vice are both Prophets: the one of certain good; the other, or of pain, or penitence.

XCVII.

That ’tis best increasing by a little at once.

There is no such prevalent workman, as sedgull, and diligence. A man would wonder at the mighty things, which have been done by degrees, and gentle augmentations. And yet there are, that are over-ready in the ways of pleasing and labour. When diligence reaches to humour and flattery, it grows poor, and un-noble: And when to Pride and Curiosity, it then looses his praise. So the Priest of Ammon would need be Jaffas Alexander as a God: and Protogenes spent seven years, in drawing Jaffas and his Dog: and a King of Persia would needs, for a Present, adulterate Roses with an artful smell. When these two are avoided, Diligence and Moderation are the best steps, whereby to climb to any excellency. Nay, it is rare if there be any other way. The Heavens send not down their rain in floods, but by drops, and deny distillations. A man is neither good, nor wise, nor rich, at once; yet softly creeping up these hills, he shall every day better his prospect; till at last, he gains the top. Now he learns a Virtue, and then he damns a vice. An hour in a day may much profit a man in his trade; when he makes it plain and custom. Every year something laid up, may in time make a stock great. Nay, if a man does not save, he shall increase; and though when the grains are scatter’d, they be next to nothing: yet together, they will swell the heap. A poor man once found the tag of a Point, and put it in the top of his skirt; one asked him, What he could do with it? He answers, What I find all the year, (though it be never so little) I lay it up at home, till the years ends; and with all together, I every New-years day add a Dish to my Cupboard. He that
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Cent. I.

that has the patience to attend small profits, may quickly grow to thrive and purchase: they be easier to accomplish, and come thicker. So, he that from every thing collects somewhat, shall in time get a Treasury of Wisdom. And when all is done, for Man, this is the best way. It is for God, and for Omnipotency, to do mighty things in a moment: but, degradingly to grow to greatness, is the course that he hath left for Man. And indeed, to gain any thing, is a double work. For, first, it must remove the hinderances; next, it must assume the advantage. All good things, that concern Man, are in such a declining Estate, that without perpetual vigilancy, they will retire, and fall away. But then there is a Recompense, which ever follows Industry: it ever brings an Income, that sweetens the toy. I have often found hurt of idleness; but never of a lawful business. Nay, that which is not profitable in it self, is yet made so, by being imployment: and when a Man has once accustomed himself to business, he will think it pleasure, and be ashamed of ease. Solomon, ready to dye, would needs be laid in his Grave alive; and seeing the Sun shine, he calls his friends in haste to hide him; lest (as he said) it should see him living. Besides, when we gain this way, Practice grows into Habit: and by doing so a while, we grow to do so for ever. It also constitutes a longer lastingness. We may observe, those Creatures that are longest in attaining their height, are longest in declining. Man is twenty years increasing, and his life is fourscore: but the Sparrow, that is fledge in a month, is dead in a year. He that gets an Estate, will keep it better, than he that finds it. I will never think to be perfect at once. If I find my self a gainer at the years end, it shall something comfort me, that I am proceeding. I will every day labour to do something that may mend me; though it be not much, it will be the fater done. If I can keep Vice under, and win upon that which is good, (though it be but a little at once;) I may come to be better in time.

XCVIII.

Of God, and the Air.

Or Man to pray aright, is needful: but how to pray so, is difficult. We must neither misconceive of God, nor are we able rightly to conceive him. We are told, he is a Spirit: and who can tell what a Spirit is? Can any man tell that, which no man ever saw? Man is able only to comprehend visible substances; what is invisible, and spiritual, he can but guess and rove at. Spirit is a word, found out for Man to mask his ignorance in: and what he does not know, he calls it by that name. When we speak of God, we are to believe an ubiquity: but then, how are we able to conceive that this ubiquity is? I speak to Reason, not Faith; for I know, this believeth what it sees not: Yet, something to help Nature and Reason, I would with
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with a man to consider the Air. It is everywhere; not a vacuum in the whole Nature rerum: nay, you cannot evade it: Dig the most condensed Earth, and it is at the point of your Spade: you can see nothing, but before you see it, is open to the Air; and yet this Air, although you know, you cannot see. It is also invisible: cast a stone, and you make no hole in: nay, an Arrow cannot pierce it: it clozeth again, and there is no track left. Nay, there be Philosophers that will tell you, the progressive motion of a stone cast, when the hand has left it, is from the Air itself: that thurting suddenly after, and Nature impatient of a vacuity, it does with a conçile power, thrust it still forward, till it paies against instinctive Nature, who made it, to incline to the Center. Nor is it corruptible. We speak fallly, when we say, the Air infecteth. They are unwholesome Vapours and Exhalations, that putrid things breathe out; and these, being carried by the motive wind and air, fly about, and infect, through their rarity and thinness. The Air it self ever clarifies: and is always working out that saint, which would mix with it. Next, we can do nothing, but the Air is privy to: even the acts of lightless Clozetts, and the thickest-curtain'd beds, are none of them done without it. When Diogenes saw a woman bow so much to the Altar, as she left her back-parts bare, he asked her, if she were not ashamed, to be so immodest to the Gods behind her. Nay, our very thoughts, which the Devil (though he be the subtilest of all malevolent spirits) cannot know, are not framed without this Air. Every breath we take, it goes unto our heart, to cool it. Our Veins, our Arteries, our Nerves, our inmost Marrow, are all vivified by their participation of Air: and so indeed is every thing that the world holds: as if this were the Soul that gave it livelihood. Fibres, though they breathe not perceptibly, yet we see, the want of Air kills them: as when a long Frost shuts up a Pond in Ice. Even Plants, which are but Vegetatives, will not grow in Caves, where the motive and stirring Air is barred from them. We may often observe, moreover; that Heat and Moiture is the only cause of all Generation: and these are the qualities proper to the Air alone. Now, I would not with a Man to compare God, the Creator, with this Element, which is but a Creature: but let him consider of these properties, and then by way of eminence, let him in his Soul set God above, and see if by this way, he climb not nearer Deitie, than he shall by any other. If this be so universal, why may he not by this, think of a Spirit more diffusive and ubiquitary? That which Ovid writ of Poets, may be applied to all the wise, and come something near to this purpose.

Est Deus in nobis, sanctus & commercia Caeli;
Sedibus Aetheris Spiritus ille venit.

In us God dwells, Heaven our acquaintance is,
His Spirit flows through Airy Influences.

Certainly
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Certainly by this way, it is not so difficult for Reason to conceive an Omnipresence: and if we have this, we may by it peer at his Omniscience and Omnipotence too: for the one is as hard to conceive, as the other. Saint Augustin, when he has told us, that God is not an Object perceivable by any of the Outward Senses, says; Tamen aliquid est, quod sentire facile est, explicare non possibile. So the ways of God, in Scripture, are compared to the flight of an Eagle in the Air, which no man can either trace or know. Surely therefore, when we are to speak to him, the best is, humbly to intreat his Spirit to inspire ours in the way, and apprehension that may best Please him. He is best able, by his secret immision, to direct us, the way he does best approve of. And this cannot chuse but comfort the Good, when they know, the Searcher of the heart and reins is with them, and he at this, I will learn to cheer my self in sufferings, and to refrain from ill, even in private. How can man think to act his ill unfeen, when God shall, like the Air, be circumstipicious round about him? It is not possible, that such a Majesty should either not defend the Innocent, or permit an ill unpunished.

XCIX.

Of Contentment.

T hey that teach Contentment to all, do but teach some how to dwell in misery: unless you will grant Content desire, and chide her but for murmuring. It is not a fault to strive to better our Estates: which yet we should never do, if we rested fully content with what we enjoyed for the present. God hath allotted Man a motive mind, which is ever climbing to more perfection, or falling into a lower Vice. Certainly, that Content which is without desiring more, is a kind of fault in any. Perfection is set in that height, that 'tis impossible mortal bodied man should ever reach the Crown: Yet he ought still to be aiming at it, and with an industrious persecution, persevere in the rising way. We cannot be too covetous of Grace; we may well labour for more accomplishments: and by lawful ways, and for good intents, there is no doubt, but 'tis lawful to desire to increase, even in temporal wealth. Certainly, Man should be but a dull Earth, to sit still and take the present: without either Joy, or Complaint: without either fear, or appetite. In this, I like not Aristippus his Doctrine, who is hot in perfwading men, neither to be troubled at what is pass, nor to think of what is to come. This were quite to vilifie Providence: who is one of the Principal Guards of Man. For, though it be true, that nothing is so certain, but that it may sometimes fail: yet, we see, it seldom does: and even Probability is almost certain. Let not Man so sleep in content, as that he neglect the means to make himself more happy and blessed: nor yet when the contrary of what he lookt for comes, let him murmur or repine at that providence, which dif-
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pos'd it to cross his expectation. I like the man, that is never content with what he does enjoy: but by a calm and fair course, has a mind still rising to a higher happiness: But I like not him, that is so much discontent, as to repine at any thing, that does befall him. Let him take the present patiently, joyfully, thankfully. But let him still be soberly in Quest for better: and indeed, it is impossible to find a life so happy here, as that we shall not find something, we would add; something, we would take away. The world itself, is not a Garden, wherein all the Flowers of Joy are growing: nor can one man enjoy them. If it were, that all were here, we may questionless conclude; that there is no absolute contentment here below. Nor can we in reason think there should be: since whatsoever is created, was created tending to some end; and till it arrives at that, it cannot be fully at rest. Now we all know, God to be the end, to which the soul tends; and till it be dismanacled of the clogging flesh, it cannot approach the presence of such purity, such glory: when it meets with God, and is united to him, who is the Spring, and source of all true happiness; then it may be calm, and pleased, and quiet: till then, as Thaumaturgi hold of health, that the best is but Neutrality: So it is of happiness; and content, in the soul: Nay, the most absolute content man can enjoy, in his corruptible rags of earth, is indeed, but lesser discontentment: That which we find here most perfect, is rather meper Utopian, and Imaginative, than real, and substantial: and is sooner found falling from a Poets pen, than any way truly enjoyed by him, that swims in the deep-eff stream of pleasure; and of these, instead of many, you may take that one of Martials:

Vitam que faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundissime Martialis, haec sunt:
Res non parta labori, sed relict a;
Non ingratus Ager, Focus perennis,
Lis nanquam, Toga rara, Mens quieta,
Vires ingenues, Salubre Corpus,
Prudens Simplicitas, pares Amici,
Convicta facili, sine arte mensa;
Nox non ebria, sed soluta curis:
Non tristis torus, attamen pudicus:
Sommus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod sit, esse velis, nihilq, ma li;
Summum nec metus diem, nec optes.

Things that can bless a life, and please,
Sweetest Martial, they are these:
A store well left, not gain'd with toil;
A house thine own, and pleasant soyl,
No strife, small state, a mind at peace,
Free strength, and limbs free from disease,
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Wife Innocent, friends like and good,
Unwieldy meat, kind neighborhood,
No drunken rest, from cares yet free;
No sailing sense, yet chaste to thee:
Sleeps, that long nights abbreviate,
Because 'tis liking, thy wish't State:
Nor fear'd, nor joy'd, at death or fate.

But where shall you find a man thus seasoned? if it be for a while, it lasts not: but by one, or other accident, he is tossed in the wavy world. And this made Diogenes resolve; unto Fortune, to oppose his confidence, and resolution; to the Law, Nature; and to his Affections, Reason. This was good, but not well: we have Grace, and Scripture for a better guide than Nature. I would be so content with what I have, as I would ever think the present best: but then I would think it best, but for the present: because, whensoever I look forward, I still see better; to arrive at which my soul will long, and covet. The soul that by but half an eye sees GOD, will never be but winging, till the alights on Him.

C.

How he must live, that lives well.

Whoever neglects his duty to himself, his neighbour, or his God; halts in something, that should make life commendable. For our selves, we need order; for our neighbour, Charity; and for our God, our Reverence, and Humility: and these are so certainly linked one to another, as he that lives orderly, cannot but be acceptable, both to GOD, and the World. Nothing jars the Worlds Harmony, like men that break their ranks. One turbulent spirit will disintegrate even the Calmest Kingdom. We may see the beauty of order, in nothing more, than in some Princely Procession: And though indeed, the circumstances, and complements belonging to State, be nothing to better government; yet by a secret working in the minds of men, they add a Reverence to State: and awe, the (elf-loofe) rabble. See a King in Parliament, and his Nobles let about him: and see how mad he shows that wildly dances out of his room. Such is Man, when he spurns at the Law he lives under: Nay, when he gives himself leave to transgress, he must needs put others out of their way: and he that disorders himself first, shall trouble all the Company. Did every man keep his own life; what a concord in Musick would a World, a Kingdom, a City, a Family be? But being so infinitely disjoyned, it is necessary some should help it, and be charitable. If no man should repair the breaches, how soon would all lye flatted in demolishments? Love is so excellent, that, though it be but to ones self alone, yet others shall partake and find the benefit. Posterity will be the better for the Riggs that the
Covetous hoarded up for himself. But when a man shall be ever striving to do the world a courtesie, his love is so much the more thankworthy, by how much the good is larger. Without Charity, a man cannot be sociable: and take away that, and there is little else, that a man has to do in the world. How pleasant can good company make his life beneath? Certainly, if there be anything sweet in meer Humanity, it is in the intercourses of beloved society, when every one shall be each others Counsellor, each others friend, and Mine, and Solace. And such a pleasant life as this, I take to be the best pleasing, both to God and Man. Nor yet can this be truly pleasant, unless a man be careful to give to GOD the honour that he owes him. When a Man shall do these, and perform his duty to his Maker; he shall find a peace within, that shall fit him for whatsoever falls. He shall not fear himself: for he knows his course is Order. He shall not fear the world: for he knows he hath done nothing, that has anger'd it. He shall not be afraid of Heaven: for he knows, he there shall find the favour of a Servant, of a Son; and be protected against the malice and the spleen of Hell. Let me live thus, and I care not, though the world should flout my Innocence: I will but to obey Saint Bernard, then I know I cannot but be happy, both below, and after. Tu qui in Congregatione es, bene vive, ordinabiliter, sociabiliter & humiliter: ordinabiliter tibi, sociabiliter proximo, humiliter Deo.

Omnia Deo.

FINIS.
RESOLVES:
Divine, Moral, Political.

I.
Of Idle Books.

Idle Books are the licentious follies of the Age; that, like a corrupt air, infect wheresoever they come. Some are Simple; and these, besides making the Author ridiculous, seldom hurt the Reader with more than loss of time: For if he hath any sense he will grow wiser by the folly that is presented him: as drunkards are often cured by seeing the beastliness of others that are so.

He hath extreme ill luck, that takes pains to be laughed at, when he might at once both have spared his labour, and preferred his credit. But he that hath not JUDGMENT to censure his own, will hardly come to be mended by admonition. And besides; the least caution is to be given of these. For a man will no more dwell in one of these than a Travailer of quality, will lodge in an Alehouse or Booth. It was Cicero's, Lectiones sine ullis deletatione neglegit, He hated reading where no pleasure dwelt. As cobwebs these, by them that are Neat will be swept away, and if they hang till, they catch but only flies.

Another sort are wanton and lascivious: and these like rank flesh unfalced, when they should prove wholesome food, carry a taint that poisons; so in the end they enliven only Vermin, and do beget but stench. 'Tis true, Wit is naturally reader at this than any other Theme. Yet the best is never obscene. As the dry light is the purest, so is wit, when it is terse and spruce without the fulsomness of ungentle language. The old Law forbid the touch of any thing that was unclean. A man may know that hand to have need of washing, from betwixt whose fingers the ink that drops is foul. Vicious or a Clown is his Character at best: but for the most part ill-bred persons are the most debauch'd. Civility is the Correction of manners: And though if such works should be quaint in Language, yet are they but as unfaithful breaths perfumed; there is only a more precious flink, which certainly shews either what the Conversation hath been, or what the Inclination is: For more thin speech, is the pen, the minds interpreter. As the breaking out of Itch and Blains shew the body is not not clear:
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Yet doubtless if we respect humane society, writings that are scandalous are worse than thefe. 'Tis a kind of barbarousness in death unto the dead: for though both be alive at the publishing, yet Printing is a kind of perpetuity, and carryeth to future ages both the Authors malice and the parties infamie that is traduced. A book, that brands a person with Indignities, is his Lots wife in a pillar of salt: It remains a Monument of disgrace. The malicious writer is like the Bee, Animam in vulnere ponit: he puts his soul into the wound he makes, and drowns himself for ever after: For the venome which he vents himself, laizzes his reputation with others. Multi cum alis maledicunt, jebi ipfis convifium faciunt, was an observation of Seneca's. 'Tis unwise to traduce the abfent, though provokt by passion: but to displaie a malignant writing, is deliberate wickedness; to which (with his own disgrace) he sets his hand and seal; and does an injury for which he cannot make amends sufficient, for admit he does retract in publick, he is not sure all that law his firft book fhall come to read his laft. And then what cafe is he in that eyes in divulging premeditated wrong? As witches pass by all the wholesome simples of the earth, and gather only poftious and baneful for their Sorceries: So the spiteful pen picks out only the vices and corruptions of men, but leaves their virtues buried and untouched, which juftly but remembred might balance all their failings. Like Toads they gather up only the venome of the garden: and as our gold-finders they have the honour in the night and darknes to dive in fench and Excrement. But above all to abuse the dead is most deadly. The dead is as the Fatherless and Widow, whose cause, because they want defenders, God himfelf will vindicate. How below the gallantry of man is it, to tyrannize upon the undefeasible and senseless? The brave soul scorns advantages. Is it reasonable in Arms to fight against the naked? To meet my enemy without a weapon is his protection. If I be provided. The dead are tamely passive, and should the difhonour of them be tolerated, what fame could reft unbafed in the grave? Certainly that pen is ill made, that instead of cutting a clear letter, leaves a blot. When Ageftas was prefentfed with Lysanders treafonable Letters, and was about to read them in the head of his Army, he was told Lysander was dead: and this took him off his purpose. He beats the air and Combats Ghosts, that wounds the departed from life.

Next to thefe are the Heretical. These feed the world with Tares, like ill plants in a good ground, if they be let grow to seed, they sow themselves, and perpetuate their corruptions to after generations. The Heretique must needs be obfinate and arrogant; for by presuming on his own sense, he grows Incorrigible. He is the higheft Papall man in the World. For he sets up himself above the Church and all her Doctors. While he cries down others for Infallible, he lifts himself.
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(self up to be so. His presumption must needs be vast, that builds more on his own Tenets, than upon the mature judgment of all the successive Fathers. As if God had revealed more to him, than to all the pillars and propagators of his Church. If he will have liberty given him to maintain his own opinions, why should not Reason tell him that others will expect the like for themselves? Saint Augustine tells us that he is an Heretic, Qui pro aliquibus temporaliis Commodi, & maxime glorie principiatus; sicut gratia, falsas ac novas opiniones, gignit aut sequitur, That for some temporal profit, and for the glory of his own preeminence, either Authors, or Perverts in some new and false opinions. Usually they are for ends and interest; And then how infinitely does he offend, who will by-pass God's Truths, and defend and bow them to his corrupted Benefit? He raises himself above God, under the pretense of serving him, and sins more in his grave, and dead, than when he was alive. For he poisons from generation to generation. And, which is worst of all, he offends till the world's end, in a book which cannot Repent.

But above all, the profane are to be avoided; The very reading is an unhappyness, but a second personal, guilt, and approbation: The Heretic misunderstands Religion, but the Profane does scorn it. Such the very prudent admitted not to sacrifice; The Profane, saies one, is he, Qui nihil habet sacri, qui sacra negligit, violat, Concilium: Who hath nothing of Religion in him, but neglects, destroys and spurns at all that's sacred. He is indeed the practical Atheist, that contemning Heaven, hath more than the mere Pagan forgot himself to be man, It is a strange kind of unchastity for man to jest with God. He that is well-bred cannot but abominate such rudeness. He is a Clown to Heaven, that makes himself too familiar with the Deity. He vapours away his soul in air that by his pen or tongue would call a disgrace upon God, If man compacted of Infirmities be so Jealous of his Honour, that with the hazard of his life, he dares dwell him that stains it; How will God, that made man with this Jealousy, be jealous of his own honour by punishing such as wildly do despise it? How infinitely will the superflition of the Jews cry down the loose neglect of our times? Profaneness is but a little less daring blasphemy; and at hearing this, they us'd to be so extas'd and impassion'd, as presently to tear their garments: So St. and Paul, St. Barnabas in Acts the 14th, Such Reverence had they to the Name of God, that they held it an offence to think of him in any Noursome place. Every day was the mouth 'o be wass'd, left God's Name shou'd come out of a foul place. And in a sool-room they were all left-handed because with the right they wrote the name of God and Angels. Shall the Clay grow insolent against the potter, or the worm offer to perk it up at the face of Man? Beware of the profane and scorners. He that neglects God will make no scruple of betraying Man. If he fits loose to Heaven, he will never hold firm to Earth; but for himself will forsake his Friends, having done so already to God, that yet gives him all. Any of these are the plague in paper, which
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which he is in much danger of catching that comes but between the sheets. Nor can he offend alone. A corrupt Book is an Amphibia: A Serpent headed at either end; one bites him that reads; the other slings him that writes. For if I be corrupted by his pen, the guilt grows his, as well as mine, although the grave holds him. I will not write, lest I hurt my self, and posterity. I will not read left I hurt myself and Predecessors: They that dye of the pestilence are not left infectious laid forth, than when they are alive. The body of that wickedness shews poison, which continues working longer than life, and when all the sense is gone. A foolish Sentence dropped upon paper sets folly on a Hill, and is a monument to make Infamy eternal.

II.

Of Humility.

He that means to build lasting, must lay his foundation low: As in moory grounds they erect their Houses upon piles driven deep into the ground: So when we have to doe with men that are boggy and rotten, our Conversation would be unfound and and tottering, if it were not founded upon the Graces of Humility; which by reason of their slender ness pierce deep and remain firm. The proud man, like the early shoots of a new-fell'd Coppice thrusts out full of sap, green in leaves and fresh in colour; but bruises and breaks with every wind, is nipt with every little cold, and being top-heavy, is wholly unfit for use. Whereas the humble man retains it in the root, can abide the Winters killing blasts, the ruffling concussions of the wind, and can endure far more than that which does appear so flourishing. Like the Pyramids, he hath a large foundation, whereby his height may be more Eminent, and still the higher he is, the less doth he draw at the top; as if the nearer Heaven, the smaller he must appear. And indeed, the higher Man approacheth to Celestial, and the more he doth consider God, he sees the more to make himself vile in his own esteem. When the Falcon flies highest, she lesens her self most, and by so doing, hath the more command of her game. And then this usually falls out, That he which values himself least, shall by others be prized most. Nature swells when the means a check; but submission in us to others, begets submission in others to us. Force does but compel our bodies; when Civility and Manufacture does calm and captivate even the rugged temper of the rude and boisterous, and, like a gentle Lenitive, dissipates and allwages the Tumors of the most elated Mind. Humility is the foot-fool, without which Man can hardly get up to the bed of Honour. The proud man is certainly a fool: I am sure, let his parts be what they will, in being proud, he is so. One thing may alluredly persuade us of the Excellency of Humility. It is ever found to dwell most with men that are most gallant. 'Tis a flower that prospers not in lean and barren soils, but in a ground that's rich,
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rich, it flourishes and is beautiful. Give me a man that's humble out of judgement, and I can find him full of all parts. Charles the fifth, was as brave in holding the Candle to his departing Visitors, as when he was trooped about with his Victorious Officers. The Legislative Monarch Moses, that was the first and greatest Divine, State-man, Historian, Philosopher, and Poet, who, as a valiant General, led Israel out of Egypt, was renowned with Miracles, that could roll up the waves to pass his men, and tumble them down again upon his Enemies, was a Type of Christ, styled a friend of God, and (as Ecclesiastics tells us) beloved both of God and men: yet was he meek above all that were upon the face of the Earth. And, let our proud daff should think it a disparagement to be humble, we are commanded by our Saviour to learn it of him, who tells us the benefit will be, rest to our souls. We are sent to the Pismire for Industry, to the Lyon for valor, to the Dove for Innocence, to the Serpent for Wisdom; but for Humility unto God himself, as an attribute more peculiar to his Excellence: And certainly, if we shall but contemplate him, we shall find him able for all, either that we can, or, cannot conceive: yet by his up-holding and sublime Providence, according to his meek will he orders, guides, and governs all. No man ever lost esteem with wise men, by stopping to an honest lowness when there was occasion. I have known a great Duke to fetch in wood to his Inferiors fire; and a General of Nations, descending to a Foot-man's office in lifting up the boot of a Coach: yet never thought it an eclipse to either of their dignities. The Text does give it to the Publicans dejectedness rather than to the Pharisees boasting. That ship wares Ballast that floats upon the top of the waters: and he may well be suspected to be defective within, that shall pull on respect to himself by his undue assuming it. What is that man worse that lets his inferior go before him? The folly is in him that takes it when not due: but the prudence rocks with him, that in the sereneness of his own worth does not value it. In shows of State, the meanest marches first. I am not troubled, if my Dog out-runs me. The Sun chides not the morning Star, though it presume to either day before him. My place is only where I am at present; but that wherein I am not, is not mine. While the proud man battles in the storm, and begets himself Enemies, the humble peaceably pities in the shade unenvy'd. The full sail over-leads the Vessel, which drawn in, may make the voyage prosperous. Who is't that pitties Haman, when only Mordecai's righteousness in the gate shall sicken him? He sure is queasie fromach't that mult pet, and puke, at such a trivial circumstance. Humility prevents disturbance: It rocks debate a sleep, and keeps men in continued peace. Men reit not while they ride in state, or hurry it in a furious charge: but when they humble themselves to the Earth, or a Couch, refreshing sleep does then becalm their toys and cares. When the two Goats on a narrow Bridge met over a deep stream, was not he the wiser that lay down for the other to pass over him, than he that would
would rather hazard both their lives by contending? He preserved himself from danger, and made the other become debtor to him for his safety. I will never think my self disparaged, either by preferring peace, or doing good. He is charitable, that out of Christian ends can be content to part with his due: but he that would take it from me, wrongs not me so much as he does himself. I have ever thought it
Indiscretion to vie it in continued strife: Prevailing is but victory in part; his pride may still remain unconquer’d. If I be subdu’d; besides my shame, I purchase his contempt to boot. When yielding out of prudence, triumphs over all, and brings him in to be mine. I had rather be accounted too much humble, than esteemed a little proud: That tends to virtue and wisdom; this to dishonour and vice. Even in Gold the stiffest is the safest; but the pure, by being doubtles, keeps whole.

111.

Of Religion and Morality.

To render a man perfect, there is requisite both Religion and Nature; that is, Faith and Morality. But some will tell me, there needs but one; Religion comprehends both: And certainly, the Christian Religion purely practised, will do so; for it rectifies and confirms the Law of Nature; and purging man from Corruptions by faith, pretexts him justified, and a fulfiller of the Law, which Nature cannot do. Religion more properly respects the service of God; yet takes care of Man too. Morality looks most to our conversation with men: yet leaves us not when we come to God and Religion. I confess, I understand not, why some of our Divines have so much cry’d down Morality. A Moral man with some, is but another word for a Reprobate: Whereas truely, Charity and probability would induce us to think, That whosoever is morally honest, is so out of conscience in obedience to the commands of God, and the Instincts of Nature, so framed and qualified by God himself, rather than out of sniffer, lower, or less noble ends: And therefore, I hold it to be most true, that as true Religion cannot be without Morality; no more can Morality that is right, be without Religion. I look upon it as the Primitive and Everlasting Law and Religion of man: which, instamped in his soul at his Creation, is a Ray arising from the Image of God. Till the Law was given, what Religion had he but his own Morality, for almost 2000 years? It was the worlds Religion. What was it else that taught man to pray, and humble himself to a Deity; when he had done amiss, to make Offertories to appease an angered Godhead; and to think of ways of expiation? And when the Law was promulgated in Tables of stone to shew the perpetuity of it; Was it not the same reduced to literal Precepts, which even in the worlds Infancy was written in the hearts of man? The Judicial and Ceremonial Law of the Jews,
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Jews, we see abolish'd at our Saviour's coming. But the Decalogue, because 'tis Moral, holds. We find it also barely Preceptive and Imperial. Do this, or, Do not do this, without a reason given (unless in some out of the consequence) because being Moral there needed none. The reason was in each man's heart before: not only among the Jews, but the Gentiles also. It was the Universal Religion of the world, which God at first gave man: So pregnant in the minds of all; That it was sufficient in some good measure to curb the loose exorbitancies of depraved Nature, and lead her up towards her duty. What Barbarous Heathen condemns not in his Conscience, what the Law prohibits; or applauds not what it does command? Of this the great Apostle spake, where he tells us; That when the Gentiles, which have not the Law, do yet naturally the things contained in the Law, they are a Law to themselves. Even Reason, which is Nature, leads a man up to Religions Palace, though it show us not all the private rooms within it. It brings us into the Presence, though not into the Privy Chamber. It urges us to Faith; which rightly stated, is little more than rational and pure Celestial Reason. For of Faith, there is reason to be given: And though it be set in a height, beyond our Humane Perpsective, I can believe it rather super-elevated, than contradictory to our Reason. When Man comes to Faith, he then runs out of himself; but not at all against himself. By his virtue, he but lifts up Nature to a higher scale. Religion and Virtue is but Nature better bred, more immediately deducing its Original from God the Author and Fountain of all that is good: suitable to this, is that which the Orator tells us, where (de legebus) he makes Virtue nothing else, but perfect Nature raised to its full sublimity. And besides the School-men, I have met with a Divine, declaring, That Religion of all Moral Virtues, Religion is the Noblest of all Moral virtues. And it is Cornelius a Lapide. Reason can tell us, That having offended, (without satisfaction) we are liable to punishment. It can set us to search for a Saviour, though it cannot find him for us in his gracious Contrivances, and sublime Immensities: Even the Gospel in its larger part is Moral; The Law is the Compendium of Morality, and the Gospel is the Compendium of the Law. Upon loving God above all, and our Neighbour as ourselves, hang all the Law and the Gospel. And this as the concrete Rule with Man, is that which the Apostle calls the Royal Law; which if we fulfill, we do well. I find in most Religions, some Tenents that are destructive to Humanity, though not in the first sanction and frame of Religion; yea in time brought in by particular Professors, who have left piously their disciples. The very Series and Foundations of Religion, by such as these have been dispens'd with, under the pretense of public Intrest to bring in particular Designs. But the true Christian Religion and the true Morality dares not do a wrong, nor so much as plead necessity, where, by suffering, it may be avoyed. Even in all Religions, when they be cut out into Sects, they run to division, and destroy.
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Like little Rills from large Rivers, they suffer not the stones to rest, but rattle and make a noise with their shallowness, while the main Stream, by reason of his deepness, is both smooth and silent. Men that are of depraved and harin dispositions, are aptest to become Sectaries; and when such come once to be dipt in Religion, (for to be well waked, clemen) they are usually more virulent than any other sort of men. If they had the grounds of Morality, even the goodneces of Nature would make them in-oppressive, and dictate to them, That it were Nobler to undergo a self-denying or some Sufferance, than by Singularity and the Morality of an Eager beleak give a publick Disturbance, perhaps to the unbinding of the whole frame of Government. Certainly, however the pretext be Religion, and that misleading Meteor, Liberty; yet in the Violators of a just Authority, 'tis either an ill Nature, or a sinister end, which draws them to perfilt in't. If there were Charity, (without which all Religion is vain) no man would prefer a self-immunity, before a general peace. Therefore let men be never to be insidious in the formal profession and Verbalities of Religion, when I see them act things against Morality, and such as are deftive to Humane Society; I shall be content to call it Craft or Policy, but by no means Religion to be imitated. To circumvent men into Snares of either Life or Estate or Liberty: To Infracture and intrap the unsuitable and well-meaning man, To grow great and rise by my Neighbours fall, to which I have contributed; To under a man for acting Honesfly and Confiance; To delude the world by vows and promises; To falsify Oaths and publick Manifestoes; To be prodigal of the blood and lives of others; To lift them out of the world for ends; To impropriate myself into that which is not mine; To pretend one thing, and act the contrary: These and the like being against the Rules of Morality, let them carry what face they will, Religion may be the Paint, but never the Complexion of such Actions. He that is not Morally Honest, whatsoever gloss his Religion bears, he wears it but in Water-colours, which either a warm breath or a wet storm will melt away or blemish. Methinks I find thefoundns of Heathens putting the blush upon the practice of Christians, who stain their sincere profession by the underhand complications of fraud and collusion. How natural was it in the Romans to have their blouds rise at Lucius Marcus; for that by subtleties wiles and craft he went about to facilitate his Victories against the Macedonian Perseus? When Meander of Samos flying to the Spartans from the Persian Forces, declared what Wealth he had brought along, and how much he would give to Cleomenes their Governor; Cleomenes presently repaired to the Senate: And tells them, It would be well if they banisht their Samian guest, lest he might persuade some Spartan to be wicked. The name of Great had not been undefervedly given to Alexander, for telling one that persuaded him to take the Advantage of a dark night to set upon his Enemy Darius: No, says he, I had rather repent my Fortune than blush at my Victory: And in a Christian it deferv'd a high applause, Conrade the first Empere
tour of Germany; who when Misicus (who persisted in his Fathers Rebellion) not being able to defend himself against the Emperours puissance, fled to Waldemar Duke of Bohemia, and he after promising protection and assistance (to work his own ends) privately treated with the Emperour for delivering him into his hands. The Emperours Heroick Heart, disdaining so base a Treachery, or to gain an Enemy by Compliance with so great unworthiness, sent Word to Misicus That he would do well either to submit himself to him, or provide himself of a safer Sanctuary; for that his pretending friend would betray him. Doubtless there is a moral Gallantry in Nature that will lead a man to any thing but poornesses and Indirection. And certainly, 'tis more safe to trust a poor good Natur'd Publican, than any supercilious and high pretending Pharisee. I shall surely much suspect that Religion, which hath not got the malignity of Pride, Intemperance, and Deceit. There is a genuine Clereness that looks braver than all the nick-nam'd strong abilities of over-reaching. To be a Man answerable to Davids Queries in his 15th. Psalm (which do all point at our Converse with men.) In the beginning it makes him dwell in Gods Tabernacle, in the end it sets him immovable. The Apostle seems to couple both together when he tells us; That fearing God and working Righteousness, makes a Man acceptable in what Nation soever he be. The Immolation of Beasts and the other costly Oblations in the Law were the Higheft outward duties of Religion that we read of; Yet never prized like the Intireness of an honest Heart, endeavouring in all things to bear a good Conscience towards God and towards Men. If we believe Solomon, the Prophets, and the Apostles; they will tell us, That to do Justice and Judgement is more acceptable than sacrifice. 'Tis Charity and unspottedness that is the pure and undefiled Religion. And indeed God hath no need of our Service, were it not for our own avail. But man hath. And pursuant to this, there are VI Commandments relating to Man, and but IV to God: Yet indeed because they cannot be divided they all make up one Law. The World consisted of two sorts of people, Jews and Gentiles. The true worship of the Deity was discovered but to one. But the Moral Law relating to man was Naturally imposed on both: and when both parties confirm it, why should any decry it? I take that to be good Divinity, though I have it from the Roman Persius.

Quin damus id Superis, de magnâ quod dare lance
Non polsit magni Messale lippa propago:
Compositum Æus, Fals; Animi, Sanctæs; recessus
Mensis, & incœtum generosæ peæus Honestæ.

Let's give God, what Messalla's bleary ey'd Race,
Cannot in their huge incence-Charger place,
Resolved Right; Pure Thoughts; A mind rais'd high;
A soul ingrain'd with Noble Honesty.
Find to him that the tale is told, Belief only makes the difference, betwixt the Truth, and Lyes. For a Lye believed is true; and Truth uncredited, a Lye. But certainly, there rests much in the Hearers Judgement; as well as in the Tellers Falsehood. It must be a probable Lye, that makes the Judicious, Credulous; And the Relator too, must be of some Reputation: otherwise, strange stories detect some deformity in the mind. And in that, (as in certain natural protrusions in the body) they are seldom taking, but often begin a dislike. They may a little flourish a mans Invention: but they much more doubtles will cry down his Judgement, and discover a mind that floats and is unbalanced. There is a generation of men, whose unweighed custom makes them clack out any thing their heedless fancy springs; That are so habitted in falsehood, that they can out-lye an Almanack, or, which is more, a Chancery Bill; and though they ought to have good memories, yet they lye so often, that they do at last, not remember that they lye at all. That besides creating whole scenes of their own; they cannot relate any thing clear, and candidly: but either they must augment, or diminish. They falsifie so long the science of Arithmetick, that by their Addition, and Subtraction, they quite destroy the noble Rule of Fellowship. Like Samson Foxes, with their Fire-brands, they leave a flame in every field they pass through. Falsehood, like dust cast in the eyes of Justice, keeps her from seeing Truth. It often creeps even to the Barr at Tribunals; and there perverteth Judgement. A severe penalty were well inflicted, where the Advocate should dare to obtrude an untruth. How can that Judge walk right, that is besmirched in his way? We can never come at either peace or justice, if we be not lighted through the dark by Truth; and Peace never abides long in any Region where Truth is made an Exile. Certainly a Liar, though never so plausible, is but a defective of the present sense; being once discovered, he is look’d at, not only as inconsiderate, but dangerous. He is a Monster in Nature: for his Heart and Tongue, are incongruous, and defensive; As if upon a Humane body the head of a Dog were set on. The heart is much unpurified, which bubbles up such frothy Vanities. And besides he that often lies in discourse, when he needs not, will be sure to do it ever when he needs. So his Interest being only inward to himself, all that is without him is not set by. And doubtles Humanity hath not a worse Companion, than he that singularly loves himself. Think not to live long in peace if thou conversest with a lying man. Nor canst thou think to live long in Reputation: You can neither freely relate any thing after him, nor pass a right judgment upon any thing he speaks. If you believe him, you are deceived: If you do not believe him, he takes it as an affront. The way is either to pass him by, as not minded; or check him a little obliquely.
obliquely in his own way. As when one told Galba, he had bought
Lamprey in Seicily five-foot-long. He answered him; That was no
wonder, for there they were so long that the Fishermen used them for
Ropes: A Lyar is the Ball of Contention that can set even Goddesses toge-
ther by the ears.

I could sooner pardon some Crimes that are capital, than this wild-
fire in the tongue; that whip's, and scorches wheresoever it lights.
It shows so much Sulphur in the mind of the Relator, that you will
easily conclude, It is the breath of Hell. I wonder not that the Inge-
nious blood does boil so high at having the Lye given. For surely, a
Lyar is both a Coward and a Traitor. He fears the face of man, and
therefore speaks behind the littleness of a Lye to hide himself.
A Traitor he is, for God having set him to defend his Truth, he basely
defers the hold, and runs to his enemies Colours. He dares not keep
the Post he is aligned to, by owning of his Truth. But like a Coyner
(pretending Gold) he stamps the great Kings Image, Truth, upon
Copper, and coorfe Allay. What is that Man good for, that cannot
be trusted in his own voluntary Relations? One would break that
Dyial into Atomes, whose false lines only serve but to mislead. Whose
every thefting Minute attempts to flame the Sun, Speech is the Com-
merce of the World, and Words are the Cement of Society. What have
we to rest upon in this world, but the professions and Declarations that
men seriously and solemnly offer? When any of these fail, a Ligament
of the World is broke: and whatever this upheld as a foundation,
sucks. Truth is the good mans Mistref, whose Beauty he dares Judg-
ifie, against all the furious Tilings of her wandering enemies, 'tis
the Buckler under which he lies securely covered, from all the Strokes
of Adversaries. It is indeed a Deity; for God himself is Truth; and
never meant to make the Heart and Tongue disjunctives. Yet because
Man is vanity, and a lye, we ought to weigh what we hear. He hath an
early faith that without Consideration believeth all that is told. That sight,
will soon be catch'd, that will be nibling at every catch-in-bays to swallow
it. But for him whose weakness hath abandon'd him into a Lyar; I
look upon him as the drogs of mankind. A Proteus in conversation,
vizarded and in disguife: As a thing that hath bankrupted himself in
Humanity, that is to be connnemed, and as a counterfit to be layd
upon a post that he may deceive no more. If there be truth of Tongue,
I may hold a Traffique with men of all other vices: but take away
that, and I tread upon a bog, and quick-sands; And, like the Prophet
Isaiah's Idolater, Chap. 44. 22. when I expect deliverance as from a
God, I carry a lye in my hand.

Though I speak not always all that is truth; yet would I never speak
any thing false. A Man may be over-born and kill'd: but Truth is
a thing Immortal; and going out of the world with him, gives him
courage even under the Axes stroke. I would not value life so dearly,
as to purchase it with the poorness of a lye. And we ought to take
discourse from others, as we use to chufe some fruits, not by their
out-side, but by their weight, and pozing them.
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Nec eisd Credideris: Quantum eisd credere lertas,
Exemplum vobis, non leve, Procri eris.
Believe not rashly: Harm from thence that flows,
Dear Procri Fate in sad example flows.

Of Preparing against Death.

The life of man is the Incessable walk of time; wherein every moment is a step, and pace to Death. Even our growing to perfection, is a progress to decay. Every thought we have, is a sand running out of the glass of life. Every letter that I now write, is something cut off from the measure of my being here.

But since no man can be happy, in the life that is affrighted with the fear of dying; It ought to be our principal care, either to put off Death; or, overcome the fear of it. Else, while we have life, we shall not enjoy it: but dayly with the fear of dying, dye. To put off Death, is not in Man to do. First Fate (without him) dooms him once to dye. The Decree is past, and no Appeal is left. To avoid Death totally therefore, 'tis in vain, to try: We may sometime Court him into a forbearance: But the whole worlds wealth is a bribe too small to win him to acquittance. Yet the fear of Death is not Invincible. It is a Gyant to the weak, but a Pygmie to the well-resolved. We may master that, and then though we cannot totally overcome Death, we may contemn him; or, so brave him, as to make him smile, not frown upon us. It is therefore fit, we take heed of such things as are like Multiplying-glasses, and shew fears either more numerous, or bigger, far than they are. Such are Inexpectation, Unacquaintance, want of Preparation.

Inexpectation. The sodain blow astonishes: but foreseen, is either warded, or avoided. A surprife alone is torture. In it, I have not time to think, till the time of thinking be too late. 'Tis falling from a precipice in the dark. A man is at the bottom, before he knows he is from the top. The soul is over-whelm'd with horror, which is infinitely blacker by it's not being look'd for. Belfazzers knees had never beat each other, if he had expected the hand to appear. When Accidents like Thieves, unthought on, set upon us; the consternation gives the deeper wound. It is worse for the time than hanging; for it choaks the spirits, as to help; but lets them live, to cruciate and vex without remedy. Like Spirits in the night, they flahell Hell-fire into our face, and drive us from our wits and hopes: And our terrors are the more, because we dedicate that time to rest, without expelling ought that should affright us.

Unacquaintance. Familiarity takes away fear; when matters not usual prove Inductions to terror. The first time the Fox saw the Lyon, he feared him as death; The second, he feared him, but not so much;
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The third time, he grew more bold, and past by him without quaking. The practic'd Seaman smiles at forms, that others dare not look on. A Lyon is not frightful to his Keeper; and Mastiffs are not fierce, but when they meet with strangers. Every report of a Musket startles the new-come Souliers: but ranging through the fury of two or three Battails, he then can fearless stand a breach, and dares undaunted look Death in the face.

Lastly, Want of Preparation. Must not he be over-come, that, unarmed, meets his weapon'd Enemy? God, that by his Providence, is akin to wife men, and so does usually protect the prudent, is not obliged to preserve the fool. He that does first abandon himself, by his own example teaches others to do so too. When I am prepared for the worst, the worst cannot dismay me: but unprepared, I must lose down and yield. Even premeditation alone, is a piece of defence. Negligence not only invites the Foe, but leaves open all our Ports, and Avenues for him to enter at. The difference is not much between not meeting an evil, and being prepar'd for't.

Left, then, I make my death seem more terrible to me, than indeed it is, I will first daily expect it. It were madness, to think, I should never arrive at that, to which I am every minute going. If an Enemy, that I cannot reft, shall threaten that within such a space, he will assault and plunder me, but will not tell me the precise time; shall I not every hour look for him? It was Plato's opinion, That the wise man's life, was the meditation of death. And to expect it, is to give the blow a meeting, and break the stroke: Not to expect it, is a stupidity; since the world hath nothing that is like a Reprieve. The Philosopher will tell us, as well as the Divine; That, Omne Humanum Genus, quodcunque est, quodcumque est, morti damnatum est. All Humanity, that either is, or shall be, once shall dye. And surely, he it is but dead already, that does not look for death. A Glass though it be brittle, (if safely kept) may last long. But Man, preserv'd declines. His Childhood, Youth, Virility, and Age, they are but several stages, marking him to death. He may flourish till about fifty, and may dye any day before: But after that, he languishes like an October Fly, till at last he weakly withers to his grave.

Secondly, I will grow to be acquainted with it, by considering what it is. And certainly, well look'd into, he is rather lovely, than a Monster: 'Tis Fancy gives him those hideous shapes we think him in. It is a soft and easy Nothing; the cessation of Life's functions, Motion's absence, and Nature's smooth repose. Certainly, it is no more to dye, than to be born. We felt no pain coming into the world; nor shall we in the act of leaving it. Though in the first, one would believe there were more of trouble than in the latter. For we cry coming into the world, but quietly and calmly leave it. When Socrates was advis'd by his friends, That if not for his own sake, yet for that of his children and acquaintances; he would have a care to preservethimself from death: He presently tells them; That as for his children, God that gave
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170 gave them, would have a care of them: and for his friends, (if he dyed) he should in the other world find the like, or better: and those that here he left, would but a very little while stay from him. What is there that in Death is terrible, more than our unwillingness to dye? Why should I be angry, when my Prince repeats my banishment, and admits me home to my Country, Heaven? When the Soul, (like a Swallow, flipt down a chimney) bears up and down in restless want and danger; Death is the opened Caemem that gives her rest and liberty from penury, fears, and snares. 'Tis Nature's play-day, that delivers man from the thraldom of the world's School to the freedom of his Father's family. The Philosopher will tell us (take it which way you will) whether the Soul perishes, or be translated, there is either no ill, or much good, in Death. But when we know the Soul is Immortal, and purchased to be a Vessel of Everlasting Honour, what should afflict us? unless we fear to be happy. When my death approaches, I am growing to Immortality, commencing Doctor, and beginning to understand all those crabbed Criticisms that puzzle here Mortality. It frees me from the sorns of life, the malice and the blows of Fate, and puts me in a condition to become invulnerable. It mounts me up beyond the miles and reaches of this unworthy world. It lays me in the rank with Kings, and lifts me up to Deity.

Lastly, I will endeavour to be prepared. Neither surprise, nor strangeness can hurt me, if I be ready for both. He defeats the Tyrant of his feaft, that is so prepar'd as not to shrink at torment. The way to dye undauntedly, is to do that before, which we ought to do, when dying. He that always waits upon God, is ready whenever he calls. I will labour to set my accounts even, and endeavour to find God such to me in my life, as I would in death he should appear. If I cannot put off Humanity wholly, let me put off as much as I can; and that which I must wear, let me but loofely carry. When the Affections are gloved to the world, Death makes not a Dissolution, but a Fraction; and not only separates the soul, but tears it away. So the pain and the hazard is more. He is a happy man that lives so, as Death at all times may find at leisure to dye. And if we consider, that we are always in God's hand; that our Lease is but during pleasure, and that we are necessitated once to dye: As we shall appear Infidels, not to truft a Deity, so we must be fools, to struggle where we can neither conquer, nor defend. What do we do living, if we be afraid of traveling that high-way which hath been pass'd through by all that have lived, and must be by all that shall live? We pray, undress, and prepare for sleep, that is not one night long; and shall we do less for Death, in whose armes we must rest prisoners, till the Angel with his Trumpet summons him forth to resign us? This will not make life more troublesome, but more comfortable. He may play that hath done his task. No Steward need fear a just Lord, when his accounts are even and always ready drawn up. If I get the Son and Heir to be mine, the Father will never hold off. Thus living, I may dye at any time, and be afraid at no time;
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Who dies Death over every day, if he does not kill death outright: at least he makes him tame with watching him.

VI.

Against Extreme Longings.

Extreme Longings in a Christian (for the things of this world) I seldom see succeed well: Surely, God means so to temper his, as he would not have them violent in the search of a temporal blessing: or, else he knows our frailty much, as we should be more taken with the fruition of a benefit than the Author. Prosperities are strong pleaders for sin: but troubles are the secret Tutors of goodness. How many would have been lost, if they might have but found the enjoyment of their own desires? The too earnest pursuit of temporals, is a kind of mental Idolatry, wherein we prize our desires beyond our duty; and neglecting our submission to a Providence, we ever-value our own frail ends, and set them up as another kind of Deity. So we sometimes have our wishes, but with such success, as Pyrrhus had in his wars: who in two Battails against the Romans, gain'd his victories with so great loss, that he told his applauding friends, One victory more would absolutely undo him. Agrippina's, Occidat modo Imperet, proved a prophesy of her own destruction. When it comes to that, We must have children or we die: we expose our selves to be our servants drudges, and on our knees, and in our bosoms, nurse up their illegitimate issues. We lay our selves open to unlawful practices, for obtaining what we covet; and, like teeming women, we miscarry if we fail of what we long for. Death had not flown in among the Quails, if Israel had not been too much impetuous after them. Let him that eats too greedily, beware he does not surfeit. I have known a Falcon upon her down, come (miffing her quarry) fis her self upon the Falconers pole. Our senses are not clear when they are born along in a hurry. Who rides upon speed, sees matters but in pafs; his eye is so fondly snatch'd from the object, that he neither knows whither he goes, nor what he leaves. When we are too eager upon what we desire, we become like children, froward, and crying, till we pull the rod upon us. 'Tis but blind and beaftal metal to be rampant after what we affect. Like a ship in a storm, when our Anchor (Moderation) is gone, we float before the raging winds. When we proceed calmly, we have time to look about us, and may walk secure: But prickt on fiercely, we bait our own sharp hook, and put our selves into a posture of being deceived.

—Quisquis trepidus pavet, vel optat,
Quod non sit stabilitis, sing; Juris;
Abjecit Cyprum, locoq; motus,
Necit, qua valeat trahi, Catena.
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Who not himself, unsteady steers;
But passionately hopes, or fears;
Quits his defence. He loosely sits,
And his own Chain, to draw him, knits.

Is the judgement of the grave Boetius. When God commands sobriety and patience, shall Man presume to shew himself intemperate? He that makes basle to be rich, shall not be without sin. So, though the thing we aim at, be good in it self; yet who can tell, whether it shall be good to us? St. Auguftine will tell us, That he which prays for the things of this life, is sometimes gratuitously heard, and often gratuitously refused. The Physician, better than the sick, knows what befits his health. He that is not heard to his senses, is often to his safety. Unadvisedly to use the means is good; but to give up our selves to passion, is undoing. If the thing I covet, be good, I cannot trust it into better hands than Providence and Industry. But he that is violent in his guest, takes himself from those Protections; and rows upon his own vain fancy. That which the wife man says of Anger, may hold of all other Passions. They rest in the bofome of Fools. What, shall the faculties of the Noble Soul, made to Contemplate Heaven, and the Sacred Deity, stoop so low, as to be wholly taken up with temporal and terrestrial vanities? 'Tis like an Emperour catching Flies. Saturn, that is the highest Planet, is the slowest in his motion. Sure he, that in a brave serenity can bear up himself from being a slave to himself; that can be content sometimes, to take the Cloud for his guide, as well as the fire; that looks upon what he would have, with a quietness in his appeitition; that can calmly wait, and watch; It is he, that may be written Man. If I can, I will never extremly cover. When I dote upon any thing here below, like a souldier I break my rank, and If I presently be not saved in again, by my Commander, Reason; I am in the way of being either kill'd, or prisoner. Besides, 'tis so like either the weakness of a Woman, or the rudenes of a Clown, that indeed, I thereby proclaim to all men, that I want both strength, and breeding.

VII.
Of Prayer.

'T is not an ease matter for men of inferior rank, to get access or freedom of conference with one that is an Earthly Prince. Admission to all, would weigh him down to a slave. He cannot be a Center large enough to receive all the lines that come from the vast Circumference. But had he an Ear for all, he could not have wherewith to grant and satisfy all. Nor were men sure to speed, although they were admitted. He that to all should grant what is asked, would quickly leave himself nothing at all to grant: he might perhaps inrich some others; but he should be sure to impoverish himself. How great then is the freedom and the Prerogative of the devout Christian, who hath a rever-
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rence and an affection to the greatness and the goodness of his God? Though he often lives here in a slight esteem among men, yet by his prayers and the ardent effusion of his groans and wishes he can freely confer with the King of Heaven. Prayer penetrates through all the clouds and spheres. It makes a man a kind of Intimate with God, and by a towering flame mounts him to the bosom of the great Creator; who not only hears his intercessions, but delights in his requests; invites him to come, and promises a pleasing or happy return; which he shews in fulfilling his desires, or better: fitter for him. In respect of whom the greatest Monarch is more mean than the basest Vassal, in regard of the most mighty and most puissant Emperor. Man does not near so much exceed the worst of Creatures, as God above doth him. What if I be not known to the Nimrods of the world, the Pharaohs and the Ptolemies of this Aegipt: I can speak to Him, to whom they all as well as I must bow. My admission is as easy as theirs, and by my humble Prayers (unles my own offences hinder) I never am debarr'd access. 'Tis the Colloquy that continues the friendship twixt God and Man. We see those that are daily attendant upon great Persons, by the benefit of their access and conference, have a greater prevalence with them, than those perhaps of greater parts, that live as strangers to them. And we cannot think, but he which prays oft, by that means comes acquainted with God: If the Noblenes of Man be such, that he will be more civil, and tenderer to him, that is obsequious and respectful to him, by continued addresses, and expressing his sole dependence to be upon him; than he will to one that looks not after him: Surely, God will much more take notice of him, that by affiduous and frequent applications makes himself familiar with his Deity. It would encourage one in Prayer, to read what St. Anjine hath Metaphorically enough delivered us, Oratio Deum ungit, sed Lachryma compungit; hoc Lenit, illa Cogit: Prayer, anoints God: but Weeping, pierceth Him: that appeareth, this compels Him. However, it is so Essential a part of Religion, that I think I am not amiss, if I say, There can be none without it: We read not of any Religion, the Thief had, besides his Prayer on the Cross: Yet we see, by the mercy of our Saviour, it presently convey'd him from a bad life to Paradise. And surely, Man of all other creatures, would be the most miserable without it. When he is shut up in Prison; when he is in any accidental danger; when he hath fallen into displeasure, by his offence and disobedience; where is his friend, where his support, where his reconciler, if this be wanting? I had rather be deprived of all the solaces of this life; yea, and the Ordinances that tend to a better; than be debarr'd of recourse to my God by Prayer. Next to Christ, it is Man's Mediator, to re-inflate him in the favour of an offended Deity. 'Tis the Moser that opens the Rock, and brings Israel food in the wilderness. 'Tis the Sun, that gives fire my light in the Dungeon. It puts a muzzel on the Lyons jaws, that else would tear a Daniel. 'Tis the Angel, that walking with the Children in the furnace, keeps them from so much as singeing in the midst.
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of fiercest flames. It attacques the Suns swift steeds; and, like a Sentinel, commands them stand, in the speed of their full career. With reverence be it spoken, 'Tis a kind of Charm cast upon the Almighty, so powerful, that it prevails upon Omnipotency, and makes God that we sue unto, to become a Tutor unto us; Let me alone (as if he were held) was beg'd of Moses, when Moses importuned him. Certainly, because God saw it so absolutely necessary for his children, He would not leave it in the power of Man to take it from them. Romes Empire, in all her ten Persecutions, could not take this from Christians. This they could make use of in the dark without a Tongue, and in the midst of all their Enemies, while their Tormentors stood and watch them. Load a man with chains, let him lie upon the rack or Grid-irons, leave him but a live heart, and Prayer shall dwell there out of the Tyrants reach, and comfort him. And doubtles then it speaks Gods heavest Judgement, when men are feared up by a Spirit that cannot pray. Who can apprehend anything more miserable than a Judas or a Spire, both shut out from Prayer? It deprives the Soul of hope; and then is Despair let in, with that Immortal worm, the terrors of eternal guilt. He gives up himself to perdition that neglects to give himself to Prayer. Man was never so great an Independant, but every minute he must need his God. And if he makes himself a stranger, can he expect to be heard as a Friend? Other sacrifices of the Law have sometimes met with a Cheque; but this from a sincere heart is an offering that is ever pleasing: and importunity does not give offence. If it prevail'd upon the unjust Judge, will not the most righteous God be gain'd upon? And indeed, what is it can send us away empty, but our own sins? For if it carry us not safely through all the roads of danger, the fault is in our selves not it. Like a faithful Companion when friends, wealth, health, honour, and life, is leaving us, this holds us by the hand and leads us to overlook the shades of Death. When speech is gone, it lifts up hands and eyes; and, instead of Language, groans.

VIII.

The Virtuous Man is a wonder.

If it were true when David lived, There is none that doth good, no not one; How can it be less in these times, when the long Series of Practice, hath heightned, and habituated Man in vice, beyond that of passed ages? The Virtuous man therefore doubtles must be a Wonder. That Fire is of an unusual composure, that is made to burn in Water: And so must his Temper be, that can hold his Heat and Brightness, compassed with Corruptions waves, and courted by those temptations every where, that (like the Antient air) encircles him. That I see men wicked, it is no marvel at all. Base a man Education, and 'tis Natural for him to be so. Folly is bound up with the life of a child. And since Vice is a Declination, surely Man is born to ill, as heavy...
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as heavy things sink downward. And then how much easier is it falling down the Hill, than climbing it? When the handsome courtesan Theodora, vaunted to Socrates, how much she was to be esteem'd before him; because she could gain many profligate from him, but he none at all from her: He reply'd, it was no wonder; for the led men down the ease and descending road of vice, while he compell'd them to the thorny and ascenotive path of Virtue. They that are tyed down the stream of looseness, have much the advantage of those that follow goodnes. Virtue dwells at the head of the River, to which we cannot get but by rowing against the Current. Besides those inclinations that flow the soul to ill, the way is broader, and more firewed with guided pleasures. He that walks through a large field, hath only a narrow path to guid him right in the way. But on either side what a wide room hath he to wander in? What Latitude can bound a prophane wit, or a lascivious Fancy? the loose tongue lets fly at all, while the sober David lets a watch at his lips, and examines all his Language ere it passes. Every Virtue hath two vices, that close her up in curious limits: and if she swerve, though never so little, she sodainly steps into Error. Life is a passe twixt Scylla and Charybdis: missing the Chanel, our Bark is presently sunk into shipwreck: Religion hath Superstition, and Profanities. Fortitude hath Fear, and Rashnes: Liberty, Avarice, and Prodigality: Justice, Riger, and Partiality; and so the like in others; which have made some to define Virtue to be nothing else but a mean between two extreams. The truth is, the track of Virtue is a nice way, 'tis walking upon an edge. And were there not a star within that guides and brushes in rays of comfort; Nature would hardly take the pains to be virtuous. Virtue is a war wherein a man must be perpetual sentinel, 'Tis an Obelisk that requires many Trophies to the erecting it, and though founded in the Earth (man,) his spire does reach to Heaven. Like the Palm-tree though it hath pleasant fruit; It is hard to come by, for the stem is not easily to climb. Viro bonus, cito nec scri, nec intelligi potest: nam ille, alter forfase tangum Phoenix, anno quingentesimo nataitur. A good man is neither quickly made, not easily understood: for like the Phoenix, he by accident is born, but one in 500 years. And this was Seneca's opinion. To which not unfutable, is that of Anthonius.

Judex ipse sui, totum se explorat ad unguem, &c.
Offensis pravis, dat Palmam et Premia Reftis, &c.
Viro bonus & Sapient, qualens vix repperit illum
Millibus e multis hominum, consultus Apollo.
Who's his own Judge, himself doth all Indite, &c.
Who hates the Bad, rewards good, crowns the Right, &c.
'Mongt many thousands, Learn'd Apollo can,
Thus wise and good, scarce find one single man.

And indeed Virtue hath this in it. It is a ship that rides among the Rocks; is exercis'd in Sufferings, and in Difficulties. It is a Socrates's shield, throng'd with the arrows of the Enemy. Who had known of

Mutius
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Mutius Scævola, if his hearts Resolution had not left his hand insensible of flames? Where had been the memory of our Martyrs, if their Pagan persecutors had not given them the glory of their Torments?

Nam est ad Astramollis in terris vita.
Impera dura tole, quid Virtus erit?
From Earth to Heaven, the way's not soft, not smooth.

In easy things, brave Virtue hath no place.

Like mid-June swine, we can quickly rowl and tumble us in the mire of Vice: but to be a Virtuous man, is toil and expugnation, 'tis winning of a City by inches; for we must not only make good our own ground, but we must repel our Enemies, who will assault us, even from every room we pass by. If in Vice there be a perpetual Restlessness, there must be in Virtue a perpetual Vigilance: and 'tis not enough to be incessant, but it must be universal. In a Battle we fight not but in complete Armor. Virtue is a Cathedra; for in vain we arm one Limb, while the other is without a defence, I have known a man flain in his eye, while (all else armed) he hath but peered at his Enemy. 'Tis the good man is the World's miracle; he is not only Nature's mistrefs, but Arts master-piece, and Heavens mirror. To be soaked in Vice is to grow but after our breed. But the good man I will worthily magnifie; He is beyond the Manufaæum or Ephesian Temple. To be an Honest man is to be more than Nature meant him. His birth is as rare as the change of Religion, but in certain few periods of time. Like the only true Philosophers stone, he can unalchimy the Alloy of life, and by a certain celestial superfection, turn all the brats of this world into Gold. He it is that can carry on his Bark against all the Ruffling winds, that can make the thorny way pleasant, and un-intangle the incumbrances of the Earth. A wise a virtuous man, though he be in misery, he is but like a black Lam-born in the night. He may seem dull and dark to those that are about him, but within he is full of Light and Brightness, and when he lifts to open the door, he can shew it.

IX.

Of Venial Sins.

What sin is there which we may account or little or venial, unless comparatively? If we look at the Majesty offended; that is infinite. If we look at the corruption offending, that would be infinite. And then as to the very Entity of sin; How can there be a less in infinites? since every infinite must needs run out beyond the line of Degrees. What therefore doth aggravate or diminish sin, arises out of circumstance; the very first original of sin being equally in all privation. In the main, I find their are but two opinions of sin: One concludes, every sin Mortal; The other holds, some to be but Venial.
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Venial: The first cries up God's justice, the other may let in his Mercy. The reformed way (as sin) lays, Every sin in it self is mortal; So that every thought we think, every action we commit, either is no sin, or else is such as without a Saviour sinks us into Hell for ever: there to be Tormented to Eternity.

The Church of Rome is not so highly severe. Some sins they can allow to be but Venial; such as oblige not man to the punishment of eternal death: which indeed is a Life endless, in endless torment. But yet they allow them to be such as deserve punishment, although such as are easily pardonable: remissible of course, or expiable by an almighty penitence. And three ways they tell us they become venial.

First is that which is Venial in it's kind: As an idle word.

Secondly, Sin may become Venial by event: As a mortal sin by true repentance may become Venial.

Thirdly, a sin may be venial either by Infirmitie or Ignorance, when those (they say) that are done out of either of these, neither need a Saviour's passion to satisfy for them, nor oblige man in himself to be bound to a perpetuity of punishment: but by a short penitence or a little suffering in a purgatory-fire, they shall evaporate away as things that never were done. I intend not here to dispute the truth of either of these opinions. I believe if we take sin either way, we shall quickly find enough that (both out of duty and prudence) may fright us from committing it: If all be mortal, we need no more; All arguments are less than that, to which nothing more can be added: if the punishment be eternal, whatever is said more, is less. But take sin in the milder sense, and should we grant it venial; Yet certainly there is cause enough to beware: for albeit some have made so slender account of sins that are Venial, as to rank them but with straws and trifles easily committed and as easily wiped off: Blots with the same breath made and expunged. Yea the Noble St. Augustine (Sermon. de sanctis 41, et in sententias cap. 46. informs us, Non justitiam impedire nec animam occedere venialia Peccata; That venial sins, neither hinder justice, nor destroy the Soul. Yet I find diverse that upon deliberation have signed them with so black a brand, that every wise Christian will think them Rocks as dangerous as those that split the ship, and perish all the freight. A Tidiness with less than pin-holes will let in water as well as the wide-spaced Cave. They say, Venial sin may become Mortal for man's ways:

1st. Out of Conscience. For, be the matter never so slight, as but to lift a Ruffle from the ground, yet done against Conscience it packs the Author to Hell. Yea though the Conscience be Erroneous.

2nd. Out of Complacency. It is the fame St. Augustines; Nullum Pecatum adesse veniale, quod non sit mortale dum placet. No sin can be so venial, but that delight in it will make it mortal.

3rd. Out of Disposition. Because by often falling into venial sins a man is disposed unto mortal: by the proclivity, and tendency of his own Corruptions: Wherefore St. Gregory's caution may be of very good
good use unto us. Vitæi Saxagrændia: Vide ne eburnatis Arentæ. Let the
Mariner that hath scap'd the Rocks, take head he be not wrack't upon
the Sands.

4ly. Out of Progression. For though Sin at first puts up a pleasing
head, and shews but a modest veniality: yet, if it be not check'd, it
quickly swells to what is sad and mortal. And besides these, they are
content to admit of several dangerous effects of those sins that
thus they smooth for venials.

First, they say even the petty venial does oblige a man to punish-
ment: Nay, if a man dies with Mortal and Venial sins together, he
shall be punish'd eternally for both.

2ly. It soiles the soul, 'tis the dust of that Charcoal which with its
flying Atomes blackes the beauty of the minds fair countenance. And though
in the Elect, Grace wipes it off, as to guilt; yet it does not do it, as to
punishment, but he must be cleans*d in Purgatory.

3ly. Like water cast on fire it dews the heat of Charity. 'Tis the
Cold that chills the enlivening warmth of Virtue: As piercing winds they
hinder the fruit of piety from ripening, and by degrees insensible, they
steal us into drowsiness and Lethargy.

4ly. It wearies and loads the soul, that fire cannot be so active in good
as the ought. Like Bells and Vercoels they may jingle and perhaps seem
to adorn; but indeed they hinder our flight, are but specious Fetters,
and proclaim us in another's property.

5ly. They keep us back from glory: and whereas without them, we
might pass the nearest way to Heaven, they make us go about by Pur-
gatory; where we must stay and bathe; and file, and burn off all
our Rust.

6ly. They diminish our glory: for, while we should be doing what
increases it, we trifle upon these, and lessen it. Every good Action con-
tributes a Ray to the lustre of a Christian's Crown, but neglect alone
exposes it to famine from it's brightness.

7ly. They are often occasions of mortal sins: They are Nature's
kisses that betray us to Incontinence. They are the sparkles and the Red-
ness of that wine which oft intice to Drunkenness. Therefore take
now which side you please, with all these considerations where is
the offence that justly we can count little? That Gale that blows me
to a wrack among the Rocks, be it never so gentle is to me the same
with a Tempeft, and certainly in some respects more dangerous. All
will labour to withstand a storm, but danger unsuspected is not car'd
for. There be far more deaths contracted out of the unperceived irreg-
ularities of diet, than by open and apparent surfeits. If they be
less in quality, they are more in number; and their multitude equals
them, to the others greatness. Nolite contemnere venialia qua misera
sunt, sed timete qua plura; Despise not venial sins, because they are
small: but rather regard them because they are many, was St. Augus-
tines Counsel of old. The Aggregation of Atomes, made at first the
Worlds huge Mafs. And the Aggregation of drops did drown it when
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it was made. Who will think that wound small, that gives a sodor
Inlet, if not to death, to disfigure? If great sins be killing, the small
ones take us Prisoners, and then we are at the mercy of the Enemy.
Like the Aarses from the Mount Vesuvius, though singly small and no-
thing; yet in conjointed quantities they embarras all the fields about
it; The Grafs though the smallest of plants yet numerous increasing,
it covers all the face of the Earth: the mizling rain makes fouler way,
than the violence of a right down shower. Great sins and publick I will
avoid for there scandal and wonder; Lesser and private for their Danger
and Multitude; both, because they displease my God, and will ruine me.
I cannot if, I love him, but abhor what he loaths. I cannot, if I love my
self but beware of what will destroy me.

X.

Of Memory and Forgetfulness in Friendship.

Forgetfulness in Friendship may sometimes be as necessary as Me-

Memory: For 'tis hard to be so exactly vigilant, but that even the
most perfect shall sometimes give and sometimes take offence. He that
expects every thing to be fully compleat, remembers not the frailty of
Man. Who remembers too much, forgets himself and his friends.
And though perhaps a man may endeavour to be Tyte in all his ways;
Yet he makes himself too Papal, that thinks he cannot err, or that he
acts not what displeaseth another. If Love can cover a multitude of in-
firmities, Friendship which is the growth of Love surely ought to do
it more. When Agesilas found some that repined at his Government,
he would not see their Malignity: But Commanding them to the wars
with himself, he suffered them to enjoy both offices and places both of
Trust and profit in the Army. And when they were complain'd on for the
ill-managing thereof, he would take their part and execute them. And
by this means, of dangerous and underhand-enemies he form'd and
smooth'd them into open and constant friends. He was a Chrisl and
a Saviour that laid down his life for his sheep, even while they were
straggling and averse to his fold. And it look'd as unhandsome when
Jonas would be so pettish at the withering of his Gourd alone. Not
ought my Forgetfulness in friendship to be exercis'd only abroad, but
oftentimes as to my self and at home. If I do my friend a Courtesie,
I make it none if I put him in mind on't; expecting a return I am
kind to my self, not him; and then I make it Traffique not Beneficence:
Who looks for requital serves himself not me; and with the Noble
Barque of friendship, like a Merchant, he Ventures for game. As Hea-
ven lets his dew fall in the night, so those Favours are most Coelestial
and refresh us most, that are stolen upon us even while we are asleep:
like the fragrances in some plants, they exhale too sudainly when ex-
posed to the open Sun. What I do in friendship is gallanter, when I
mind it not more. He that tells me of the favour he hath done me, cancels
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the debt I owe him; he files off the chain that kept me his prisoner, and with his tongue unlooseth the fetter that his hand put on. Intitling himself to the Cheque which Martial bestoweth upon his talking Poshumus.

Quam mihi presbyteris memini; semperque tenebo;
Cur ignorant Tacco (Poshumus) tu Loquiures.
Incipio quoties alius tua dona referre,
Proterius exclamat; Dixeras ipse mihi.
Non bellè quedam faciunt duo: sufficit unus
Huic operi. Si vis ut loguar, ipse tace.
Creda mihi, quamvis ingentia, Poshumus, donec;
Authors percutent garrulitate suae.

What (Poshumus) thou hast done, Ile not be forget:
Why should I smoother, when thou Trumpest it?
When I to any do thy guifts relate,
He prefently replies, I heard him say'.
Some things become not two: Here one may serve;
If I must tell, do thou thy self reverence.
Believe me, Poshumus, though thy gifts be vast;
They perish when the Authors tongue runs waft.

Certainly if Liberty bee to be prefer'd before Bondage, though he injures himself that upbraids his friend with ought that he did belov, yet he does indeed (though he intend it not) befriev him in it. As the Romans did their slaves, he manumits me with a Cuff; and I am not much les beholding to him for this unkindness than I was before for the Benefit; which as it is the givers Honour so it is the takers Bondage. If I be able to do a Courtesie, I rebate it by remembering it; I blot it out, when I go about to Text it. If I receive one, I render my self unworthy of it, whensoever I do forget it. That is but a barren earth where the seed dyes before it comes to Ripeness. Suitable to thefe, It was thus, long since, enacted by the richly-speaking Seneca.

Beneficis inter duos lex est. Alter fatis oblovit me debet dati: Alter accepti nunc quum. Qui dedit Beneficium, taceat: Narrat, qui acceptis.

Between to friends it is the law of kindness. That he that does it, forget it presently: but he that does receive it, never. Let him that blows it, hold his tongue: but let him that takes it, tell. Surely that man means it nobly, and it comes from his own genuine goodness, when he cares not to have any know it but his friend alone. But he that blows his Trumpet at his Alms, is a Pharisee. In friendship, I would ever remember my friends kindness, but I would forget the favours that I do him. I would also forget his neglects: but I would remember my own failings. Friendship thus prefers ends not but with life.

Continuance will extend it to the fame effects, with the eyes of Nature; which uses to overlook the defects; of her own, and not to be less kind, though in something there be disproportion, that might take her off.
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XI.

Wherein a Christian excels other men.

There are several things wherein a Christian hath much the Advantage of all the professors of other Religious. He excels them all, in his Fortitude, in his Hope, in his Charity, in his Fidelity. In his Fortitude; That is, when his cause is just. It was well defined of the Orator, Fortitud est virtus pugnandi pro aquitate; Fortitude is a virtue combating for Justice; otherwise he thinks under the load, and couches like Issachar aile, between the two burthens of his Cause and Conscience. He may show like Abraham with his brandish Sword above, as if he would presently sacrifice Isaac himself: But the Angel (his within-Conscience) lays hold on his Arm, and ties up his hand from striking. And indeed courage in a bad matter may be humane policy, but cannot be Christian valour. At best it is but Beauty with a scar. And the end of intention, when it comes to discover it self in the end of the Action, will have a greater influence upon the mind of man than the success, be it never so prosperous. I may be applauded by the lookers on, as brave and full of Fortitude. When the Bares and Flutterings of a Conscience within shall blow up colors, and kindle nothing but flames that shall consume me. If I fight in a bad Cause, I fight against my self as well as against my Enemy; For besides him, I combat my Soul against my Body: and, instead of one Enemy, I make my self two at the least. But in a just cause, how bountiful of all things is a Christian? Nothing in the invention of man can appal his Noble Courage. 'Tis true, there is no Religion, but none have sealed the defence thereof with their lives. But certainly the World hath never drunk a quarter so much blood of any other Religion, as it hath done of the Christian. The number of all other Religions put together cannot come near the untold multitudes of Martyrs for Christianity; nor hath ever any other increased so with suffering: as if the Martyrdome of one were the watering to make another grow; so far from avoiding the fury of their Enemies, as they have often itched after Torments with an inward pleasure, sung while the Element of fire was whipping them: If their be any Nectar in this life, 'tis in the sorrows that we endure for goodness. The Cause gives courage, which being just, we are back by a Melior Natura, that will not let us fear. It is David's quart Psal, 27. When God was his light, whom should be fear? He dishonours God that in his cause gives ground. Who will fear a temporal King, when he is in pay under one that is eternal? When the Persian Varanes chequ'd Hormidas for his Christianity, and would have persuaded him to renounce his profession. His answer was, that he commanded that which was both impious and impossible, to think that he should forsake the God of the Universe to make him his friend that was King but of a petty part. When the Aged Polycarpus was urged to reproach his Christ, he tells the
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the Proconsul Herod, That fourscore and six years he had served him, and never was harmed by him; with what Conscience then could he blaspheme his King that was his Saviour? And being threatened on, with fire, if he would not swear by Cæsars fortune; he tells him, 'Twas his ignorance that made him to expect it. For, says he, if you know not who I am, hear me telling you, that I am a Christian. And when at the fire, they would have fastned him to the stake, the brave Bishop cries out to let him alone as he was. For, that God who had enabled him to endure the fire would enable him also without any Chains of theirs to stand unmoved in the midst of flames. So with his hands behind him, unsfir'd, he took his Crown. So may you see some Reverend Temple fix'd, not valuing all the winds, till fatal Violence force it down; or piece-meal else the eager flame digest it into Cinders. Here was discovered the Noble and Heroick Nature of Christi-anity, the strongest courage in the weakest age; A Magnanimity as far exceeding old Romes boasted Secvola's: as the whole body, does the hand in Magnitude. When Lucius was lead to Execution he gave thanks that being dismissed from wicked Masters, he should be remit- ted to the King of Heaven. Victor Vicenjis tells us, That when Dionsyia a Noble Matron was immodefly denuded and barbarously scourged, with a Courage beyond her Sex and in the midst of blood the told her Tormentors, That what they intended for her shame should hereafter be her Glory. It is most true that in matters unjust, Chris- tian Religion whets the blood and makes a Coward of man: But in matters that are right, it advances Humane Courage beyond the stand- ard of humanity. Heaven and the commands of a Deity are in the eye, whereby all the Temptations of this World become unedged and unprevailing. And certainly one main cause hereof is his Hope, where- in as well as Fortitude he excels all other, as seeing further by the Gospels light than any in the world beside. The Heathen as they lived in darknes, so they going to the Bed of Death without a Candle, saw not where they were to lye. And in the general, they saw nothing beyond Death, but either Dull Oblivion or Annihilation. Or if not these, they dyed in doubt; which more than any thing distracts the mind in uncertainty.

Post mortem nihil est: ipsaque moris nihil;
Velocta spatii meta novissima.
Spem ponunt aviis, solliciti mutem.
Quare, quo jaccest post obitum loco?
Quo non-nata jacent.

Death nothing is; and nothing in it's place:
'Tis but the last point of a Prizing Race.
The greedy, Hope: the troubled Fear lay by.
Wouldest know where 'tis, that after Death men lye!
'Tis where those are, that never yet were born.

Having this from so grave an Author as Seneca we may for the most conclude it the Heathen Creed. Mahometism indeed propofeth some-thing
thing after the bodies dissolution. But it is a sensual happiness, such as the frailty of the Body is capable of; such as here they covet, they propose in Paradise. So the change being little, the expectation cannot be great, since life that they enjoy here in some certainty of knowledge, will be rather preferred than a little bettering with the hazard that is run in dying. The Jews in part allows an immortality: though the Sadduces deny it. So, their hope is buried in the same grave with them. And for the major part they hold Pythagoras his Metempsychosis, only limiting it to the same species. And their fear is as well of worse, as their hope is of any better being. But the Christian hath a hope that is better far. The Joys attending him are spiritual and eternal, The beatifical vision of the face of God, to see and know the immense Creator of all things. The union to the God-head, the enjoyment of a Deity beyond our here Conceptions, blessed; Such things as for the great Apostle were not lawful here to utter, the being freed from evil and the fear of it, the being set in a state of purity and perfection, far beyond the thoughts that here in the weaknesses of the flesh we carry, as far exceeding our present apprehensions as Spirits do exceed the dross of black corruption. The hope and faith of these must needs beget a Fortitude, which others wanting these can never reach. Death as a pirate steals away others from their country here, and with ten thousand fears they are distracted, because they know not what they shall be put to. But the Christian goes as sent for by an ambassador to the court of heaven, there to partake felicities unutterable. And indeed is happier here, because he knows he shall be happier after: He can be content to part with a life here full of thorns and acerbities, that he may take up one that's glorious and incorruptible: and having this anchor above others, with far more ease he rides out all the storms of life. Next, in charity he surmounts all the professors of all the other religions. He can part with all for that God that hath provided more than all for him. He can, not only bear, but pardon all the injuries that can befall him: not only pardon them, but require them with good. What religion, but it, will teach man to pray for him that persecutes him, to bless him that curseth him, to heap coals of fire upon his head, that shall gently warm his charity, and inflame his love, not render him worse by making him more inexcusable? We look not upon him as a christian, if when he dyeth he forgive not, and pray for, his enemies. Herein out-doing the dictates of depraved nature, which would prompt us to retaliate wrongs; This charity begetts his fidelity. For indeed it is the glue of souls, that by the influence of divinity cements them together in love. Nulla vis major pictate veri aef. There is no friendship like the friendship of faith: nature, education, benefits, cannot all together tie so strong as this. Christianity knits more sure, more indissoluble. This makes a knot that Alexander cannot cut, a league Hell cannot break. For as grace in her self is far above nature, so is she in her effects. The souls of believers like wines once mixt, they freight become

insperable, as purest wools once mingled, never part: The fire cannot divide them. They flourish, fade, they live and die together. A Christian though he would, he cannot resolve to be false. Whatsoever is joyned together upon temporal Considerations, may be by the same again dissolved: but that League which deduces its Original from Heaven, by Earth can he be severer. Tyrants shall sooner want Invention for Torments, than Christians with tortures be made Treacherous. Who can separate the conjunctions of a Deity? Nor is it in kindness only, but in Reproof, that his fidelity shews it self: However he conceals his friends faults from the slinking eye of the world; yet, if he offends, his being a David and a King shall not free him from this Nathan Reprobation. To which he is drawn, that he may save not spoil. He scorches to be so base as to flatter, and hates to be so cur- rish as to bite. So his Reproof is kindness, and the wounds he makes are not without Balsame to heal; These qualifications of all other men make a Christian the best Companion. An Enemy he never is; if at any time he seem so, 'tis but that he may be a friend. For he is averse to only ill. He would kill the disease, but does it, to preserve the Patient; So that it will be my Fault, not his, if he be not a friend to me. And when he is so, he is sure without private Interest, Fear, or Malice: and affords me a Security, which I cannot well expect from any other Rank of men.

XII.

Of Losses.

If we scan things rightly, we have no Reason to be sadned for those worldly goods that we lose: For what is it we can lose which properly we can call ours? Job goes further; he blesseth him that taketh away, as well as him that gives. And by a question concludes his Contentment with both. Shall we receive good at the hands of the Lord, and not evil? And hitherto, the Text cleers him from being passionate for any, or all, his Crosses: If after he did fly out, It was the redarguing of his misjudged friends, not his being stript of all; that moved him. Nay 'tis certain, in the Readitude of Reason we cannot lose at all. If one lend me a Jewel to wear, shall I, because I use it, say, 'tis my own. Or when my friend requires it again, shall I say, I have lost it: No, I will restore it rather. Though we are pleas'd that we are trusted with the borrowed things of this Life; we ought not to be displeased when the great Creator calls for what he had but lent us. He does us no injury that takes but his own: And he pleads an unjust Title against Heaven, that repines at what the God of Heaven resumes. It was double such a Consideration as this, that made Zeu when he had been Shipwreckt, only to applaud Fortune and to say, She had done honestly in reducing him but to his Coat. Shall God afford us all our life long not only Food but Feasting, not for Use
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Use but Ornament, not Necessity alone, but Pleasure? and when at last he withdraws, shall we be passionate and Melancholy? If in the blackness of the night, one by accident allows me the benefit of his light to walk by; shall I quarrel him because he brings me not home? I am to thank him for a little, which he did not owe me; but never to be Angry that he affords not more. He that hath abundance rides through the world on Horse-back: Perhaps he is carried with some more ease; but he runs the hazard of his Beast: And besides the Casualty of his own Frailty, he is subject to the danger of those stumbles that his Bearer makes. He that wants a plenty, does but walk on foot: He is not born so high upon the Creature, but more securely passes through the various Adventures of life. And not being spurred by pricking want, may take his ease in traveling as he pleases.

In all losses I would have a double prospect: I would consider what I have lost, and I would have regard to what I have left, it may be in my loss I may find a Benefit. I may be rid with it of a Trouble, a Faire, or danger. If it be Wealth, perhaps there was a time when I had it not. Let me think if then I liv’d not well without it. And what then should hinder that I should not do so now? What news is it that a Bird with wings should fly? Riches have such, and ’tis a thousand to one but some other did lose them before. I found them when another lost them, and now ’tis likely some other will find them from me: and though perhaps I may have lost a Benefit, yet thereby likewise I may be eased of a Cumber. In most things of this nature ’tis the opinion of the loss more than the loss that vexes. If yet the only prop of my life were gone I might rather wonder that in so many forms I rid so long with that single Anchor than now at last that I should break and fail me. When War had ravished all from Stilpo, and Demetrius ask’d him, How he could break so vast a deflation? He returned, that he had lost nothing. The goods he had, he still enjoy’d: his Virtue, Prudence, Justice, still were with him, these were matters permanent and immortal: for the other it was no wonder, That what was perishable, should perish.

In the next place, let me look to what I have left. He that miscalculates once will husband what is left the better. If the Dye of Fortune hath thrown me an ill chance, let me strive to mend it by my good play. What I have is made more precious by my want of what I once was owner of. If I have lost but little, let me be thankful that I lost no more, seeing the remainder was as flitting as the rest that’s gone. He that in a Battle is but slightly wounded rather rejoices that he is got off so well, than grieves that he was hurt at all. But, admit it were all that is gone; A man hath Hope still left. And he may as well hope to recover the things he hath lost, as he did acquire them, when he had them not. This will lead him to a new Magazine, where he cannot deny but he may be supply’d with Advantage; God will be left still. And who can be poor who hath Bb
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him for his friend that hath all. In Penury a Christian can be rich; and 'tis a kind of Paradox to think he can be poor, that is defined to be a Kingdoms Heir.

XIII.

Of long and short Life.

There is no question but Life in itself is a Blessing: And it is not worsened by being long. The being of every thing, as a being, is good. But, as some Actions that are good in themselves, by their Circumstances become Condemnable; so that life which abstrac- tively is good, by Accidents and Adherencies may become unfortunate; He that lives long, does many times outlive his Happines. As even- ing Tempests are more frequent, so they carry a blacker terrour along: Tomb like the Sun, oft rises clear and dancing; when the after- noon is cloudy, thick, and turbulent. Had Priamus not liv'd so long, he had neither seen his fifty Children slain, nor Troy (enlarged) lost, nor himself after two and fifty years Reign made captive, and by Pyrrhus slain: Sylva got the name of Happy, Pompey of Great, yet by living long they both lost both those Titles: Augustus his high Fortune was not sweetened by his long extended life. It could be no great pleasure to want an ilufe mate of his own; to see his Adopted Sons untimely lost; his Daughters loosefliness staining the Honour of his House: and at last rather by Necessity than choice to fix upon a Successor neither worthy of himself nor Rome. How much more blest had Nero been, if he had not out-liv'd his first five years of Empire? What is past with us, we know: but who can pry into the Bowels of Fate? And though (at that time) Seneca had only tasted the dis- position, not felt the anger of Nero; Yet he found enough to en- force him to cry out: Hæc quæmulta penitenda occurrunt, diu vivendo? Alas, how many irksome busiineses befal us by our living long? If a man be bad or unfortunate, he does but increas his misery here or hereafter. If he be good, he is subject to the more abuses: For, the greater part of the world is ill, and ill natur'd self-love bends almost all men to themselves, preferring their own Benefit before the inconvenience of another. And being so, he that is good is exposed to more sufferings than another. A good man grows in this world like some Garden-plant in a hedge, over-top'd and jut- led to a Declination: besides his being fladed and drops upon, the Thorns and Busses are too rude and Clownish for the sineness of a fruitful Tree. And if the World were good, yet the Bussines of the world is Yours. Age like a long travail'd Horse rides dull toward his Journeys end; while every new letter out-gallops away, and leaves him to his Melancholick Trot. In Youth, untamed blood does good us in- to folly; and, till experience renews us, we ride unbitted, wild; and, in a wanton fling, disturb our selves and all that come but near us. In
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In Age, our selves are with our selves displeased. We are lookt upon by others as things to be endur'd, not courted or apply'd to. Who is it will be fond of gathering fading flowers? Fruits put Maturity grow less to be esteem'd. Beauty it felt, once Autumn'd, does not tempt.

On the other side, what is it that we loose by dying? If, (as Job says) our life be a Warfare, who is it will be Angry that it ends betimes? A Long supper, though a feast, does grow to a tedious thing, because it tyres us to a Lassitude, and keeps us from our rest that is sweeter. Life is but a play upon this worlds stage. And if a man were to chuse his part, in discretion he would not take it for the length, but for the ease and goodness. The short life has the shorter Audit to make. And if it be one of the greatest Felicities that can befal man, to be in such a Condition as he may not displease God; surely then, soon to enter upon Death is best. 'Tis true, I may by living be Instrumental to Gods Glory, the good of others, and my own Benefit. But if I weigh my own Corruptions, the World's Temptations, and my Enemies Malice, the odds is on the other side. Who can say, he can dwell in Safety when his way is in a Forrest of Wild Beasts, Thieves, and Outlaws; when man is his own Syren, and when in all the streams he swims in, Bayirs are strew'd? Death to a Righteous man, whether it cometh soon or late, is the beginning of a certain happiness; the end but of a doubtful and allayed pleasure. I will not much care whether my Life be long or short. If short the fewer my days be, the less I shall have of Trouble, the sooner shall I arrive at Happiness. If I escape from nothing else, yet shall I escape from the hazard, life will keep me in. If long, let me be sure to lay it out in doing the more good. And then though I stay for it a while, yet as abstinence sharpens appetite, so want and expectation will make my joy more welcome.

XIV.

Of Establishing a troubled Government.

He that would establish a troubled Government must first vanquish all his Foes. Who can be quiet while his Enemie is in Arms against him. Factions heads should be higher by a pole than their bodies. He that would rule over many, must first fight with many and Conquer; and be sure to cut off those that raise up Tumults, or by a Majesty we keep them in a strict Subjection. In every able Prince, Lipsius would have two things eminent, Vitae et Virtus, Power and Virtue. He ought to have power to break insurrection at home, and repel a force that would invade him from abroad. He ought to have Virtue to preserve his State and Dignity, and by the necessary art of Policy so to order all the streams of Government as they may run clear and obedient in their proper Channels. Power is, certainly,
the most essential part of Sovereignty. 'Tis an inseparable attribute of the Deity. God is Omnipotent as well as Omniscient. And without it, he were not God: 'tis that which distinguishes and super-pofts him above all. When we would speak of the true God indeed we always name him God—Almighty. As therefore he that would be a Prince, the first thing in his aim should be Power; so when he is a Prince and devolves himself of it, he deposes and unthrones himself, and proclaims himself a Prey to any that will attempt the boldness but to take him. He seems to tell his Enemies; that he is now weak and unarmed, and invites them to set upon him. Without Power, he is but Fortunes Idol, which every Sejanus may revile and scorn at his Pleasure. 'Tis Power that begets Fear, and Fear that first made Gods: But suppose he hath power, if he have not Resolution, like a Child he wears a Sword, but knows not how to use it. Irresolution is a worse Vice than Rashness: he that shoots best may sometimes miss the mark, but he that shoots not at all shall be sure never to hit it. A Rash act may be mended by the advantages of the penitent, when he sees and finds his error. But Irresolution loosens all the roots of State: like an Ague it shakes not this or that Limb, but all the body is at once in a fit. 'Tis the dead palsy, that, without almost a Miracle, leaves a Man unrecoverable. The irresolute man is lifted from one place to another, till tyr'd, at last he hath no place left to rest on. He flecks from one Egg to another, so hatcheth nothing at last, but addles all his Affairs. An earlie Prince at best is but an useful thing. A facile natur'd Man may be a good Companion for a private person: but for a Prince to be so, is mischief to himself and others. Remissness and Connivance are the ruins of unsected Kingdoms. The Game of Majesty will not admit of too open a play. Simplicity is as Liberality, of which Tacitus observes, Nisi modus adsit, in exitium vertitur. If it stands too still, it putrifies.

My passions and affections are the chief disturbours of my Civil State. What peace can I expect within me, while these Rebels are not under Subjection? Separations are the wounds of a Crown, whereby neglected it will bleed to death. If I have not the virtue of Judgement to discern their taints, and fly Suggestions; If I have not the virtue of Courage to withstand their Force and Batteries: If I have not the power of Authority to command them to Obedience; If I have not the power of Strength to master all their Complications: I leave myself a prize to vice, and at last shall not live to be man. Plato was of Opinion that those Common-wealths could not be safe, whose Governors were not Philosophers; Or whose Prince was not a Student of Wisdom. And surely, if a Man understands not something of Reason, or be not able to judge of prudence, he shall very hardly find a Life without Broyls, or be able to govern his own unruly passions. Therefore as the Prince that will be safe among turbulent Subjects, must ever be upon his Guard; so he that knows the Irregularities of his own deprav'd affections, must keep perpetual Sentinel upon them. A sleeping

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Samson needs but a feeble woman to cut his locks off, and deliver him up to destruction. 'Tis Security and confidence that as oftundoesa Prince, as Force. But vigilance is seldom under-min'd. A state awake and upon its Guard, 'tis difficult to surprize. Cat was of opinion that Governour deserved most praise, that could govern himself and his passions. And as the strength of him that commands conflicts most in the consent of those that obey: so if I can bring my passions and affections to submit to Religion, and Reason, I may settle my Dominion in my self so, as I need not fear the assault of them without me. If I cannot prune off all my superfluites, let me yet for restrain them as I may not act my own shame, nor give matter of insultation to others. If my strength be once gone and I become blind, I then am fit to make sport for the Philistims. He that is a slave to himself, and his own fond lusts, can never long preserve his liberty from others. As man is commonly his own prime flatterer, so is he, for the most part, the first engine of his own servitude.

X V.

Of doing Good with Labour, and Evil with Pleasure.

I t was anciently said. That whatsoever good work a man doth with labour, the labour vanisheth, but the good remains with him that wrought it: And whatsoever evil thing he doth with pleasure, the pleasure flies, but the evil still resteth with the Actor of it. Goodness making labour sweet, while evil turneth pleasure to a burthen. The Creation, which was God's work for six days, hath both published and perpetuated his glory ever since. Where the end is but profit alone, how uncomplainingly we toil and tug the trembling Oar; we strain our nerves, and anoint our selves with sweat, and think it pleasure while we compass what may solace us hereafter. The first Inventors of Arts, though with pains they spent much time and treasure too, yet being done once, all their watchings are presently vanished. But the fruit of their labour, paid them with content, while living; and after that, gives the Tribute of a Noble Fame to their memory. While we are working what is good, we are but scattering seed, which after all our harrowing, will ripen up to happiness for our selves: like well plac'd benefits, they redound to the Collators honour. Beneficiam dando accept, qui digno dedit: By giving he receives a benefit, that lays it on the well-defering man. Alexander Severus was of so Noble a Nature, that he thought not them his friends, that ask'd not something of him: And when it was in dispute, who was the best Prince? his opinion was, that he ought to be held for best, that retain'd his friends by favours, and reconcile'd his Enemies with courtesies. Tullus Hostilius was to Rome a forreiner a Tradesmans son, and an Exile; yet his industrious virtues lifted him so deservedly to the top of Honour, that Valerius Maximus scruples not to tell us; That Rome never repentid, that
that she borrowed a King from her neighbours, rather than set up one of her own. His Successor Servius Tullius, was not less a wonder: The same City that bred him a slave, for his virtues chose him a King; and to his eternal Honour, left his Statue paradox'd with Servitude and Royalty.

Nay, it's certain, though the success of noble actions be sometimes most ingrateful; yet, when they are done out of uprightness and integrity, they reward the Author with such an inward shine of conscious satisfaction, that he remains unprickt with the darts of even the worst returns. And the greater his labour and hazard was, the pleasanter is the remembrance when 'tis past. In dangers escaped, a man may find himself beloved of the Deity, guarded by his better Angel, and cared for by a Genius that he knew not of; which cannot but administer comfort and content to himself: whereas unworthy and inglorious actions, though they give a present blaze to the finful corruption of man; yet it is such a fire, as that is of burning-houses; where the flame, while burning, is not without affrighting smoke; but, that once past, the end is rubbish, bench, and ruin. Tarquin's rape was dog'sd with the ever-throw of his house, and expulsion of Monarchy. Sforza languish'd near as many years a prisoner in the Tower of Loches, as he had usurped Empire in his Nephews turbuyed Dukedom. When Lysemachus, through thirst, was forced to yield himself to the Scythians; he could then bewail himself, that for so short a pleasure, he should part with so great a happiness as his liberty. Like a draught of pleasant poyson, the guilt is gone, while the torture stays, and burns us to our grave. How long an age doth many a man repent one youthful riot? Surely, as a wise man never repented of a good action; so he never did, but repent of a bad one. I will not therefore care how laborious, but how honest my actions be; nor how pleasurable, but how good. If it could be, let me be virtuous and noble, without pleasure; rather than wicked, with much joy. It was indeed, a resolution well becomming a Royal Christian, That he had much rather be in the Catalogue of Unfortunate Princes, than of Wicked; for his judgement clearly was, That a Crown was not worth taking up, or enjoying, upon sordid, dishonourable, and irreligious terms.

XVI.

That Virtue and Vice generate after their kind.

As in the first Institution of Nature, and the Propagation of Corporeal Essences, it was enacted, and yet continues, That every thing should bring forth fruit after his kind: So I find it in the propagation of Virtue and Vice, they bring forth fruit after their kind. Virtue begets Virtue. Vice begets Vice. And 'tis as natural for a man to expect a return of Virtue out of Virtue, and a return of Vice out of Vice; as 'tis for him to expect an Elephant should beget an Elephant, or
or a Serpent beget a Serpent. Nay, not only the genus, but the very
species holds; and oftentimes, the proportion of that species too.
High actions beget a return of Actions that are so: And poor low
flagging deportments, beget a return of the like. The Echo is accord-
ing to the voice that speaks: The report of the Piece is proportionable
to the magnitude it bears: If it be but by reflection only, the beams
are reverberated bright, as is the Sun that shines them. And clouds
import a shade, as is their proper blackness. For his friendship and
riches, the Romans bestowed on Attalus the Kingdom of Pergamus:
and he to express gratitude (not having children of his own) left
the City of Rome his Heir; returning their gift advantag'd with his
infinite wealth. Camillus his Noble act of whipping back that treache-
rous Schoolmaster by the Youths that he would have betray'd, obtained
him the yielding up that City to him, which his valour with all the
Arms of Rome could not enforce. Terentius his virtues and his be-
ing one of the Roman Senate, made so deep an impression in Scipio's
manly heart, that when the Carthaginians came to sue for peace and a
league, he would not hear them, till they brought him forth discharg'd
of his Imprisonment, whom he placed on the Throne with himself, and
then dismissed his arms. And this again so prevailed with Terentius,
that when Scipio had his Triumph, Terentius, though a Senator, put
himself into Scipio's Livery, and as his freed man waited on his pom-
pous Chariot. In the second Punick War, when Capua was besieged
by Fulvius, two Countrey wenches would needs be kind to Rome; one
daily made her offering for the safety of the Army, the other supply'd
the capti'd Souldiers with food and other necessaries: which at the
sacrage of the place, the Senate of Rome required with restoring
them their goods and liberty, and granting them what else they de-
sired. He teaches me to be good, that does me good: he prompts me
to enlarge my heart to him, that first enlarges his own to me. If
virtue in the heart be not totally dry'd up and withered: Curtesies
receiving, are waters that make it shoot up and grow, till it flower
and returns a feed. That Virgin which the loose Courtiers of Charles
the fifth, had purveyed for his wanton appetite; when with tears for
our blest Ladies sake (whole picture then adorn'd the room she
was in) she begg'd the preservation of her Chastity; it wrought so
high in the Emperor's Heart, and so, that it made him chaff, that
was resolv'd to be otherwise; and to reward her for that virtue
which he fully did intend to violate: being indeed a rare example,
that lust, fired by youth, power, and opportunity, and enflamed by Beauty,
should be abated into Continence, by only meeting with a native Mo-
desty. And the same genuine effect hath vice. It not only corrupts
by example, but it sows itself, and gives a crop of the same grain that
by our selves is scatter'd. With the froward thou that learn froward-
ness. Passion enkindles passion; and pride begets pride. How many
are calm and quiet, till they meet with one that is Cholerick? He that
sows Iniquity, must look to reap it. Did not Davids Murther and

Adultery,
Adultery, bring the Sword and Incest into his Family? How fatally and evidently was the Massacre at Paris, scourged in those that were held for the chiefest actors and contrivers of it? Charles the King, before the 25th year of his Age dy'd, bath'd, and dyed in blood. Anjou, the succeeding King was assassinated, and slain in the same room the Massacre was plotted in. Guise, murdered by the Kings appointment. The Queen, consumed with grief. And with succeeding Civil War, both Paris and the Nation torn. It is a strange retaliation in the story of Valentinian and Maximus. Valentinian by fraud and force vitiated the wife of Maximus: for which Maximus by fraud and force murder'd him, and married his wife: whose disdain to be compel'd, and desire to revenge her Husband's death, made her plot the destruction of Maximus and Rome. And indeed, 'tis so plentifully proved in all stories, that no Proverb is become more true than the saying of the Satyrift.

Ad generum Ceresis, sine cede & sanguine, pauci
Descendant Reges, & eis à morte Tyranni.

Few Tyrants find Death natural, calm, or good;
But, broacht with slaughter, raw to Hell in blood.

There is in Vices not only a natural production of evil in general, but there is a proportion of parts and dimensions; as if the seed brought forth the plant, or the parent did beget the son. Bagoas, a Persian Noble man, having poison'd Artaxerxes and Artamines, was detected by Darius, and enforced to drink poison himself. Diomedes, that with humane flesh fed beafts, at last by Hercules was made their food himself. Pope Alexander the 6th, having design'd the poisoning of his friend Cardinal Adrian, by his Cup-bearers mistake of the Bottle, he cofened the Cardinal of his draught; so dy'd by the same Engine that he himself had appointed to kill another. Treason and falsehood how often is it paid in its own peculiar kind? Tarpeia that betray'd her father, for what Tatius his Souldiers wore on their arms, instead of the Bracelets she expected, was pay'd with their Shields thrown on her till they press'd her to death. And to require the falsehood of three Captains, whom he hired to diswade Philip of Austria from giving him battle, Charles the fourth of Germany pay'd them in counterfeit money, affuring them that counterfeit money was good enough for their counterfeit service. Certainly, in vain they expect good, that would have it arise out of evil. I may as well when I plant a Thistle, expect a Fig: or upon fowing Cockle look for wheat, as to think by indirect courses, to beget my own benefit. But, as the best Husband looks to have his seed the cleanest; so doubtless, the best policy for a mans self, is to sow good and honest Actions, and then he may expect a harvest that is answerable.
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XVII.

Of Memory.

Should the Memory of the World but fall asleep, what a Fair of mad Beasts would the Earth be? and surely much theadder for the 'Tongue. Since he that forgets himself in his tongue gives an other cause to remember him either with neglect, or offence; In all that does belong to man, you cannot find a greater wonder. What a treasury of all things in the life of Man? What a Record, what Journal of all? As if provident Nature, because she would have Man circum- spect, had provided him an Account-book to carry always with him. And though it be the worlds vast Inventory, yet it neither burthens nor takes up room: To myself it is insensible, I feell no weight it preties with; to others 'tis invisible, when I carry all within me they can see nothing that I have. Is it not a miracle, that a man from the grane of Sand to the full and glorious Sun, should lay up the world in his Brain; and may at his pleasure bring out what part he lifts, yet never empty the place that did contain it, nor crowd it though he should add more? What kind of thing is it, in which the Spacious Sea is bound and bounded? where Cities, Nations, the Earths great Globe and all the Elements reside without a Cumber? How is it that in this little invisible place, the height of the Star, the bigness of that, the distance of these; the compass of the Earth, and the Nature of all should lie and always be ready for producing as a man shall think fit. If a Conjurer call up but his phantastique Spirits, how we stare and stare at their strange approach? Yet here by Imaginations help we call what ere we have a mind to, to appear before us, and in those proper Pages, we have heard them related in, or else in those which we our selves have seen them in. Certainly, it cannot be but a work of infiniteness that so little a Globe of skull as man hath, should hold such an almost infinity of business and of knowledge. What Oceans of things exactly and orderly streaming forth shall we find from the tongue of an Orator, that one who did not see him speaking would believe he read them in some printed Catalogue; and he that does see him, wonders from what inexhaustible Fountain such eafe streams can flow? Like a Jugler playing his prize, he pulls words like Ribbons out of his mouth, as fast as two hands can draw. Ask him of the Sea, he can tell you what is there; of the Land, of the Sky, of Heaven, of Hell, of past things and to come. A learned man by his Memory alone is the Treasury of all the Arts, he walks not without a Library about him. As the Psalms lays of the Sun, It goes from one end of the Heaven to the other, and nothing is hid from the heat thereof: So the Memory with imagination travels to and fro between the most remoted parts, and there is nothing that is not comprehended by it. And the Miracle is; Neither after all this, nor before, can any print hereof be discern'd. What is outwardly seen...
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more than there is in a lively Image, which is no other than a Block? And who can tell me where this vastness lies? What hand, what pen did write it? Anatomize Man, and you shall find there is nothing in him like it. Bones, Sinews, Nerves, Muscles, flesh, blood, veins, and marrow, and corrupting substances; but no relic, no likeness, of that which in his life came from him. No track, no notion of any thing remote or forein. Diflect the Brain, the Senses seat, and the foop of busy thoughts, and Court of Record in Man. What do the curious inspectors of Nature find there? but a white and spongy substance divided into 3 small Cells, to the smallest of which the Memory is ascribed, but not a line nor any one Idea of any thing that's absent can be read there. Certainly, if momentany and putrefactive man can undiscerned and unburthen'd bear so much about him; If so little a point as the leaf Tertia of the brain the Cerebellum can hold in trufl the notions of such immeasurable extents of things: we may rationally allow Omnipotence to the great Creator of this and all things else. For doubtless we know what we do remember, and indeed what we remember not we do not know. Cicero tells us, 'tis the Trace of things printed in the mind. Questionless 'tis an understanding faculty conferving those Ideas arising from common sense through imagination, which with the help of these again whenever there is caufe flees's ready to produce them. 'Tis the Souls repository where the stores up all that she is pleas'd to keep, the furniture of the world lyes there packt up: and as he that goes into a ward-robe, missing sometimes at first of what he seeks for, removes, and turns over several parcels, before he finds the thing he comes to look for: So man or 'th sodain remembers not all he would, but is sometimes put to hunt and tumble over many things till he comes at last to that he there would find: as if wrapt up in folds, by degrees we unlap and light upon them. Nor is the difference hereof in men lefs wonder. In some men how prodigious! In others how dead and dull? Appius Claudius had so strong a Memory, that he boasted he could salute all the Citizens of Rome by their Names. And Mitridates of Pontus could speak 22 Languages, and Master his Souldiers by his memory, calling them all by their names. And upon this ground where the Senate had condemned his Books to be burnt, Cassius Severus told them, If they would not have them remain, they should burn him too, for that he had them all in his memory. On the other side some of the Thracians were usually so blockish, that they could not count beyond four, or five. And Messala Corvinus liv'd to forget his own Name: as I have known some, that have in health forget their own children, whom they have dayly seen and liv'd with. If we consult Philosophy, how this huge difference comes, that will premise to tell us, 'tis from the temper of the brain; the moderately dry being happier in their memories, than the over-moist, which being liquid and slippery, are lefs receptive and tenacious of any flights Impressions that occasionally there on are darted. Like glimpses of the Sun on water, they shine at present,
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present, but leave no sign that they were ever there; and this may be the reason (because of their great humility), why memory in children is so brittle. But how it comes to pass, that many old men can remember things of their youth done threescore years ago, and yet not those they acted but the day before, is certainly to be admired; since none can tell me, where they lodge characteriz'd the while, without being shuffled out, or quite desac'd by new succeeding actions. One thing in the Memory beyond all, is observables. We may easily remember what we are intent upon; but with all the art we can use, we cannot knowingly forget what we would. What would some give, to wipe their sorrows from their thought, which, maugre all their industry, they cannot but remember. With good reason therefore would the wise Themistocles have learn'd the Art of forgetfulness, as deeming it far more beneficial to man, than that (so much cry'd up) of memory. And for this cause, (doubtless) we had need be careful, that even in secret, we plunge not into evil Actions. Though we have none to witness what we do; we shall be gall'd sufficiently with our own peculiar memory; which haunting us perpetually with all our best endeavours, we cannot either cast away, or blot out. The worm would dye if Memory did not feed it to Eternity. 'Tis that which makes the penal part of Hell: for whether it be the punishment of los'd, or the punishment of sen'te: 'tis memory that does enslave them both. Nor is there any Aetna in the soul of man, but what the memory makes. In order unto this, I will not care to know, who 'tis that does me injury, that I may not by my memory malice them. Remembering the wrong, I may be apt to malign the Author, which not knowing, I shall free my self of vexation, without the bearing any grudge to the man. As good Actions, and ignorance of ill, keep a perpetual calm in the mind: so questionless, a secret vice is begotten by a secret vice. From whence we may undoubtedly conclude, That though the gate of success, blow never so full and prosperously, yet no man can be truly happy, that is not truly innocent.

XVIII.
No man Honest, that is not so in his Relation.

Besides the general and necessary dependence that every man must, and ought to have upon God; There is no man whatsoever, but is even in this world particularly related to some particular person above the generality of other men. He can neither come into the world nor continue in it, and be an Independent man: And by his demeanor, in his strictest Relations, he may be guilest at in the other progress, and course of his life. In all the Relations that are contingent to men, those are most binding, which Nature hath framed nearest in the several conditions of men. In which, if a man be not honest in vain he is expected to be found so in others, that are more distantially extended.
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extended from him. The highest tye of all, (as most concerning the publique good), I take to be between a born Subject, and legitimate Prince pursuing the good of the Country. He is Pater Patriae, and every subject is but a little more remoted son. He that is prodigal of his Subject’s lives, will easily be drawn to be careless of any but his own. And indeed, (as Cyrus used to say) No man ought to govern others, but he that is better than those that he governs; there being a greater obligation upon a Prince to be good, than there is upon other men: for, though he be humane in his Person, as others are; yet, for the publick fake, his Person is Sacred, and the Government he exercises is Divine; so, with greater caution ought to be administered, and, in imitation of the Gods, requires a greater height of virtue, so to irradiate his Throne, that men might gaze with Admiration, and obey with Reverence. Near this was the Noble Spartans answer, who when one desired to learn how a Prince might be safe without a guard, he replied, If he ruled his subjects as a Father doth his children.

The same reciprocal tye is in Subject towards their Prince. And if a man be not honest in this his Relation, that is, in his Loyalty; let no man expect that man to be honest in any thing further, than conduceth to his own particular Interest: The breach of this, not only out of Political, but Natural Reason, the Laws have made more capital than other crimes; not only punishing the person offending, but attainting all his Politerity with the confiscation of all that they were capable of owing in this life. Rebellion being as Parricide and Witchcraft. Nor is the Ignorancy less than the Crime. To be a Traitor, delivers one to the lowest scorn of men, as well as to the heaviest curse of law. And no State that ever yet I read of, but held such unworthy of life, and so not fit for any conversation of men, as having forfeited in that all which makes one man companionable to another. In like manner, he that is a Parent, and morose, and froward to his children, hardly will be affable to any. Who neglects Nature, undoubtedly is an uncivil man. He that loves not his own, will not probably be drawn to love those who are nothing to him: So is it with a child, If he once contemn his Parents, he exposes himself to be contemned by others. And to shew how horrid sins of this nature are, the Levitical Law made disobedience unto Parents, felonious; the worst of the four capital punishments among them; Nor was he to live, that had cursed either Father, or Mother. Neither can I believe this law was abrogated in the days of Solomon, who tells us, The eye that mocketh his father, or disdains obedience to his mother, the Crows of the valley shall pick it out, or else the young Eagles eat it: which, in effect, is to say, That he shall come to some untimely end, either hanged on some tree, or cast out without burial, for the fowls of the air to feed on. To this inclines the opinion of St. Jerome, where he says, Nec omnibus legenda est pietas Parentum: We ought not to cast so much as a discontented look at the piety of a parent. He that hath forgot to be a son,
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Son, is an Agrrippa to the world, and is born averse to Nature. As corrupted humors are the continued distemper of the body that did breed them; so a vicious and disobedient son is the torment of the Parent that begot him. It was a good reason the Philosopher gave to one, why he should not go to law with his father; Says he; If you charge him unjustly, all will condemn you: And if your charge be just, you will yet be condemned for blasing it. 'Tis an unhappy question Cassianus asked an undutiful son: Quem alienum tibi fidum invenies, si tuus hostis fueris? Qui fallere audebit Parentes, qualis erit in ceteros? What stranger shall he ere find faithful to him, that to his Parents is become an Enemy? What will he be to others, that is to Parents false? It is the same in other Relations, between Husband and Wife, between Master and Servant. Cato did not doubt but he would prove a prisoner, that had first been guilty of Adultery. And indeed, whoever is not honest in his Relations, gives the world an Evidence, that he can be false in the lesser, that hath already failed in the greater. To be false in our Relations, is to break our trust, in which both Religion and Nature hath set us. He that is perfidious and untrue in that, cancels all the bonds he after can be tied in. When Judas betrayed his Master, nor Friends, nor Enemies, nor his own Conscience would endure him after. Whereas, he that behaves himself well in his Relations, gives us hope of his being found in all things that we have to do with him besides. If we can believe the Excellent Silus; we shall find by being false in these, we not only lose our selves with others; but we become implungeth, even in all the calamities of life in the several Relations that we have, and live in.

Qui frangere rerum
Gaudabit pax, ac tenues pes linctuet amici,
Non illi domus, aut conjux, aut vita, manebit
Unquam express lacrimae, lachrymesque: Aget aquare semper,
Ac tellure premens; aget agram; nole dieg;
Dispecta, ac violata fides —
—Who loves to break
Wife Nature's bonds, and cheat his friends poor hope,
Contract's turmoil, and tears; that never stop.
Nor house, nor wife, nor life is safe: but he
O'er-whelm'd with Earth, ploughs the unquiet Sea:
A broken Faith discern'd, is sickness ever ——

Certainly, there is no man but some way hath relation to others, either by Religion, Policy, Nature, Alliance, or Humanity; therefore as a Christian, a Friend, a Kindred, a Superior, or a Man, to all a man may take occasion to be honest. Though I comply not with all their ways, yet Christian Piety, and natural Probity is never to be parted with. He that looses, or throws away these, descends into a Beast, that hath not Reason for his guide, and is humane but in shape alone.
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XIX.

Of the Salvation of the Heathen.

I have met with some, that will not by any means allow that a Heathen may be saved. I do not know, that they ever read the Book of Life and Death, or were admitted to the counsel of the most High; no more, but by collection arising from sound Principles, and the tender sense of Humane Nature. Indeed, I know not how to applaud their Charity, that will desperately damn such a world of men, and the succeeding Generations, of so many Ages past, and to come. Is it not enough, that we may be admitted to be Heirs of ourselves, but all our other Brethren must be disinherited? Nor can I think, God approves their judgement, who so strictly undertake to limit his mercies, which yet to us appear not only above, but over all his works. None of his Attributes being magnified so much throughout all the Scriptures, as his Mercy. And in some measure to allay the severity of the Law; The first two Tables that were delivered with Thunder, Lightning, and Terror, being broken at the giving of the Second, God then was pleased to proclaim The Lord, the Lord, strong, merciful, and gracious, slow to Anger, long-suffering, &c. Where, to balance the ten precepts in the Decalogue, there are ten Attributes relating all to Favour and to Mercy towards Man. The Mercy-seat was over all the Ark, and that all-shaded with the Cherubs' wings. And why those Cherubims may not type unto us not only the two Tables of the Law in the Ark; but the two Testaments of the Law and the Gospel, and the two Generations of the world the Jews and the Gentiles, either of them mutually respecting each other, and the Oracles of God arising from between them; I know no prohibition. Some indeed have given laps'd Nature too too high a privilege: Enabling her of her self alone to work out her own Salvation, as Pelagius, and before him (inclining that way) Origen. And if I find him rightly cited, Zuinglius, where he tells us that Numa, Cato, Scipio, and such like just Heathen, without Faith in Christ were Naturally saved, that is, by the virtue of the Law of Nature which they did observe. The last (the Observation of the Law) being intimated by the Apostle. Who tells us though they have no written Law, yet naturally doing the things of the Law, they are a Law unto themselves. Others have more modestly interpreted this Text, as Aquinas, and several more beside, allowing them yet Salvation: though not so much from the natural knowledge they have both of God and good and evil, as from the help they have in their Souls from the assistance of Supernatural Grace, whereby they are enabled through Faith to fulfil the Law. St. Peter tells us, that in every Nation, He that feareth God and worketh Righteousness is accepted with him. 'Tis not Mans Merit, but 'tis Gods Acceptance that is his security. And surely, if we will not be too critical we may find examples of this truth. It is doubtful whether Job were not
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not of the line of Esau: certain, faith St. Augustine, he was neither natural Israelite, nor Proselyte, but born and buried in Idumea. And Bellarmine assures us he was not of the Children of Israel: but either an Idumean, or an Arabian. Both of which were counted Enemies to Israel. Next may be inciting Melchisedeck, Jethro the Priest of Midian, Rahab the Harlot, Naaman the Syrian, and others.

But it will be alledge from the Fourth of the Acts, That Salvation cannot be had by any other but by Christ. For among men there is given no other Name under Heaven, whereby we must be saved. And without Faith in him Salvation cannot be had, and Faith in him they cannot have, because they never heard of him. I grant all but the last, and literally that too. I doubt not but all; to whom the sound of the Gospel hath any way come, are strictly obliged to this: When God hath shewed them this Name, in vain they seek for another. Nominal Christ is necessary to those, that have nominally heard of him. Yet who can rye up the Spirit of God, from illuminating this to their souls, either in their life, or in the very Farewell of it? But this is rather possible than proving. Though I hope it will not prove a Paradox, if I should beg leave to believe that some who never heard of Christ, may yet dye and be saved by having a Faith in him. How many of them have dyed Penitent for their sins, for which they have found their Conscience chequing them, and with all wholly relying themselves on the Mercy of the Supreme God? What was the Philosophers, O ens entium miserere mei, but this? He would never have fled to mercy, if his Soul had not been conscious of some ill: And if he had not had Faith he would never have prayd for it, since no man prays for that whereof he does despair the Grant. What were the last words almost of every common Malefactor among them at his end, but a desiring God and Nature to forgive him? Besides the Grace and Favour of God, two things are required of Man for the attaining of his Salvation, Faith and Repentance. For to both these hath God engaged himself. He that Repents shall find Mercy, and he that believes shall be saved. Repentance closeth the breaches of that Law which sin before did violate. When the heat of Lust hath thrived up the Conscience into wounds and clefts, (as Rain on Earth that's chapp'd) repentant Tears will fill up all those Chasms: Penitentia aboleri peccata indubitantur credimus, faies St. Augustine. Repent and believe, is the precept of the Gospel. Now I would ask the question, whether Christ crucified and God's Mercy be not things co-incident? Nay, if it be not the very effect and and height of God's mercy: which they flie to though not in the literal name of Christ yet in such a name as is the same, and comprehends the offered Christ in it, Mercy. The Mercy-seat was the Propitiatory, and Christ is call'd our Propitiation. Our venerable Bede giving us the Angalogical sense, tells us plainly: Propitiatorium aureum est Humanitas Christi Gloriosa. The golden Mercy-seat is Christ's glorious Humanity. In the first of St. Luke, In the Song of the blessed Virgin, it is said, God hath helped his Servant.
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Servant Israel in remembrance of his Mercy. In the Song of Zacharias, It is said, He hath gone on to perform the Mercy promised to our Fore-Fathers. Which Mercy in both places, by all Interpreters, is understood of Christ, the Messiah.

In two several places in Genesis it is promised, by God himself, That in Abrahams seed (which is meant of Christ) all the Nations of the World should be blessed. In a third place, there it is, All the Families of the Earth. And in the Acts it is said, All the Kings of the Earth shall be blessed. But if they must give an account for literal Christ, and yet through insuperable Necessity and Ignorance they could never come to know or hear of him; I conceive Christs coming would be so far from being a Blessing to them, as it would prove unto 'em a Rock and Bitterness. Before the coming of Christ, we shall find few of the Jews, resting expressly upon the promised Messiah; but their anchor was Gods mercy, and so the very thing which was the pious Heathens refuge. The holy Prophet David clearly did rely on it, Psal. 52. I will trust in thy mercy for ever and ever. But we may come nearer, even to the very Name, which we may illustrate by this inspiring Instance.

A King hath a Province in Rebellion, whereby his Subjects become all guilty of Treason, and so in the justice of his Laws are dead. This Kings Son intercedes, and satisfies his Father. Whereupon he publisheth a general Pardon, that for his Sons sake, all shall be restored that will come in, confess their offence, and claim a Reception in right of his Son. Now some of these Traitors hear not of this: But out of their confidence of their Princes known goodness, and the hope they have of pardon, they come repentantly, prostrating themselves to his mercy.

Now whether this King, being of a Noble Nature, and inclinable to mercy, may not, without impeachment to his Justice, receive them to Grace, by virtue of his General Pardon for his Sons sake, though they never heard of it; I submit to charitable judgements.

If this may not be, I yet demand, How it can stand with Gods Justice, in requiring their Faith in that which they never had means to know, Nominal Christ? What they could reach to, they fall upon. But must we think them fit to be punished, because they lay not hold on that which they cannot come at? Though they cannot plead merit, or a personal filial Mediator; yet, I see not what hinders, that they may not plead mercy. I am sure, St. Paul tells us, That they who do not know the Law, shall not be judged by the Law: But by that Law of Nature in themselves, which is so far infeminated in the hearts of all, as is sufficient to leave all without excuse, and convince them all as authors of their own destruction, if they persist. And why then, shall we think, they who never heard of the Gospel, should be condemned, for not having faith in the Gospel? Lex non cogit ad impossibile. But if they must dye for ignorance of that which they could not know, it may be asked, Whether they do not dye for a fault that is none of their own?
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When the Apostle in the 1. of Corinthians and the 6. came to Formulators that were out of the pale of the Church, he refused to judge them, as out of his bounds and jurisdiction: And I conceive it may become a charitable Christian, either not to pass a final sentence upon all the Heathen; or else to incline to Charity, which is the Law of the Gospel. Why may we not argue of Faith, as St. Paul does of Works: If the Gentiles have a faith in God's mercy, may not they be saved by that, as Christians by their faith in Christ, which is but God's mercy manifested? And certainly, without this faith, it will be true, what the Father says of their best works, They are but shining sins. But what is it should hinder now, that this faith may not justify? As I believe the Character and Impress of God's Image in them, is their law forbidding their sin, and enjoying their duty; so I also believe, as a Needle once touch'd, their Consciences will direct them to a Refuge in their Makers mercy. Therefore I hope, I shall not much err, if I should believe, A Heathen which never heard of Christ, labouring to keep a clear conscience, truly repentant for his offences, and calling himself with faith upon God's mercy, may come to live in heaven among the blessed.

If any object then, that 'tis no privilege to be a Christian, I suppose him much mistaken: For as St. Paul answers for the Jews, It is a Chief, that unto them are committed the Oracles of God. They are pre-eminent before the rest of the world. Though a Pagan possibly may in the dark night of Nature, by God's mercy grope out a way to Heaven; yet without doubt, he is more happy that hath a light and a guide to direct him thither. The Illuminations of the Gospel, are enlivening and instructing beyond the fulsome Notions of Philosophy. Any man will like his Title better, that is declared an Heir, than his that is but in a capability of adoption. Methinks, our Suns, and favour that we find from Heaven, should make us look upon them with pity and love, rather than with uncharitable and destroying censoruses. I see, they live better by the faint gleams of Nature, than many Christians in the corruptions of the Gospel. And why should I think, that they who live better by the dim glimpses of their conscience, and die, resigning themselves to God and his mercy, whom they have spelt out, and found in the Book of the Creatures, and the Book of their Conscience; should yet be cast away in Eternal perdition? Certainly, looking on their actions, without hearing either party speak, one would take the poor Indians to be better Christians than the Spaniards, that destroyed them. However, none can deny, but God by his secret grace may both attract, and accept them. And I cannot, but have a more honourable apprehension of my Omnipotent and ever Gracious God, than to believe, that so pure, so magnificent, and so absolutely perfect an essence, should delight it self to see so many millions of millions of men lying in Eternal Torments, that yet were his own most noble and admired workmanship; and whose frailties he both knew and pitied. And this to befall them through a prifeline (and in them unavoidable) corruption; out of which they did
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did not escape, (for ought we know), only because they did not know the way. What pleasure can any good man take, to see but poor simple Beasts continue sweating in perpetual pain? What good can I reap, by seeing the languishing torture of another? Those that are pleas'd with spectacles of cruelty, we naturally abhor as savage in their natures. If Caligula and Nero, were both justly condemn'd of cruelty; the one for bidding the Executioner to strike, as Delinquents might die leisurely; and the other for but looking on, while his Mother was distrest, though dead; What disposition can those men have, who can so jollily give up worlds to keener and more lasting punishments than all their dire imaginings can devise? Is it suitable to a Father of mercies, and of his creature? or, Who will longer laugh at these poor Heathen; who made their Saturn full of children, and then to devour them aloof as they were born? If I do err, in this inclination to a charity, I had rather it should be on this hand, than trenching but the least on cruelty; and whatsoever it is, I shall ever submit to the moderate, and the wife.

XX.

Whence a Man's Fame arises.

Sometimes there is not a greater cheat, than Fame and Reputation. The Hypocrite, till he be discovered, appears garnished with all the plumes that brave Report does usually fly withal; but once detected, is as black and spotted, as the Panther's skin, or the outside of the Dragon's belly. Indeed, 'tis hard for any to escape the lists of censure: But the Emanations of a true and perfect report, for the most part rise from a man's private conversation. Few converse so much with persons abroad, as to shew their humors and inclinations in Publicque. To their Superiors, they put on Obsequiousness, and Pageant-out their Virtues, but strongly they conceal their Vices. To their Equals, they strive to shew the gratefulness of a condition. To their Inferiors, courtesy and benevolence. To all there is a disguise. Men in this, like Ladies that are careful of their beauty, admit not to be visited, till they be dress'd and trim'd to the advantage of their faces. Only in a man's retirement, and among his domesticks, he opens himself with more freedom, and with less care; he walks there as Nature fram'd him: He there may be seen not as he seems, but as he is; without either the deceiving Properties of Art, or the varnish of belied Virtue: So, as indeed, no man is able to pass a true judgment upon another, but he that familiarly and inwardly knows him, and has viewed him by the light of time. When Tiberius had a Noble Fame among strangers, he that read him Rhetherick, stuck not to pronounce him Luto & Sanguine maceratum.

Neither can a constant good report follow any man, but by a constant
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Considerable adherence to virtue, and virtuous actions. 'Tis much harder to read the actions, and to know rightly Great persons, than 'tis men of inferior condition: For, though they be extravagant, yet their greatness is some kind of awe to the loose and scattered reports that fly about from mean mens tongues. And their attendants not only palliate their vices as improper for them to divulge: but withal, they magnifie their good parts, and represent them fuller to the world than they are; That often-times those pass in the common, for persons rarely qualified; who, being strictly viewed, are but flourish and deceiving out-side. And besides this, many a man while he hath a curb upon him, keeps himself in modest bounds, from which once freed, he лавishes, into excess and gross enormities, like hot mettall'd Horses, that may ride well with a wary hand upon them: but when the reins are loosened, they fling and grow unruly. 'Tis liberty and experience that truly shews a man what he is. Sextonius observeth it of Tiberius, that when he had gotten to Caprea, where he lurked, remov'd from the eyes of the people, he at once poured forth himself in all those horrid vices, which before for a long time with much ado he had dissembled. And though Politicians seek to shew themselves, by appearing the leaf of what they are; yet, they come at last to be unmask'd, and declare themselves to the world: like Hedge-hogs, they rout up themselves before strangers, but in private are so dilated, as they may easily be known to be but vermin; so that, in the end, private sins are rewarded with a publick blame: and then the suppos'd honest men is hated as a grown monster, discovered by the blab of time. Vice is a concealed fire, that even in darkness will so work, as to bewray it self. And doubtless, something it is, according to those among whom a man lives. Even a good man among ill neighbours, shall be ill reported of; and a bad man, by some, may be beloved. Some vices are falsely look upon as ornament, and education: and a modest innocence, is as much mutilated for silliness and ignorance. To be good, is thought too near a way to contempt. That which the Ancients admired, we both slight and laugh at. A good honest man, is but a better word for a fool: so that no man, can promise himself free from the whip of a licentious tongue. Slanders and calumnies like contagious airs are epidemical in their infection: only the soundest constitutions are left thereby tainted than the other, but all shall be sure to find a touch. I like not those that disdain what the world pays of them. I shall suspect that womans modesty, that values not to be accounted modest. While I am innocent, injurious rumors shall the least torment me. But as he that is careful of his health will not only avoid infected places, but antidote himself by preventing physick; and will not be abstemious only at a feast, but in his private diet; so he that would be well esteemed must not only eschew ill company, but must fortifie himself with precepts and resolution to preserve himself, and not only in the strong, and abroad, but in his retired dressing-room; for since a mans good or bad fame, does first take rise from such as be about him, and servants being neither...
always ours, nor ever discreet; it behoves him that loves his own reputation, to give them no cause of reporting what shall cross it. He that is careless of his name, I doubt is not fond of his integrity. The first ground to be laid is a man's honest endeavours, and that as well in the Chamber as in the Court: and then 'tis likely a good fame follows. If I do my part, I shall be the least troubled, if the world shall not do his in allowing me what I labour for,

XXI.
That 'tis some difficulty to be rich and good.

Grace and Riches like the Matchings of Cofen-Germans, though they be not forbidden, yet they seldom marry together. 'Tis rare to see a rich man religious. For religion preaches restraint, and riches prompt to liberty. If our saviour himself had not given an exposition of his own hard Text of the Camel and the Eye of a Needle, by calling it upon such as place their trust upon riches; certainly no rich man could be thought to be saved, but God must be put to work a miracle for it. When wealth abounds, men seldom come by suffering to be sober. They buy out their remembrance, and shew over those Considerations that should make them serious. The education of rich men teaches to command, so they never come to be acquainted with that which is better than a sacrifice, Obedience. Buoy'd up by the Corks of Wealth and Greatness, they are seldom let down into the depths where the greatest fishes like grown resolutions are to be found. They are so humor'd by Attendants, and so elated by the Bowings of all about them, and withal so swallowed up with pleasure, that they often miss of knowing rightly either themselves or others. And by the pravity of men weak nature, it so fets them on the follaces of this life, that they seldom have time to think of another or better. The worm of this fair fruit is Pride, and it sooner takes the goodly than the lean. Old Jacob begg'd but only food and Raymond: and Agur prays directly against a plenty: and though Solomon was so wise as not to ask it; yet we see, when he had it, well nigh it had eaten out all his wisdom. Certainly, Riches be not evil in themselves; yet for the most part there is a Casual illness that attends them. And if our blessed Saviour had not seen something in them more than we apprehend, he would never have declared it so much difficulty for a man at once to be both good and opulent: neither would he have advis'd the young man to sell what he had, or commanded his Disciples to leave all and follow him; nor would he have so exemplified poverty to us in his own meanness, if he had not known our human frailty too apt to be drawn away by abundance. Besides the danger of their flattering us to a reliance upon them, they hinder us from the sense of Charity, not feeling the wants that others
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others live in, we cannot be sensible of their endurances: so we are not begotten into commiseration. How strict and vigilant have I known some upon a poor man's Labour, who hath toil'd all the day from six to six, for sixpence: who, if it were not for the pleasure of night and darkness, which gives him some flender refreshment, he might certainly be concluded in a worse condition than the Savage Beasts of the Desert. Nature hath priviledg'd them against the want of Apparel; and though they be put sometimes to hunt for their Food, yet providence hath made that a pleasure to them, so far, that they are rather to be envied than pitied. But the daily Labouring Man sells both his strength, his time, and his ease, for that alone which will not satiably content his craving Belly. Not apprehending the hardship of others, by reason of the Beckonings and Illigations of pleasure, and the divertive crowd of other occasions, Rich men have not leisure to stay upon these, to consider and weigh their Condition: so, that Charity which they have, is rather self-love than Charity: which doubtless is not rightly call'd so, when God is not the scope, and others more their object, than themselves. And it is as undoubtedly true, that without the wings of Charity, it will be very hard to mount to the Region of Happiness. Riches belies; are often as thorns to choke the fruits of Piety. They are a kind of Rank Earth, which so fast puts out weeds, that any fine feed of virtue becomes stifled and robbed ere it can get root. Yet Industry and perpetual Attention might perhaps prevent some of these Inconveniences. But there is one thing in wealth which fascinates beyond all these: 'Tis apt to seduce a man into a false opinion of wisdom in himself. And it may be it was from hence, That when Simonides was asked, Which was best for a man, Wealth or Wisdom? He made some doubt how he should resolve the Business. The Reason was, he said, He had often observed wise men to wait and attend at Rich men's Houses. And how easy is it for a Man to think himself wise, when he shall find he hath a wise man as his Servant humoring him? Nor is he only charmed to these erroneous ways of Pleasure, and frothed along by the Courtship of those that flout low to creep under his shade, and gather of his fallings: But if he be in a way of miscarriage, his wealth keeps him not only from being reclaim'd, but from knowing wherein he fails. Men are often wary how they hazard their interest by Reprehension. A poor man like clay (being sohted by his Low situation, and the sameness of want that lights upon him) is apt to be easily moulded into any Form: But the Rich, thused upon by the sun of prosperity, set on the promoted Hill, and in the happier light of Gratitude, are hardened into a Britleness scarce admitting any shape but that by chance you find them in: Like Venice-glasses any hot Liquor of Admonition makes them crack and fly in pieces presently. And indeed it is no small unhappiness to be set in such a Station as will not admit a friend to be free with him. He is open to Flattery, but seiz'd against admonition. He that by the Engine of a nasty wealth is cranked up above
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above the Rebuke of friends, had need of a Noble nature and a virtue strongly corded, else he shall quickly slide to the lowest scale of Vice. Certainly, there is none for wise as that he never errs: But he is well onward in the way to be wise, that can bear a Reproof, and mend by it. I doubt not but there are that be wealthy and wise, that are Rich and Religious; and as they are extraordinarily happy in themselves, that can escape the trains that their Affluency lays for them, and make use of those brave Suppeditaments, that a great Estate allows them to do good withal: So they ought to be magnified by all that are Spectators of fo Noble a Conjunction. As a Rich Tyrant is the worke of all wild Beasts; so a Rich Christian is one of Christ's wondres. Nihil homines magnificentiusque, quam pecunias (contemnere, si non habeas) si habecas, ad Beneficentiam, Libertatemque conferre. Senec. If we have no wealth, 'tis honest and Princely not to be found out: But far more Heroick (if we have it) to sow it into Charity and Beneficence. Like fire in a Chimney, a Rich man good is Regular, Bright, and Refreshing to all that come within the distance of his beams. He lights the blindly dark, and guides the room he shines in. And whatsoever comes into it, like it: It will draw their eyes upon him, as if there were some Divinity in him, that invited all to pay some kind of Adoration to him, for the Bounty and the Benefits that Fate has made him Steward of.

XVI.

Against being proud by being Commended.

There is such a kind of grateful Tickling to the mind of man in being commended, That though we many times know those praises that are given us are not due, yet we are not Angry at the abusing Author. Though surely he that is commended for what he doth not deserve, ought in Justice to rectifie the Auditory, else he grows necessary to a cheat upon the Hearers, by a combination of an untruth, to leads them into an Error. It was, I confess, ingenious in Pope John the 2oth, what his successorÆneas Sylvius tells us of him: when one had praised him much more than he knew he deserved, he turns to the Company and tells them. Though the Man hath fathered many brace things upon me whereof I am not guilty, yet I do confess I no way am displeased that he hath pleased to praise me. Perhaps he might pardon him the sooner if he believed he told of what he ought to do, though yet he had not done it. So apprehended Praises may as easily be dispensed withal, as handsomely made use of. They are but admonitions, ribbanded and trick'd to a more pleasing shape, which perhaps, without such spots and pendants, would never win upon a fantastique Brain. In Noble minds, 'tis certainly a spur, if not reward, to Virtue. The generous Spartans before they went to Warr, they used to offer Victoms to the Muses; That what they acted...
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Valiantly, might be elegantly and truly recorded. He that despises to be well reported of, wants of that living fire in his soul, which does type out (and runs into) Eternity. And he on the other side that shews himself elated by it, gives proof he is but some light stuff; that, as a Bubble by a Boy, can be blown from his shell, till the very air alone can blunt him again into spittle. Praise hath several operations according to the mind it meets with. It makes a wise man modest, but a fool more arrogant. It extends him to such a height, that it turns his weak brain giddy till he falls; some have place in the rank with contempt, and have therefore warned, That to a Man's face, we should neither praise too laudably, nor yet Reprove too sharply. Indeed to a spirit rightly generous, a Face-commendation will sooner beget a blushing flight, than the Rebuff that boldly and openly flies upon him. Hence therefore, 'tis only allowable at funerals for men to be hyperbolical in praising. Any thing may then be offered when blows cannot be felt: otherwise a Riotous tongue will never modest bloud. Since leaf of all he values praise, that most of all deserves it. He that is an intimate Servant to that glorious Virtue, will be content in silence to enjoy her Graces without those hollow Echoes of the Tongue. I like not praising when 'tis too loud. A little is as shadowings to a well-limb'd piece; it sets it off better: but when it is too deep, it duls the native life, and unpleasants the air it carries. And for a man to grow proud by being commended, is of all uses the worst we can make of it. Every good thing a good man speaks of another, like the blast of a Trumpet in War, should incite and encourage the person commended to a closer pursuit of a Nobler and more generous Virtue. But to be proud of Trappings calls a Mans Humanity in question. Though he be a Bucephalus, it shews him, but a Beast; and any one may judge how like the Aif it was, first to mistake the Reverence to be his, that was done to the Goddess; next that he could be proud of it, if he had been so. To contemn a just commendation, is to kick at kindness: To be proud on't is to take in so much, until it does intoxicate. Though another mans praise cannot in my self make me better than I am; yet (with my help) it may make me much worse. The best is to labour an improvement. If any one speaks well, I would be glad, I could Act better. I shall like it better, if my deeds may go beyond his Tongue. I had rather in this case men should see more than they do expect, than look for more than they can find.
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XXIII.
Of Secrecy.

The Hooting Fowler seldom takes much game. When a man hath the project of a course in his mind digested and fixt by Consideration, 'tis good wisdom to resolve of Secrecy, till the time our Designs arrive at their Dispatch and Perfection: He shall be allowed to have enough of the unadvised, that brags much either of what he will do: Or, of what he shall have. For, if what he speaks of, falls not out accordingly; In stead of applause, a mock and Scorne shall strike him. They seldom thrive in business that cannot but proclaim their Intentions. They speak themselves to be way-laid; and if they have ought worth the taking, they are letters to their own Robbery. Even water will forbear to rise where the Pipe, through which it is to pass, hath a flaw in't. The projects of men are a kind of Chymistry: Keeping them close, they may prosper. But the glass once crack't, and air admitted in, the product then will vanish out in Fume. When Quintus Metellus could not compass his Conquests in Spain, he seems to neglect the principal City, and with a Rowling Army flies to other parts. And when in regard of so wild a War his Friend did ask him, what thereby he intended? His answer was, If his heart knew his mind, he would have commanded it to be burn'd, immediately. We see that which carries on, even evil actions to their prosperity, and is indeed, the main of their success, and without which, they would certainly come to nothing, is their secrecy, and Clandestine creeping along. 'Tis the inviolfibility of spirits that performs their witch-craft. And it was in the dark and night, that the envious fow'd his Tares. And if Secrecy can so promote those Designs that are to be abhor'd, why is it not as well advantageous to what we intend for good? Nature for her own Preservation has taught wild Beasts to dwell in holes and dens. The Fishes bed in mud. And Birds build not in open fields, but in the shaded woods, and solitary Thickets. How many have undone themselves by their openness? He shrumpets all his Business, that does divulge his secrets.

Candides lost both Kingdom, Life, and Wife, by only shewing of her Beauty Naked. Nor was that fabled Ring of Gyges more, than his great Wisdom guiding his Affairs: whereby he knew what other Princes did: but so reserv'd himself, that he to them remain'd still undiscovered. Stratagems are like Mistresses, they are deslow'd when known: and then they seldom live to be married by being effect'd. By divulging, we seem to tempt others to prevent us. He that before lay still, and did not mind it, when he sees another running for a prize, will post away to out-speed him. And indeed, he is not like to speed well, that cannot keep his own counsel. The Philosophers check will justly fall upon him; That 'tis pitty, of those he learned to speak, he
he was not as well inturned to be silent. 'Tis a miserable flux, when a man hath a flood of words, and but a drop of soul. To such people usually, all the Physick they can take to stop it, operates the wrong way. That mind which cannot keep its own determinations private, is not to be trusted either with his own, or others business. He lets in so much light, as will not suffer his designs to sleep; so they come to be disturbed, while they should gather strength, by repose. If the business be of what is yet to come, 'tis vanity to boast of it; 'tis all one with the Almanack, to rove at what weather will happen. We boast of that, which not being in our power, is none of our own. The Bird that flies, I may as well call mine. He digs in sand, and lays his beams in water, that builds upon events, which no man can be Master of; What can he know but his own Intemperance? bewraying even a kind of greediness, while he catches at that which is not yet in his reach; which seems to unfold but an uncompacted mind, that is not so wise as to subsist well with what it hath in present. Such men, if we come to dissect them, we shall find like Chameleons, that have not the solid entrails of other creatures, but are fill'd with only lungs. And then, if after our boasting, we come to be disappointed, the defeat is made more visible; and we turn'd out, to herd with those that must be laughed at. Nor yet can I offer any judgment thereof, after this, but it will come forth upon some disadvantage. If I boast of any thing, I teach others to expect, and then they look for Swans, or Quails, though it be in a wilderness; where, admit it be fair, it shall not be thought so: because their hopes are poofect with Rarity. Secrecy is a most necessary part, not only of Policies, but Prudence. Things untold, are as things undone. If they succeed well, they are gratefuller for being sodain: if ill, they may be dispaec'd with, as for ought any knows, they being no other than casual; so not at all in intention. I observe the Fig-tree, whose fruit is pleasant, does not blossom at all; whereas the Sallow that hath glorious palms, is continually found barren. I would first be so wise, as to be my own Counsellor; next so secret, as to be my own counsell-keeper.

XXIV.

A Christian's threefold Condition.

Who is't can be so sanguine, as to be always constant in a full-blown jollity? 'Tis the glorious sun alone, that in himself is ever bodied, full of light and brightness. But as in the Moon we see a threefold condition, that gives her an alternate face; her waxing, her increasing, her full: So I see the same resembed in a Christian, three efficient causes working them; Sin, Repentance, Faith. When after sin, a Christian once considers, he finds a shadow drawn upon his light.
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steps of night ray printed in his soul: his shine grows lean within him, and makes him like the Moon in her declining wave, obliterating and diminishing that clearness of the Spirit which lately shined with such brightness in him. It dims the beauty of the luminous soul: like the sensible plant, when the hand of fell does touch it, the shrinks in all her leaves: or else she, like the humble one, falls flat, and languidly lies upon the earth. Nay, sometimes (as the Moon in our lost sight of her) he seems quite gone, and vanish'd: resting for a time like a diseased man in a trance; as a winter-tree, or fire that's buried in concealing embers: without or sense, or bow, of either light or heat. But then comes Repentance, and calls water in his face, bedews him with tears, packs the spirits back again to the heart, till that be rows'd up by them; rubs up his benum'd soul, that there is to be seen some tokens both of life and recovery. Repentance is the key, that unlocks the gate wherein sin does keep man prisoner. Who isn't can be so black and dead a coal, that this Lacrymal water, with the breath of the Holy Spirit cannot blow up into a glowing light? This makes him spring, cau...
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and he thaws no more, than God by shining gives him. When the Holy Spirit holds in his beams, frail man then needs must languish. 'Tis deprivation that creates a Hell; for where God is not, there 'tis that Hell is. When ere this tyde runs out, there's nothing but mud and weeds that's left behind. When God shall hide his face, in vain elsewhere we seek for a subsistence. He is the air, without which is no life. His with-drawings are our miseries; his presence is joy, and revivification. 'Tis only sin that can eclipse this light. 'Tis the interposition of this gross opalescent body, that blackens the delicate bright soul. This is that Great Alexander, which keeps the light from this poor Diogenes in his Tub of Mortality: And this, sometimes, must be expected, while we are here below. Even time consists of night and day; the year, of various seasons. He that expects a constancy here, does look for that which this world cannot give. 'Tis only above the Sun, that there is no Moon to change.

XXV.

For Ordering of Expences.

It is very hard for an open and easy nature to keep within the compass of his fortune; either shame to be observ'd behind others, or else a vain glorious itching to out-do them, leaks away all, till the vessel be empty or low; so that nothing involves a man to more unhappiness than an heedless letting go in an imprudence of mispending. It alters quite the frame and temper of the mind. When want comes, he that was profuse, does easily grow rapacious. It is extreme unhappiness to be thus compos'd of extremes. To be impatient both of plenty and want. 'Tis a kind of Monster-vice, wherein covetousness and prodigality, mingled, dwell together, and one of them is always gnawing. It puts a man upon the stretch, and will not suffer him to lie at ease. Like the Esdrades, he feeds on horn, and puts it out in festeers. He runs any hazard to get, and when he hath it, he flaunts it away in curls and airy vanities. On the other side, a fordid parsimony, lays a man open to contempt. Who will care for him, that cares for no body but himself? Or, who will expect any thing of favour or friendship from him, that makes it his matter-piece to scrape from all that fall within his gripes, or reach? The enforcing of the forged Testament of Minutius, lost Crassus and Hortensius more honour with posterity, than all their wealth and authority could repurchase. Nor is he less a scorn to others, than a punishment to himself. He pulls from others, as if he would make all his own; and when he hath it, he keeps it, as if it were another man's. In expences, I would be neither pinching, nor prodigal: yet, if my means allow it not, rather thought too sparing, than a little profuse. Saving inclines to judgment; but lavish expences, to levity and inconsiderateness. With the wife, 'tis no disgrace
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disgrace to make a man's ability his compass of sail, and line to walk by: and to exceed it, for them that are not wise; is to be sure to exceed them, as well in folly as expense. He is equally ridiculous, that will burn out his Taper while the Sun doth shine; and he that will go to bed in the dark, to give his expense of light. It is my part to know what I may do; while others only look at the stream, but are not concerned how the Fountain may supply it. Though they look to what I spend as grateful to them; yet, I ought to care for what may be convenient for me. He that spends to his proportion, is as brave as a Prince; and a Prince exceeding that, is a Prodigal: There is no Gallantry beyond what's fit and decent. A comely beauty is better than a painted one. Unseemly beauty, is waste both of wealth and wit. He, that when he should not, spends too much, shall when he would not, have too little to spend. It was a witty reason of Diogenes, why he asked but a half-penny of the Thrifty man, and a pound of the Prodigal. The first, he said, might give him often; but, the other, were long, would have nothing to give. To spare in weighty causes, is the worst and most unhappy part of thrift that can be: Liberality, like a warm thowr, mollifies the hardest Earth, and prepares it for fertility: But he that is penurious, turns his Friends into Enemies, and hardens that which himself desires to find pliant. Who can expect to reap, that never sowed his seed; or in a drought, who will not look to have his harvest poor? Doubtless, there is not any worse husbandry, than the being too near, and sordidly miserable; and there is no man but at the long-run loses by't. When the bush is known to be limed, they are simple Birds that will be drawn to perch on't. Nor on the other side, can we find, that to spend vainly, even in a plentiful fortune, hath any Warrant from either Prudence or Religion. 'Tis a kind of scandal to the wise, to see a Riotous Wast, made of Wealth, that might be employed to many more preciots ues. If we have a superfluity, the poor have an Interest in it: but surely none is due to either waste, or Wantonness. Wealth thoughtfully consumed is wine upon the pavement dead; which was by Providence designed to have cheered the heart. If the thing had been condensible, or his intention warrantable; it was not phras'd amiss, when Judas grumbled at the Ointments expense; Ad quid pertisit hoc? Certainly, here is better use to be made of our Talents, than to cast them away in waste. If God gave us them not, to lie idly by us, we cannot think he should be pleased, when either lothly we consume them, or lewdly we wastpend them. 'Tis the improving, not the waste or hoarding, that the Master does commend; and this should be with moderation: else the glos and grace of all is dull.

Nullus Argento Culor est; aevius
Abdisa terris inimice lamnes;
Crife Salusti, nisi temperate
Splendeats uos.

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Dear Salute, thou that scorner the Oak,
With Earth from Misers cover'd or else,
'Tis neither silver nor looks spruce
But's bright, by sober use.

XXVI.

Of a Christian's settledness in his Saviour.

Doubtless there are some whose Faith mounts them above all the pleasures and inconveniences of Life. We see a carnal Beauty can so take up all the faculties of some weak Souls, as they can despise all storms that cross them in their way to their desired end. They ride triumphing over all they meet, nothing can weigh against their fixed affection, like springs that burst out in remoter places, their windings tend but to pour them into the Sea.

And if this be so great and prevalent as to make and master all the other passions of Man; certainly it may be allowed a Christian to be wholly posset with the radiance of Divine Beatitudes being by Faith settled upon the perfections of his Heavenly Saviour. The beauty rightly considered is far more ravishing than all that we can apprehend besides; And the blessedness that he is robed with, cannot but be far more contentaneous to the soul than all the sick and smitten pleasures of Mortality. Let him circuit about with never so many ambiguous turnings; yet like a disunited Element, he is never at a quiet repose, till he makes up to the Center of his soul, his God. As the Needle in a Dial disturb'd and shaken from his point does never leave his quivering motion, till it fix and sleeps upon his Artick pole: So fares it with a Christian in this World: nothing can so charm or scatter him, but still the last result of all does Anchor him in his Saviour's Arms. All that put him out of the quest of Heaven are but interpositions, diversions, and disturbances. The Soul that once is truly touch'd with the magnetique force of Divine Love, can never relish anything here so pleasingly, as that entirely the can rest upon it. Though the Pleasures, Profits, and Honors of this Life may sometime shuffle him out of his usual course: Yet he wavers up and down in trouble, runs to and fro; like quick-silver, and is never quiet within, till he returns to his wonted joy and inward happiness. There it is his Center points, and there his Circle's bounded. Which though unseen and unperceived by others, are such to him as nothing can buy from him. Compared with these, the gaudiest glitterings of the fawning world are but as painted scenes upon a page that charge with every Aes, and we're last longer with us than while the Play of this swift life continues: To the Pious Man, they are but as may-games to a Prince: finer for Children than the Royalty of a Crown, or the expectation of him that looks to Inherit perpetuity. And for this (if by the solid Rule of Justice.
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Judgment we shall measure things: we shall find Reason, not to be contradicted. For in God, as in the Root, are the Causes of all Felicity. All the oriental lustres of the richest gems; all the enchanting beauties of Exterior shapes; the exquisiteness of figures; the loveliness of colours, the harmony of sounds, the light and clarity of the enlivening Sun; the ravishing form and order of all. All the heroic virtues of the bravest minds, with the purity and quickness of the highest intellects, are all but emanations from the Supream Deity. The ways the wise Philosopher had to find out God will plainly shew us, that he is all Perfection, Caution, Negation, and the way of Eminency. For the first: it leads us through the scale of motions by steps till we ascend to a Deity; in the last mover, we must period all our search. For the second it tells us, Whatsoever is frail, corruptive, impure, or impotent; we may conclude, it cannot be in him. And for the third: if we find any thing in the Creature that is but faintly amiable and taking, we may be sure in God to find it in immense perfection. Absolem's Beauty, Jonathan's Love, David's Valour, Solomon's Wisdom, Ulysses his Policy, Augustus his Prudence, Caesar's Fortune, Cicero's Eloquence, with whatsoever else we most admire. The Purify of Virgins, the Fragrance of Nature, the intelligence of all, with all the Complacency that either Reason or our senses can present us with. Neer this comes the Eloquent Boetius when speaking of God, he says:

Tu Requies tranquilla piis: Te cernere, Fines, Principium, Victor, Dux, Semita, Terminus idem.

Thou art the just mans Peace: Beginning, End, Means, Conduct, Way, do all to Thee extend.

And when all these Inherent Radiations shall by the Soul be found in the Almighty; it is no wonder that she should be surprized with Dexterity. And it is as little wonder that the brittle, weak, and short-lived pleasures of this world should all once take her; who, as Fire flies upwards, is naturally fram'd to ascend to a Beatitude in her own great Creator. He that is setled and well-pleas'd here, gives cause to suspect he does not look up higher. It should not more grieve me to live in a continued sorrow, than it shall joy me to find a secret satisfaction in the world's choicest solaces. A full delight in earthly things argues a neglect of Heavenly. For trusting here, there will be cause to distrust my self of too much trusting where is no stability.

XXVII.

Of Reading Authors.

The Comparison was very apt in the excellent Plutarch, That we ought to regard Books as we would do Sweet-meats; not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesome-
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nefs: not forbidding either, but approving the latter most. But to speak clearly, though the profitablenesfs may be much more in some Authors than there is in others, yet 'tis very rare that the Ingenious can be ill. He that hath wit to make his pen pleasant, will have much ado to separate it from being something profitable. A total Levity will not take. A Rich Suit requires good stuff, as well as to be tinsel'd out with Lace and Ribbands. And certainly, Wit is very near a kin to wis-
dom. If it be to take in general, or to laft; we may find, it ought to be enterwoven with some beautiful flowers of Rhetorique; with the grateful senting herbs of Reason, and Philosophy, as well as with the Simples of Science, or Physical Plants, and the ever green sentences of Piety and Profoundnesfs. Even the looser Poets have some Divine Preceptions. Though I cannot but think Martial's wit was much clearer than his pen, yet he is sometimes Grave as well as Gamefome. And I do not find but deep and solid matter, where 'tis understood, takes better than the light flashes and skipping Capers of Fancy. Who is it will not be as much delighted with the weighty and substantial lines of the Seneca's, and Plutarch, the crippled Salus, the politick Tacitus, and the well-breath'd Cicero, as with the frisks and dancings of the jocund and the airy Poets. Thofe abilities that Renowned Authors furnish the world with, beget a kind of Deificall Reverence in their future Readers. Though, even in the unpartialness of War, Alphonfus wanted Stones to carry on his Siege of Cajeta, and none could be so conveniently had, as from Tullics Villa Formiana that was near it; yet, for the noble regard he bore to his long pafs'd Eloquence, he commanded his Souldiers that they should not flir them. Compojures that aim at wit alone, like the Fountains and Water-works in Gardens, are but of use for recreation, after the travauls and toils of more serious employments and studies. The Palace and the constant dwelling is compos'd of solid and more durable Mar-
bles, that repreffent to after-Ages the Ingenuous and Magnificence of the Architect. And as the House alone is no compleat habitation, without these decorations for delight; no more is the work of the brain on all sides furnifhed without some sprightly conceits that may be intermift to please.

Nec placet facies, cui Gelasimus abest.

No Beauty has that face,
Which wants a natural grace.

Thofe Romances are the best, that, besides the contexture for taking the Fancy in their various accidents, give us the best Idea's of Mortality, with the expressive Emanations of wisdom, and divine knowledge. Thofe that are light, and have only the Gauderies of wit, are but for youth and greener years to toy withal. When we grow to ripen age, we begin to leave such studies as sports and pastimes, that we out-grow by more maturity. Of this Age Horace was, when he declar'd,
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Now verses, and childlike Fancies, quite are gone: The graceful Truth I search; that rest upon,
And well digested, gravely put it on.

Jocund brains, they are but Spring-flowers; which though they please the eye, they yield but slender nourishment: They are the Autumn fruits, that we must thrive and live by; the Sage sayings, the rare Examples, the Noble Enterprises, the handy Conveniences, the success of good and bad actions, the Elevations of the Deity, the motions and incitements to Virtue, and the like; are those that must build us up to the Gallantry and Perfection of Man. I do not find, but it may well become a man to pursue both the one, and the other, to precept himself into the practice of Virtue; and to fashion both his Tongue, and Pen, into the exercise of handsom and significant words. He that foundations not himself with the Arts, will hardly be fit to go out Doctor either to himself, or others. In reading I will be careful for both, though not equally. The one serves to instruct the mind; the other enables her to tell what she hath learned; the one without the other, is lame. What benefit yields fire, if still rak’d up in ashes? though fume may bear a flame in’t; yet, we prize it but a little, because we cannot get it forth without knocking. He that hath worth in him, and cannot express it, wastes his words perhaps containing a Jewel, but, who shall be better for’t, when the key is left? A good style does sometime take him, that good matter would beat away: ’Tis the building, that makes the wholesome Pill be swallowed. Elegance either in Tongue, or Pen, shews a man hath minded something besides sports and vice. ’Tis graceful to speak, or to write proper; nor is it call’d to separate Elegance and Sapience; for the first leads to the other, and is at least, the Anticourt to the Palace of Wisdom. A good style, with good matter, consecrates a work to Memory; and sometimes while a man seeks but one, he is caught to be a servant to the other. The Principal end of reading, is to enrich the mind; the next, to improve the Pen and Tongue. ’Tis much more gentle and futable, when they shall appear all of a piece. Doubtless, that is the best work, where the Graces and Muses meet.

XXVIII.

Of the Variation of Men in themselves.

It is not only in respect of Fortune, but of the Mind also, That Solon’s saying may be held as Oracle, Ante Obitum, &c. No man is to be accounted happy, till he hath escaped all things that may possibly make him
him unhappy. Not a day, nor an hour, but give some examples of the mutability of all humane affairs. And though the mutation of the mind be not so frequent: yet, the accidents of the world, the variation of condition, the difference of ages, the change of better to worse, and worse to better, outward hurts and inward diseases, have shown us the same perfons distinguishing into contrary moods. And truly the enchantment that the world works on us, when the either laughs loud, or frowns deep, is so strong, that 'tis justly matter of amazement, for a man in the leap of one, or in the tumble of either of these, to retain a mind unaltered; yet, are not all men changed alike. The same cordial that cures one man, may, by meeting a divers humor, distress or kill another. Fortunes effects are variable, as the natures that the works upon. Wealth is as the wine of life: some it puts into a delightful mirth, that gratifies all the company; while it makes others tyrannous and quarrelsome, that no man keeps himself in safety, but he that has the wit to be absent. Where it lights upon weak minds, it usually changes them into worse; they have not wherewithal to bear the fires that a great estate will put them to. And when they cannot bear it out by wit and reason, they fly to authority and power, which enacts submission; but will not be accountable for any kind of merit that may induce it, saving only potency. And certainly, though it be true, which is commonly believed, that for the most part, where God designs a governor, he qualifies him with parts proportionable for his employment. Yet, doubtles, the very condition of power, and greatness, naturally eftates a man in another temper, than what he was in without it. Noble souls so elevated, become like bodies planted above the vaporous orb of air, that then rest there in quiet, without propensity of defect, or falling. And though inferior souls may wonder, how they can live under such clouds of business, as dayly break upon them: yet, as when Philo fancies, that when Moses liv'd forty days in the mount, without food, that he was nourished by the ear, and fed upon the music of the spheres, which then he heard: So, there is no doubt, but the application and the applause of others, the humnings of fame, and the echoings of honour, relieve him against the gratings of a stomach sharpened with offending humours. The music of honour does drown the noise of the strong.

How easy is it for him to be at ease, and stand, when every one shall extend a hand to his sustentation? The wheel of honour must needs turn cheerfully, and dispatch much grist too: when 'tis continually driven about by the froid of preferment. But indeed, a man shews himself in authority, according as he was inwardly principled before he came to it: for, many times the disposition appears not in the non-age of power, no more than reason in a child, the organs are not fitted to discover it. Thus Moulus Trogatus in his youth, was of so dull and lumpish a spirit, that his father holding him unfit for matters of state, design'd him to a country farm: yet, afterwards by several glorious acts he obliged both his father and his country, even to the merit of a triumph: so that it falls out to be most frequently true, That by
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preferment, good men are made better, but ill men worse: as the Drum that beats a Tiger into madness; but a man, into courage and valor. It therefore much concerns Principles, where their bounty beallows preferment: and the more, because their subjects have an interest in them as well as themselves. 'Tis true, nothing can be certain, as to the futurity of temper. Good or bad lodging in the heart, cannot by man be espyed. Neither was our youth of the Noble Scipio untainted with vice, or the beginnings of the Monfer-Nero, without some signs of good. The scum rises not, till the water boils; nor is the Oyl gathered till the liquor be heat. Let no man therefore despair too much of the bad, nor presume too much of the good; the leaf, like a rich plant in a lean soil, may degenerate into wildness; and the other, though single, like flocks in manured beds, may come up strip'd and double. If there be wit, there is ground for hope the soul is not desperate. Reason upon recus, will chew him how much he is to detest himself: but, he that hath not wisdom to judge, will very seldomly have the luck to reclaim.

XXIX.

A Caveat in choosing Friends.

Though no man, branded with a signal vice, be fit for a wise man to make a Friend of; yet, there are two sorts of men that especially we ought to avoid: For, besides the learning of their vices, they are not ty'd enough to truss with a secret; The Angry man, and the Drunkard. The prudent man would be glad to enjoy himself in peace, without being haled into the juggling strong, where is nothing to be got but dishonour, blows, and clamour. To be but only a spectator is not to be out of danger. If a Granado be fired, all within the burst are in hazard. If either of these Bears break loose, you shall be sure to be either frighted, foil'd, or hurt; and, whether you will or no, be made partaker either of some ridiculous quarrel, some unsever rys, or by both together be lapp'd in some drunken fray: for the scribes ever bear a part in Bacchos his Orgies. The first in his fury is meerly mad. Choler is as dust flut'd up into the eyes of Reason, that blinds or dazzles the sight of the understanding; where it burns in the heart like fire under a pot: Whenever it flames, it makes the tongue boil over; and where it falls, it saddles. Words come not then digested and mathematick'd out by judgement, sense, and reason, but flapp'd and tumultuated by chance, by rage and brutal passion; not upon premeditated terms; but whatsoever the memory on the foddain catches. Then violent passion bursts forth, though before it lay never so deeply hidden and immured. Confession's seal is broken by this picklock; and in a brawl that oft is blab'd about, which with all the burrs of silence should have still flood firmly riveted. Men throw about in fury, what, once appeas'd, they tremble to remember. Anger is the Fever of the Soul, which makes the Tongue talk idly.
not come words clothed as at other times, but now as headed Arrows, fly abroad. Words dipp'd in gall and poison, leap about; as bullets chew'd, they rankle where they enter; and, like lead melted, blister where they light. Excited malice then exceeds her self. When the Prophet David tells us of his Enemies rage, nor Spears, nor Arrows, nor a naked Sword will serve him to express it; but, that Sword must be sharpened too, that it may cut the keener. It is, certainly, a deviation from man. In every fit, the man flies out; and when he grows calm, he returns to himself. Seneca puts no difference between the furious and the mad; for the mad-man's always furious, and the furious ever mad. Then tell me, Who it is, that being in his wits, would make choice of his friend out of Bedlam. When Solomon tells us of the brawling woman, who is no other but a she-angry-man, he hath three strange expressions to decipher her; one is, that 'tis better to dwell in a corner of the house-top, than with a contentious woman: Another, that 'tis better to dwell in the land of the Desert, than with her. A third is, that she is a continual dropping in Rain. All which summed together, will amount to this much; That you had better be exposed to all the Tempefts of the Heavens, as Thunder and Lightning, Cold, Heat, Rain, Snow, with Storms that blow, and the rage of all the Skies whole Armory; or, to live banish'd from all Humane Conversation; and, in want of all things left a prey to the ferocity of ravenous Beasts; or else without the least intermission of rest, endure a perpetual dropping (which were your heart of Marble, yet will it wear it out at last) than to live with a quarrelsome, contentious, unfañfified angry person. Those that are such, like houses haunted with spirits, they are not safe for any man to harbour in. When you think your self securely quiet and in calm serenity, on a sodain, ere you are aware, a hideous noise is heard, or else a Brick-bat flies about your ears, and you must run for't, or be black and blew'd all over. If by chance you knock but against a wall, by that small spark it strikes, the Gun-powder blows you up. It makes a man a Turn-pike, that will be sure to pricks you, which sidefoyer you come on: So, it not only offends, but puts you off from remedy; It ruffles so through all the broods that Reason's never heard, till this rough wind allays. The Roar so stops the Ear, that a man cannot hear what 'tis that Counsel speaks. 'Tis a raging Sea, a troubled water so muddled with the soil of Passion, that it cannot be wholesome for the use of any. And if it be true that Hippocrates tells us, That those disputes are most dangerous, that alter most the habit of the Patient's countenance; this needs must be most perilous, that voice, colour, countenance, garb, and pace so changes, as if Fury dispos-session Reason, had by an onslauft forc'd a new Garrison upon the Cittadel of Man. And surely, this he knew, and well understood, that Proverb'd it into Command: Neither make thou Friendship with the Angry, nor converse with the Furious; lest thou learn his ways, and beget a snare to thy soul.

The other hath Leta Memory while he is in his cups, and if he drinks on, he hath none. The abundance of wine does drown up that
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Noble Recorder. And while Bacchus is his chief God, Apollo never keeps him Company; Friends and Foes, Familiars and Strangers, are then all of an equal estate. And he forgetfully speaks of that in his Cup, which, if he were sober, the Rack should not wrest out from him. First, he speaks he knows not what; nor after, can he remember, what that was he spake. He speaks that he should forget; and forgets that which he did speak, Drunkenness is the Funeral of all Intelligible Man; which only time, and abstinence, can Resuscitate. A Drunkards mind and stomach are alike; neither, can retain, what they do receive. The Wine that is mingled with the blood and spirits, like Madness, will vent, or else it breaks the Cask. He's gone from home, and not to be found in himself, Absentem sedat, qui cum ebrio litigat. Who quarrels one that's drunk, is as a fool to fight with him that's absent. He is not fit to keep another's privileges, that knows not how to closet up his own deep thoughts. We lay not Treasures where they may be wash'd away by inundations, nor cast them into common streams where every publick Angle hooks them out. Ebrietatis sulta promit, multa prodit. The Drunkard hath a Fools Tongue, and a Traitors Heart. When the flood is high, the dams are all broken down. Wine is the Restoration of the Soul and Thoughts. The accursed Cham of life, that lays open even our Sacred and Parental Nakedness to the World. To the ancient Roman women, the use of Wine was wholly unknown. And the Reason is given, No in aliquod dedecus prolaberentur: Left thereby overcharged they might recoil into some dishonour; As believing Bacchus could not but make Venus wanton, and relax those baleful guards, that modest Nature left that Noble Sex. Though the Muff-room was suspected, yet was it wine wherein Claudius first took his poison: for being Maudline cupp'd, he grew to lament the Destiny of his marriages, which he said were ordain'd to be all unchief, yet should not pass unpunish'd; and this being understood by Agrippina, by securing him, she provided to secure her self. Nor is the diffemper'd with drink, any truer to Business than he is to the Secrets he is trusted with. For besides his want of memory to retain or carry on any thing of that Nature; men of this complexion, as moozish grounds that lie low and under-water, are usually boggy and rotten; or of so cold and saddled a temper; as they yield not fruit like Earth of another condition, that is not drown'd and floudded.

Either of these in way of a companion shall be sure to give a Man trouble enough, Either vexation or impertinency a man shall never want. One vomits Gall; the other Folly, and Surfeits. And 'tis not easy to lay, which of them be s padders most. Together Horace couples them.

Arcanum neque tu scrutaberis ullius unquam,
Commissumve teges & vino totius, & ira.

To learn man's secrets never vainly think,
Or to conceal them; torn with Rage, or Drink.
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No man can expect to find a friend without faults, nor can he propose himself to be so to another. But in the reciprocation of both, without mildness and temperance there can be no continuance. Every man for his friend will have something to do; and something to bear with, in him: the sober man only can do the first, and for the latter there is patience required. 'Tis better for a Man to depend on himself than to be annoyed with either a Mad man or a Fool. Clytus was slain by a Master in drink. The Thessalians maltreated by an Angry Emperor: and the deaths of either, lamented by the Authors.

XXX.

Of the danger of Liberty.

IN Man that is intellectual, as well as in Creatures only sensitive, 'tis easily experimented that Liberty makes Licentious. When the Reins are held too loosely the Affections run wildly on without a guide, to Ruine. He that admits a Fool to play with him at home, will find he will do the same when he comes into the Market. Liberty, which seems to be so highly priz'd, and is the only cry'd-up thing in the world; As 'tis the most eagerly pursued: so once enjoy'd, it is of all the seeming goods of Man, the most dangerous and tempting: Not being able to guide our own mad Appetites, we quickly betray our selves to the same fad slavery, that but now we did oppose. Even in Governments the loosest are of least Continuance. What Church ever lasted long, that kept not up by discipline? It was while men slept: that the Tares were sown, When there is none to watch, but men are left to the Liberty of their own Opinions, then is the time to sow Herefies. Not only Germany, but England is able to make out this, That since the Field-keepers have been remov'd, we have had more cockles and daren, than I think any age since Religion appear'd in the World. And 'tis no wonder if we neglect our wholesome wheat, or feed on't with these need's mingled with it, that we grow giddy with unharmom vapours, or so dim-sighted in the ways of Truth and Antiquity, that all men may conclude us in the number of those that do loll visitare. Indulgence and idleness are the sisters of Freedom. Men that may, willavour themselves: and that partiality, will make them Lazy. Where is there left Industry or more Sensuality than abounds among the Savages; where Nature is left to her own sway, without the Cultivation of wholesome Laws and Regiments? What is't that makes war so horrid, but the lawless Liberty that Souldiers loosely take? And where there is impunity, what villain refts unattempted? Rapes, Murthers, Thefts, Oaths, Incest, Cruelties, with all the fluttish broods of blackest Vices, follow in the train of Armies. And what cause can be renderd? but, first, the dispensing with Gods Commandements of not killing, and stealing; and then the Licence that in Camps they take, by reason they
are either left to themselves, or cannot be come by to be punished.
We are all like Boals running down the Hill; if once upon the turn,
our own weight hurries us to the sink and lowest bottom. What Appius
Claudius observ'd of the Roman people, doth hold as true of all the rest
of the World, That they are better trusted with business and employ-
ment, than with Ease and Liberty. In the first they improv'd their Virtues;
by the last, they tumbled into vice and surquedry. Nothing makes us
more unfortunately wretched than our own uncurbed Will. A loose
passion pursu'd and fulfilled, hales and hastens us to certain destruc-
tion. Hath not assumed Liberty and a lascivious Success thrown those grand
Assemblies into hate and abhorrence, that in their modest limits were
the Gaze and Envy of the Christian world? What hath so rounded the
Honour of some of our Gentry and Nobility, as this; That by being per-
mitted to do what they would, they have left to do what they ought,
and have done what they ought not to have thought upon? How grand
a difference have we seen between a Family scatter'd into Riot by Li-
cenciousnes; and another restrain'd and marshall'd in the civilnscs of
a graceful Order? A Forest beast is uncontrolled Man. A Bear with-
out a Ring is wicked Nature left without a Rule. It is for God alone,
whose blest Efficence is wholly incapable of ill, to be deified with a
Power of doing whatever he pleaseth, yet never to do any thing be-
low perfection's height. But when frail man is trusted with that Free-
dom, he easily ranges, till he lose himself. Soft water fuing through
the finallest chalk, neglected wears a wideness for a stream; and, break-
ing banks, does deluge all the fields. What was it, made the Emperor
Caracalla strike up that Incessious marriage, but the impudence of a
Mother in Law in telling him, An Emperor was to give what Laws
he pleas'd: but was not himself to take any from others? Aftia-
ons wandring eye, not chequ'd, left him a prey to his own wild affec-
tions, those Metaphorical Hounds that seiz'd and tore their headles
and Invigilant Master.

In pejora datur, suaderque Licentia luxum.
To worse, and Riot; Licence ever leads.

The Boundary of Man is Moderation. When once we pass that pale,
our guardian Angel quits his charge of keeping us: For we are not in
our ways; and then, at every step, we dash against some Stone, till fre-
cent Bruises bring us to destruction. He that would be preferred in
safety, had need keep Sentinel upon his Liberty. 'Tis a Wanton child
that will be apt to run upon dangers: if there be not a Keeper to lead
and look to it. Upon a serious scrutiny, I find not why men should baul
so loud for Liberty. A wife man's always free: just, and right, is that
which is his will, and against his will he acts not. For if he find not
Reason to do it, he cannot be compell'd to't. The government of the
State, if free from Tyranny, is not the worser for being strict; and that
of the Church, while it keeps to what is Orthodox, is the better for the
discipline.
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discipline. It shall never offend me to live under any Government that may make me better, and restrain me from wandring. When I have most freedom, I shall most suspect my self. He that is turn'd into the Sea, had need to look to have his Pilot along. He that may do more than is Fit, is upon his march to do more than is Lawful. If we once exceed the measure, as easily we grow to exceed the manner. Vice is a Peripatetick, always in progression.

XXXI.

In the strictest Friendship, some Secrets may be reserv'd.

Though a Friend, indeed, be but the duplicate of a mans self: yet there may often happen Secrets to one that may not be convenient to impart to the other. If they be such as the knowledge thereof shall not only, not benefit; but shall bring a grief to my Friend: I cannot think it an Act of friendship to impart them. He that grieves his Friend when he needs not, is his Enemy, or at least lefs his Friend than he might be. Certainly, even in case of Conscience as well as in Common Morality, it had been better for Oedipus he had never known that he had slain his Father, and married his Mother, than to have it told him when it was too late to prevent it. When the things were done, the knowledge could not remedy them: and his Ignorance gave him (as to the things) a kind of innocence, whereby he might have palled away his life incorrupt without the sense of so fatal misfortunes: And after that was finnifhed, it had been Oedipus the Son of Polibini of Corinth, and not of Laius of Thebes, that had done the deeds so blackly grim and horrid. Some secrets may happen to be such, as may beget a jealousy; and thofe, as the gait and fretting of friendship; are for ever to be avoided: Where jealousy begins to live, friendship begins to die. And albeit, Scipio found much fault with the saying of Bios, That we ought fo to love; as, if there should be cause, we afterwards might hate: Yet, doubtles, considering the frailty and uncertainty of the minds of men; it is prudence fo to look upon men, as, though they be now Friends, they may yet live to become our Enemies. Stability is not permanent in the unstable heart of man; and therefore we are not oblig'd to trust them with that, which may deliver us into their power to ruine us, if after they shall once fall off. How often do we see dear Friends, decline into detested Enemies? Nay, they are the greater, for that they have been Friends: Even the strictest and most enlarged enmities, have sprung from the strictest leagues of friendship. What Region then can yield us Truth and constancy? If Parmenio prove false to Alexander, who is't can then be trusted? and if Parmenio were not false, who is't can then be trusted, since Alexander was the man that slew him. As I will not care for a friend full of Inquisitions; (for Persontor Garrulus, Inquisitors are Tatters): so I will not be importu-
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I have known some have eagerly sift'd for that, which when they have got, hath been together the bane both of friendship and life. By such actions, men do as some ignorant persons that are bitten with mad dogs, they think when they have stuck the blood from the wound, they may spit it out without danger. When by that act it catches the brain, and kills. A secret opened, doth often kill both giver and receiver: or, sometimes only the receiver dies; for, being trusted too far with what cannot be recalled, no safety can be built on, but by destroying those that are entrusted. When Jupiter had made Metis his wife, and the by him conceived; before she was delivered, he devours both her and her conception, and presently after out of his own brain, he became delivered of an armed Pallas; which may well represent unto us, a secret discovered unto a friend, that after, being repented of, was resum'd by devouring that friend, to prevent a further discovery; and then we grow wiser by standing on our guard, and defending our selves either from the mischief, that is already abroad, or from being ever taken again by committing any more such folly; which may well be signified by his bringing forth Pallas Arm'd. To know too much, end not with our friend. He is not wise, that will trust all his wealth into another's custody. If my friend impart ought freely, I shall endeavour faithfully to serve him, as far as I may. But if in some things he be reserved, I shall suppose 'tis for his own safety, as well as my ease. I will be willing to know as far as he would have me, without extracting spirits, or crutching more than will run with ease. If he be one to be valued, I ought not to wrong him so much as to wrest that from him, that should cause him afterwards to repent, or fear. If he be not to be valued, I will never engage my self so much, as to be made conscious of his concealments.

XXXII.

That 'tis no Dishonour sometime to Retract a Pursuit.
way able to countervail the loss that by that war we shall sustain. What is it to die like Samson? Or, who can call that Victory, where, with my Enemies grave, I must also dig my own? I do not care to conquer in a Lutzean field: though his party prevail, he sacrificed all his Victories, that makes himself incapable of more, or enjoying what he hath got. He that is imbarqued upon disadvantage, shall find it more honour to retire, than to go unto the end of his voyage. He is simple, that, only because he hath begun, will pursue what is unprofitable. There is no disgrace in doing that which is for the best. They that pretend to be the greatest Vampires of Honour and Renown, do think it no impeachment to their judgement to raise that Seige, that is not likely to be prevalent. The further in any action a man goes, assuredly, he may see the more: And if a man hath bin a fool in the beginning, he is not bound to be so to the end. If there shall be cause, the sooner a man comes off, the better. It is far more pardonable to err through inconsideration, than wilfulness: the one is weak by accident; the other out of election. Shall it be no shame to have begun ill, and shall it be a shame, prudentially to desist? I see, among most, a mas- sery and to over-come, is both a pleasing, and a vulgar error: we are oftner led by Pride, Obscenity, or Partiality; than by the right and solid Rules of Reason. He that bears it out in a bad busines, shews rather the ferocity of some brutish Nature, than the Conduct that becomes a Man. For 'tis better to manifest that we are overcome by Reason, than that we can overcome against it. In all things, let me weigh the conclusion, and balance my reckoning; and then examine which is better, to proceed or desist. If my loss in the end, shall exceed my gain, I but run into the same folly, that Augustus used to say they did, that for trivial matters, would presently break out into war: They sold with a golden hook, to catch a fish of a farthing, they exposed to hazard a tackling of a pound: If they lose it, they pain repentance and sorrow; if they do not, they must owe it more to luck than to wit; and then Fortune claims the praise, not they: And if in temporal matters alone, such a carriage cannot be excusable; what apology can we frame for our selves in spirituals? When meerly to sati the present sensual appetite, we run the hazard of perishing a Soul to Eternity. That Lover is mad indeed, that will give up all that he hath for a glance. We buy affliction with all we have that is precious: and by a right scanning of our actions, by such shall not partialize, we must be judged to be more taken with punishment than pleasure; as it in torment we plac'd our felicity: like the Russian wives, who think their husbands do not love, unless they sometimes cau ghe them. Let us never laugh at the silly Indian, who lets us have his Gold for Beads and Rattles; when we our selves are infinitely simpler, that for toys and trifles fell Heaven and Felicity: Our Saviour indeed, putting all the world in the scale, does find it far too light for man's Deific soul; when he asks, What it will advantage to gain the first, and lose the last? Whereby we may hope, he had better thoughts
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of Man than to defend him into to thin a shallowness, as that he should make it away for worse than vanity, vexation, and undoing. He thinks not any will be so stupidly wild, as for a grasp of air, an itch of honour, an heat of blood, a pleasure that has no being, but in opinion only, to lay by sacred peace, and lasting happiness: But if he must lose that precious spark of Deity, 'tis the whole world, and not any part of it that is put in the supposition.

XXXIII.

To have regard to means, but not to despair without.

We can never be so low, as to be at a loss, if we can but look up unto God. He that hopes, proclaims his Divinity; and, to speak according to humanity, credits God: But, he that despair, degrades his Deity; and, seeming to intimate, that he is insufficient, or not just on his word, in vain hath read both the Scriptures, the world, and Man. Three ways we read our Saviour healed diseases: With means, as the Leper, in the 8. of St. Matthew; without means, as the ten Lepers, in the 17. of St. Luke: Against means, as the blind man, in the 9. of St. John. His working by means is more ordinary, and suits better with the weakness of our faith, and the dimness of our understanding, where we see it not, we are apt to sink and fail: Can God prepare a Table in the wilderness? was the bold ignorance of Infidel and Incorrigible Israel; who wanting wings, still grovels on the ground, and here will clime to Heaven, without a stair to lead him. Means makes us confident, and with this staff we leap. When we are prescribed what's proper for our cure, our remedy is almost by demonstration; and there to doubt, is to turn Heretick to Providence. Nay, if the Application be right in all, we cannot miss without a little Miracle: For, Nature, that is ever sedulous and constant in the faculties she is created with, must vary from her self, or by a drowsy sloth be rendered insignificant, which yet she never does without a Superior hand to rein her out of her rode. It is as natural for means to cure; as 'tis for winds to cool, or fire to warm, when hoary winter blows her cold about us. To work without means, I know seems hard to Man, and to the inapprehensions of his Human Reason. But, that this is as easy to God as the other, there is nothing we can look on, but evinces it. The whole Creation was without all help, there was not so much as the assiance of Matter, a naked Fiat did it; a word alone, the ealifest of expressions. And, though lame Philosophy will not allow any thing to be producible out of nothing: Yet, certainly, whatsoever is not God, either was immediately fram'd of nothing, or out of that, which first of all was nothing: for, to ascribe a coetaneous being of the world with God, is to make it God, by giving it Eternity. And, as 'tis safer for man to believe it created out of nothing by Divine
RESOLVES.

Divine omnipotence, than to be fram'd of Atoms, by Chance, or by Necessity; by holding of any of which, he must link in absurdity: So, it is more honour to God, by affigning him a Potency for so stupendious a Machination. Not is the other, without means to God of greater difficulty. A Miracle, when he pleases, is to him as eale as a Natural cause. For, it was at first by Miracle, that even that Cause was Natural. And all the Miracles that we have heard of in the world, are left a Miracle than the world it self. He that knows and orders all the things that ever were, or shall be, in whom their Being radically is, can safely go a private way, that to us may seem to lead contrary quite to what we apprehend. Nor need we wonder that we cannot trace him. It requires a Miracle to make us capable of understanding one. We cannot reach above our own extension. But, when by dayly demonstration, we see Events transcending all our reaches; What is't should make us doubt so great Omnipotency? It is as easy to God to work without means as with them. It is the same, Be clean, and, Go wash. And against means is equal to either. Nay to him these latter are the nearer ways. To go by his power and omniscience, is far a quicker way than by the circumspections of Nature and second Causes: Though he hath pleas'd (unless in extraordinaries) to leave Nature to her instinctive operation in her wonted Propensions. That eight-times Martyr'd Mother in the Maccabees when she would adhort her Son to a passive Fortitude against the excavated Tortures of Antiochus, she desires him to look upon the Heavens, the Earth, and all in them contained; and to consider that God made them of things that were not; and to mankind, likewise. Doubtless though in Nature and Reason there be no ground left for despair (for without leaning God to the possibility of Man it cannot be fram'd in the mind); yet we ought never so to depend on his will and Power hidden, as to neglect his declared pleasure. He that neglects what he finds commanded hath little reason to expect what he finds not promis'd. Upon means it is fit we should depend: without means, we may hope. Against means, we should not despair. But, as to disregard Gods appointed means is a Supine contempt; So to depend too much on things unapprehendable, is rather a bag of rash presuming, than any Notable courage of Faith. I may look up to Gods ways; but I ought to look down to my own. He that walks according to means, travails with a Convoy and may see his way before him. But he that journeyes without them, is in a Wildernels, where he may sooner be lost, than wander out when he knows not his way.
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XXXI.

The Misery of being Old and Ignorant.

Since Old Age is not only a Congregation of diseases, but even a disease itself; and, That, (in regard of the Decree which Providence hath pass'd upon man) incurable fave by death. The best thing next to a Remedy is a diversion or an Abatement of the Malady. When Infirmities are grown habitual and remediless, all we can do is to give them some Repose, and a little Alllevation, that we may be less sensible of the want and thing they imitate us with. The cold Carolian cannot change his clime: but yet by furrs and fires he can preserve himself, and have out winter with Ice and Wind. The Drum and Fife can drown the Battails noise, though many times there is no room to cheat it. The little Pigmire can instruct a great Man, that (winter coming) store should be provided. And what thing is there in the fathom of industrious man, that can fo qualify him against the breaches and decay that Age makes on him; as knowledge, as study, and meditation? with this he can feast at home alone, and in his Closet put himself into whatever Company that best shall please him, with Youth's Vigour, Ages gravity, Beauties pleasantness, with Peace or War, as he likes. It abates the tediousness of decrepit Age; and by the divine raptures of Contemplation it beguiles the weariness of the Pillow and Chair. It makes him not unpleasing to the Young, reverenc'd by age, and beloved of all. A gray head with a wise mind enrich'd by Learning is a Treasury of Grave Precepts, Experience, and Wisdom. 'Tis an Oracle to which the lefser wife reforted to know their Fate; He that can read and meditate, need not think the Evening long, or Life tedious; 'Tis at all times employ'd for a man: Like David's harp it cures the evil spirit of this Saul that is naturally testy, sroward, and complaining. Though perhaps there was a Vivacity more than Ordinary; Yet I doubt not but it was this that in the main from Gorgias produced that memorable answer. Being a hundred and seven years of Age, One ask'd him, Why he liv'd fo long? He replies because he yet found nothing in old Age to complain of. And that this is probable, he was Mattle to Icocrates, had got such wealth by teaching Rhetorique, that he bequeathed his statue in Gold, to Apollo's Temple; and to any Theme was able well to speak extempore, and certainly. If any thing hath power, 'tis Virtue and Knowledge that can ransom us from the Infirmities and Reproaches of Age. Without this, an old man is but the same shadow of that which once he was. They honour him too far that say he is twice a Child. There is something in Children that carries a becoming prettiness, which is pleasant and of grateful reliet, But ignorant Old age is the worst picture that Time can draw of Man. 'Tis a barren Vine in Autumn, a leaky Vessel ready to drop in pieces at every remove, a map of Mental and Corporal weaknes; not pleasing to others, but a Burthen to himself.
RESOLVES.

himself. His Ignorance and Imbecillity condemns him to Idleness; which to the active Soul is more irksom than any employment. What can he do when strength of limbs shall fail; and the gift of pleasure which help'd him to mislead his youth, through time and Languid Age shall be blunted and dull? Abroad he cannot stir to partake the Variation of the World; nor will others be fond of coming to him, when they shall find nothing but a cadaverous man, composed of Diseases and Complaints, that for want of knowledge hath not Discourse to keep Reason company. Like the Cuckow he may be left to his own monstrosity in some Hallowed Cell: but since the voice of his Spring is gone (which yet was all the Note he had to take us with) he's now not lifted after: So the bloudless Tortoise, in his melancholy hole, lazeth his life away. Doubtless were it for nothing else, even for this is Learning to be highly valued, That it makes a man his own Companion without either the Charge or the Cumber of Company. He needs neither be oblig'd to humour, nor engag'd to flatter. He may hear his Author speak as far as he likes, and leave him when he doth not please, nor shall he be angry though he be not of his Opinion. It is the guide of Youth, to Manhood a Companion, and to old Age a Cordial and an Antidote. If I die to morrow, my Life to day will be somewhat the sweeter for Knowledge. The answer was good, which Antisthenes gave when he was asked, What fruit he had reaped of all his studies? By them (faith he) I have learned, both to live, and discourse with my self.

XXXV.

A twofold way to Honour.

To true Honour there is certainly but one right way, and that is by Virtue and Justice. But to that which the World calls Honour, which is Command, Authority, and Power, though there be thousand petty windings, yet all may be reduced in the main to two ways only. One when God calls, Another when man seeks it without the Lords warrant. He that goes the first, deserves it, but seeks it not; when he is at the top, he must take no more than becomes an Honest man: and who then is it, that upon serious Consideration will put himself into such a Condition as very hardly admits him to be so, without the downfall both of him, and his? The unreasonable flattery of men will not be satisfied with all that Reason can be able to do. And therefore though the Calamity be warrantable, yet I find it hath sometimes been waved and refused: Audentius would not accept the Empire, though chosen to it upon Bassianus Caracall's death. And though our Countryman Cardinal Pole be by some Condemned, as flattering himself out of the Papacy by a strein of too much Modesty, yet, take his Reasons candidly according to his own expression (which we ought to believe, if nothing be
be discovered to the Contrary, and the reason of his non-acceptance was pious and prudent. Legitimate actions can stay for the day and endure it. They are usually unhallowed vapours that rise up in the night and darkness: and truly, to steal into such a chair obscurely while men are asleep, though it may be serious, is not seemly. Even the Dogs will take him for a Thief and bark at him, that seels in the Night, although he be Honest and True. He pulls upon himselfst suspicion, that hath not witneses of his acting clearly and apertly. But of all the examples of this Nature, that of Frederick Duke of Saxony is most to be Honoured. His Virtues were so great that unanimously the Electors chose him for Emperor, while he as earnestly did refuse: not did they, like tickly Italians, pet at this and put another in his room: but, for the reverence they bore him, when he would not accept it himself, they would yet have one that he should recommend, which was Charles the fifth: Who out of his gratitude for putting him to that place, sent him a Prefent of 30000 Florins. But he, that could not be tempted by the Imperial Crown, stood proof against the blaze of gold: And when the Embassadours could fallen none upon him, they desired but his permission to leave 10000 among his servants: to which he answered, They might take it if they would, but he that took but a piece from Charls, should be sure not to stay a day with Frederick. A mind truly heroic, evidently superlative, by defipping what was greatest; not temptable with either Ambition, or Avarice: far greater than an Emperor, by refusing to be one. We read in the Scriptures of an Olive, a Fig, and a Vine, that would not leave their enjoyments to be Kings; but, here was a man that exampled both the Testaments: for Adam even in Innocency was tempted, as (he simplicly thought) to eat, and be like a God: and two of the Apostles the sons of Zebedee aspired to be Lording it; while a third for money, betrayed not only his Creating, but Redeeming God: Doubtless, he that would be enabled to All, must have Commission, and be lawfully Delegated: Like Cato's wife man, he will stay till he be called; he will not underminingly call up himself, but will be really by other sought for. They are weeds that grow up from the earth of themselves, whereas wholesome herbs require a hand to plant them. If he be good, he will not by an ill way compass Dominion. From him men may hope for justice and temperance, who, to gain it, would never transgress. He is not likely to do amiss in the Throne, when the Throne it fell could not tempt him before he had it: For, since Ambition is one of his affectious Flagyantior, more inflent and scorching than any other passion beside, he had the with a noble temper, that hath withstood the stimulations that his Nature goads him with. He that would not do wrong to get it, 'tis not like he will afterward do wrong to keep it. Fraud may sooner be legitimated in the getting of an Empire, than in the exercise. And perfect Honour, like the Diamond, sparkles brightest, when the light is most. So, that if there be any freedom for man upon Earth (which may be highly doubted of) 'tis when a just man justly gets and holds a Government.
RESOLVES.

And on the other side must necessarily be the contrary. Who unjustly seizes a Government, tells us, that he can dispense with any thing that he may obtain his end. Such acquisitions can never be either for the Authors safety, or the Peoples benefit: Not safe for the Author; his ways not being warrantable, he hath abandoned that which should protect him: Thieves of Honour seldom find joy in their purchases, stability never. God cannot endure that aspiring spirit, that climbs the Hill of Preferment without his leave. He intrudes himself into the society of the Gods, that is not good enough to converse with men. So, though he may be a Typhon for a while, and raise for himself a Mountain to command on: yet the anger of the Gods at last will through some Etna on him, to consume him. Every evil way carries his own curse along, and God hath pronounced an inprosperity to wickedness. Ambition is a circumvention, when men circle about by deceit to over-reach the rest: and it argues their ways not right, when they are put to work under-hand; the attainment being bad, the same Arts must keep it, that did at first procure it. If it comes by fraud, it will not without fraud be prevail'd. Who draws his Sword to get it, does seldom put it up again. And certainly, in force and fraud, there is equally hazard and danger; one design failing, the total Fabric falls. The subsistence of either of these is at belt, but the Game of Fortune, wherein are more crofs Cards, than Trumps that can command. Curtius, from the very Politicks of Nature, without the Perspective of Religion, could easily find, and tell us; That, Nulla quiesitæ seelere Potentia diuturna est; No Power unjustly gained, can be permanent. Who ever wrongfully ascends a Throne, is necessitated to a Government suitable. Injustice spawns Injustice, and by Injustice must it be defended. Right can never keep up wrong. And this must needs be as ill for the people. The Historian gives it fully, Nemo Imperium flagi
tio quiesitum bonus aribus exercet. Never expect that he should Reign justly, that did unjustly take the reins in his hand. Good men will complain; and then they must be Enemies: but, bad, by complying, shall be put into Office, and then, as Government settles, so does Oppression, for the heaviest yoke is the hardest to cast off. And when once a People by their own votes, shall lock themselves to the post, their Beadle may the more safely whip them when he pleaseth. It cannot be but both on all hands, when a Prince is plac'd by a lawful call. His Commission will defend him, and the hand that promoted him, will not only protect; but furnish him with parts proportionable. If Moses be slow of speech, he shall have an Aaron given him. If the Master of the House bring him in at the door; the servants will respect him; but, he that breaks in at the window, is like to be cast out for a Thief.
RESOLVES.

XXXVI.

Of Superstition.

Though Profaneness be much worse in some respect than Superstition, yet this in divers persons is a sad discomposure of that life, which without it might be smooth and pleasant. He that is profane, sets up a God to abuse him: as Dionysius, when he took away Esculapius, his golden beard, said, 'Twas a shame to see the son so grave, when the Father was ever without one. He seems to know there is a God, but disclaims to pay him homage as he is one: Or, what he hath impropricated to himself, and worship, contemptuously he debases to secular and common uses: and sometimes mocks at that, which for its relation to the Deity, and its service, should never but with reverence be look'd upon: so that, though both be blameable, yet, Superstition is the lefs complainable. A Religion misguided only in some circumstance, is worse, far than to have none at all. And a man shall less offend by fearing God too much, than wickedly to jest at, and despise him. An open sight and of to immense a Goodness and a Greatness as God is; is worse than mistaking him to be too severe and strict. To exceed this way, produces sometimes a good effect: it makes a man careful not to offend: And if we injure not God by making him lesser than he is; or, by placing more in Accidents, and the Creature, than Religion allows that we should give, we cannot be too wary in offending. Two things there are, which commonly abuse men into Superstition: Fear and Ignorance: Fear presents as well what is not, as what is; Terror horrifies the apprehension, and gives a hideous wizard, to a handsome face: It sees, as did the new recover'd blind man in the Gospel, That which is a man, appears a tree. It creates evils that never were, and those that be, like the Magnifying-glass, when a Face is no bigger than an Apple, it swells it as large as a Bushel. But that which is good, it dwindles to nothing: and believes, or fuggels, that God cannot help at need; so dishonours him into imbecility, letching his Goodness and his Power, and aspersing both with defect. And this for the most part, is begotten out of guilt: For, Courage and Innocence usally dwell together.

Nor is Ignorance behind hand in helping to increase the scruple: Not seeing either the Chain of Providence, or the Arm of Power, we are apt to faint, and accuse unjustly that which, if we knew, we should adore and rest upon. And as fear is begot out of guilt, so, is ignorance out of sloth, and through the want of industry. And this surely, is the reason, why we find Superstition more in women and soft natures, than in the more audacious constitution of man. And where we do find it in men, 'tis commonly in such as are low in their parts, either natural, or through neglect. A memorable Example hereof, we find in the first of the Annals. When the three Legions in Hungary and Austria, that
that were under Junius Blesus, were in the ruse of their mad mutiny, had menaced the Guards, stunned Lentulus, and upbraided Drusus that was sent from Rome by Tiberius to appease them; on a sudden, their Superstition made them tame, and Crest-fallen: For, in a clear night, the Moon being eclipsed, and before the Eclipse was fully spent, the Sky covered with Clouds; being ignorant of the Natural cause, and Suspicious of their own mis-behaviour, they thought the Goddess frowned upon them for their wickedness, and that it presaged their troubles should never have end. By which casual accident and unskilful opinion, they were again reduced to Order and the Discipline of Arms. What conformation have I seen in some at spilling of the Salt against them? Their blood has deeper dy'd their frighted face; a trembling fear has struck them through the heart, as it from some incens'd Triumph they had receiv'd a Proscription; all which, I take to be only Ignorance of what at first made it held to be ominous: and hath since by a long Succession continued the vanity to us.

Salt among the Antients was accounted as the Symbol of Friendship, because it both prefers from corrupting, and unites into more soli- dity: and, being used to season all things, it was not only first set up on the Table; but was held a kind of Consecration of it: Sacras facite Menfas salinorum approfita, Hallow the Tables with the Salt on them. And meekly from this estimation of Salt, it was held ominous if it should be spilt; as if it had presaged some jar or breach of friendship among some of the guests or company; so that, in truth, the unluckiness of it, is but a construction made by ourselves without a cause. For, otherwise, seeing the old Egyptians, did so abominate it, that even in bread it was abandoned by them: For, they (affecting the purity of living) held it as the Incitator of lust, and the weaker of carnality. Why then should it not as well from this, be avoided, as from the other find a Sacrati6? But, only blind custom, as in other things, so in this, hath led us along in the Error. While the Star-chamber was in being, at a Dinner there, I remember, the Sover over-turn'd the Salt, against a Person of Honour, who startled, sputter'd, and blusht, as if one had given him a stab, concluding it a Prodigy, and Ominous; to which Edward Earl of Dorset (of a nobler frame and genius) handomly replied: That for the Salt to be thrown down, was not strange at all; but, if it should not have fallen, when it was thrown down, had been a Prodigy indeed. To make Observation of accidents for our own instruction without either dishonour to God, or disturbance to our selves, I hold to be a wise mans part: But, to fear danger where none is; or, to be secure, where danger may be, is to change properties with one of those simple Birds, that either stoop at a Barn-dore, or thrusting his head into a hole, thinks none of the rest of his body can be visible.
RESOLVES.

XXXVII.

Of Cowardice.

As an Eminency of Courage makes the owner grateful to all good company: so the defect renders him the disdain and scorn of all that but pretend to honour. There is nothing that dishonours a man like Cowardice and a base fear of danger. It makes the smooth way difficult, and the difficult, inaccessible. 'Tis a clog upon Industry, and like puddle water, quenches the fire of all our brave attempts: The Coward is an unfinished man; or, one which Nature hath made less, than others: like Salt that hath lost its savour, his person and his gift gone. As some greatBut or Hogshead full of liquor, he may carry a bulk and be ponderous like other men; but, if you come to pierce him, that which is within, is but the cappa of Humanity; 'tis flat and dead, and the spirits are decay'd and lost. Plutarch compares him to the Sword-fish, that bears something like a weapon, but there wants a heart; yet could he be content to walk off quietly, he might often pass undiscovered. But the misery is; for the most part, those that are least in heart, are heaviest in tongue. And indeed, having nothing else to set them forth, they can vapour higher, than the valiant man. Like the Drum they rear, and make a noise, but within are nothing but air and emptiness, being the work worse, they require the greatest trimming, when once unbraced, their sound is displeasing: yet, left they should be thought as they are, they oft disguise it with an out-side blazing; which in the end brings them to that which they would avoid, and having the misfortune, by the vanity of their boasting, to stir up more quarrels than other men, they necessarily fall either into more dangers, or more disgrace. Men will scorn them, for that they wear their shape, but do not own their courage: and for Women to avoid them, is as natural, as in a house to run from a rotten roof, which would crush them to destruction, when it ought to be their safe-guard and protection. Fear, like a whip, will make this Beast empty himself, though he kept it in his very bowels. He is neither fit to be a friend, nor an enemie in any affair. A little menacing makes him faulty in both: He is not to be trifled with another's Reputation, that hath not courage to defend his own: So, he is not more unfortunate to others, than to himself: his danger is more than other men. The Enemy is fiercest to him that flies away. A Coward's fear can make a Coward valiant. Who dares not fight when he is resisted, will most insult when he sees another fearful; who flies, forsakes his help, and gives his back to blow, wherein he carries neither eyes nor hands to defend him. The timorous Deer will push the feeble from their Heard. Even Hares will have a conceit of courage, when they shall, for fear of them, see Frogs leap into water. So despicable a thing a Coward is, that spoils from Cowards won the Spartans scorn'd to offer to their gods.

Degenres
RESOLVES.

Degeneres animos Timor arguit;
Fear shows a worthless mind.

was Virgil's long ago. He owns not that Melior Natura, that does
encourage man. And then how low a thing is he, when he has nothing
but his own dull Earth about him? If it be but by speech, that man
is to act his part, 'tis fear that puts an Ague in his tongue, and often
leaves him either in an amazed distraction, or quite elinguished. For, the
too serious apprehensions of a possible shame, make him forget what
should help him against it; I mean, a valiant confidence bequeathing
a dilated freedom to all faculties and senses: which with fear are put
into a Trepidation, that unlike a quiver on an Instrument, it is not there
a grace, but a jar in Musick. And this Socrates found in Alcibiades,
when first he began to declame, which he cur'd with asking him, If
he fear'd a Cobbler and a common Cryer, an Upholster, or, some other
Tradesmen? for, of such he told him, the Athenians, to whom he
spake, consulted. He that hath a Coward in his bosom, shall never do
any thing well. Mercury and Apollo may be in his matter, but, the
Graces will never be seen in the manner. If not thus: Out of too much
care to do well, it drives a man into affectation; and that, like exotique
and mishapen attire does mar the beauty of a well limb'd body: Na-
ture's never comely, when distorted with the rack; when she is set too
high, she proves untunable; and instead of a sweet cloze, yields a crack;
the ever goes best in her own free pace. Knowledge, Innocence, Confidence,
and Experience constitute a Valiant man. When fear is beyond cir-
cumpection, it lays too much hold upon us. All fear is out of defect,
and in something gives suspicion of guilt. I know not what Divine
could have given us more, than the almost Christian Seneca; Tuito\nres est nil timere prater Deum. Timidum non facit animum, nisi repre-
henibilis vitae conscientia mala. The safe is, all, is to fear nothing but
God. 'Tis only the galling Conscience of an ill led life, that can shae
us into a fear. It is better in all things, but in ill, to be confidently bold,
than foolishly timorous. He that in every thing fears to do well, will at
length do ill in all.

XXXVIII.

Of History.

To an ingenious spirit, 'tis not easy to tell which is greater
the pleasure or the profit of Reading History: For, besides the
beguiling of tedious hours, and the diversion it gives from the trouble-
some and vexatious affairs, and the preserving the frailty of man
from slipping into vice through wantonness with leisure, It enriches
the Mind with Observation; and by setting us upon an open and
adjacent
RESOLVES.

adjacent Scaffold, it gives us a view of the actions, the contrivances, and the over-ruling Providences that have sway'd the affairs of the World. It is the Resurrection of the Ages past: It gives us the Scenes of Humane Life, that, by their actions, we may learn to correct and improve. What can be more profitable to man, than by an easy charge, and a delightful entertainment, to make himself wise by the imitation of Heroick virtues, or by the evituation of deftectd vices? Where the glorious actions of the worthieft readers on the Worlds Stage, shall become our guid and conduct; and the Errors that the weak have fall into shall be mark'd out to us, as Rocks that we ought to avoid. 'Tis learning wisdom at the cost of others: and, which is rare, it makes a man better by being pleas'd. In my opinion, among all the Industrines of men, there is none that merit more thanks, than that which hath with Prudence, Truth, and Impartiality related those Transactions, which like main Hinges have shut and opened the Gates of the World. If Moses had not given us the History of the Creation, How blindly had we walked in the world? If the Prophets had not given us the Stories of the Jews, How much had we wanted, which now does lead us in the way of uprightness? Certainly, men owe their Civility as much to History, as Education. And we find neither Greece nor Rome were civilized, till they came to be learn'd.

And indeed in those that shall rightly, and well, relate the Occurrences of States and Kingdoms; there is required much more than makes up an ordinary man: They ought to be superlatively Intelligent, diligently Industrious, and uncorruptedly Sincere, neither driven by fear, nor led by flattery. Nor is it easy to have it well done by any, but by such as have been Actors in the affairs themselves; and have had some insight to the turnings of the inward wheels of the work. He that writes by Relation and Report, may easily err, and often mis the Truth. Rumors are but like Thunderings in the Air; we have a confused noise, but the particular cause that makes it, we do but guess at. Uncertain Report being certainly (as the Majesty of King James observed) the Author of all Lies.

Who writes a History, his principal aim should be Truth, and to relate especially the extraordinaries both of good and ill; Of good, that men, taken with the Honour they find done them in story, they may be encouraged to perform the like; Of ill, that when men see the Insamy that they are branded with, they may leap from all that should make them so significatical. To these; Observations that shall naturally arise from a Rational Collection are not to be denied, as the Imblessment of a well-prais'd work. He that writes things false tells a Lie in the face of the world: with which he does abuse Poesity. He is the worst of ill Limners; for he draws the Mind amiss. Some interweave their Relations with Fancies of their own: but a work so furnisht, may be allowed a Romance, but not a History. Yet let no man that reads, be too scrupulous in expecting always a clear light or a
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full and perfect Narration. For besides that they are Men, that write; it is not possible that in all things the Truth of Affairs should be ever arrived at. Politicians pretend one thing to the People, but reserve the clean contrary in their hearts, and private Intentions. Their poisonings are Clandestine, and the making away of Enemies and Rivals is oftentimes by Bravo's hired in darknes: whose deeds are lock'd up in Eternal night. So that none but an Omniscient God is able in all to trace the winding of those Serpents. If History be writ in the life-time of the Actors, It usually over-rates Virtues, and daishes out Vice, or palliates. To dream amiss of the Prince, hath been accounted Treason: to write, would be much more. Princes in their displeasure being of the Nature both of Nettles and Thorns: If you but touch them they sting, if you Compress them they pierce unto blood. If an History be writ after Death; it may be more impartial, but less True: some things will be forgot, others covered with the dust of Time, and either spleen or favour vary the colour which naked Nature gave. And though he that writes be an Actor himself, yet we are very rarely to expect that all should be Sound and Currant. He that is in Battle himself does oft not know the turn and progress of it. He can undertake but for himself and where he is, what is beside him may be unknown or disguis'd. Even Princes are deceived by them they most do trust: And if a man be known to be about such a work, he shall sooner be put to record things Honourable than Just. And though of all others he that writes out of his own Knowledge by implantation, may be sincerer Truth; yet a Man will be nice in blazing his own Errors; and where he is concern'd, self-love will incline him to lean to himself. If he be good, he would appear better: If he be Bad, he will not be fond that the world should read it in the Monument of Story, when he is gone. The dying Spaniard did but speak Humanity; That beg'd he might not be strict when he was dead, though the defect were only that he wanted a shirt.

XXXIX.

Of free Dispositions.

Diogenes spake to Plato for a glass of wine; and he presently sent him a Gallon: when next Diogenes met him, his thanks were, I asked you, how many was two and two; and you have answered, twenty. There are indeed some of to Noble a Disposition, that like trees of ripe fruit, by degrees they drop away all that they have, They would even out do the demands of all their friends, and would give, as if they were Gods that could not be exhausted; They look not so much either at the Merit of others, or their own Ability, as by their Bounty the satisfaction of themselves. I find not a higher Genius this way than flowed in the Victorious Alexander. He star'd as if he covered all; and gave away, as if he cared for Nothing; You would think he did not Conquer for
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For himself but his friends, and that he took only that he might have wherewith to give. So that one might well conclude the world it felt was too little for either his Ambition or his Bounty. When Perillus beg'd that he would be pleased to give him a portion for his Daughters, he presently commanded him Fifty Talents. The modest beggar told him, Ten would be enough. To which the Prince replies, Though they might be enough for him to receive, yet they were not enough for himself to bestow.

Doubtless all will conclude, a Mind, so vast, is a Nobleness to be ador'd and magnified. Their Bounty falls like Rain, and fertils all that's under them. The Vulgar, (as to Gods) will erect them Altars, and they will have all the Verbal plaudits that are owing to the largest Benefactors.

Vivit extensu Proculeius aevi,
Notus in fratres animi paterni;
Illus agit penna metuente solvi
— Fama superstit.

The Noble Love to Brothers show'd
By Proculeius, shall sound loud
In Fames shrill Trump; there mount so high
— That it shall never die.

All those benefits that a man does place upon others, while he lives are as so many Trophies, raised to preserve his Memory when he is dead. Man's Lasting Marbles are his own good works; and like a living Monument they are scroll'd about wherever Men have Tongues. Yet I often find the men that thus are Boundless in their Bounty, and like the Air breath nothing but freedom upon all they meet with; though their dispositions as the Gods, are open, and they best to others that have front to grasp at all that can be gotten: Yet being not Men, and so their Materials limited, they seldom prove but unfortunate to themselves. For being exhausted by the impudence and necessities of others, and their unhonourable working on a free Nature; an unwelcome want at once undo's them, and the goodness of their disposition. Being easy to good, they will be so (much more) to ill, when they are pre's'd to't.

Every man we meet, may be made an Object either of Charity or Bounty: But they are very few, that will enable us to maintain where-withal to continue them. When Zenocrates told Alexander he had no need of his Fifty Talents, he reply'd, though he had no need of them himself, yet he might have occasion for them for his friends: since sure he was, all the Treasure he had Conquer'd from Darius, would scarce suffice him for his. Should Neptune's Sea be ever flowing out, he would want Water for his own Inhabitants. The pool whole was let out more than his springs supply; will soon be shallow, if not wholly dry. To spend like a Prince, and receive like a private man, must needs beget such
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such a lit of committing or looseness as quickly will impair all health. And though they be belted to others, yet it is but to such as are grating and given to incroach. For to the Generous mind they are often times less acceptable, than other more reserved Men. He that would be entire to himself, cannot well converse with him, without being fetter'd by some kindness: so he loses his Freedom, which is the Felicity and Glory of his Life. Every extraordinary Kindness I receive, I look upon as a help to pinion me. It is Nobler to preserve a favour than receive it, and to keep discretely, than to lavish and want all things but a vain and empty Applause. He that loves his Neighbour as himself is at the extent of the Commandment. He that does more breaks it. I would so serve others, as I might not injure myself: but so myself, as I might be helpful to others.

Xl.

The danger of once admitting a Sin.

Though every thing we know not, be a Riddle at first: Yet once united, there nothing is more easy. And as no feats of Activity is so difficult, but being once done a Man ventures on it more freely the second time: So there is no sin at first so hateful, but being once committed willingly, a man is made more prone to a Reiteration. There is more desire of a Known pleasure, than of that which our ears have only heard Report of. Even Ignorance is so far good, that in a Calm it keeps the mind from Distraction: And Knowledge, as it breeds desire in all things seemingly Good, So doth it serve us with beguiling Sin. He that acts an offence, not only speaks, but Recites his own Fowl Story: And as it makes it more Legible to others, so it deeper jinks in his own Mind, and Memory, for the being Character'd by his displaying hand. It lies within him like a Rak'd-up fire, which, but uncover'd, grows it felt into a lively heat. The Glass that once is crack'd, with every little shake is apt to fall in pieces. He breaks his Hedge of Grace that admits of a scandalous sin. When once a weighty sin hath trodden down the Fence, each petty Vice will easily then step over. A breach once made, the City is in danger to be lost. To think we shall be wiser by being wicked, is the simple mistake of man. Ignorance herein is better than Knowledge, and 'tis far better to want discourse than guile. Alas we know not what rich joys we lose when first we lost into a new offence. The World cannot Repurchase us our pristine clear Integrity. The Maiden-head of the Soul is gone. Dishonour flains us into discontent, we thereby slip our hold of Grace, which without many tears we never can recover. Perhaps we itch but once to try how pleasing sin will be: But at Adam's price we buy this painted Apple. And thereby chiefly we discover but our own Want and Nakedness: and lose the Paradise of Innocence, that before this Act we enjoy'd. The chiefest Knowledge
ledger that we get, is that of our thereby guilt and misery. Nor let any  
man vainly believe he shall be, left Actuated by the importunity of a  
slavish sin, for having once committed it: For though it may seem  
as poison cold, before we come to taf it; yet, once let it, it boils us  
up to shedding all our Senses. That which we thought was milk to  
quench, proves oil to inflame. The palate of the Soul, by tasting then is  
vitiating: and that which before was Curiosity, does now turn into  
Concupiscence and the impetuous longing after practis'd pleasures. Surely  
he that would be pleas'dly innocent, must refrain from the taft of  
offence. Though the imperious Tribunes condemned the Triumvirs,  
only because they came not soon enough to quench the fire, broke out  
in the Via Sacra. Yet doubtless every Active sin, is a flame to burn up  
Piety: which we ought if we can to prevent; if not, to make haste to  
extinguish, left it quite consume our Religion. To death did the Laceda-  
montians confesse that Souldier, that, mercly out of a boyish vanity,  
bore but a little scarlet-sashie in his shield; left it should tempt the  
Army to a forcie Luxury.

Even small offences, are but the little Thieves, that (entred) let in  
greater: But where they are slavish, the Dominion totally is given up  
into their hands. I would not purchase Knowledge by buying Slavery  
and Contamination. An innocent Ignorance is to be preferred before  
a recent Knowledge. Let me rather have others think me Defective,  
than that I should know myself to be Lowd.

XLI.

Of Gratitude, and Gods accepting the Will for the Deed.

In Love and Thanks there is no man necessitated to become a Bank-  
r upt, For both are things wherein 'tis in a Mans own power to be  
expressible: And there is no man so poorly provided for, but he may  
easily find he hath many things for which he ought to be thankful.

Either he enjoys Benefits that he could not challenge as of debt, (even  
a Being, Life, Humanity, the apprehension and expectation of felicity and  
eternity, are no way of our own, but Gods; they are blessings  
that we never could have given our selves): Or else, he is exempted  
from many hard Calamities, that might have befallen him, if he were  
not daily guarded by a Gracious Providence. To require so great  
Benefits as man does daily receive from the goodness of God, 'Tis  
no way in the power of frail Mortality; but to be ever thankful,  
is the best Supply for that defect of Power: A grateful mind is the  
best Repository wherein to lay up Benefits: like Absolom's pillar it  
keeps alive the memory of the Donour, and like a mirror aply placed  
prestens the view of all that is behind you. Gratitude does guild  
the Soul, and if the Iron of it be but smooth and filed, though it be  
not Gold, it shews it as if it were: and even in the sight of God 'tis  
beautiful.
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beautiful. And if man lives no day without a Renewed Favour, 'tis the least he can do, daily to Renew his Thanks. Nor would this be any thing if we had not a God of such vast goodness, that, by accepting for the Deed the Will, did dignifie our Intentions by being pleaded with them: And as the Reason of Gods bestowing his Benefits is not the Merit or Desert of Man; but the infinite goodness of his excellent essence, that takes delight in doing good and obliging: So the efficacy of our thanks could nothing profit either him or us, but that he is pleas'd for our avail to set a value on them, and by accepting the meaning for the Act reward us as if we requited him. Doubtless then the best way of Retribution that is in man, is to shew his thanks by confenting the Receipt and Favour. He that is a thankful Debtor not only acknowledgeth his Bond and Want, but declareth what he would do, if he were able. Since then all I have is Bounty, let my endeavour be to be always thankful. Though I cannot express that, without a grace to make me so; yet that is more mine than any thing else beside.

Receive favours, I ever must: Require them, I never can: To remember them I always ought. In a better sense, let me pay with the Poet;

Semper inoblitia repetam tus munera mente;
Et mea me telus audiet esse tuum.

Thy Mercies always, through my Heart shall shine;
And all the Earth shall know that I am thine.

XLII.

Of Distrust and Credulity.

To distrust all, and believe all, is equally bad and erroneous: of the two the least is, to distrust. For Fear, if it be not immoderate, puts a Guard about us that does watch and defend us. But Credulity keeps us naked, and lays us open to all the sly assaults of ill-intending men: It was a Virtue when Man was in his Innocence: but since his fall, it abuses those that own it. Yet too much diffidence as it argues, it not always guilt, yet for the most part defect: So it begets us Enemies that without it had not been so. Caution's suspicion not only injures others by a mis-apprehension, but it puts our selves into trouble, we have fear and disturbance that we need not. 'Tis the Jaundice of the Mind, that is not only yellow it self, but makes every thing else appear so. It turns Virtue into Vice, and many times prompts the Innocent to become indeed what he wrongfully was suspected for. Surely it was a precept from a Presumtuous Mind at first, that bids us think all Knaves we deal with. I am sure it is against the Rule of Royal Charity, which in all doubtful senses, lays hold on that which is the best, and shews men to be good
good in themselves, whereby they are induced to think so well of others. Whereas Suspicion is as oft begot out of consciousness in our selves either of what we have done or would practise, as it is from the sense of other mens failings. If we know men spotted with deceit or crimes to others, then indeed, not to mistrust is a breach of Charity: we are not careful for our selves, where it behoves our care to begin. He that deals with a Fox, may be held very simple, if he expect not his various tricks. We trust not a Horse without a Ditt to guide him, but the well-train'd Spaniel we let range at pleasure, because we know we have him man'd to command. Phocion told the Athenians, They ought not to blame the Byzantians, for mistrusting their Captain Chares; but, their Captains that gave them cause to be mistrusted. He throws his Interest into a Gulph, that trust in such hands as have been formerly the Shipwreck of others.

Infelix, quem non aliena pericula cantum.

When the deceitful man hath shew'd to others what he is, Why should I take him for other, than what his actions have declared him? If he shews himself to be ill, I do him then no injury, to judge him what he is. He first does judge himself, and teaches me how to judge him. If I run upon a known Bogg, and yet will take it for firm ground, my falling in may beget laughter, but never pity with impartial people. With known dissimblers, Poets will not trade, and Martial is the Instance.

Decipies alios verbis, vultus benigno:
Nam mihi jam notus Dissimulator eris.

Go cheat elsewhere with words, and smiling eyes:
I know th' art false, and all thy Arts despise.

Indeed, where too much Profession is, there is cause to suspect. Reality cares not to be trick'd up with too taking an out-side; and Deceit, where the intends to cover, studies disguise. Birds of prey, discover not their talons, while they fly and seek about for food. He Walks behind the Horse, that means to shoot and kill. The weeping Crocodile first humbles his surprize in tears, And least of all should we be taken with swearing effeverations. Truth needs not the varnish of an Oath to make her plainness credited. When among the Romans, upon Aversion, men used to swear, or avouch with Excreations; they presently swore that they would not believe them. But, where there is no former brand, to shew he hath been criminal,'tis breach of Charity, to conclude, that he will be false. I will rather think all honest strangers, for so I am sure they should be; only, let me remember, that they are but men: so, not always proof against the assaults of frailty and corruption; other wise, though they want Religion, Nature implants a Moral Justice, which, unperverted, will deal square. 'Tis observable, that before our Saviour gave the Rule, even Cicero had preached the same to the world. Quod tibi fieri non vis, alieri me feceris.
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Do unto others, as you would they should do unto you: Certainly, so I express a charity to my self, by providing, that I be not at the mercy of an other's undoing me; I can never be too charitable in my opinion and belief of others.

XLIII.

Concealed Grudges, the Destruction of Friendship.

With some dispositions nothing can preserve a man safe. Jealousie miscolours those actions which in themselves are not capable of pain. Not having the prespicacity and clearness of Reason, what is done in sincerity is misconceived to crafte, neglect, or some other sinister end. But, among uncaptious and candid Natures, plainness and freedom are the preserves of amity; they not only take away present misapprehensions, but they lay a foundation of confidence, that renders us more secure in futurity; whereas Reservation gives cause of fear, by putting us into a cloud, which may as well harbour a storm or tempest, as a gentle and refreshing shower. There is nothing eats out friendship sooner, than concealed grudges. When mis-guided Reason hath once produced Opinion, even Opinion then doth soon seduce our Reason. Conceits of unkindness, harbour'd, and believed, will work off even a long grown love. The Egg of prejudice once laid, the close sitting hatches it into life; and, the shell once broke, it flies about; or, like the Lapwing runs, not easy to be seized on. Reserved dispositions, though they may be apt to retain secrets; yet, they are not so fit to produce love. The free and open breast, both propagates, and continues affection best. Philip of Macedon set a Prisoner at liberty, because he did but tell him that his Garment hung a little uncomely. It was a freedom in a Captive, which his Courtiers durst not venture to tell him of. Between entiret friends, it cannot be but sometimes little peeks of coldness may appear; though not intended by a willing commissioin; yet, perhaps so taken by a wrong suspect. And these smother'd in silence, grow, and breed to greater disaff. But, revealed once in a friendly manner, they oft meet with that satisfaction, which does in the disclosure banish them. Regret is a Serpent that warm'd in the bosom, slings. Unkindness like a tumor in the flesh, does rage and shews with heat, and making much of; but, once let out, both ease and health do follow. 'Tis a sulphurous vapour in a cloud imprison'd, that rears and rumbles while it is shut up: But, if at first, by Lightning it flies out, the noise is prevented, and the Air is thereby clarified. And indeed, how can we make a judgment, when we do not see the bottom? Sometimes ill tongues by false tales sow discord between two Lovers; sometimes mistakes let the mind in a false apprehension; sometimes jealousies, that like dredges arise from even boyling love, imprint suspicion in the thoughts. All which, may find ease in the uttering, so their discovery
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discovery be in mildness: otherwise, Choler dims the minds bright eye; and when it might see clear, it misfis it with ascending flames. Passionate Natures, like flints, may be quiet alone; but when they knock together, fire it self breaks from them; whereas calm discourses do so card affections into one another, that many times they never after can be parted or pulled asunder.

If, between friends, there must unkindness spring, 'tis best presently to tell, and reconcile. Perhaps, the suspected, that appear'd a little smutted on his out-side, unfolded, may be clear within; and then having more integrity, he will draw more love. If he should be guilty, he may repent, and by his error, become warned to prevention, and for that he hath offended, he shall be more obsequious. Pisistratus did not ill, when some friends had forsaken him, to follow and catch up their cloaks: who demanding his intention, he tells them, *It was, if he could, to persuade them to return; if not, 'twas resolved, that he would abide with them.* However, let them that desire to continue friends, be sure to part fo: a jar at farewell is a contradiction. They that part in unkindness, seldom meet in love. The last draught leaves the relish, which, after it is pail, does dwell upon the Palate, while the gust of the former with this is missed away. Therefore we ought to provide that this may be pleasant: nor ought we to start aside at every stone that shall be cast in our way. To pass by offences, is wisdom; but to fall from a friendship, levity: Even in those that have been ill contracted, Cato's advice is good, They are rather to be unsewed than cut.

XLIV.

'Tis neither a great Estate, nor great Honours that can make a man truly Happy.

*Have sometime had the vanity to think, a vast Estate, and some high feat of Honour, to be a gay and glorious thing. And indeed, to look upon the superficials of it at the first glance of the catching Fancy, there may be perhaps a pleasing and enticing Splendor. Man has naturally so much of the Deity within him, that he loves to be ador'd and magnified. Among the Romans, Triumphs were so coveted, that the refusal of them to aspiring Caesar, begot the change and ruin of the present State. Though to have the reeling Multitude (like a Pool of Reeds, waved with the wanding wind) bowing up and down in adoration of the Conqueror, does have and lift up tumours and exalting minds, and such as have the Mercury of youth about them: Yet, when the grave Vespasian came to snail it, and be lever'd in the thongs flow, march he began to chide himself, as being justly punish'd, at his years, for admitting such popular Applause, and Pageantry. And certainly, if we examine the true and most essential felicities of man,*
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we shall find that ’tis not wealth or power, not a great estate, nor great command, that can render us in our selves more happy than other men: All that really man is here made capable of, must be either benefits to his mind, or to his body. For the mind; surely, kings never found so great contents as have liv’d with mean philosophers. A crown of gold’s too heavy to be worn with ease. Their fears, their hopes, their joys, their griefs, their loves, their hates, with all their train of passion are more phantastick, more distracted, and more torturing, than those that wait upon an obsequious man, who like a cat, without making a noise, can steal unheeded through the world’s confusion. Without a guard, they cannot sleep; and with one, they do not. A martial watch dissents the night with noises; a mid-night council starts their broken rest; and meals are stuff’d with frights, or with suspicion. He that commands the most enjoys himself the least: His inclination is turmoil’d and fretted; truth one way, pulled another; haled on this side, forc’d on that; driven and brook’t together. Who is’t can guess at those incessant cares, that go to bed with princes but to keep them waking? Enemies abroad, treacheries at home, simulations at neighbours, dissatisfaction of friends, jealousy of most, and fear of all. A business so troublesome, that obio (though he were so beloved of his soldiers, that many of them did put themselves to death, because he would not live) chose rather to kill himself than endure it, and to hazard so many of his noble dependences. His title sure was as good as that of Vitellius: yet, where there hath been none, we have liv’d coarse, there hath been also no such consideration. And, which is more, in great persons, their delicacy, and tenderness, like nice plants, make them more subject to destruction, more sensible of affronts, more impatient of labour and care, than such as, through habituated custom, are harden’d to endure the frost, the heat, and the mind of affairs. Plainly it appears, He is more in the way to be happy, that lives in a kind of retreat from the world. In whom all men have an interest, he sure is least in himself. And, if retirement be not more delicious than affluence and popularity, How comes it, that men of great employment do so often lock up themselves from the crowd and flux of affairs. As the happiest part of their life, they steal themselves into a calm, and rejoice that they can cozen their importuning clients: do they not hereby seem to tell us, that they can never enjoy themselves, and stand at ease, or cool, but when they have laid by the pendants and caparisons of state, which heat, and loud, and weary more than all the pleasure that they bring compensates? True wisdom, which proceeds from piety and innocence, they have not leisure as they should, to prosecute. The thorns of authority hinder the fruits of the other from prospering. In so much, that some have held it for no paradox, that a prince who grows in goodness, will come to descend in his state: Examples hereof, are not hard to find, where, by the vices and infatuation of others, the innocent and charitable have fared worse, than the not extrememly harsh and tyrannical. Certainly, the greatest pleasure that the mind is capable of in
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this life, is in the contemplation of God and Nature, the experimental
sweetnesses of Philosophy, and the discouragements of Restor. And all
these have their pleasure in retiredness, and uncrowded from the slings
of business. Nay, admit an affluence of all things were, indeed, better
than the moderate use of the pleasures of this life : Yet, with perpetual
use the sense of the pleasure is lost. Whose every meal is banquet, has
not any. Continual feasts are barren, beyond the intermediate
pleasangnefs of a craving appetite. He knows not the dear delight of life
in any kind, that never liv'd but in the fulness of all. 'Tis watching and
labour, that voluptuates repose and sleep. As he that is ever taking To-
acco, loses that Physical life on't, which others find, that do but seldom
use it; so, he loses the gust of what should be delightful, that so perpet-
ually does cloy himself, that he leaves not space to meet his food with
desire. One wholesome duff with hunger for the fawce, with purer health,
with greater cafe, with as much pleasure may be had and tasted, as all
those costly viands Riot and Prodigality invented for either the Table of
Vitellius, or the Kitchin of Lucullus. Nay, Pleasures are not truly taste-
able, but in the sober tracts of Temperance; they then have that clear
relish that Nature first induced them with: which certainly, is sweeter
than what is strain'd and forc'd by Art. When the thirst is quench'd,
the pleasure is not then so much in drink, as company. Nor can the full-
cram'd person have his Senses and Intellectuals clear. Where there is
much Provision dress'd, the Kitchin will be black't and darkned with
smoke and reek. The empty morning, and the wafted night fees further
into knowledge, than the mid-day Sun, when ufelefs meals shall tu-
mult all the fenses. Nor can the like health attend the abounding Board,
that does the temperate and convenient Table,

— Vide, ut palidus omnis
Cana desurgat dubia; quin corpus omnium
Hecfemis uitin, Animam quoq; pragnat unda,
Atque affigat Hymno divina particum Aura.

— See but how pile they reek,
From their deftructive Suppers, how they feel
Their late tame Surfeits, which weigh down the Soul,
And to dull Earth, pins the Celestial Pole.

Like Bottles fill'd with Wine, that is not fin'd, their own Fumes crack them
till they flie in pieces. He only finds the clean and polite pleasure, that
feeds, as Nature breeds, foudain; where there is Temperamentum
ad pondus. Like Fith in Crystal streams, untainted with difafe, they
smoothly glide through all the soft Currents of Life. Epicurus was
not far from right, to make Pleasure even the Summum Bonum.
But he meant it of the mind which was serene and clean, what is it
that we can say more? Or how can we imagine greater, than to be
participant and enjoying of the Divine Nature; of the Great and Imma-
culate God? Doubtless in a great Estate, 'tis very hard to find time
for
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for these Seclustions. The Relation of Acquaintance, and Friends, and Alliances; The Avocation of Business, both Contingent and Necessary; The Application of others not to be avoided; The incitation to pleasures that more moderate Fortunes want, with the Army of temptations that abundance others, may instruct us neither to envy those that fail in such full Seas, nor yet to be sagaciously licorish after these more palatable than wholesome sweet meats. A great Estate without a mind that is greater than it, is a Snare: Nor are there examples wanting of many that have deposited their precious Fortunes, to take up mean Convenience; Attilius decended from the Triumph to the Plough: and we need not doubt but Mencius Agrippa liv’d both pleas’d and honor’d, though he left not Cast to discharge his Funeral. The mind of a middle fortune’s man, is as much at Liberty as his that is compass’d round with plenty; and the body of this latter is not capable of more than the other can afford to his. Three Eels of Holland he can use for a shirt, and more a Prince cannot put in without trouble: perhaps a mean man has not a Garment with so long a Train, but then he can conveniently carry it himself, and needeth not the cumber or the charge to have one bear it after him.

XLV.

Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between Diligence and Neglect, that there is between a Garden curiously kept, and the Sluggards field, that fell under Solomon’s prospect, when it was all over-grown with Nettles and Thorns. The one is cloth’d with Beauty, and the gracious amiablenes of Content, and cheering Loveliness! While the other hath nothing but either little smarting pungencies, or else such transpiercings as rankle the flesh within: Negligence is the Rust of the Soul, that corrodes through all her maslief Resolutions; and, with admittance only, flakes away more of it’s steel and hardness, than all the hackings of a violent hand can perform. The excretions of the Body grow but insensibly; yet, unless they be daily taken away, they disguise a Man to a monster: as Nebuchadnezzar’s hairs were like Eagles feathers, and his Nails like Birds claws, in his seven years basility. What Nature made for Use, for Strength, for Ornament; Neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and to loath’d Deformity. We need no more but fit still, and diseases will arise only for want of Exercise.

How fair and fresh forever the Soul be, yet in our flesh it lives in smock, and dust; and if it daily be not briskly, and cleans’d, by Care, and Penitence, it quickly discolors, and soils. Take the weeds from the Floraum, and a very little time will change it to a wilderness. And then ’tis an Habitation for Vermine, that was before a Recreation
Recollection for Men. Our Life is a warfare, and men are not in it to sleep without a sentinel, nor march without a scout: He that wanteth either of these, expostulates himself to forspire and the becoming a prey to the diligence and laboriousness of his Adversary. We have known many that have wafted goodly patrimonies, who have been handomly nature'd and free from vices of any signal remark at all, for which we could give no other reason but only a general incuriousness and neglect of timely inspection into their own affairs. Thus Honorius pulled away his Empire to his Sister Plautia: And Nero's other vices were not more contributing to his Ruine, than his supine neglect when the Legions began to rise. The mounds of Life and Virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay, 'tis but forbearing to repair them, that all the Beasts of the field may enter and tear up whatsoever is good in us and grow. Certainly Religion teaches, to be exact and curious. The Law is such a rule as every aberration from it, is an eye-sore. We see sometimes how small a scruple can disturb the minds fair peace. Macarius gave himself permanence for but killing a Gnat in Anger: Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the meanest miscarriage requires a Purification. Who does not therefore guard himself, neglects his greatest Enemy. Man is like a watch; If evening and morning he be not wound up with Prayer and Circumspection, he either is unprofitable, or false: He either goes not to direct, or serves to mislead. And as the slenderest hair, the least grain of sand, or the minutest Atom, makes it either a trouble, or deceit: so the least neglect does steal us into imperfection and offence: which decreagingly will weigh us down to extremity. If the Instrument of Living be not truly set, all that we play upon will be harsh and out of tune. The diapason dies, where every string does not confer its part. Surely, without an union to God, we cannot be secure, or well. Can he be happy, that from happiness is divided? And God is so exact, so smooth, so straight, so perfectly perfect in all, that 'tis not possible for man to be joined to him, unless proportionably he be so too. The smooth and rugged, never made good joint; the straight and crooked will never be brought to close: Unless our knots and excrescences be taken off, and not into directness, they hinder union, and thrust us off from Deity. No glue will hold us close, when we shall swell into unevenesses, by the neglect of not planing our selves into Virtue and Piety. Diligence alone is a good Patrimony, but neglect waftes a fair Fortune; one prefers and gathers the other, like Death, is the dissolution of all. The Industrious Bee by her sedulity in Summer, dwells in, and lives on Honey all the Winter. But, the Drone (which, according to Pliny, is an imperfect Bee, and begot in decay, when the Bee is wafted and past labour), is not only cast out, but beaten and punish'd.
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Of Injury.

XLVI.

INjury is properly the willing doing of Injustice to him that is un- willing to receive it. And 'tis as well by charging falsely, as de- tracting mildly. He that accuses me of the ill I did not, and he that allows me not the good I have done: who puts stolen goods upon me, and who steals away what is truly mine, hath very little Heraldry to differ from the wrong he does. Only, in the first he begins with Murder: and ends with Theft: In the later, he begins with Theft, and ends with Murder. One bites before he barks; the other barks first, and bites afterward. Certainly, all the mischief in the world proceeds either from the actions, or the apprehending of wrong, from men originally unjust, or ignorantly suspicious. Were Right and Justice preferred in exactness, Earth would be a Heaven to live in, and the life of Men would be like that of Angels, where Majora sine elatione presunt; & minores sine vitio subsunt. Felicity would dwell with men, which now like Africa, is fled from the Region of Earth. How many Attendances, how many Journeys, how much Treasure might be saved? No crowded throngs need fill our Law-tribunals; nor armed Troops ungeaze our fruitful fields. Every Injury is a petty war, and a breach at least of a pair of God's grand Commandments; Killing, and Stealing. And, though perhaps it seem to prosper a little while, till the wheel of Providence walks its round; yet, doubtless, 'tis short-lived, and drags with it an Infected, that does taint the spirits, and confound the senses. Injusios se-quitur ulterior, & sequitur Deus. 'Tis one of God's peculiar Attributes, That he is an Avenger of Wrong. There are but two parts of a Christian mans life: To abstain from doing wrong, and to endeavour to do good. And though the first in a bad world, be a good progress in a Christians voyage to Heaven; yet, it is in truth, but a dead and torpid Virtue. A negative Piety, that indeed, reaches not to the civility of neighbourhood. Neither the Priest, nor the Levite were Neighbours to him that fell among Thieves; yet, neither of them did him any Injury. And 'tis not unworthy our Observation, That of all Professions of men, it fell out, that it was a Priest, and a Levite, that were thus nothing concerned with the wounded's calamity. They, that like Bellows, could inkindle the fire of Charity in others, had nothing in themselves, but a sterile cooling breath, derived from the common and transient Air. They, who to others seemed flagrant in their tongues, had ice concealed in their frozen hearts: which need not put us to the wonder, when we find their practick zeal fall many degrees below their flaming harangues. Though we are commanded to be injurious; yet, that is not all we are commanded unto. Things senseless and inanimate, forbear the doing Injury: but, the activeds in good, is
that which promotes to felicity. Eschew evil, and do good, is but one conjunctive Precept. He is but the lesser part of his way, that for
bears the doing injury: yet, even this is a mystery, that, but very few attain unto. Either we mis-apprehend it; or, blinded with be-
lief of our own perfections, we slide over this, and yet pretend to be pious. But I cannot think him good, that is but temporally good to
himself. How can he have a good conscience either towards God, or
towards man, that either fraudulently, or violently, takes away what
is another's just propriety. I am yet to understand. Some Callings
are such, as 'tis hard to be just, and hold them. And we may observe
our Saviour was so far from allowing not only wrong, but force even
in Soldiers and Merchants, (who yet, if any, are dispens'd with) that
he binds up their Profession in such limits, as 'tis hardly possi-
to be a Soldier, and a Christian; we translate it, Offer violence to
no man. And is not Plunder such, or taking away any thing that is
another's? Which being never so clandestinely done, without either
noise, or the owners knowledge, under the cover of darkness, or the
silence of the grave: yet, by the Law, 'tis taken to be acted vi et
armis. If force can give a Title, all that I can catch and keep, is mine.
If Justice and Propriety be not preserved, no man hath more than
what he can keep by his own craft, or another's course. It was St.
Anson that started the question; Remota Justitia, quid sunt Regna
nisi magna Latrocinis? Take Justice hence, and what are Kingdoms
else, but fields of war and rapine? But the word is properly, Terrific
no man; which intimates, they ought not to come so near taking
away any man's right, as to put them into a fear. What Law and Ci-
vil right does give a man just Title to, I ought not to deprive him
of. They are Beasts and Birds of prey, or else voracious fishes in the
wild Ocean, that live and batter on the spoils of others.

Man by all the Laws of Creation, Policy, and Religion is tied up,
with his own fair Industry to live on what is justly his; and
then he hath a promise of a blessing with it. But, he that robs and
ruffles in his Neighbours hold, hath no protection but his own frail arm,
or else his fraudulent head; 'gainst which the Prophet hath pro-
nounced a Noc. Even a natural light will show us the blackness of
wrong, and then (what ever men pretend,) certainly, Religion
shines but very dimly, where that can be digested and not seen. The
Offices of the Orator will tell us; Qui non defendit, nec obli-

git, si potest injurice, tam est in vitio quam si Parentes, aut Patriam,
aut Socios deserat. He that does not hinder, or defend a wrong when
'tis in his power, is in the same rank of ill, with those that basely
shall desert their Country, their Parents, or their near Associates.
Surely, right-born Nature is nobler than a bastard Piety. He was
not a Jew, but a Samaritan that parted with his Oyl and Wine, and
left provision for his cure, that, in the fore-mentioned Parable, fell
among Thieves, which we cannot think to be other, than the Jews,
for he went but down the Hill from Jerusalem to Jericho, when he
was
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was set upon. They wound Religion to the inmost heart, that flew her to the world with such wild gashes, and adulterate-spots, as are, the offering, or encouraging of wrong. The Pagan Tribune is to be preferred before some Christian Conventions, that have appeared in the world.

Ch. Domitius, the Tribune, summon’d Prince Scæurus before the Peoples Tribunal, Scæurus his servant, hearing of it, repairs to Domitiu, and informs him, that, if he wanted matter, he could furnish him with sufficient for his Lords Condemnation: For which the Noble Tribune well rewarded him; but, ’twas by cropping off his Ears, sealing up his lips, and sending him so to his Lord. I think, it needs no Grand Inquest to find in what Region the Nobler Religion did dwell; whether with them that punish Treachery, Perfidiousness, and Homicide with smart and Ignominy; or, such as draw it out with Oaths, invite it with Preferments, and appoint to Slaves and Villains the rewards that are due to the only brave and honest. Doubtless, to a very Enemy, a Christian dares not offer wrong. Religion from above, is pure and peaceable; but wrong, is the jewel of war; and, by doing that, we help our Adversary, and war against our selves. We engage God on his party, and by our injustice disadvantage our cause: Nor may we do it, that good may come of it: Justice, needs not Injury to help it to a Victory. Though in the way of Hostility the practice is far more common than commendable; yet, by just and gallant persons, it hath ever been disdain’d and abhor’d. And those that have so contumely it, have for it by all succeeding times, been seat’d with such as have ascended to the highest Towers in the stately Palace of Fame. Themistocles advised to fire the Spartans Navy privately, as it lay in the Harbour. Aristides did confess it profitable; but, because he could not be satisfied, that it was just, or honourable, the project was decry’d, and Themistocles enjoy’d it defult. And when Alcibiades was offered by some, that they would entrap and cut off his Enemy, the Duke of Anjou: He protested, if they did any such thing, he would proceed against them, as he would against a pack of Partridges, declaring to all, That the War he undertook, consisted not of Fraud and Treachery; but, of Virtue, of Valour, and of noble Fortitude. He that can allow himself to do Injury, makes his favours to be suspected as snares. He is so far from being a Propitious Star, that the malevolence of Comets harbours in him. He is much distant from doing good, that is not principle’d to forbear a wrong. He is next to Charity, that abstains from Injury: but he is at Oppressions threshold, that can dispence with it. Let no man think, he can purchase favour with either God or Men, by the formality or exteriors of Religion, if he lets himself loose unto Injury. One unjust and unworthy action hurts not alone the man that does it: but, it transfers the scandal to the Religion he professes, which for his sake groans, and grows suspected, if not condemned. Of the two, my opinion is with Socrates, 'Tis better

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He may be good, that suffers it; he must be bad, that offers it. An innocent may be killed; but, he that murders, cannot be innocent, either in present, or the sequel. For usually, the first commitment of a wrong, puts a man upon a thousand wrongs, perhaps, to maintain that one: And, 'tis more than probable, the sufferer will decline into wrong at last. Injury with injury is defended; and with committing greater, we are drawn to keep up the left. A lie begets a lie, till they come to generations. Who is once a Rebel, hardens his own heart, engageth his friends, oppresseth his fellows, involves his relations, murthers the loyal; and like a Torrent, lets in all that can tend to confusion. As the Powder once would have done the two Houses; so, he at once blows up both the Tables. By loosing from ground, he lanches into the Sea that hath no bottom, being thereby enforced to the breach of the whole Decalogue, both in bulk and branches, by himself and his guilty Adherents.

XLVII.

Of Faith and good Works.

I find not a greater seeming Contradiction in the whole Gospel, than that which relates to Faith and Works: The Apostle Saint Paul argues high for Faith, and St. James as high for Works. One faies Abraham and Rahab were justified by Faith. The other, that Abraham and Rahab were justified by Works. One faies, By the works of the Law, shall no flesh living be justified. The other faies, That ye see then how that by works a Man is justified, and not by Faith only. Nay, St. Paul may seem to contradict himself, when in one place he faies, The doers of the Law shall be justified. And in another that we know a man is not justified by the works of the Law. And that no man is justified by the Law in the sight of God, it is evident. Surely, though these seem to be Contradictions, yet rightly understood, they are not so. For, to leave the Niceeties of those sharp disputes that are on either side; I look upon it as a Rule, That where the scripture seems to run into Contrarities, there certainly is a middle way between both, which we ought to seek out and follow; and that the extremes on either side are forbidden, and the Union and Inseparability of both are enjoined. I do therefore humbly conceive, That the insisting upon Justification by works, and the insisting upon Justification by Faith alone, might, with much more profit to the Church of God, be left to be so frenenously tugg'd for, by the differing Parties. It would more safely be evinced from these two seeming discrepancies, Than no Man can be justified without degrees of both, and that to depend solely upon one is dangerous, for doubtless both are meant. And therefore when at one time the people came to our Saviour and asked him, What shall we do, That we might work the works of God? He answered, This is the work
work of God that ye believe on him whom he hath sent. Declaring thereby, Faith to be even the whole work of the Evangelical Law. And when the young man in the Gospel asked him at another time, what he should to inherit Eternal Life? His answer to him was, That he should keep the Commandments. Neither of which are to be taken exclusively, but both Commanded: so, both to be equally practised. Works without Faith, are at beat but Arrows shot at Random: No man can assure that they shall ever hit the mark. And for Faith, St. James tells us, that without works it is dead. And then, what is it that the dead can do? Faith indeed glorifies God in private, between himself and our Souls. 'Tis the Monastic part of Religion, which acts all within the Cell of our own bosoms. But Works glorify him before the World and Men. Faith without Works is but a wisher'd tree, there wants both leaves and fruit. And Works without Faith, is one that hath no Root to give it sap and verdure. Faith is as the meaning, and Works are the expression of the mind. Faith is the pin that fastens the Soul to the Chariot of Eternity, while works are as the Harness and the Trappings whereby it is drawn along, and without which all her operations else are useless. Works without Faith are like a Salamander without Fire, or a Fish without Water; the Element which they should live in, is not there: and though there may seem to be some quick Actions of life and symptoms of Agility; yet they are indeed but fore-runners of their end, and the very prelages of Death. Faith again without works is like a Bird without Wings, who though she may hop with her Companions here upon Earth, yet if she lives till the Worlds end, she'll hardly ever fly to Heaven, because she wants her Feathers. But when both are join'd together, then does the soul mount to the Hill of eternal rest. These conjoin'd can bravely raise her to her highest Zenith: and by a Noble Elevation fix her there for ever; taking away both the will that did betray her, and the possibility that might. The former without the latter, is felt cozenage; the last, without the former, is meer Hypocrifie; together, the excellency of Religion. Faith is the Rock, while every good action is as a stone laid. One is the Foundation, the other is the Structure. The foundation without the walls is of slender value: The building without the Basis cannot stand. They are so inseparable, as their conjunction makes them good; whosoever does believe in God aright, believes him to be a Rewarder of good, a God that requires what is just and equal, that loves to magnifie himself in his mercy, in his being do good to his Creatures, in his infinite and unbounded Beneficence: And that he is a punisher of evil, a detester of Injustice, yet one that delights not in afflicting to their Torment the works of his hands. Therefore such as would persuade us these believe, and practise the Contrary of these; these Christians are of such a New Edition as nothing of them can be found in Scripture or Antiquity. They are but infidel Christians, whose Faith and works are at war against each other. Faith that
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<td>is right, can no more forbear good works, than can the Sun to shed abroad his glorious beams; or a Body of perfumes to disperse a grateful Odor: Works may be without Faith, they may rise from other ends, and 'tis no news to see Hypocrisy decking herself with the fringes and purls of the true Religion. But faith will not be satisfied, if the have not works attending her. A Solifidean-Christian is a Nullisidean-Pagan, and confutes his hope with his hand. I will first labour for a good Foundation, saving Faith: And equally will I seek for strong walls, good works. For as man judgeth the House by the Edifice more than by the Foundation: So not according to his Faith, but according to his works, shall God judge man: Nor is it unworthy of our Observation, That when Saint James parallels faith and works to the body and soul; He compares Faith but to the Body, while works he likens to the Soul, that gives it motion, life, and animation. I shall forbear to make the Inference, but leave it to the Readers sober Consideration. See James the 2. 26.</td>
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### XLVIII.

Of the danger of a fruitless Hearer.

Though Preaching in it's elocutive part be but the conception of Man, and differs as the gifts and abilities of men give it lustre or depression; and many Hearsers for their knowledge are able to instruct their Teachers: Yet, as it puts us in mind of our duties, that may perhaps be out of our thoughts; and as it is the Ordinance of God, and may quicken and enliven our Conversation, we owe it both our Reverence and Attention. And though we may think our education and parts have set us in a higher form than it hath done him that does ascend the Pulpit; yet without a derogation to our own Endowments (as in other Arts so in that of Divinity) we may well conceive, He that makes it his trade and calling should better understand it, and is likely to be more perfect in it, than he that hath inspection therein but by the by and obviously. Arts, perfect are by exercise and industry. As man is born a Child, and does by tendence and improving time, creep up to full Maturity; So Arts at first are infant-things, till fled, and garnished, they burnish out in perfection. Even in matter of fact; they have easier and newer ways to do things, who with assiduity and practice are still intent upon them; than can by those be thought on, that are strangers to the profession. And these Considerations may certainly content us to hear sometimes the meaner-parted preach. The Apostle allows it the foolishness of preaching; yet it was the way that peopled all the world with Christianity. It bruised the Naacal Philosophy, and brought the wilful Pagan off from all his Idols. It topp'd the soaring Eagle with the crose, and bowed the lofty Conqueror to his knee and Tears. And, what know we but sometimes our Corruptions may be
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be let out by a poor brass pin, as well as by the dextrous hand that guides a silver Lancaet? He that is our Spiritual Physician is not confin'd to any certain instrument that he will use to cure us with. And if we out of Copper, Lead, or Pewter-preaching, can extract pure Gold, I take 'tis no impeachment to our wise Philosophy. Surely they are not right, that because they can not hear such as they would, will therefore come at none. I will hear a good one, if I can; but rather hear an ease one than not to hear at all. He abandons his cure, that refutes to come at his Chirurgion.

That Cloth can never be white that lies where dews do never fall upon it. I observe those that leave the Church- assemblies (fo they be not Heretical) do grow at last to leave Religion too. The Righteous man, by the unwise actions of others, does grow wiser. Even out of weakness he can gather strength. Now the great King of Heaven entreats not fools for his followers: If they be not wise before they come, yet they are wise in coming; and then, for that, he makes them so for ever after. 'Tis a prerogative belongs to his Servants; those that pay him their obedience, he does reward with Wisdom and Understanding. It was by keeping his Commandments that Davids wisdome did exceed his Teachers. He that hath wisdome to be truly Religious, cannot be condemned a Fool. Every precept of Christianity, is a Maxim of profoundest prudence. 'Tis the Gospels work to reduce man to the principles of his first Creation; that is, to be both good and wise. Our Ancsors it seems were clear of this Opinion. He that was pious and just was reckoned a righteous Man. Godliness and Integrity was call'd and counted Righteousness. And in their old Saxon English, Righteous was Rightwise, and Righteousness was originally Right-wiseness. 'Tis the fear of God that is the beginning of wisdome: And all that seek it have a good understanding. It is to be presum'd, the Merchant that fold all to buy the Pearl, was as well wise as Rich. Those therefore that withdraw from the means altogether, (which, in ordinary, is preaching) or are long lovers under it unprofitably, by degrees grow strangers to it, and dislike it. 'Tis an Aphorism in Phyluck, That they who in the beginning of diseases eat much and mend not, fall at last to a general leashing of Food. The Moral is as true in Divinity. He that hath a sick Conscience and lives a Hearer under a fruitful Ministry, if he grows not found he will learn to despise the word. When food converts not into Nourishment, 'twill not be long before the Body languisheth. Blessings neglected in the Van do troop in curses in the Rear and sequel; but, when contemned, Vengeance, Who neglects the good he may have, shall find the evil that he would avoid. Justly he sits in darkness, that would not light his Tap when the Fire burn'd clearly. Offers of Mercy slighted, prepare the way for Judgments. We deeper charge our selves. Yet are we more incapable of clearing our accounts. He that needs Counsel and will not daug to lend a listening ear, defines himself to misery, and is the willing Author of his own slow woe. Continue at a stay we cannot: Corruption...
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Corruption neither mends itself, nor leaves to be so till it bring destruction. The fire followed Lots neglected preaching. Capernaum's fate was heavier for her miracles. Desperate is his estate, that hates the thing should help him. If ever you see a drowning man refuse help, conclude him a wilful Murderer. When God offers more than he's obliged to, we ought by all the ways we can to meet so glorious Mercies. To the burying of such Treasures, there belongs a Curse; To their mispending, Punishment and Confusion.

XLIX.

Of Solitariness and Companionship.

The Bat and the Owl are both Recluses: Yet they are not counted in the Number of the wildest Birds. Retirement from the world is properest when it is in a Tempest: but if it shall be in our power to alay it, we ought even then to immerse our private in the publick Safety. He may indeed be wise to himself, that can sleep away a storm in a Cabbine. 'Tis a kind of honest cheating of an Agnes fit, by Repose. Most men will declare to be housed when Lightning and Thunder fly and rowl abroad. Otherwise, for a man to turn fhee-fish and crawl but in his own dark house, shews him but a dull and earthy thing. They are Beasts of Rapine, or of extream timidity, that hide themselves in Dens, and lurk out day in Thickets. Whereas those that are Creatures of service are tame, sociable, and do not fly from Company: I deny not but a man may be good in Retirement; especially when the world so swarms with Vice. One would not travail but upon Necessity, when he must be either wetted with the rain of slander, or battered with the hail of Injury. It were too great uncharitableness to condemn in general all the Monasfktes that have cloysterd up themselves from the World: Nor indeed are they purely to be reckoned among such as are shut out from Commerce: They are not alone that have Books and Company within their owne Walls. He is properly and pittishly to be counted alone that is illiterate, and unactively lives hamleted in some untravailed Village of the dullest Country. Yet we see in the general election of men, a Companionsable Life is preferred before those Cels that give them ease and Leasure. It is not one of millions that Habits himself for a Monk out of choice and natural liking; and if we look at those that do it, upon an easier scrutiny, we shall and 'tis not so much Election, that hath bowed them against the grain they grew to: Either want or vexation, crosses or contingencies, lend them unto places Nature never meant them born unto. The Soul of Man is as well Active, as Contemplative. The Divine Nature rests not only in the speculation of his great Creations: But is ever busy in preserving, in ordering, in governing and disposing by provision the various and infinite Affairs of the world. For man to give
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give himself to ease and self's leisure, is to contract a rust by lying still: To be become'd is worse, than sometimes toling with a stirring gale. Certainly, an operative rest is acceptable to a man's self and others: But, an intellectual laziness is the female both of Vice and Infamy: It clouds the mind, it milts the wit, and chokes up all the Sciences: and, at last, transmits a man to the darkness and oblivion of the grave. When Domitian was alone, he catch'd but Elies. But, of Augustus (a wife and prudent Prince) we have it recorded that he slept but little, and was so far from loving to be alone, that he had alternate watchers to discourse him in the night when he walk'd. Was not Scipio more glorious, fighting in Africa, than Servilius Vacia sleeping in his noiseless Country? Certainly, the Inculture of the World would perish it into a wilderness, should not the activeness of Commerce make it an universal City. Solitude indeed may keep a mind in temper, as not being tempted with the frequencies of Vice, or, the splendour of Wealth and Greatness. And 'tis true, the with-drawn from society, may have more leisure to study Virtue, and to think on Heaven. But, when Man shall be over-waysed by the pondure of his own corruptions, may not time adminisiter thoughts that are evil, as soon as those that be good? The caution sure was reasonable, that Cleanthes gave to him, that he found alone, and talking to himself: Take heed (lays he) you speak not with an evil man. No man hath commended Timon, for that he hated company. He may laugh alone, and that, becaufe he is alone: But, it hath not so pleas'd others, as that they have approv'd on't. And having at his death left this his own mad Epitaph, you will not think him mended by his solitude.

**Hic suam post vitam miserasque inopemque sepultus:**

*Nomen non quarus; Deus, Lisit, te male perdant.*

*Life wretched, poor: this Earth doth now surround me.*

*Ne're ask my Name: Reader, The Gods confound thee.*

There is this to be said against solitude; Temptations may approach more freely to him that is alone, and he that thus is tempted, may more freely sin. He hath not the benefit of a companion that may give him check, or by his presence loose him from off the book he hangs upon. Whereas in company, if a man will do good, he shall be encourag'd; if bad, he may be hindred. We are not sure the Serpent had prevail'd on Eve, if he had not catch'd her alone, and stragling from her Husband. A man had need be a great master of his affections, that will live sequestred from the world and company. Neither Fools nor Madmen are ever to be left to themselves. And albeit, a man may upon retir'dness make good use of his leisure: yet, surely, those that being abroad communicate a general good, do purchase to themselves a nobler Palm, than can grow up out of private recess. If a man be good, he ought not to obscure himself. The world hath a share in him, as well as he in himself. He robs his Friends and Country, that, being of use to

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both, doth steal himself out of the world. And if he be bad, he will hard-
ly mend by being alone. The Mastiff grows more fierce by being shut
up, or tied; and Horses grow more wild by their not seeing company:
That Actor hath too much trouble, that is never off the Stage; and he’s
as little acceptable, that does never quit the Tiring-room. But he that
can help, when need requires, in the Senate, or the Field; and, when
he hath leisure, can make a happy use on’t, and give himself employment
to his benefit; hath doubtless the greatest pleasure, and husbands his
life to the best of uses. For, by being abroad, he sufferers others to reap
the advantage of his parts and piety. And, by looking sometimes inward,
he enjoys himself with ease and contentment.

L.

Of the use of Pleasure.

Whoso admires not the wisdom of Demosthenes, in the answer he
returned to the Corinthian Lais: Paniere tanti non emo, He
would not buy Repentance at so dear a rate? Surely, Pleasure is lawful,
and God at first did ordain it for use: and if we take it as it was at first
provided for us, we take it without a sting. But, when in the measure
or the manner we exceed, we pollute the purer stream; or else, like
Beasts in heat, we drink to our destruction; and the beast we can expect,
is, either to be sick, or vomit. And if it be but vomiting, which, like
Repentance, brings it up again, even that is a sicknefs too. All our
dishonest actions are but earnefs laid down for grief. Vice is an infal-
lible fore-runner of wretchedness: on the best conditions it brings
repentance; but, without repentance, torment and repentance too. I
like those pleasures well, that are on all sides legitimated by the boun-
ty of Heaven: after which no private gripes, nor fancied Goblin
comes to upbraid my fentence for using them: But, such as may with
equal pleasure be again dream’d over, and not disturb my sleep.
This is to take off the parchings of the Summer Sun, by bathing in a pure
and Chriftal Fountain. But, he that plunges himself in a puddle, does
but ingage himself to an after-washing to get his filth away: And, who
would feast with that, which he knows will make him SICK if he eats
it? Unlawful pleasures, though they be a differing Paus-over from that
which Moses instituted, yet, they never can be eaten without lower
herbs attending them. Like the worser sort of Mushrooms, though
from the Sulphur of an Earthy mind, they shoot up in a night, and
look both white and fair to the eye; yet, give them what gust
you can, there will still a venomous quality flay with them, to be
rid of which, if you but taste, you must either purge, or be poysoned.
Certainly, the counsel of the Preacher is the best rule for all the
pleasures we enjoy in this life, Ecclefs. 11. 9. Rejoyce, O young man in
thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of youth, and walk
in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes: But, know
that
that for all these things, God will bring thee to judgement. Which by
some, I find to be taken for serious, and not an Irony, as most do inter-
pret it: And, I hope, I shall not offend, if I incline to their opinion
that so think it, and for which I shall presume to give my reasons.

First, it suits with several places before in the same Book. Cap. 2. 10.
when Solomon had given himself a latitude in his desires: he tells us,
His heart rejoiced in all his labours, and it was his portion; nor do we find
his youth reprehended for them, his failing being rather in his age, than
it. And in the 24, verse of the same Chapter, he says, There is nothing
better for a man, than that he should eat and drink and that he should make
his soul enjoy good in his labour; and this he says, that it was from the
hand of God. Cap. 3. 22. He perceives that there is nothing better,
than that a man should rejoice in his own works, for that is his portion.
Cap. 5. 18. he repeats it with a remark, Behold that which I have seen,
It is good and comely for one to eat, and to drink, and to enjoy the good of
all his labour, that he taketh under the Sun all the days of his life which
God giveth him: for it is his portion. And in Chap. 9. v. 9. he exhorts
again to joyful living: and the reason that he gives for it, is, Because it is
his portion in this life: So that, one place expounding another, and being
alike, either all may be thought Ironical, or none. The former places I
find not so interpreted by any, and this by some, otherwise, that is, to be
serious; as if he should say, Rejoice and cheer thyself in all that God
gives thee for pleasure; but yet do it with that moderation, with that
prudence, and that warrantableness, that thou mayest be able to give an
account to thy God, that in bounty hath given them to thee, whenever
thou shalt be called to judgement, as doubtless, thou shalt be for all
that passeth thy hand. Suitable to this, Lorinus, that cites the several In-
terpretations of this place, says, Vel amara Iovis contra voluptuosam vel
eft mitius consolation. Sic hilarus fuitur praebentibus bonus, ut meminisset
reddenda rationis Deo. Either a Sarcalmus against the voluptuous; or
else, 'tis a milder counsel, That we so enjoy the present good, that we
may remember to give account to God for using it. That we should
lax in our selves in all the corrupt and mistaken pleasures of life, was
never licensed by any of the wiser Heathen. Pleasure that impairs our
abilities, that brings detriment, or sorrow afterward, was laughed at
by Epicurus himself: but a lawful pleasure, lawfully used, doubtless, is
an Emanation of the goodness of the Deity to Man.

A second Reason I take to be this: The whole Book of Ecclesiastes,
is a serious Tract, a kind of Penitential Defeatant and Judgment given
of all that does belong to Man; a sober Collection of what his wis-
dom had observed from all these various paths of worldly affairs, that
he had trod, in the course of his life. And in the whole stream, I find
not any thing that bears the aspect of being light and Ironical: Some
will have it, Solomon's Repentance; and argument the writing of it, to
be the proof of his Salvation, as if, being darkened with smoke and black-
ness, while he wandered and tumbled in pleasure, he now, by the light
of Divine Grace, saw through those clouds that did before enwrap
him,
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him, and wind him off from that great wisdom that at first was given him. And sure, if this Text be Ironical, it differs from the scope of all the Text before, there being not one place more, that I find to be commented with the like sense.

A third Reason is, That God would never have instilled the apperition of pleasure, and the faculties of enjoying it, so strongly in the compulsion of Man, if he had not meant, that in decency he should make use of them: Most natural actions in themselves, are not unlawful, but as they are circumscrib’d and hedged about by circumstance. The Apostle says, All things were lawful for him, but all things were not expedient: That is, all things that in themselves were purely as natural acts, and were meerly Adiaphora, indifferent, neither good nor bad in themselves, but as they were attended by other adventitious, that fall in with their use. These in themselves were lawful, but being chafed about, and pounced with the settings off, and powderings of sin, they were not expedient for him. And this he seems to explain in the last part of the verse, 1 Cor.6.12. All things are lawful for me; but, I will not be brought under the power of any; That is, All the acts of men as natural, are lawful for me to do: But, seeing there is so much corruption adhering to their use, by my exceeding the measure, mistaking the manner, misplacing, or mistiming them (In any of which, if I err the least, I come under the guilt and bondage of them): Therefore, though they be lawful for me in themselves: Yet, I hold them, if circumstanced amiss, not to be expedient for me; nor will I put my self under the power of any, that is, to be condemned for them, when I shall be called to account for using them. ’Tis neither a sin, to be honestly rich; nor a vice, chafely to enjoy the Rites of Marriage. Unlicensed pleasures, are those that leave a smart. The drinking water sometimes is a Julip; but to take it in a Fever, is destructive.

A fourth Reason is, From the several varieties of delight and composure, which God created in the world: which surely, he would not have done; if it wholly had been unlawful for man to use them. All the several tastes of food, were meant to please the palate, as well as meerly to content our hunger. Of all the Fruits and beauties placed in Paradise, there was but one Tree only that was then forbidden him. If God had not intended delight, as well as bare supply; sure, one kind only, might in every sense, have terminated appetite.

I conceive therefore, I shall not be far from Truth. If I think with Solomon, for man to enjoy himself in those felicities of mind and body, (which God out of his Immense Liberality hath given him), be his portion. Only we ought so to use them, as we may not be inthralled in their guilt; but, may be able to acquit ourselves upon account for using them. Though questionless, if Solomon, who had a particular spirit, and a far larger measure of wisdom given him, than we can ere pretend to, or promise to our selves, could not escape being foyle by them; we ought much more to beware in their use. A wise man will not venture on that for a little present pleasure, which must involve him into
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into future danger; no way compensable by the short delight he takes. Whatever we do, we ought before we act, to examine the sequel: If that be clear, the present enjoyment will be ease and content. But, to rush inconsiderately upon pleasure, that must end in fadness, sities not with the prudence we ought to be indued withal. 'Tis a folly of a bigger bulk than ordinary, that makes a man over-rate his pleasure, and under-value his vexation. They are Beasts, that will be catch'd in a snare by their appetite. I will endeavour to be content, to want that willingly, which I cannot enjoy without a future disfave.

L. I.

Of Libelling.

It seems Vice is so naturally hated of all, that every man's finger itches to be giving of it a blow. So though they be tied up by Fear, by Power, and Reflections upon their own particular interest, while the offender keeps in Command, and hath the Fasces at his dispose; yet, as soon as ever he is uncoller'd from these chains, or the latter be laid by, and the hand of protection taken off: As at a Fox that is coursed through a street, every thing that can but bark, will be opening upon him: And though they never loot a Lamb themselves, or had a feather of their Poultry ruffled, yet, like whelps set on by the bawling of others, they are as fierce against them, as if their Families had been ruin'd by them: when, it may be, all that they charge him with, is, that he hath merited more than others; or, out of duty, hath become the skreen for keeping off the vulgar beats from scourching of his Prince or Patron. Indeed 'tis hard in changes to escape the flying Paquil. And 'tis as hard to avoid a change. For the Humours of men are variable; and Displeasure, as often riles out of Fancy, as upon just cause. And though a man by all the Innocence, he can muster up in his whole Life, cannot promise himself to be ever out of the reach of this winged Dragon: Yet, there is no doubt, but a prudent integrity is the readiest way to it. Virtue does but rarely bear those strokes that are due to the back of Vice. The Furies seldom lash but guilty souls. For the most part, they are dunghills where these Scarebees do both breed and light. An infamous life makes work for a gauding pen. Yet, a Libeller, is but the beadle of Fame; or the iron that brands him for his Vice, and Roguery: and though he writes Truth, he hath but an Executioner's office, and after the man is condemn'd, is but the Hang-mans book to drag him to the Gemonie. Libels are usually compos'd of the deepest, and the bluest gall; being like fire pent, when they get a vent, they break forth far more eagerly; than being registred by the pen and print, like strokes in Oil, they hardly are wash'd off, with the greatest and most painful rubbing you can use. Like the French Tumaise, if you let them live, they sting; if you kill them, yet they sink. You may heal the sore, but not the fear: And though per-
haps there may be

Spleen and Cowardize, that duly examin’d, they ever-shadow all the shine that’s in them. The wiser Governments have ever been severe against them. Ovid tells us of a Law, that makes the Person convic’d of libelling to be Intestabilis; that is, he shall neither be capable of making a will himself, or of being witness of any made by others. And Tacitus relates, that Libelling (by Augustus) was brought within the compass of the Law against Treason. Certainly, ’tis an ungenerous thing, to publish that to all, that we dare not own to any: ’Tis an unmanly Cowardice, that strikes a man in the dark, and like a Serpent bites him by the heel, and then glides into his hole, for want of courage to abet his actions: Be it true, or false, no man gets reputation by composing a Libel; for it tends to disgrace, enkindles malice, uffers in revenge, and discomfitt spleen. The most generous, I observe, are the least concerned at all. Why should any man keep himself awake, that he may hear these Night-Birds call? It is not for a wise man to be troubled at that, which no body living will own. A Libel, is Filius Populi, that having no certain Father, ought not to inherit belief: As ’tis hard, to find any man free from all that may merit reproof; so, ’tis as easy, in the best, to find something that we may reprehend. Yet, sure I am, Charity will rather abate the score, than inflame the reckoning. He that Libels, transgresses against the common rule of Morality and Religion: he does not do, as he would be done by. We ought rather to bemoan the unfortunate, than unworthily to insult against him, that is not now in a condition for his own vindication. ’Tis a disposition quite unchristian, that we shew in such bad actions, being wholly contrary to that intermutual amity and friendliness that should be in the world. We rejoice in others crosses, as if they were blessings to us. And ’tis all one, as if we were so preposterous, as to be dancing and frolick at Funerals. If men were heavenly, they would be enkindled with a warming fire of love and charity to condole dyshalters, or offences; if but humane, yet Nature, never meant to Man a mind so cruel, as to add weight to an over-charged beam. He that falls into a publick disgrace, hath enough to bear of his own, there will be no need of another’s hand to load him. To envenom a Name by Libels, that already is openly tainted, is to add stripes with an Iron rod, to him who before is broke, or fly’d with whipping: and is, sure, in a mind well temper’d, look’d upon with disdain and abhorrence.

L II.

Of Apparel.

Though we hear not of it, till sin-sent Man to seek for it: yet, since it is a covering for shame, there is something of decency in it, it being begot like good Laws out of evil and corrupted Manners: and surely
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Surely, rightly considered, we thereby do declare our guilt, and the slender effect that is to be set upon us, when we chuse rather to appear in the spoils and excretions of other inferior creatures, than to shew our limbs and parts as Nature hath bestowed and furnished them. It may, indeed, be thought a modesty in Nature, to cover those excrementive parts, which, left uncover'd, perhaps might offer offence. In Birds, they are wholly conceal'd by their mothers, in Beasts, by the tail they are produced with. 'Tis generally supposed, if Adam had not sinn'd, he had had no need of Garments: his Innocence was his clothing, and for covering of his shame, he then, indeed, had needed none. But why Man (induced with so many Prerogatives, above all other Creatures) should be exposed to more inconveniences than any that were else in the world; either we must think him worse provided for by his Maker, or else, that Paradise should have ever been in such a Celestial Ferocity, that there would have been no need of any thing to defend him against the hard and sharp, the heat and cold, of the Air and changing Seasons. It is not probable, when all Creatures else have either Shells, or Scales, Hair, Wool, or Fur, or some kind of other of Natural Tegument to guard them against outward injuries, that Man alone without a fence should be exposed naked to all those adventitious assaults that are incident, to gall and vex such weakness. As it is my belief, that Man was created mortal before he sinn'd; so, I could incline to believe, he might have come to Garments, although he had not sinn'd. It's true, it was after his fall, but before he was turn'd out of Paradise, that he made himself his Fig-leaf-Circumcision: which, being rough and fretting, was but a kind of gentler Curricombe. And whether lighted on accident, as next and readiell; or, taken for a present necessity, not knowing better; or, design'd so out of choice, as a Hair-shirt to penance him for his folly in offending, I shall not dispute: but, surely, God himself saw that so uneative and unsetting, that out of pity to his creature, he put him into pelts, a gentler, easier, more soft and pliable, more durable, more warm, and more defensive clothing than that his own new-wretchedness had lighted on. Lucretius would have us think, it was after some tract of time, that he arrived at his clothing in skins: but the Text is a testimony against him. Though it may be from Adam's hiding himself among the Trees of the Garden, he might be glimps'd to relate, as we find in the Poem of his 5. Epitome.

Nec damn res igni seiant tractare, neque mi
Pellibus, et spolis corpus vestire seruare;
Sed Nemora, atque cacos montes, silvasque coelebant,
Et frutices inter condebat squalida membras,
Verbera ventorum vitare, imbre, que costi.

When first men knew not how to work with Fire,
Nor in Beasts skins, or spoils themselves t' attire;
For Woods and Groves, and hollow Rocks th' inquire
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And for'ld among leaves, their ftringus limbs they flow, T avoid the rain, and raging winds that blow.

Certain it is: Mans own invention, went but to the Fig-tree-leaves: perhaps, his fresh-born ignorance could not on the sodain find out other: or, having found to sad an effect of transgressing one Command, he durst not presently rush upon the violation of an other. His limit for diet was, to Fruits and Herbs. Not being commission'd to feed on Flesh, he could not come at the skin, till his compassionate Maker licens'd him to kill the sacrice for the cafe alone. For, we do not find in the Text, that he had any commission to eat flesh, till after the world had been vast with the Flood. But, to wear Apparel, we find it natural; there being no Nation, or People, to deeply lave, but, that their verenda at least, have been shaded by them. Nor can, in reason, the greatest Critick, complain of Providence, for sending man naked into the world: For, seeing he was Lord of all, and had wit to make use of all, there was no need of inducing him clothed upon the Stage of the World, as other creatures, who had no ability to help themselves, beyond those Veils that Primitive Nature gave them. The Universe to Man, was a larger furnisht shop: every fit material was his stuffe and trimming, produc'd and laid before him for his Garment. He was only left to be his own poor Taylor, to make them up and dress himself as he thought most convenient: And therefore, Fashion, which is left at liberty; among wife men is not to be tax'd, unleas it be inconvenient, or ridiculous. Every mans palate may as well be confin'd to one kind of Cookery, as his fancy peg'd up to one kind of fashion. It is not only lawful for a man to vary, but even to please himself in that variety, since in it self one is as lawful as the other; a little skirt is as legitimate as a great one; and comparatively, as colour, one is not worse than another. The Athenian Magistrate reproved Crates, for wearing a fine linen Garment, who to justifie himself, told him, he could shew him that great Philosopher Theophrastus clothed in the same; and, to prove it, carries him to the Barbers, where Theophrastus late to be trimm'd with the like cloth call about him: Now (says he) you see how impertinently scrupulous you are; for, were it ill in it self, it were not in shops to be used. The sober Scipio was flatted in the Capitol in an Exotique Habit: And Sylla being Empeur, confin'd not always to the Roman Gravity. We read, how God himself commanded his High-Priests Garments, that they should be glorious and beautiful, not only rich in stuffe, and curious in workmanship, but orient in colours, and refulent with Jewels. And whether by this, it were learned from the Jews, or, was naturally seeded among the Heathen, sure it is, their Priests and Flamens were more resplendent in their robes, than others of a larger cene: which may lesson us to this, That even to Heaven it self, good clothes are not displeasing. We find not fault with the Peacock's shining train, though other Birds be not so gay as he. As a Saddle and Trappings to a Horse, is Apparel to a Man; though
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Though a badge of servitude, yet withal an Ornament: And as a poor one disgraces a well-shap'd Cowfer, so a rich one is suitable to the Beast that is flately and handsome. Nevertheless, in Apparel, especially, for constant use, the Poshive is the best degree: Good is better than the Beast. He is not right, that is in them either poor, or gaudy; the one argues fortdness, singularity, or avowice; the other, pride and levity: yet, as the world is, a man loses not by being rather above his rank, than under it. It is as old as St. James, That a gold Ring and sumptuous Apparel had more respect than the man that was meanly arrayed. If we be to set a Jewell, we give it the best advantage we can think on; and the richer'tis, the more care we take to grace it in the lustre. Though Virtue be a Diamond so precious, that'tis richest when plain set; yet, we think not either the cut, or the water, can make it sparkle too much. Certainly, it is necessarily convenient, that upon occasion, we be sometimes braver than ordinary at great Solemnities; upon approach to Persons of extraordinary Honour, upon caues of common Rejoynings, and Fesitivities. Socrates himself, when he went to a Feast, was content to be smugg'd up and effec'd in his Pantophles: And being demanded, how he came to be so fine?his answer was, Ut Pulcher cam ad Pulchrum; That he might appear handsome to thoes that were so. Though Joseph were sent for in haft out of Prison, so as the Text layes, he was forced to runs; yet he shav'd himself, and changed his rayment, before he would appear before Pharaoh. It is an incongruity to mingle Rags and Silk. Though all be Pearls; we match not round and orient, with thoes that are discolour'd and uneven. A man ought in his clothes to conform something to thoes that he converses with; to the custom of the Nation, and the fashion that is decent and general, to the occasion, and his own condition: For, that is best, that best saries with ones Calling, and that rank he lives in. And seeing all men are not Oeclipusses to read the riddle of another mans inside; and most men judge by Apparencies; It behoves a man to barter for a good effect even from his clothes and outside. We gues the goodnecs of the pature by the mantle that we see it wears. The bellique Cesar, as Suetonius tells us, was noted for singularity in his Apparel, and did not content himself without adding something to his Senators Purple Robe. If there were not a Decorum and a Latitude according to mans ranks, and qualities, what use would be of silk and fother Rayment? In vain had Tyrian se's their greedy purple's bred. The Assyrian worm should wart her self in vain. The costly fur, the linen flax, would all let go their values, and instead of benefit become a burden to the full-for'd world. Attalique Garments have their proper use. The Pontique Beaver and Calabrian wool, the brighter Ermine and the darker Sables, find justly wearers whom they well become. Yet in Apparel, a manly carelesnes is beyond a feminine Art; Too great a tricking tells the World we dwell too much on outsides. There are three good ues we may lawfully make of Apparel, to hide shame, to preserve from cold, and to adorn the body;
the worst task we can put it to, is to engender Pride; when we think the Logg is precious, because the bark is Aromatique and perfum'd. When Demonas saw the Fool in fine apparel, and by reason thereof to wear as well as it an outward insolence, he heard him in the Ear with this; That fine-wrought wool that you (Sir) are so proud of, was worn by a Beast before it was worn by you: And yet that Beast doth still a beast continue. I do not see in the general but that the man becomes the Apparel rather than the Apparel the man; for some are of so homely a garb, that no clothing can hide them from the Fool or Clown: While others give a grace to any thing is cat upon them. And that may settle us in this Resolution, that comely Apparel is better far than either costly, or conceited. He that is phantasique in his clothes hangs them on as a Sign to tell the World that a Puppet dwells within. When Caligula's pride and folly rendered him so ridiculous, that he would cry upon himself to be sometimes Jupiter, sometimes Juno, otherwise Diana, often Venus, and so change his Habit, fituble to those various shapes the fabling Poets had bestowed upon those foppish Deities; Dion hath this Note upon him, Quidvis potius quam homo videri cupiens; He had rather seen any thing than what he was or should be, A man. He that will be singular in his Apparel had need have something superlative to balance that affection. As Elias, John the Baptist, and Dion Prusius who had been a strange sight appearing mantled in a Lyons skin, if his parts had not advanced him to the Chariot of the Emperor Trojan. Commonly that is most comly that most like of, and is liked by ones self: A man may have Liberty to please his Fancy in his Habit, so it does not disparage his Judgment.

LIII.

The good use of an Enemy.

THE Skilful Physician, out of noysome plants and poiyonous beasts, can sometimes gather and confect his cure for foul diseases. As briers and thorns, though they be pungent and untractable: yet in a fence they hold the Beast from wandring into wider danger: so though an Enemy be no way grateful to the common sense of Humanity, yet surely by the prudent he may be made a Mithridate; and, as a guard upon our Actions, to keep them that they stray not beyond Discretion and Convenience. It was the opinion of Diogenes, That our life had need of either faithful friends, or sharp and severe Enemies; And many times our Enemies do us more good than those we esteem our friends. For whereas a Friend will often pafs over ordinary failings and out of Respect, Connivence, Relation, or self-interest, Speak only what shall be either grateful or not displeasing. An Enemy will catch at every Error, and sets himself as a Spy upon all our Actions, whereby as by a Tyrant-Governour we are kept impaled.
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impaled within the bounds of Virtue and Prudence, beyond whose limits if we dare to wander, by him we presently are whipt into the circle of Discretion. Like the Sergeant of a band in Armies, if we be out of rank he checks us again into the place and file appointed us. To a fool he is the Bellows of passion, but to a Wise man he may be made a School-master of Virtue. The greatest glory Rome did er arrive at, in part did from her potent Enemies rise. They taught her all the arts of War and Government, till she mounted to a Fame whose splendor was so bright that like the Sun it deaded all the lesser fires before or since in the World. Was the not beholding to her Enemies for all her 350 several Triumphs, and in them for her Conquerors impalmed Purple, and their laurel'd Temples in their Turqueries? And certainly as her glory was the highest, so those Triumphs were the highest pieces of magnificence and splendor that the Sun e're gaz'd on. For therein were the Arms, the Wealth, the Garments, Gems, and precious Utensils of all the several Nations of the Earth; and, in Eligle, Towers, Cities, Forts, and Battails as they won them. All rarities of creatures extant through the world. Whole droves of Oxen for the Altar dress'd with guidled Horns, and flowry Garlands crown'd, with their Minifters in shinning Silks, with Golden Vessels for their use in Sacrifice; Musick, Perfumes, Feasts, and the summ'd up Excellencies of all that could be thought on; and (after all these stately sights, and the roabd Senate coming out to meet them) Kings, Princes, Dukes, their Wives, their Kindred, Children, and Alleys, the captiv'd Soulier, and the tamed Commander, with hands behind them bound, sadly and slowly moving to offer the approach of the Victor's leisurally proceeding Chariot. Certainly, the highest Virtues, the greatest Fortitude, the Dominion and Wealth of the World they got by having Enemies. And at last, with their Enemies, they conquer'd their own Virtue too: For, no sooner were they freed from those, but the ease and rust of Peace did Canker all their brightness. Metellus professed he knew not, whether his Victory did Rome more harm, or good. And when one was applauding the happiness and security of Rome, having saved Greece, and subdued the Carthaginians; the wise Scipio conceived her most in danger, while she had none to fear, and keep up in her the growth of Fortitude, and Diligence. A man with an Enemy, is like a City besieged: While Hannibal is at the gate, it is not for him to be careless and licentious. For Enemies like Ravens, though they smell not the food; yet, they can sent corrupted manners presently. So, that as Appius Claudius observed of Rome, and we may find it confirmed in our Neighbours of the lower Germany, their Enemies have added to their Fame and Industry. From thence we often find more truth than flines among families; they boldly speak their undisguis'd opinion; they prevent our running into Vice and Error; and if any act, mis-behaving Virtue, shall but unavoidably escape us, they will be sure to single it out of the Coppice wherein it was lodged, into the open Plain, by every under wood-man, to be beset and shot at. So, that if a man by his
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Friends cannot know wherein he offends; his Enemies in that will put on Friendship's office, and shew him where he fails. And, so I know the thing, what matter is it, whether it be blown me in a petty whirlwind; or whisper'd in a calmer air? By either, if I please, I may take occasion to mend. The Air, we see, is cleansed as oft by ruffling winds: as by the gentle and more grateful rays of the warming Sun. Nor does an Enemy only hinder the growth and progress of our Vices: But he enkindles, exercises, and exalts our Virtues. Our Patience is improved by bearing calmly the Indignities he thrives to load us with. Our Charity enflamed by doing good for ill, by taking the better handle of his actions; by pardoning and forgiving the injuries he does us. Our Prudence is increased by wisely managing our selves in our demeanor, left weakly ordered, we give him opportunity to wound us. Our Fortitude is strengthened by a stout repelling of storms, and an undaunted courage shew'd in all our actions. Our Industry is ripened and habituated by watching all his On-fsets, and his Mines; and by best contriving how we may acquit us in all our contiastions. And, questionless, sometimes we ought to be thankful for an Enemy. He gives us occasion to shew the world our Parts, and Piety, which else perhaps in our dark Graves would sleep and moulder with us quite unknown; or, could not otherwise well be seen without the vanity of a light and an ostentous mind. Miltiades had miss'd his Trophy, if he had miss'd an Enemy in the Marathonian Fields. Horatius Cocles, and Mutius Scævola had never gain'd such fame, by either of them surmounting the opposition of an Element, the last of Fire, and the first of Water, if they had not both been put to it by the Etruscan Porfena. And though the last line alone of Martial's Epigram might prove this, yet, because he hath so elegantly, in little, limb'd in the Story of the latter, I have profum'd to give you the whole.

Dum pateret Regem, decepta Satellite, dextra,
Injecit sarcis je peritura focis:
Sed tam seva pius miracula non tuli Hostis;
Et raptum flammis jussi abire virum.
Urere quam potuit contempto Mutius igne,
Hanc fpeciare manum Porfena non potuit.
Major decepte fana est & gloria dextra;
Si non erafset, fecrat ulla minus.

When his right hand mistook the King (his Prize)
Inrag'd to th' fire he gav't for Sacrifice.
But the soft King amaz'd at such fell sights,
Snatches it thence, and so the Man acquites.
That hand which (scorning flames) stout Mutius burn'd,
Porfena durst not see, but from it turn'd.
Mistake became his glorious Fames excess;
Without mistaking, he had acted less.

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And, after all this, we may be deceived by our friends, and we may deceive our selves. But, an Enemy cannot be unfaithful, or deceive us; because we know him so well, that we do not come to trust him, but keep him out at a distance, and clearly out of the capacity of cozening; so that, though a friend may please more, yet an Enemy may profit as much. The Consideration whereof may very well facilitate unto us those seeming hard Commandments of our Saviour and Christianity: To forgive our Enemies, to pray for them that persecute us, to do good to them that hurt us, and even to love our Enemies: For albeit they love not us; yet, since they are occasion of so much benefit to us, as to promote our Virtues, and reprefs our Errors; if we can be but wise for our selves, we shall find it but an Act of Reason and exacte justice, to afford them our Affections; not only as they are our Brethren, and pieces of the same Imagery with our selves, but even out of the Rules of Civilitie and Nature. If, but by accident, though unwillingly, a man do us a curtse, yet we ufe, and it becomes us, to be thankful, because, without him we had not been so happy; every Instrument that brings us good, we are beholding to. And certainly, as we ought to be thankful to God for our afflictions, that are sent by him to amend us, fo your Enemies are to be reckond in the number of those by which we may be refined; if we will. As the hardest stone is properest for a Bafis; fo, there is not a better Pedestal to raise a Trophy of our Virtues upon, than an outward Enemy, if we can but keep our selves from inward Enemies, our vices, our weaknesses, and our own disarrayments.

LIV.

Of Gifts and their Power.

Where Love and Gratitude grow in the heart, it will not only blossom in the tongue, but also fructife in the hand by action and expression. And indeed, to expect or receive favours, and not to think of requital, is, like the Beast, to take bread from the hand, and then gallop away for fear of being made to do service. Certainly, there is a greater force in gifts, than usually men think of; they conquer both the wise and foolifh. With gifts both Gods and Men are taken, and prevail'd with. From Hell to Heaven, the order is in all to offer: With a sop even Cerberus is quieted. And, in regard his gifts became'd so much their minds, 'twas said of Philip, that his Gold, and not his Iron, all Graecia had subdued. And when the Gods were either begg'd to, for bestowing favours, or sought to for their Angers being appeas'd, the Altars fmoak'd with offerings, as being believ'd the way the former to incline them to Beneficence. He that hath business, and spares his hand in presenting, angles without a bait; and oftentimes renders him that he would have his Friend, his Enemy. A kind-
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ness unrewarded, turns into neglect, as if we flighted both the man and the matter. 'Tis true, in Administrations of Justice, where men like Gods ought uncorruptedly to adorn their high Tribunals, where the Publicque is concern'd, and men, besides Conscience, are bound up by the solemnness of Oaths, it is a Sin to accept; and, doubtles, no Virtue for any at all to offer: As 'tis the modest Virgins, so 'tis the Magistrate's part, when tempted, to refuse: And, as 'tis fallly said, 'tis the mans part to offer, so questionles, he cannot be free from corruption, that would lay any thing that should look like a lure before the eyes of Justice. 'Tis like some Dalilahs wanton eye, though it makes no bargain, yet it tempts. A gift thus offer'd, is no other than an illegitimate philtrum, endeavouring to adulterate Affection from that Bride to whom they stand already betrothed; and, though we contract not, is not better in the aim than a bribe. In which, I see not, why the offerer should not be as highly punishable as the receiver. I do not think the Devil was better than Eve. The Author of the mischief is more criminal, than he that weakly is seduced to follow him: who laies a snare to take me, though I escape it, is not wholly innocent. What can be said in excuse, is chiefly this, The Client is not sworn, not to offer; but the Judge is bound, not to take. Certainly, who ever offers it out of sincerest ends to himself, with but the leaft thought of perverting Justice, and, whoever takes it out of the desire of gain, intending thereby to be partial, come both within the guilt of bribery; which, as Job tells us, will beget a fire that shall consume their Tabernacle. And 'tis from the greatness of the influence that Gifts have upon men, that the Laws have been so severe against them. Indeed, it is not fit a corrupt man should ever come to know the power that gifts carry over minds: They gently bow them from their own intention from the grounds of Right and justice. They bring a stranger into affinity, an Enemy into a Friend. They are charms upon the disposition; and, like the blandishments of the strange women, they kiss men into kindness they intended not. Besides the blinding of the eyes of the wife, Solomon tells us, A gift is a beloved jewel, a Stone of Grace, (as the Original hath it) and it prospereth whithersoever it turns. It blunts the keen edged Sword, and breaks the brazen Wall, A mans gift makes room for him, it throws open doors, puts out the Watch-mans light, and brings him to the Great mans presence; Prov. 17.8. & 18.16. 'Tis the Abolition of Israel that steals away the heart from Justice, that is and should be King. And bate them, but this Felony, and doublets, then a wise man will not be wanting in them. Before favours received, they seem to speak affection and regard; afterwards, gratitude and acknowledgment. It is not good to be constant in gifts at set and fixed times; for Custom, as in other things, so in this, does usually run into Law. Expectation will diminish the value of a Free-will-offering, and it will quickly become as an obliged Sacrifice; and, if we omit, we displease. This was seen in New years Gifts, which being at first only auspicious and honorary, grew to that pass in the time of Augustus,
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gustus, that every man brought them to the Capitol, and there left them, though Augustus was not there: And Caligula by an Edict ordered them then to be brought him. 'Tis best when we give, to do it so as it may be sure to shew to either love, respect, or thankfulness. And great Presents are not so much to be commended, as those that take the fancy, that square with a present occasion, and may be of often use in the Eye, whereby we may be retain'd in remembrance. The Bottle of soul water which Peribarzanes had from the Country felow, was so grateful to Artaxerxes, when he was thirsty, that he protested he never drank of a pleasanter wine in his life-time; and the Peasant it was had from, he would not suffer to depart, till he had lifted him from his Poverty, to be a person of wealth. A Noble heart wears fetters when he is beholding, and sometimes rather than be overcome, will wane himself to less in his Estate; as choosing rather to be less, than lagging to requite a benefit. Among the Romans, Donations of Estates between married couples were forbidden, unless to purchase Honour with: perhaps, because they would have Love so pure and natural between them, as that nothing of Art should intervene: That Love might have no other ground but Love and genuine liking. Otherwise, between remoter Relations, they held them as the Cement of affection and friendship. And they had their Culomary-Seasons for such Intermutual expressions of regard by Presents, as on the first of December at their Saturnalian Feasts; on the first of January for their New-years-gifts; on their Birth-days; and on the Calends of March, in memory of the service done by the Sabine women, the green Umbrella and fat Amber were to women sent. And, in all times, such Gifts as were merely out of affection and benignity, that were amiable and honorary, were never at all forbidden: for, having no ends but these, they were reprehensible, if not done; but, much commended, if they were performed. Mendicatory or fishing Gifts that like lines are cast into the water, baited with a small Fry, in hope to catch a Fish of a greater growth, the generous have ever disdained. 'Tis but a begging out of the compass of the Statute; which, though it be more like, I scarce hold to ingenious, as a down right craving of Alms. A man may give for Love, for Merit, for Gratitude, for Honour, to engage a lawful favour, or prevent a menacing storm: but never to betray, to entice to injustice, or to make a gain, by begging with a little, greater. For, though the pretence be Love and Honour, the aim is Interest and Lucre. And if it be a Bribe, it never hath a prevalency; but, when two Knaves meet, and agree to cozen a third, that both of them have cause to think honester than themselves.
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LV.

Of the inconveniency of neglecting Prayer.

This Conversation chiefly that begets both Faith and Love. Affection cannot but covet to have the object that it loves be near. He that never comes at me, allows me not much of his kind-nefs: If my friend withdraws himself from my Company, I may justly suspect I am waning in his wonded esteem. For, absence is a wind that by degrees blows off those fruits that grow upon the Tree of Friendship. It disrobes her of all those pleasing Ornaments and Contentsment that are by Familiarity and Conversation enjoyed. And as it fareth between two that have been antiently Familiar, yet dwelling asunder, the inferior out of a careless neglect omits or minds not his usual duty of visitation; and this so long, that at the last he forbear to go at all: So, their Loves that by frequent Intercommunications were heartful and alive between them, by discontinuance only, drop into decay and shrink away to nothing. There needeth nothing more but a lingering desirous to divest him of all those solaces and comforts that usually enrich the noble and contentful Region of Friendship. By lying still he lazes out his interest, and dis-arrays himself into an unacquainted Stranger: That, at last, if he would return, shame and the sense of his neglect, forbids or hinders his reverting to his former intimacy. As water set abroad, it airs away to nothing by only standing still.

And 'tis not otherwise between the Soul and God: Not to pray, not to meditate, not to have him in our thoughts, dif-wonteth us, and estranges him. And when in foddain plunges we more particularly shall come to need him, our shame does then censure our weak Faith, and with despair does send our burning blushes down into our Bosome. With what confidence can we run to him in need, whom in our plenty we have quite neglected? How can we beg as Friends, as Children, as Beloved, when we have made our selves as Strangers? 'Tis a most unhappy state to be at a distance with God; Man needs no greater Insecurity than to be left by him to himself. A breach once made by Negligence, like that by water worn, though it be by so soft an Element, yet by time it breaks itself into a Sea. Though France and Britain supposedly once were one, yet we see the tracts of Age have made them several Regions. 'Tis far from prudent policy to admit of Interposures. If we would be prevalent and estimable, we ought with all our care to preserve that interest, which never can, but by our own neglects, be lost. Though Princes be just, yet they are not familiar with subjects at a distance. They are Privy-does that have daily recourse to Majesty, that have power by their necessities to help themselves and others. Those birds we breed up tame, that follow us with their spreading wings, that often chirp their pretty confidences to us, that perch upon our shoulders, and nestle in our warmer Bosomes; To the
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we daily do distribute food, and with our tender care provide them still protection. But those that wildly fly about and shun us, we never are solicitous to care for. The advice was divine in the every way accomplishing Xenophon. That we should in prosperity be sure frequently to worship and adore the Gods; that whenever we had a more peculiar need of their assistance, we might with greater confidence approach them at their altars. He that would keep his friend must make him often visits, and ever and anon have something in a readiness to exercise his stock of love, and keep affection flaming. And surely, 'tis from hence the Apostle bids us pray without intermission, for it keeps us mindful of our own inherent duty, and God is always put in mind of us; and, to encourage our addresses, blesses us. When a man neglects his praying and his praising of his Maker, it makes a Chafm betwixt him and his own felicity. If he does see God at all, 'tis but as Dives after death saw Lazarus, a great way off, with a large gulf fixed between. And though it is not required that we should be always Tedder'd to a formal solemn praying; yet by our mental meditations and our ejaculatory emissions of the heart and mind we may go far to the compleating the Apostles counsel. There is in the lives of the Fathers a story of one Abbot Lucius, that being visited by some young Probationers, he demanded of them, if they did not employ themselves in the practice of some manual Labour? They told him, No, they spent their time according to the precept perpetually in praying. He asked them then, If they did not eat and sleep? They said, both these they did. Then says the Father Who prays for you the while? But they not knowing what well to reply to this, he thus returneth to them: Well (says he) I perceive you do not do, as you say: But I can tell you how you may pray continually. I am not ashamed to labour with my hands. Of the Date-tree leaves at times of leisure I make up little lines, or perhaps some other matters. And while I work, I send forth still between, some short petitions to my gracious God. When I have some little quantity of finisht work I sell it perhaps for ten pence or a shilling, about a third thereof I give away to the poor: the rest I spend myself. So that when I eat or sleep, these poor men praying for me, they perform my part, and so I pray perpetually. Certainly the breathing and effusions of a devout Soul turn prayer into a chain, that linking still together ties us fast to God. But intermission breaks it, and when we are so loose, with every rub we easily are overshot. And doubtless we shall find it far less difficult to preserve a Friend once made, than 'tis to recover him when once he shall be lost.

LVI.

Of Envy.

THIS a vice would pose a man to tell, what it should be liked for. Other vices we allume, for that we falsely suppose they bring us
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either pleasure, profit, or honour. But, out of envy, who is it can find any of these? instead of pleasure, we vex and gall our selves. Like cankered brass it only eats it self, nay, discourses and renders it noisome. When some told Agis, that those of his neighbours family did envy him; why then, says he, they have a double vexation: one, with their own evil; the other, at my prosperity. Like a Corroding platter, it lies gnawing at the heart; and, indeed, is founded in grief: that being the object of it; either in himself; or others, through all the conditions that are. Either he grieves in himself, when another is happy; or else, if ever he does rejoice, 'tis certainly because another does suffer. So calamity seems the center that he points unto. As a desert-heat, the days brightnes drives him to the dullness of a melancholy cave, while darkness only puts him with the prey that pleases him: as a negro born of white parents; 'tis a forlorn sadness, begot at another mans joy. And because he hath no insolvency of his own, as is brought, and is concomitaneous, with most of other vices; the envious man creates his own disturbance, from the prosperous successes of others. So the maze call'd it, the saw of the soul, that pricks and cuts the vital blood, and tears the flesh but into larger atoms. Eion, being a spiteful fellow look sad, was not able to say, whether some disasfer had befallen himself, or some good luck some other. He is a man of strange constitution, whose sickness is bred of another's health; and seems never in health, but when some other is sick; as if nature had fram'd him an antipathetic to virtue: And so indeed is equal, that he does become at length his own sad source and beadle.

Justiss Invixidia nihil est, que proximos ipsum
Authorum rodit Excriciatis; sum.

No vice so just as envy, that alone
Doth gall and vex the mind that doth it own.

Profit can never by this be acquired: for, he is an enemy to him that is able to help him; and, him that is miserable and cannot he delights in. The Swine is pleased with wallowing in his mire; the Dog, by tumbling in his loathsome carrion; but envy is not pleasure, but the maceration of the body. It fows the countenance, gives the lips a trembling; the eyes an uncelestial and declining look, and all the face a measurer waiting patience. 'Tis the green sickness of the soul, that feeding upon coals and pulling rupish, impalld all the body to an helique leanness. There is no pleasurersness in his conversation, that should invite us to affect his company: not is his honesty such, as to make us covetous of so craved a Companion, whereby we should be drawn to confer favour, or bestow rewards. Flattery is often recompenced with bounty; Injustice finds a bribe; Prodigality obligeth many; Avarice accumulates all: but who did ever give to one for being Envious? or what is it but outward hate, or inward torment, that the envious gets?

Honour by it, I'm sure, can never be compass'd. For tis so perpetually found
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found in weak minds, that it stamps the Fool upon the Master for troubling himself, not only with things without him, and that concern not his own well or ill Being; but that he resolves to be miserable, as long as he sees another man to be happy. 'Twas a handsomewithof Seneca, That the eyes of the envious might behold all the felicities of every several Citizen: for their own vexations would rise and swell, according to the flood of joys that appeared in other persons. It proclaims us further to be low and inferior to others, for we never envy him that is beneath us; so that it cheats our own intention. Him, whom we would blast with the dark vapour of disgrace and obloquy, by our envying of him, we point out for excellent, and flick a ray of glory upon his deserving forehead, that all the world may note him. It taints the blood, and does infect the spirits. And if it be true, that Philosophy would inform us of, it turns into a man a Witch, and leaves him not, till it leads him into the very condition of Devils, to be detrusted Heaven for his merely pride and malice. The aspect of his eye alone, does sometimes become not only vulnerary, but mortal. They prove a fascination by the eye, when the spirits are corrupted; from the experience of a Looking-glass, that at certain seasons, by some bodies gazed on, becomes spotted and stained from their only intuition; for they lay, Certain spirits virulent from the inward humor, darted on the object, convey a Venom where they point and fix: and those noy SOME vapours centred on the eye, which is much more impenetrable than the hardened glass, they are taken by the eye of the affected, and through it strike the very heart and intrails. Nor is it to be wondered at, since we daily find, in way of love, the eye can with an amorous glance bewitch the heart, and fire the spirits till they burn out bosome. If once the eye can at a distance charm, then why not by another? Invenom'd spirits throw their flames about; and doubtless, wound the unprepared they light on. Excited poison, rises into spreading and diffused infection. The air becomes infected by the noy some breath, and he that comes within the dint on't, dies. The very Shepherd could conceive that pointed malice wrought upon his flock,

Nescio quis teneros oculos mihi fascinat Agnos!

Some spiteful eye sure has my Lambs bewitcht.

It may be tis from hence, as well as from the implacability of the vice, that Solomon tells us, Anger is cruel, and wrath is raging, but who can stand before Envy? Yea, hence tis, not unlikely, that twice the Apostle joins it with Murther, Rom. 1. 29. & Gal. 5. 21. as if he that conversed with the envious, went in danger of his life; as indeed he does, being subject to all the disadvantages that unfortunate man can live under: whatsoever he does well, is presently detracted from, till it be lefseved and vaxnaleph'd into nothing.

At a Feast in Spain, the meritorious Discovery of America by Columbus was discoursed on; the baseless sort did highly praise the Ent
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But, some haughty Spaniards, envious at so great a glory, lightly said, The thing was no such wonder, since a plain Navigation could not well avoid it; and doubtless there were many Spaniards that could have discovered those, and other unknown Lands, without the help or affiance of an Italian. Columbus was by, and silently heard the passage, whereupon he leaves the Room, and immediately returns with an Egg in his hand, and to this effect bespeaks them: Gentlemen, Which of you can make this Egg stand upright upon one end? they try'd, and could not; so concluded it was not to be done: But, Columbus, taking it, and giving it a gentle crack, straight way set it up in their sight: At this they jeer'd as a thing so trivial, that it was no Mystery, but this way it might be done by any body. Yet, replies Columbus, none of you could do it till first I shew'd you the way. And such was my Discovery of the West-Indies, till I had made it, none of you could do it: and now I have don't, you boast how easily you could find out that, which I have found out for you.

Of all the lies that are, Envy is the most observant and praying. When the Physicians to Frederick were relating what most would sharpen the sight, and some were for Fennel, and some for Glasses, and others for other matters; the Noble Achilles did allure them, there was nothing that would do it like Envy. Whatsoever a man does ill, by it is magnified, and multiplied; his failings all are watch'd, drawn out, and blaz'd to the World, and under the pretence of good, he oft is led to the extreme influence of evil. Like Oil that's pou'd upon the roots of Trees, which softens it, destroys, and withers all the branches. And being once catch'd, with scorn he is insulted on. For, Envy is so unamiable a Devil, that it ever tyrannizeth most upon a slip or low proftration, at which time gallant minds do most disdain to triumph.

The Envious is more unhappy than the Serpent: for though he hath poison within him, and can cast it upon others; yet to his proper bosom 'tis not burdensome, as is the Rancour that the envious keeps: but this most plainly is the Plague, as it infects others, so it fevers him that hath it, till he dies. Nor is it more noxious to the owner than Fatal and detrimental to all the world beside. 'Twas envy first unmade the Angels and created Devils. 'Twas Envy first that turn'd man out of Paradise and with the blood of the innocent first died the untainted earth. 'Twas Envy fold chariot Joseph as a Bondman, and unto Crucifixion gave the only Son of God. He walks among burning coals that converles with those that arc envious. He that would avoid it in himself must have worth enough to be humble and beneficent. But he that would avoid the danger of it from others must abandon their company. We are forbidden to eat with him that hath an evil eye, lest we vomit up the morsels we have eaten and lose our sweet words; That is, lest we get a sickness instead of nutriment; and have to do with those that, like Enchanters, with smooth language will charm us to destruction.

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LVII.

Why men chuse honest Adversity before undue Prosperity.

Since Pleasure and Complacency, with Glory and Applause either true, or mistaken, is the general aim of Man: and the avoiding Pain, Disgrace, and Trouble, the Shelf that we would not touch at; It is to be considered, from whence it comes to pass, that wise men, and mostly such, should chuse Goodness and Virtue with affliction, and the burthens of unpleasing accidents; rather than Vice garlanded with all the false demuisions of a present contentment. Even among the Egyptians, the Mid-wives would rather incur the danger of Pharaoh's angrily and armed power, than commit those murthers that would have brought them preferment. Moses when he was grown up, that is, was full forty years old, (the time of Judgment's ripeness) He chos adversity and affliction, which he might have avoided, before the pomp and splendour of Pharaoh's Court, and the Son-ship of the Prince's his Daughter. Socrates being committed by Publike Authority (though unjustly), would neither break his Prison, nor violate Justice, to purchase Life and Liberty. Hath not our own Age seen Him who hath abandon'd both his Life and Crown, rather than betray his Honour, and his Peoples Liberties; returning to the Offer (as my Author says) this Heroical and truly Regal answer, Mille mortes mibi subire potius erit, quam sic meum Honorem, sic Populi Libertates profissuere. I shall sooner undergo a Thousand deaths, than to my Honour, so my Peoples Freedom prostitute! Certainly, the Appetition of Happiness, and that (Primus omnium Motus) Love and Care of our selves, even in this seeming contrariety of choice, holds still, and leads us to this bold Election. Else Man, in the most serious Exigents of his life, were his own false cheat, and led by a Genius that in his most extremity would cozen him. It would cast deceit upon Providence, that if we did not do for the best in chusing these Indurances, would delude us with vain beliefs, and running into Noughtings. Seeming would be better than Being, and Falshood should be prefer'd before Truth; which being contrary to Reason, and Nature, cannot be admitted by Man. If therefore we did not believe, Truth and Honour and Justice were to be prefer'd before this present life, and all those elusinvt (sparklings, that dance and dangle in the Rays and Jubilations of it, sure we should not be so fastidiously chuse the first, and let the latter slip away disdained. Among some other les weighty, these following reasons may for this be given; one is the Majesty and Excellency that Virtue hath in her self; which is not only Beautiful, but Eternal; so that there is a power in her to attract our adherence to her before all the transient and skin-deep pleasures that we fondly smack after in this postage of life in this world. The Philosopher said, and truly too, That Virtue was the beauty of the Soul, Vice the deformity. Virtue hath a flavor, that, when the draught is past, leaves a grateful gust and savor, which makes us love & covet after more. Socrates taught every where, that the just man and the happy were
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all one. The Soul of Man like a tree in a fruitful soil at first, was planted in the Element of Virtue, and while 'tis nourish'd by it, it spreads and thrives with fruit and fair viridity. But every Vice is a Worm, or frost, or blast, that checks the sap, that nips the tender branches, and Cankers the whole body it self.

A second Reason is, because the Soul is Immortal, of which this to me appears a potent argument. If it were not to be any more, why should it not prefer fruition, and the exercises of life, before a dissolution and privation? Were a man sure, that all would end with life, we should be simple to provide beyond it: But, because it does not, Providence, which in the general, leaves none unfurnisht with that which is fit for him, hath given him this prospect and apprehension of futurity, and out-living life, and his journeying through this world. Socrates when he was condemned, told his Judges, that Melitus and Antius might cause him to die, but they could not do him mischief or incommode him.

A third Reason is, That doubtless, there is an Eternal Justice, of which God gives us both the sense and notion, that when hereafter Man shall find a punishment for his sins and vices, he cannot plead the want of Proclamation, since 'tis more than whisper'd to his Spirit within him, and so characterized in his Soul, that 'tis one of the diffinent properties of Man from Beast, that he can reflect upon himself, and apprehend Eternity: which as it will justly condemn us, so it will leave our great Creator without blame, and our selves without excuse. It is the opinion of Plato in his Phaedon, that the Souls of good men are after death in a happy condition, united unto God in some place Inaccessible: but those of bad, in some convenient room condignly suffer punishment. Besides these, there is so much good in affliction, and the conquefts of it, That, as the wife Creator knows it the Phylick of our frailty; so wise men are the least offended at it. He that by the Oracle was approved for the wisest, conflict'd, though he knew before he married her, that his Xanthippe was a foold unfalterable; yet, he wittingly did marry her, to exercise his patience, that by the practice of enduring her shrivell heats, he might be able to brook all companies; the brawls, the scorns, the sophisms, and the petulancies of rude and unskilful men; the frettings, the thwartings, and the excruciations of life; and so go out a more perfect and an exact Philosopher. Virtue is not learned perfectly, without a severer Tutor, That by the Rod of Discipline, and the Fire of Affliction, can scour us from our dross, and burn of all our rust. A good man like an Asbestos Garment, as well as a Tobacco-pipe, when foul, isclean'd by burning. The faithful hereby learn all their excellent virtues, Patience, Charity, Temperance, Fortitude, Humility, and Contentment, with the whole Train of other glorious graces that crown the most deserving. By this, God forms his servants into splendour: He brulhes off their dust, washes away their stains, consumes their dregs, & builds them up into Saints. Nor is it to be doubted, but it is a Mark of favour to be bred up thus like Princes, under the Tuition of so grave an
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Instructior, in the rudiments of Piety and Goodness. The Apostle Easlar-dizeth those that suffer not. It is a sign of Sonship, to be chastiz'd. We are the objects of our Heavenly Father's care, while we are lefion'd in the Arts of Virtue, while we are chequ'd and bounded and impal'd from offence. It therefore is no wonder, that the devout Climacus should perivade men, That persevering under scorns and reproaches, they should drink them off. As they would do Milk and Honey. The Soul-dier is not expert, without passing through several perils. Iron is but a dull thing, till it be forg'd and anvil'd, vici't and filed, into shape and brightness; but then, and not before 'tis fit to take its guilding. We most approve that Horse, that hath best been manag'd to the Bit and Spur, without which he were an untameable danger. The workman boyls his silver, before it can be ready for burnerthing. Without quarrelling Rome, we can allow this Purgatory, to putifie and cleanse us, that we may be the better candidated for the Court of Heaven and Glory. He that is so head-strong as to cast away Discipline, is in danger, to have the next thing he throws away to be Virtue: we correct where we would amend; where there is no hope, we do not trouble our selves so much as to reprehend. Nor does Correction so much respect what is past, as that which is to come. Nemo prudens punit, quis peccatum eff, sed ne peccetur; A wise man does not punish so much the ill we have done, as to prevent, that we may do none hereafter. 'Tis Seneca's, and may instruct us to believe, That though we be not at cafe, yet we may not be unfortunate. As bodies that are crooked, disdain not to be brace'd in steel, that they may become straight: So the Mind that is warping to Vice, should not think much to be kept upright by the curbings and the strows of Adversity.

LVIII.

Of Play and Gaming.

The Olympick and the rest of the Games of Greece, were instituted first meritly for Honour and Exercise: and though they wanted not Wealth, yet their rewards were not in Money and Treasures, but only in Wreaths and Garlands, of such flight Plants as were cafe to come by, and common among them. Chiefly, they had but four kinds of Plays; for being Victors in which, they were.

With Pine, with Apple, Olive, Parsley crown'd.

Sertagibus, Pines, Malus, Oliva, Apium.

As Antonius informs us. Though afterwards with higher Plaudits and Acclamations, they came to have Pensions and Provisions from the Publicque for life. But these, and such like, are not much to be faulted: For, their Institution was handsom, and their end and aim was good. The Play that's most complainable, is the inordinate Gaming for Money; which he that first invented, was certainly, either very idle, or else extremely
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Ly covetous. Albeit in the sequel it cheats the Intention in both: for, who so busie as they that are intent at Dice? Their Soul and Fences run along with them, and seldom 'tis, that they give men leave to moderate. And instead of gaming it waits even what we had without it. Some inform us, they were first invented by Palamedes in the Trojan War, in that ten years Siege to keep his Soldiers from idleness: And the truth is, it may fute better with their Calling, than with that of other mens. He that makes it his Trade to kill, will blanch but little at thefting; and whatsoever he comes by, if the War be not highly just, he hath as good a plea to, as to that he gains by diceing. He was not much out of the way that being asked what difference there was between Alector, and Tesserarum Lusor? answered readily, The same that there is betwixt War and Latro. And indeed to play for gain, and by unlawful means to draw away mony from another, to his detriment, in the opinion of Divines is but permitted Thievry, wrought with commiuxion of Murther. And to see some men, when they have plaid their mony, their watches, their horses and clothes, would one judge lefs than that they had fallen among Thieves, and had been plundered of all that they had? Nay, they are not only rob'd themselves, but they themselves rob others: for his dependents and friends have interest in what he hath. How often does the lascivious Gamester squander away a large left Patrimony; and, instead of Plenty, entails a want and beggary to his Issue? I do not remember that we read the name of either Dice or Gaming in the Text of either Scripture, to shew us the profaneness of the Trade is such that it comes not at all so much as under a Text. By the Laws Cornelius and Titius, it was among the Romans punishtable. In the 79 Canon of the Provincial Council held at Eliberis, Dicing was forbidden to the Faithful under the penalty of being kept from the Communion a year if he did not give over. But in the 50 of the General Council at Constantiopol, it was forbidden to all, and punished with Excommunication. Certainly there was cause, why so grave Assemblies did so severely punisht him. And indeed if we examine, we shall find it not only as a Serpent in its self, but waited on by a troop of other Scorpions, that bite and sting with equal poison and venom. Two things are most precious here to the Life and Well-being of Man, Time and Treasure: and of both these, does the following of Gaming rob us. They that are bewitched with an humour of play cannot be quiet without it; 'Tis a malus genus that eggs, and urges them to their own destruction. 'Tis in many men as importunate as Fate, that affords neither rest nor resisience; but with a pleas'd Acidity hurries them on to that which in the end they would not find. He that is a lover of play, like the lover of a Harlot, he does mind that so much that he neglects all other occasions. Business, friends, repose, Religion, and Relations, are all laid by when once he is set upon play. Night is by flaming tapers turn'd to day, and day worn out within the pen of walls, as if confined or Prisoner to his sports. As the Romans did with drink; we do with play; We play down the evening star and play up the morning star: The Sun may round the World before one
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one Room can be relinquished by us. One would think, some new philosophy had found out for Gamblers this unknown Summum bonum, which exacting all their time makes Nature more beholding to Necessity than inclination, for either sleep or food. Surely a gambler can never expect to be knowing, or approved for either his own, his friends, or his Countries service. The time he should lay out in fitting of himself for these, runs waste at this Brack of play, which arms him in nothing but how to deceive and gain: though well weigh'd even in gaining he comes to be deceiv'd at last. If he does win, it wants him with overplus, and enters him into new ways of expense; which habits him at last to lasciviousness, and that delivers over to an aged poverty. Besides, he cannot be quiet with his purchase; they that he won it from will study and contrive Revenge. And he is not suffer'd to be at peace in Victory; for the most part, whatsoever is gotten by play is either vainly waited, or but borrowed to repay with interest. It leads men to excess, that without it would be quite avoided. If they win, they spare no cost, but luxuriate into riot. If they lose, they must be at it, to keep up their gauded and their vexed spirits: in both, a man is exposed as a prey to Rooks and Daws, impudent and indigent companies that flatter, suck, and perpetually pillage from him. 'Tis the Mine that carried close in dark and private trenches through hollow and crooked caverns, blows up at once his Fortune, Family, Fame and Contentment, and in the end through disorder and surfeits leaves him to go off a Sat: Certainly it cannot be the pleasure of the action that so strongly can inchant men. What pleasure can it be, out of a dead Box to tumble Bones as dead; to see a square run round; or to see his Estate reduc'd into a Lottery, to try whether he shall hold it any longer or no? Surely, it must be Covetousness and the inordinate desire of getting, which prevailing once upon us, we become possess'd, and by it are carried as well to the Graves and Sepulchres of the dead, as the Cities of the living by this ill spirit leading us. I cannot conceive how it should suit with a noble mind, to play either much or deep. It defrauds him of his better employment, and links him into lefs than he is. If he wins, he knows not whether the other may spare it or no. If he cannot; the generous will scorn to take from him that wants, and hates to make another suffer meerly for his sake. If he can spare it, he will yet disdain to be supply'd by the bounty of him that is his equal or inferior. If he loseth and cannot spare it himself, it proclaims him to be unwise to put himself upon exigents for will and humour; and not honest, for he injures all about him. He that plays for more than he can spare, makes up his stake of his Heart and Patrimony, his Peace, his Priviledge, his bosom'd wife and his extended Son; even the Earth he holds floats from him with this ebbing tide. Be he rich or poor, he cannot play his own. He holds not wealth to waste it thus in wantonness where there is plenty; besides a mans Relations, the Common-wealth and Poor have some share due to them. And he cannot but yet acknowledge he might have employ'd it better. It gains him
neither honour nor thanks, but under the others Cloak perhaps is closely laugh'd at: as easie and unskilful Thales, having put Saron into a passion for the supposed death of his Son, said, it was for that and such like inconveniences he thought not fit to marry. And he that sees into what heats, what fears, what dissemblers and disorders, what madness and vexation, a croud-hand at play implunges some men in, will never hazard his own peace of mind, with bidding by play for such Phrenzies such Bedlam fits and dissortions of the whole frame of man, which sometime never leave their Patients, till they drive them into Despair and a Halter. What is it provokes to Anger, like it? And Anger others in black oaths, prodigious Curses, senseless Imprecations, horrid Rage, and blacker Blasphemy, with quarrels, injuries, reproaches, wounds, and death. And which is not the means of the ills attending gaming; He that is addicted to play and loves it, is so limied by custom to it, that if he would stir his wings to fly away, he cannot. Therefore Plato was in the right when he sharply reproov'd the Boy he found at play, and the Boy told him he wondered how he could be so angry for so small a matter, Plato reply'd again, that custom was no small matter. 'Tis not denied, but labours and cares may have their relaxes and recreations. Though Memmius objected to Cato his nightly Play and Jollity, yet Cicero excused it with instancing his perpetual daily toil for the publick. But we must beware left we make a trade of sport, and never to play for more than we may lose with content, and without the prejudice of our selves or others.

LIX.

Prayer most needful in the morning.

Here is no doubt but prayer is needful daily, ever profitable, and at all times commendable. If it be for our selves alone, 'tis necessary: and 'tis charitable, when it is for others. At night it is our Covering; In the morning it is our Armour: so at all times it defends us from the malice of Satan, our own subordinations and betrayings, the unequal weather, that the world assauls us with, and preserves us in the favour and esteem of Heaven: We are dependents upon the Court, while we are but Petitioners there; so till we be denied and dismiss'd, we have the protection thereof: which certainly is a priviledge that a stranger cannot claim. And albeit prayer should be the key of the day, and the lock of the night; yet I hold it of the two more needful in the morning, than when in the evening we commit our selves to repose. 'Tis true we have enough to induce us to it then: the day could not but present us with something either worthy our thanks, or that needed our begging and pardon, for removing or continuing something: and though we be immur'd with walls, and darkenss, yet are we not exempted so from perills, but that without our Gods assistance, we are left a prey to all that is at enmity with man. Besides, Sleep is the
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Image or shadow of Death, and when the shadow is so near, the substance cannot be far remote. The dying Gorgias being in a flumber, and asked by a friend how he did? He answered pretty well; only sleep is recommending me up to his brother. Some, we know, in health have gone to rest eternal: and without thinking of the other world, have taken their leave of this; not knowing themselves that they were on their way, till they had fully dispatched their journey. But notwithstanding all this, a man at rest in his chamber (like a sheep impenn'd in the fold) is subject only to unusual events, and such as rarely happen; to the emisions of the more immediate, and unavoidable hand of God. Danger seems shut out of doors; we are secured from the injury of the elements, and guarded with a fence of iron, against the force of such as would invade. We are removed from the worlds bustle, and the crowd of occasions that jostle against us as we walk abroad. He that is barr'd up in his house, is in his garrison with his guard about him, and not so soon attacked by his enemy, as he that roaves in the open and unshelter'd field. Who knows not, the ship to be safer in the bay or harbour, than tossed and beaten in the boiling ocean? Retirement is more safe than business. We are withdrawn when the vail of night and rest enwraps us in their dark and silent cabinet. But with the sun, we do disclose and are discovered to our praying enemies: We go abroad to meet, what at home does not look after us. He that walks through a fair of beasts is in hazard to be gored, or kicked, or bruised, or beaten: We pass through Byars and Thorns and Nettles, that prick and scratch and sting, We are in the day as travelling through a wilderness, where wild and savage creatures are, as well as tamer animals. All the world is Africa; where heat and drought, venom, or something new; does still disturb us. The air, the fire, the earth, and water are apt to wound us. The frays, the trains, the incitements, the opportunities, the occassions of offence, the lures and temptings from abroad, and the busineses and accidents of life, deny us any safety, but what we have from the favour of protective providence. Besides, prayer does face all our actions. 'Tis the prompting of the soul, that laying us in the oil of grace preserves us from the worms and weather. When the mind in the morning opens to God as the eye to the sun, clearer light, by the Radiance of the divine beams we become enlightened inwardly all the day. He is lifted in God's service and protection, that makes it his first work to be enrolled by prayer under the standard of the Almighty. It was from hence pure, that devotion sprung of Christians crossing themselves at their entering upon busines. All thriving states have ever sought the gods in their first infancy. The morning to the day is as youth to the life of a man: If that be well seasoned, 'tis likely that his age may answer it, and be progressive in the path of virtue: To live well every day is the greatest and most important busines of man, and being unable for it of himself alone, he needs the more to gain divine assistance. In works of moment, even heathen never ventured without their seeking first such deities as they believed might help them.
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——Nothing’s well done
But what at first is with the Gods begun.

He carries an assisitant Angel with him for his help that begs his Benediction from above; and, without it, he is lame and unarmed. We do not find that Saul’s devotion was superlative; yet, he was troubled for fear the Philistims should catch him before he had said his prayers, 1 Sam. 13, 12. And because he had neglected this he stumbled upon an offering, thinking that way to supply it. He that commences with heaven, goes out in all a catapult. But if any thing happen ill, he walks upon his own hearts cheque, if God were not taken along.

L X.

To beware of being surprized.

As sodain Passions are most violent; so sodain occasions of sin, are most dangerous. They are traps that catch us while we think we’re secure; while we think we are born aloft, and apprehend no hazard, the failing floor sinks under us, and with it we descend to ruine. There is a prostration in assaults unlookt for. When Caesar’s friends were stabbing him, his Robe did hide his face, while he lay down to die. Amazement quails the heart, till it becomes with the press of its own vitals, drown’d; when the senses are set upon by unthought-of objects, Reason wants time to call a cousil to determine how to refit the assault. He that thinks not of a busines, and is o’th’fodain call’d upon, is as to that asleep, and at first waking starts, but knows not where, nor yet with whom, he is. Surely he is a wise man that is not caught by the sodainness of unlookt for accidents. Like darted lights that swiftly break upon us, they blind our weakened sight, and at beeft they leave us but to chance, whether we shall come off with glory or with shame. Alexander clouded his three great Victories, with the rash and violent ruine of his three chief friends. Ulysses had the reputation of being crafty as well as wise; yet, by the sodainness of Palamedes laying his Son in the furrow, where he was madly fowing Salt, he discovered himself to be sober, that would have appear’d disfarrt. And he that could smooth over the crosses of Chances of Humanity, and bear them with a Noble Fortitude, and by the fleeceness of his temper, wind himself beyond the common reach; was yet by the unexpected death of a Dog that he lov’d, put to more trouble, and showed more weakness, than either other weightier matters could impose, or than befitted a wise man to be taken with. Like Gunpowder in a lock, it blows open all our wards, it raises ope the curtain of the mind. As a fire’d Petarr when the City is walled about, this gives an entrance through the shatter’d gates. When Phryne knew not how to be sure of Praxiteles his best piece of Limming, which
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he (in Love) had promised her; she makes one, breathless, to bring him news that with a fadin violent fire, his house was almost burn'd down. At which he cries out presently, Is Cupid and the Satyre fav'd? by which she knew, that was the belt, then told him, all was well, but Cupid and the Satyre hires. We see, Love that is kindled at first sight, hath oft an eager fierce cure with it, beyond that which is leisurely built up by time and conversation. Tis Lightning melts the Sword, which else is proof 'gainst all the frouks of the hand upon the Anvil. Surely Job considered how apt he might be to be surpris'd, when he made that Covenant with his eyes against beauty. For want of which, David was catch'd by the accidental seeing of but Bathsheba bathe at a distance. Tis oft the booty that makes the un-intending thief; for that first steals the man, before the man steals it. Opportunity creates a sinner; as leaft, it calls him out to act; and, like the warming Sun, invites the sleeping Serpent from his holes. We are like Flax that's dress'd, and dry'd, and kemn'd; if the leaft park but fall upon us, we cannot chuse but burn. And though the Pelagians of old, would understand our praying against temptation, but a desire to be protected from the accidents and chances of humane life; yet, doubtless, our Saviour knowing the proneness of our nature to sin, and how easily we were to be surpris'd and how hardly we could escape, if once temptations did but glance upon us; taught us to pray, that we might not come into temptation; left by it, we should be overcome and perlih. Who commits himself to the Sea, is every minute waging towards death; and fadin gains indanger more the Vessel, than the constant gale that drives the Bark before it. Like Acute diseases, they sooner destroy life, than the leisurely progressions of a long collecting sickness. It is one of the weightiest, and most material parts of Prudence, to prepare and arm our selves to encounter Accidents, wit as well as wisdom is required to this busines; for, a man surpris'd, is even in reason more than half beaten; being taken at a disadvantage, from which he hath no way to extricate himself, but by the dextrousness of his ingenuity. Tis a fright that shrinks the soul into a corner, out of which it dares not peep to look abroad for help; so in head of a Remedy it runs to despair. The unexpected sight of flying Thysbe's garments, without examining, parted both the Lovers to act their own sad Tragedies. Had not the riches of the Babylonish garment, and the weighty wedge of gold tempted the inclining Achan, he had not been seduced to trouble Israel. 'Twas Dinah's itch to see new fashions, that exposed her to a Ravishment. To avoid occasions, and to be above accidents, is one of the greatest matters of Man. How like naked beggars we see the weak soul skip under the laft of every fadin disfavour, while the Magnanimous and composed mind, by preparing and forethinking, meets nothing new to bring him to amazement? He that foresees an Inconvenience, though he cannot always avoid it; yet he may be ever fitted to bear it better. If we cast before hand, we may avoid being put to the after-Game. And the edge of the evil is abated, if we but see the Bow that is bent against us.
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LXI.

Of Improving by good Examples.

There is no man, but for his own interest, hath an obligation to be Honest. There may be sometimes temptations to be otherwise; but, all Cards cast up, he shall find it the greatest case, the highest profit, the best pleasure, the most safety, and the Noblest Fame, to hold the horns of this Altar, which, in all affrays, can in himself protect him. And though in the march of humane life, over the Stage of this world, a man shall find presented sometimes examples of thriving Vice, and several opportunities to invite him upon a seeming advantage to close with unhandsome practices: yet, every man ought so to improve his progress in what is just and right, as to be able to discern the fraud and fained pleasurableness of the bad, and to chuse and follow what is good and warrantable. If any man shall object, that the world is far more bad than good, so that the good man shall be sure to be over powred by the evil: the case is long since resolved by Antifhenes, That 'tis better with a few good men, to fight against an Army of bad; than with swarms and floods of bad men, to have a few good men his Enemies, And surely this was it which raised up David to that bravery of spirit which made him procells, That though an host were pitched against him, yet should not his heart be afraid. He that is entirely and genuinely Honest, is the figure and representation of the Deity, which will draw down a Protection upon it against all the injuries of any that shall dare to abuse it. There is a kind of Talismanical influence in the soul of such. A more immediate impress of the Divinity is printed on the spirits of these, than all the scattered Heed of looser minds are capable of. The rays of heaven do more perpendicularly strike upon the minds of these, whereby they have both assimilation to God, propensity to good, and defence against injury. And it not only obligeth men not to do wrong; but, to make amends if wrong be done: and to dispense with benefits to ourselves, if in the least they shall bring detriment to others. So that a man ought not only to restore what is unduly gotten, or unawares let slip by others; but to seek out how we may do right. Thus if I find a Treasure, and know not him that lost it, I owe my endeavour to search and find him out, that it may be again restor'd. It is truly said by St. Augustine, Quod invenisti & non reddidisti, rapasti. He steals the thing he finds, that labours not to restore it. If he does not restore it, 'tis enough, that he does not do it, only because he cannot.

And although no man be privileged to swerve from what is Honest; yet, some men have, by much, more obligation to be so than others. They have tasted of higher dispensations, been more deterred by judgments, more gained upon by Mercies, or are illuminated with more radiant knowledge, whereby they better understand than others, wherein to be so. And, indeed, without knowledge 'tis impossible to under-
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understand wherein to do right. Though the best knowledge a man hath, be a light so dimly burning, that it hardly shews him to see clearly all the cobwebs and foul corners in his affairs: Yet ignorance is an opaque thing, and if not a total darkness, yet such an eclipse, as makes us apt to stumble, and puts us to grope out our way.

And besides all these, there are some that have more reason to be Honest than others, as having found dealings from others, that, like fire brought nearer, warms their conscience more. And not only would be evidence and conviction against them if they did wrong, but fits them up to do right.

And truly, I shall not blush to tell my Reader, that in the Number of these, I look upon myself as concern'd. Should I fail of being Honest, when advantage should be in my hand, I should not only be upbraided, but condemned by two especial passages that happened to my self; which for the Rarity may beget my pardon, that here I set them down to be known. One was:

An unknown Porter brings to me, to my Lodging, A Box scald up, and on the outside directed to my self. I enquired from whom he had it: He told me A Gentleman that was a stranger to him, and whose Name or residence he knew not, gave it him in the street, and gave him 6. d. to deliver it safely; which now he had done, and having discharged his part, he could give me no further account. I opened the Box, where the first thing I met with was a Note written in a hand I knew not, without any Name subscribed, in these very following words:

Mr. Owen Feltham, it was my hap in some dealing with you to wrong you of five pounds, which I do now repay double, humbly intreating you to forgive me that great wrong, and to pray the Lord to forgive me this, and the rest of my sins.

And under this Note, folded in another Paper in the same Box, were Ten Twenty-shilling-pieces in Gold. I cannot call to mind, that ever I was deceived of such a sum as 5. l. in any kind of dealing, not to this hour can I so much as guess at the person from whom it came. But I believe, he did it to disburthen a conscience. And surely, if I knew him, I should return him an esteem suitable to the merit of so pious an action. And since he would not let me know his Name to value him as he deserv'd, I have presum'd to recite the thing, that others from the sense of it may learn to be honest and himself reap the benefit, that may happen by so good an example.

This perhaps might be from some one, that not only professed, but practised Piety, and the rules of honest Living. And though I could not expect so much should be found among those that pretend not so high in Religion; yet, to shew that even in lower Callings, and as well now, as in our Saviours time, some (reckoned among Publicans and Sinners) may go to Heaven before the captious and the critical Cenforift; (If we shall judge by exterior demeanor, as the Rule that's given us;) I shall beg leave to give my Reader this second Story, which was thus.
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Going with some Gentlewomen to a Play at Salisbury Court, I caft into the Womans Box who sat at the Door to receive the Pay (as I thought) so many thillings as we were persons in number; so we pass'd away, went in, and pass out the Play. Returning out the same way, the Woman that held the Box as we went in, was there again, as we went out; neither I, nor any of my company knew her, or the use; but, as she had observed us going in, she address'd to me, and says, Sir, Do you remember what money you gave me when you went in? Sure (said I), as I take it, I gave you twelve pence a piece for myself, and these of my Company. As Sir (replies he) that you said, and something more; for here is an Eleven Shilling Piece of Gold that you gave me in stead of a Shilling; and if you please to give me twelve pence for it, 'tis as much as I can demand. Here had been, if the woman had been so minded (though a little) yet a secure prise. But, as many do probably conjecture, that Zachemus, who made Restitution to the shame of the obdurate Jews, was a Gentile as well as a Publican: So this, from one of a Calling, in diff-repute, and suspected, may not only instruct the more precise of Garb, and form of Honesty, but shew us that in any Vocation, a man may take occasion to be just and faithful. And let no man wonder, that a person thus dealt withal, and left it into his duty by the Practice of others to him; joynd with his other obligations to goodness, be hereby prevalent upon to a greater care of his own Uprightness and Integrity, than perhaps without finding these, might have been. I will not have the vanity, to say, These passages have rendred me better: Nor am I ashamed to confess, that I have sometime remembered them with profit. Sure I am, they ought not to loose their Influence; nor to pass unheeded; when they shall reflect on our selves. He that means to be a good Limmer, will be sure to draw after the most excellent Copies, and guide every stroke of his Pencil by the better pattern that he lays before him: So, he that desires that the Table of his Life may be fair, will be careful to propose the best Examples; and will never be content, till he equals, or excels them.

LXII.

Of Hatred.

There is a Civil Hatred, when men in general detest whatsoever is Vice. And the Prophet David speaking of the wicked, says, He hated them with a perfect hatred; to shew us, that Hatred is then Perfect, when the Object is only Sin. For we ought not as a Creature to hate any thing that God hath made. All that he fram'd was good, excellently good, and merited both love and admiration. But Sin and Vice, being things that God never created, we ought to abandon and abhor them, as being derogitory to his Glory and Wisdom, and destructive to the being of that which he was pleas'd to make for the satisfaction of his own free will and pleasure. And hitherto hatred is good. But of hate,
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as a Vice, either in ourselves towards others, or from others to us, there is reason to be careful, that, even with both hands, we thrust them both away. Hatred in our selves against others, is but perpetuated and long-lying Anger, which ought never to last longer than the declining Sun; but continued, like heady Wine, it intoxicates the Brain and Senes. He that nourisheth Hate in himself against any other person whatsoever, sows weeds in his own Garden, that will quickly choke those Flowers, that else he might take pleasure in. At first, it does but simmer, yet time will boil it up to height and rage. As Pilgrimes towards August, though they did but creep before, yet, now they will begin to fly. The beginning for the most part is but mean and poor; yet, 'tis fire, and from a thaving, or neglected rush, it easily can sometimes whole Cities turn to Cinders. The Feuds of Families bubbled up at first from little weeping Springs, that any child with ease might trample over, that they'd all clear, and seem'd to tell no danger: but gathering as they creep and curl about, they rife to Rivers past our foording over. Timon, that at first allow'd himself to hate but only bad, grew at last, to hate whatever he found was Man. 'Tis Envy's Elders Daughter, that, besides being Coheir with Inflation upon Adversity, troubled at Prosperity, back-biting and loud-tongued Detraction; inherits all the mischief that can arise from Malice. No man drench'd in Hate, can promise to himself the candidness of an upright Judge; his hate will partialize his Opinion. He that is known to hate a man, shall never be believed in speaking of him: no, neither truth, nor falsity. If he speak well, he shall be thought to dissemble: if ill, it will be taken as from malice, and the prejudice that he is byards with. So, while he carries the heart of a Murtherer, he shall be sure to have the fate of a Lyar: not to be believ'd, though he does speak what is true.

And though this in our selves be fatally enough destructive, yet, 'tis much more dangerous when it flies upon us from others. A Wife man will be wary of purchasing the hate of any. Tho' which Prudence might make his Guard, as Cadmus his Teeth he sows into Serpents, that lie in wait to sting. Against the Hatred of a Multitude there is no fence, but, what must come by Miracle. Nor Wealth, nor Wit, nor Bands of armed men, can keep them safe, that have made themselves the hate of an enraged multitude. 'Tis Thunder, Lightning, Storm and Hail, together. How many Imperial Heads did the Populacy of the Romans tread upon? Let no man flight the forms and hate of the people. When 'tis unjuft, 'tis a Wolf; but, when 'tis juft, a Dragon. Though the Tyrant seated high, does think he may contemn their malice: yet, he may remember, they have many hands, while he hath but one neck only. If he, being single, be dangerous to many; tho' many will to him alone be dangerous in their hate. The Sands of Africa, though they be but barren dust, and lightness; yet, anger'd by the Winds, they bury both the Horse and Traveller alive. With any weapon that comes next, it can both fight and kill. Quem quisque edit, Periisse expetit; His hated Enemy he expects should perish. And when he hath neither wealth nor strength,
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CENT. II.

strength, he watches Occasion, and attends both Time and Fortune. There be four things that more particularly do generate Hate; Pride, Covetousness, Persifidiousness, and Cruelty.

The proud man is the subject of contempt. And 'tis no wonder to find Man against him; when we find upon Record, that God doth re-\n\n290 \nfill him. Pride is the eldest of the seven deadly Sins: And because, that would domineer over all, 'tis just, that all should seek to pull it down. If it did cast Angels out of Heaven from Earth, it will may throw off-\n\ning Man. The proud Man would have us believe him to be a God: he would rule all; he would be thought to excell all: he would be Papal, and Infallible, when others know him to be short of a Man, a Bond-man to some pitiful lust, and quite mislead and erring. And 'tis for this, That though some out of fear, or interest, may bow to him; yet, the generous and wife most abhor to have him their Ruler, that cannot rule himself: Usually, though he be high, he is barren. Like Mount Gilboa, he has neither dew nor rain. As to Sejanus his Goddes, Fortune, we offer Incense and Perfumes, till we find the turns away, and then (as he) we kick her, and break her to pieces. Even Heaven, to proud ones, does deny its Influence. Let no man therefore think to get to Heaven and stability by that, with which the Angels there could not be permitted to stay.

Secondly, Covetousness. This is so greedy to catch at all, that it pulls even hate along. A fordidness so lively at it, that disdain and scorn attends it. 'Tis the inlet of those sins, that grate, and scratch, and gall, Thefts, Rapes, and Plunders, Perjuries, and oppressive Murthers; and makes a man not only a Thief, but a Jaylor too: For, whatever the Covetous catches, he keeps it up a Prisoner; so that neither himself will, nor any other can make use of it. Hatred is as properly due to the Covetous, as Affection to the Bountiful. And we may as well love the Rat that drops our Evidence into his hole, and eats it, as we may the cra\n\ning and rapacious person. He empties all the veins, and sucks the hearts life-blood; for, he drains away Money; and that, the old Comedian tells us, Anima et sanguis est Mortalis; 'Tis the common Peoples Soul. The enjoyment of Propriety, is that which prefers men in peace; but, he that rapines upon that, as a Robber, shall find Swords and Staves taken up against him to defend it. Septimius Severus had not ventur'd to march to Rome, in quest of the Empire; if he had not known his Soldiers all paid, and Julianus hated of the people for his Covetousness. Marcus Cras\n\stus being a Roman General, had we're been us'd so hardly by the Par-\n\thians, as to have melted Gold pour'd down his Throat, if his Avarice and Rapine turning the publick calamities to his private benefit had not made him hated.

Posse faciat quantum rapuit Nero, Montibus Aurum \n\nExequet, nec amet quengquam, nec ametur abullo.

Gold more than Mountains, or then Nero seiz'd, \n\nCan never make him pleasing, or well pleas'd.
A third and main procurer of Hate, is Falsehood and Perfidiousness: 'Tis the highest Chest in Humanity. A deceived Trust exalpates affection into an Enemy, and cancels all the Bonds of Nature. When we prosecute a deceiver and a violator of Faith, we undertake the cause of all Mankind. For every one is concern'd, that a Traitor and an Imposter be banished out of the world; for, he that premeditated cozens one, does not cozen all, but only, because he cannot. And, when a Man grows once to be noted for a person of falsehood, and a Fugle, every man will avoid him as a Trap that is set only to give Wounds and Death. As with a Judith Horse, if we will be safe, we must be sure not to come within the reach of his heels: who is it that will not hate him, with whom it is not safe to live? If a man be once a Fox, he ows his preservation to his craft, but nothing to the good will of his neighbours. He comes then to be in the Catalogue of those, that Peter Ramus speaks of, Quidam versaturl in dolis, & eis qualibet adversantur. Every thing is enemy to him that is deceitful. Paniani was but suspected to betray Lyfander in the battall: and the people would not rest till he was banish'd from among them. Deceit is a Thief in the night, which steals upon us in the dark, when we think our selves secure, and are not aware of either his Way or his Time, which makes us sleep as it were in Armour guarded about: with bars against him, and with maftiffs to destroy him.

The next Monster that calls up Hate against us, is Cruelty; which ever is ush'd on with severity and rigor. Man is a frail thing and should be put to expiate every offence with the extremity of Punishment, he must have many lives; or else have his Torments endless. We expect a Fathers pardon, and know the Gods do not alwaies punish to the height. He that hath not mercy to mitigate Correction, excludes himself from favour when he fails. To be alwaies strict and ferupulous is not conversation for man; it presently descends him into cruelty, which makes him a wild beast ill-natur'd. He that cannot kill him, will avoid him if he can: 'Tis not in Nature that ever he should be lov'd. 'Tis with cruelty as 'tis with choler. It is kindled with meeting it's like: as flakes that knock together, fire flies from both. No man can love his Torturer, or him that would destroy his being. Ferina is a rabies eff, sanguine gandere et vulneribus, et abjeto homine, in sylvestre animal tranfite. That rage is wholly bestial that smacks the lips with bloud and bleeding wounds, and casting of Humanity he pales into fierce and savage. Nero, Caligula, Vitellus, and many more, afford us sad examples of the end of cruelty: and above all, the unfortunate Andronicus, who met with more by the torrent of a popular hate than one would think Humanity could either suffer or invent: All things that men met with, were instruments of fury, and every Boy and Girle became an Executioner.

To prevent the hate of others, is, not to love our selves too much. He that does so, becomes unrial'd in affection, and at last does love alone what all men else do hate. The best is, not to prefer our private before a generality; and rather to pass over trivials than be angry
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at punctilios. He that minds his own with moderation, and but seldom intrudes on the concerns of others, shall surely find less cause to hate, or to be hated; and may at last come to live like the Adonis of the sea, that Aelian speaks of, in perfect tranquillity among all the rapacious fishes of the Ocean.

LXIII.

Of hardness of Heart.

This is not so much when a man is careless and unseasonable of another's condition, as when a man by the practice and custom of sin is grown obdurate, and fear'd up so, as nothing can work upon him to mollify him that he may be medicinal. Origen gives a handsome Character of it, Cor durum est, sum mens humana velut cerà, frigore iniquitatis obstricata, signaculum Imaginis divinae non recipit; Then is the heart hardened when the mind of man like wax becomes so petrified with the cold benumming of sin, that the impression of the Divine image cannot be made in it. So that other sinners are passing on the way, but the hard-hearted is come within the confines of a final destruction. He not only marches fast from God, but he builds a wall at his back, that he cannot retire to the Camp where he might be safe. He is pass'd over the Sea of Iniquity; and then, as the Prince of Orange at the battle of Newport, he sends away the shipping, that he may not have a mind to return. He puts himself out of the power of persuasion; like a stubborn mettall, once ill cast, he leaves no way to be mended but by breaking; so much he is his own dire Enemy, that without a Rape upon him he will not find Salvation. Tis not the distilling shower, nor the gently fanning air, nor the rushing wind, nor the rowling Thunder, that can work upon him. Tis only Lightning that can pierce the pores and melt the steeld heart within the scabbard, that must either doe the business or leave him quite undone for ever. For whatsoever happens to him to mend him, makes him worse.

Adversity, that is the Academy of Life to instruct and breed up man in all the ways of Virtue and Knowledge, to him it's but like the Gaol where he learns to shift and cheat, till at last he grows incorrigible and desperate. Prosperity lures him to a harder temper. Elation leads in disdain, which spurns away the hand that offers but to lift him up. Benefits seldom sink into obdurate minds; They take them to be Duty in others, but merit and desert in themselves. 'Tis the soft and gentle Nature that is soonest taken with a courtesse, there it sinks as cliness does in cotton till all becomes a Fragrancy; And therefore as they are most unhappy to themselves in the end, so they are worse for others to converse with in the way. For as nothing but compulsion can make them be indurable, so 'tis not a little trouble to the ingenuous to be put upon ways of constraint. The generous nature likes himself then the worst, when he must appear a pedagogue with a Rod or Fernula even in his hand, the good inclination is soonest won by fair
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fair and civil dealings. But ill dispositions being led by passion and a sensual appetite grow dangerous when not awed by force, nor yet are they much the better by punishment or tasting worse. The unruly horse that's spur'd is more to for his spurring. Like the steel both by fire and water too, it is hardened; Pharaoh was not better'd by all the plagues brought over him. Nor were the Jews by his example mended either in the radiance of the Gospel, or the raging of their sedition in Jerusalem. Neither was their obduracy, or their obsecration less. Judgments that are the terrors and the turners of the seduced soul, that hath but humanity in it; upon the obdurate they do not work at all. Either they reverberate them back before they pierce; as a wall of steel does a blunt-headed arrow; or if they do perhaps a little while find entrance, like the Elephant with the Convulsion of his nerves, and his bodies contraction, he calls out the shaft that sticks within him: so he closes in his own Corruption, which else might find vent at the wounds. 'Tis a fatal Notion under which the Apostle renders it, The hardness of thy heart that cannot repent. As if by a Barr put upon it, it were scaled up to ruine. He is chain'd and pinion'd and prepar'd for Execution, that he cannot repent. 'Tis like being born a fool. When Nature has doom'd him among the incapacious and silly, 'tis not in the power of correction or instruction, or in all the arts, to cure him. The pestle and the morter cannot do it, nor can the hardned soul by any thing be mollify'd, being indeed fit only for destruction. He is not neither meet to govern, nor to be govern'd by others. As Rome when sinking to confusion, nec libertatem, nec servitutem potest tolerare. Neither Obedience or Commands can be indur'd or manag'd. And this does easily come to passe when men are once habituated in Vice. As constant labour fears the painful hand to hardned brawn, and a callous insensibility: so the continued practice of Vice does hinder the minds clear sense, and leaves it in a way incorrigible. Dein quae remedio locus, ubi, que fuerant vitia, mores sanit, When Vices habit themseleves into custom and manners, there then wants room to take in what should Remedy. If frailty therefore calls us into Vice, let no mans obstinacy so fasten the nail in his soul, that it cannot without tearing all in pieces be pull'd out. He that commits an error does too much: but he that perfils in it, grows an Heretique,луits himself out of the Verge of the Church; so is not qualified to claim salvation.

LXIV.

Of Revenge.

There is no man that seeks Revenge, but 'tis because he conceives he hath had injury done him. And though there be a seeming Justice in the requital; yet, for the most part it is done by doing injury to him that first offered it to us; which in the actor cannot but be evil, since to offer injury upon any score, is unjust. Anothers doing injury to me, cannot legitimate my doing wrong to him. So though it be
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a thing both eafe and ufnal, and, as the world thinks, favouring, of some Noblenefs, to repay a wrong with wrong: Yet Religion speaks the contrary, and tells us, 'Tis better to neglect it than requite it. When wrong is done us, that which we have to do, is to remove it. We are not commifion'd to return it; But doing wrong again, does no way do the thing: What will it ease me when I am vexed, that I may vex another? Can another's sufferings pain, take off from my own smart? 'Tis but a purer folly to make another weep, becaufe I have that which grieves me. Nay well examin'd, 'tis a kind of Frenzy, and something Irrational, because another hath done us a mischief, therefore we will hurt our felves, that fruitlessy we may do him one; perhaps it may be it was from hence, that Poets feign'd, that Nemesis was by Jupiter transformed into a Goofe, a filthy Creature, to fet out unto us the folly of Revenge; for, at best, 'tis in us, but returning evil for evil; and that, in the favourable left-appellation, we cannot call less then frailty, which is indeed an Inquisition. Suppose a mad Dog bites me, shall I be mad and bite that Dog again? If I do kill him, 'tis not fo much to help my felf, as 'tis to keep others from harm. My interest is to seek a prefent Remedy, while purfuing the Cur, I may at once both lose my Witt and my Cure. If a Wafpting me, I pursue not the winged Infeft, through the air, but ftright apply to draw the venom forth.

And, in Revenge, though the rancour, fhou'd be tolerable; yet the usurpation never can be justified. The right of vengeance reffs in God alone; and he that takes it out of his hand, he fo far does deftroy him, as to put himfelf in his place. And while we throw a petty vengeance on the head of our offending brother, we boldly pull the Almighty on our own. The mind of man in peace and calm-warm Charity, is the Temple and the Palace of the Holy Ghost; but, Revenge is a raging flame that burns this Houfe of God in the Land. Like Heroftratus, he gains but a mistaken and polluted fame, that burns this ftately Structure of the Godsdefs. Through his own swelled heart, he frikes a fla-ming Sword, that he may, to pleafe his malice, but pierce his enemies garment. Diogenes, fire, was much in the righter way, when to one that ask'd him, How he might take the best Revenge of his Enemy? his anfwer was, By burning himfelf an honeft and upright man. St. Augiflne yet goes further, and lays, The revengeful man makes himfelf the Judge, and God his Executioner; and, when he wishes God to plague that wicked Enemy of his: 'Tis juft with God to ask which wicked one he means, fince both the beft is bad, and Revenge itfelf is Injury. Nor is it only againft the laws of Divinity, but againft the laws of Reafon; for a man in his own concern, to make himfelf Judge, and Accufcr, and Executioner too. 'Tis like our late misfam'd High Court of Justice, to which the Loyal and the Noble, the Banks and the Brave were violenc'd by Ambition and Malice, and Sacrificed to the Demons of misguided Rage and Passion. Surely, the beft return of injury is to do good, the next is to overlook it as a thing below us. If it be injury, our revenge is in the Actors bosome.
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bosom: What need we do that which his own mind within him will do for us? If it be not injury, we ought not then to be angry at all: so if we have a disposition to do a displeasure, upon our selves the revenge is to be practice’d, for that we have let our passion boy beyond the temper that it ought to hold. ’Twas a high Imperial act in Comrade the first, who having had a sharp war with Henry Duke of Saxony, and having had his Army by him newly overthrown, and his Brother beaten out of the field; yet being sick, and believing he should shortly die, he sends for all the the Princes of the Empire, and there, though his Brother were still alive, he recommends to ’em this his Enemy, as the fittest man to rule the Empire after him. Thus we see, great minds do sometimes light on Actions suitable, and learn by commanding others at last to command themselves in the height of seething blood, to the wonder and instructing, by example, such as God hath set to come after: and to shew us, that in God, so in those that in their power draw nearest to him; there is a Greatness greater than revenge, while meaner and lesser Powers are wholly swallowed by it. It shews our want of strength, when we let this passion mastery us. If we would see what kind of things they be, we may learn from Martials friend that they are,

—indoeti, quorum praecordia nullis
Interdum aut levibus videas flagrantia causis:
Quantulacumque ades est occasio: sufficit iter.
Chrysippus non dicis idem, nec mite Thaleisis
Ingeniis; dulcis: Senex vicimus hymetos,
Qui partem accepta vava inter vinula cicauta
Accusatori vollet dare.—

Unletter’d souls, whose glowing hearts will rise
With nothing, or what next to nothing is:
Each petty chance for passion shall suffice.
Though to Chrysippus taught not, nor the wife
Cool Thales: nor old Socrates, who would
In chains not part his Hemlock to the bold
Accuser gainst his life.—

If ever revenge be fit to be taken, it is when all our passions are becalm’d; and then ’tis but as Phylick to be us’d more to prevent a future fit, than satisfy our craving appetite. All revenge is a kind of war, and any case Peace is to be put before it; for, when we are once ingag’d, we know not when to recouyl. A single child may fire a populous City, when all the wise men in it may perhaps be pos’d to quench it. If we consider rightly; for the most part, the remedy is beyond the disease; and ’tis not a wise mans part, to chafe what is most mischievous. He that does but defer it, gains time: and then we may look about and fee our way more clear; so with safety we may make that punishment, which act’d in passion would be revenge.

LXV. That
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L X V.

That most men have their weaknesses, by which they may be taken.

Though it be not necessary to labour for a flowing wealth, yet this we have so much, as we need; and not for the want of wealth, expose ourselves to be necessitated to ill. As a man would willingly have wherewithal to do good; so he may be happier to be in such a condition, as not to be obliged to inconvenience, through defect, nor endanger'd by plenty to be proud and peculiant. The poor are so fettered by their poverty, that they may easily be taken by the Assailant of any that will but pretend their Relief. The rich are taken by their own ambition, by their passion, or their appetite, their liberty, or wantonness: That 'tis no ease matter in the extreme of either fortune, to resist a fierce temptation when 'tis offered. And besides all these, in any estate our own inclinations are the powerfuller motive-Trains to lead us. Whosoever shews a passion or an avidity to any thing; he thereby tells his Enemy where he is weak, and in what Muse we may set a snare to take him. And 'tis a rare thing to find any man so for to defend on all sides, that he can rest flanch against all the baits that are cast out to catch him. Every man hath something whereby he may be taken; and, 'tis rare to find that which that at some time or other will not bite, if the bait be such as likes him. Even Augustus had his Mecenas, and Alexander his Hephestion. And 'tis well, if we be drawn at all, that we happen to be led by a noble conduct. Though 'tis best when a man can be his own Solomon, and his own honest Husbain, to support himself, and overthrow the designs of his Enemies; yet, he is next to best, that being in doubt, will take advice from the Oracle, rather than the cheating augur.

But vicious men, or such as are not balne'd by true Honour, have not only some peculiar enormity; but, they have every thing that is tensual to enslave them. And sometime even the meanest and the most petty thing, as a chain, can lead them any where. If they be but paper-Kites, even a little boy with a slender thread can pull them where he pleaseth, and draw them down from Heaven unto Earth: A Horfe, a Dog, a Landscape, or some lighter thing. Vitellius and Apicius were for Gomandizing and Gluttony: Vespasian and Didius Julianus were for Profit: Nero might be catch'd with a Song, and Domitian with a Fly. Claudius had his beloved Muribome, and Caiusus wept for the death of his dear Mecenas. Nor is it love alone, but hate as well as it, that places us in the Disadvantage. A known Antipathy gives our Enemy help to subdue us. Even Beasts that reason want, have yet the sense to make their advantage of it. The Fox, that knows the Badger hath fluttishness, by fowling of his entrance drives him out of his Earth. And 'tis a vast Prerogative, that man hath over the rest of the Creatures, by only knowing their Inclinations and Abhorrences.

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He knows both with what hairs to incite them, and with what snares to drive into the net and toy: By knowing this, and appropriating to their appetites and fears, he becomes a master of those, that by his Power and the corporeal endowments of Nature, he never would be able to conquer. What force could seize the uncontrolled Lyon, if it were not tempted by the Lamb upon the post, or terrified by the fire that he hates and trembles at? What witnesses could overtake or draw the mounting Falcon from the clouds, if the Pigeon on the Lure, should not stoop her to the small reward on the extended list?

Doublerefs. He that hath the fewest fancies, that is free from the sting of pointed and pricking want, that is not torment'd with the too much balm of wealth, that can most conceal or master those ticklings and asperities that he hath in himself, is the nearest to a contented enjoyment at home, and an unenvy'd peril from abroad. I have never read of any Island so impregnable, but Nature had left in it some place or other, by which it might be vanquishable: So it is more rare to find out any person so at all points arm'd, but there is some way left whereby he may be sometime surprized. This passion, that affection, this friend, or that Kinfman, this or that delight, or inclination. He is the strongest that hath fewest accidences. But, as those places are the weakest that lie open to every intruder; so certainly, he is the most subject to be overcome, whose easiness exposes him to be prevail'd upon, by every feeble attempt. And however, by Nature, he may be fertile, and of a good soul; yet, if he lies unmended, he shall be sure to be always low. At least, a man would have a fence, and a gate, and not let every beat that hath but craft or impudence, to graze or dung upon him. In any estate, it is most conducing to freedom, not to be behind hand. He that puts himself into a needy condition, he walks with manacles on his hands, and ro every one he deals with, gives power to lock them on. Necessity is stronger than either wine, or women; and if a man be taken in that, he is but as a youth in the hand of a Gyant: he can neither buy nor sell like other men; but, wearing his own chains, is at the mercy of him that will lead him.

LXVI.

That spiritual things are better, and temporal worse, than they seem.

It is almost universally true, that which Seneca said of joy, omnes tendunt ad Gandium; sed, unde magna e stabile consequantur, igno-
rant. Every man would arrive at joy and contentment, but how to come by such as may be great and lasting, there are but few that know. We are quite mistaken in most of what we grasp at. The progress of man is but like some lofty tower, erected in the bottom of a valley: We climb up high, in hope to see wonders, and when we are at the top, our prospect is nothing the better. The hills encompassing, terminate Q q
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our Eye, and we see after all our pains, but larger piles of Earth, that
interpose betwixt us and Heaven. The greatest pleasure we had, was,
when we were getting up: Belief of better, lifts our eafe steps; but,
mounted once, we find a cheated Faith: Which drew wise Bias to con-
clude, that, Nothing was to Man more sweet than Hope. Even all
Earthly delights I find sweeter in expectation, than enjoyment: But, all
Spiritual pleasures more in fruition, than expectation. These Carnal con-
tentments that here we joy in, are shew'd us through a Prospective
Glas, which makes them seem both greater, clearer, and higher at hand.
When the Devil took our Saviour to the Mountain, He shew'd him all
the Kingdoms, and glory of them; but never mentions the troubles, the
dangers, the cares, the fears, the vexations and the vigilancies, which
are as it were the Thorns and Mantlings wherewith a Crown is lined.
He held a full blown Rose, but mention'd not the prickles shad in
underneath. I somewhat doubt, whether to get wealth with sonic labour,
be not more pleasure, than wantonly to spend it. 'Tis a question, whe-
ther to expect a Crown be not more content, than to wear one? And
surely, were not their Persons Sacred, that is, by the Laws of God
and Man, untouchable as to prejudice; and so, protected against the
malice, the envy, the fury, and the rabidness of self-ended Man: It
would not be an eafe matter to Conjure him into that Enchanting
Circle. Whatever Temporal felicity we apprehend, we call out the
pleasures, and over-prize them; the perils and molestations we either
not see, or are content to wink at. We gaze upon the face, and are be-
witched with the tempting smiles, while, under pleasing looks, a sad
Infection, even the vitals taint. Like Time, they appear with a lovely
bush before; but, behind, are pill'd and ball'd. It is our Meremaid-joy,
that this frail world bequeaths us.

— TURPITER ATRUM

Definit in piscem mulier formosà supernè.

— That beauteous face in show,
Waves into some sad scenery sìb below.

And that these Sublunaries have their greatest freshness plac'd in only
Hope, it is a conviction undeniable; that, upon enjoyment all our joys
do vanish. The pleasure lasts not longer than we get it: and if it did
not leave a weft behind; yet, being so fleeting, it is not worth the leap-
ing of our pulse to meet it.

But, when again, we look at what is Spiritual: like those that pra-
ctise to beguile themselves, we turn the Glasses to other end about, and
give a narrowing figure to all those fair proportions that would pro-
pose themselves to our eye; we believe them less, and more remote
from us. Our Senses do with us, as Philo Judaeus says, the Sun does deal
with Heaven: It steals up the Globe of Heaven, and opens the Globe
of Earth: So the Sense does obscure things that are Spiritual and hea-
venly: but, reveals and augments what are terrene and temporal.

The
The Sphere of spiritual things is higher than our Sense can reach: but, as we mount, our Prospect still is nearer. Acquiris potest, estimari son potest; Observe'd it may be, but rightly valued, never. Who at first blush (if Humanity may be Judge), would choose the Anxieties of a Regular and Confitioned life? Our Saviour at first, (by reason of the Ignorance and Infidelity of Man) gave his Church the power of Miracles, to convince men to the belief of finding a felicity in godliness. For albeit, it be most true, that is memorably spoken by aeneas Silvius; that admitting Christianity had not by our Saviour and his Apostles been confirmed by Miracles; yet, it would in time have been taken up, and entertained and rooted in mens hearts for the very honesty and integrity of it: yet, by the but meanly wise and common ductions of bemisted Nature, it would have been no very powerful Oratory, to perswade the taking up of our Cross to follow him. But, when men afterwards came to see, how in the lownesses of disgrace and poverty, and in the height of pain and torment, Christians became irradiated with internal Joys; then Profelytes came in in swarms, and by the Spirit were taught to wade over all those shallows which islanded that Country of felicity, in which the truly pious person dwells. A man that hath not experienced the Contentments of Innocentive Piety, the sweetnestles that dew the Soul by the Influences of the Spirit, and the Ravishings that sometime from above do shoot abroad in the inward Man, will hardly believe there are such Obstruction that can be hid in godliness. They are the Representations of the Joys hereafter, which are so high, that like God the Author of them, we may sooner apprehend them by Negatives, than Affirmations. We may know what is not there; but, we never can come to know what is there, till by a pleased fruition we can find them. Let no man then be discouraged with the pallidnes of Piety at first, nor captivated with the seeming freshnes of Terrenity: both will change. And though we may be deceived in both; we shall be sure to be cheated but in one.

LXVII.

Of Business.

There are some men that have so great an aversion to Business, that you may as soon perswade a Cat into water, or an Ape to put his fingers into fire, as to get them to enter upon any thing that may prove trouble, or beget attendance. But these, for the most part, are persons, that have pas'd their youth undisciplin'd, and have been bred up in that delicacy and tenderness, that they know no other Business but their Pleasures; and are impatient of any thing that looks but like a hinderance of that: yet, this in the end, does many times produce effects, that prove ungrateful and destructive. For hereby the management of affairs do often fall into inferior hands, that through Covetousness and Ambition, and for want of skill, put all the wheels of Government out of order;
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order; till they run both themselves and the State into ruin. Like unpractiz'd and ignorant Apothecaries, they do so disproportion their Ingredients, that instead of saving Physick, they minister but disease and poyson. There are another sort of men quite contrary to these, whom custom and quotidian practice has made so much in love with Action, that if they once come to be put by their Employment, even life it self seems tedious and an irksome thing; and, like a Spaniel ty'd up from his hunting, they steep away their time in fadness and a melancholy. Certainly, as the world is more beholding to men of Business, than to men of Pleasure; so the men of Pleasure must be content to be govern'd by those of Employment. However they are contemned by the vanity of those that look after nothing but Jollity: yet, the Regiment of the world is in their hands; and they are the men that give Laws to the sensual and voluptuous. Therefore, that man is but of the lower part of the world, that is not brought up to business and affairs. And, though there be, that may think it a little too serious for the capering blood and sprightly vigour of Youth: yet upon experience, they shall find it a more contentive life than idleness, or perpetual joviality. He that walks constantly in a smooth and a level'd path, shall be sooner tyr'd, than he that beats the rising and descending ground. A calm at Sea is more troublesome than the gale that swells the Waves. If a man with a Syth should Mow the empty Air, he sooner would be weary than he that sweats with toil to cut the standing Corn. Business is the Salt of Life, that not only gives a grateful smack to it, but it dries up those crudities that would offend, prefers from putrefaction, and drives off all those blowing Flies, that, without it, would corrupt it. And that this may appear more easy, there are requisite to be had in Business, both Knowledge, Temper, and Time.

Without a man knows what he goes about, he shall be subject to go astray, or to lose much time in finding out the right. And it will be sure to seem more tedious, than it would if he knew the Road.

And if he want Temper, he shall be sure not to want trouble. Even all the Stars are seen in night, when there is a clear serenity. but tempests rising, darken all the sky, and take those little guides of light away. No storm can shake the Edifice of that Mind that is built upon the Base of Temperance. It placeth a man out of the reach of others, but bringeth others to be within his own. 'Tis the temper of the Sword that makes it keen to cut, and not be hackt by others striking on it. 'Tis the Oyl that makes the joynt turn smooth, and opens the dore without noise. Caesar with a word appeas'd a daring Mutiny, by calling of his Army Romans, and not his Fellow-Soldiers. And with as small a matter Psamneticus say'd the Saccage of a City. Cyrus had newly taken one of his, and the Souldiers in a hurry running up and down, Psamneticus with him, asked what was the matter? Cyrus answered; They destroy and plunder your City. Psamneticus replyed, it is not so, Sir, mine, but yours. And upon that consideration, they were presently call'd off from the spoyle.
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The next is the aptly timing of affairs for which there can be no particular precept, but it must be left to judgment to discern when the season is proper. Men do not reap in seed-time, nor sow in Harvest. Physicians give not Purges till they have prepared the humours. The Smith may strike in vain and tyr his labouring arm, if first with fire his iron be not mollified. Circumstances are many times more than that which is the main, and those must be left to be laid hold on, as they offer themselves to occasion. Men may fit their baits and cast their nets, and, as the Apostles, fish all night and catch nothing, if they take not the seasons when the boats do move upon those Coasts they trade in. And let a man be sure to drive his Business, rather than let that drive him. When a man is brought but once to be necessitated, he is then become a vassail to his affairs; they master him, that should by him be commanded. And like a blind man wanting sight for his way, he is led about by his Dog. Any thing posted off till the last, like a Snowball towels and gathers, and is by far a greater Giant than it was before it grew to Age. As Exhalations once condens'd and gather'd, they break not then but with Thunder. In the last Acts of Plays, the end of busines commonly is a huddle: The Scenes do then grow thick, and quick, and full. As Rivers though they run smooth through lengthned Tracts of Earth, yet when they come near the Sea, they swell, and roar, and foam. Business is like the Devil; it ever rages most when the time it hath is shortest. And 'tis hard to say which of the two is worse; Too nice a Scrupulosity, or else too raith a Confidence. He is as mad that thinks himself an Urinal, and will not stir at all for fear of cracking; as he that believes himself to be shot-free, and so will run among the hail of a battle. And surely, it conduces infinitely to the ease of businesses, when we have to deal with honest and with upright men. Facile imperium in bonos; The good and wise do make the Empire easy. Reason and Right, give the soonest dispatch. All the intanglements that we meet withal, are by the Irrationabili- ties arising from our selves or others. With an honest man and wife, a business soon is ended; but with a Fool or Knave there is no conclusion, but never to begin. Though they seem tame beasts, and may admit awhile to be plaid with; yet on the sodain, and when we think not on't, they will return to their natural deceit and Ferocity, 'Tis not enough that the Sea is sometime calm and smooth, but we had need be sure there be no Shelves nor Quick-fands under that still water.

LXVIII.

Of Nobility.

Thomas Sarsennes being asked, what kind of Prelate he thought

Engenius the 4th, would prove? His answer was: you may easily guess at that, if you know but the flock he comes off: for such as is his Family, such a Prince shall you find him. 'Tis true, by his own virtues
virtues or vices a man does often differ from his Progenitors. But usually through successive generations the blood does hold its Tincture, And in a Noble Family for the most part the stream does still hold Noble, Which by wise States hath been sometimes so presumed upon, that they have set marks of Honour upon them; not only out of respect to their Ancestors, but out of hope to find the Successor not to degenerate. It was a Law among the Romans, that if there hapned contentions in their elections for the Consulship, those that were descended of the Sylvians, Torquatians, and Fabriatians, should in the first place be preferr'd. And we see it common among Princes, That offices of trust, and places of command, are settled on the Heirs of some deserving Families, as presuming they will merit to keep what their Ancestors at first by their merit did acquire. Certainly, it is to be believ'd that he which out of nothing, or a mean beginning, is the first founder of a House and Fortune, had something in him beyond the Standard of an ordinary man. And 'tis likewise to be believ'd that where the Spirits are so by Virtue and Industry arisen d and refined; even in the generation of posterity they do transmit themselves, and are propagated to succeeding Ages. Some Families are observable for peculiar eminences in the current of Successions. The Romans had not a Family of more merit than the Scipio's. And it is not unworthy our observing that even the first founders of that Family, were eminent for their piety to the Gods and their Parents. The first whereof, when his Father was blind, as his Staff, he was his Guide, and led him about in his way: from whence he took his Name. The next being a Child did every day in private set out some time for the Temple; And at 17 years of age brought off his wounded Father encompass'd by the Enemy. And indeed he that discharges his duty to these two, cannot but be eminent in all the rest of his conversation. The foundation of Honour and Greatness is laid in obedience and respect to these: But the neglect thereof, or the lewd practice of the contrary, puts a man out of favour with Nature's genius: and leaves him to be ravin'd upon, by all the Insects of his own finall Appetites, as well as the greater ragings of his intemperate passions. They that are bred under the government of such as are thus wise, have infinitely the advantage of a Plebeian Race. They are season'd with the Maxims of Honour, and by their education lifted above those grofter vapours that they are subject to, that have their being in the lower Region of men. And if but one in an age steps up to do this, he leaves it as example; and puts pofterity in the way of continuing it. And not to speak of the helps of Fortune, which (unabus'd) are infinite. They are presided upon Virtue and Honour, and they are deterr'd from poor and skulking conveyances, by the orientness of that fame which their Ear-fathers left them: so that, doubtless, earth cannot present us any thing that is more glorious than antient Nobility, when it is illustrated by the rays of Virtue. And though to be a King in Virtue and wisdom is the brighteft Jewel that sparkles in a Regal Crown (as Solomon's wisdom renowned him more than his being Monarch of the whole twelve Tribes).
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(Tribes); yet surely, as in a beautiful Body the temper and transcendency of the spirit is more grateful, so is Virtue also more luminous and shining in the item of ancient and ennobled blood, than in the newness of a rising House. Each may be marble in the Quarry where it lies, and not of that course rag that common pits afford. But it must be art and industry and the diligence of the laborious hand that gives it glass and smoothness; before the streaks and taking veins can be discern’d in it. If there were not something more than ordinary that lay couched in this bed of Honour, sure Nature never would so have framed the mind of man, as to have planted in it an appetition of it in generous and enlarged Souls. Alexander would needs derive from Jupiter; the Romans from Hercules, from Venus, from Abicse, and the like. And how many Nations have thought it their honour to draw their Descents from the Trojans? as it was an honour to be a Grecian, where virtue and the arts were learned: so it was held a stain, and he was branded with the name of a Barbarian, that was of another Nation. It was objected to Antisthenes as a disgrace, that but his Mother was a Phrygian; had he not well wiped it off, by replying that Phrygia was the Mother of the Gods. But however it be, it is Virtue and true Nobleness that is the Crown of Honour. It enamels and enchafeth what is Gold, and it gilds what is not; that it makes it like it. They that are of the highest merit in themselves, the least inflict upon their Ancestry: for they well know Aliena Landa, qui genus jactat suum. Who boasts his Stock, commends but what’s others. The best use they can make of glorious Actions by them well archiv’d, is to endeavour that they may outgo them. Or at least to beware, they darken not, by their own declination, the splendor that they liv’d in. The best way to keep their Ancestors great acts in memory, is to refresh them with new ones of their own. And let them be sure to remember, they grew up to that brightness by degrees. Even fire it self, the quickest of the Elements, must be kindled and blown up by degrees, before it shines itself into a flame: when it breaks out on a sudden, it is usually both ominous and harmful. The Sun does rise insensibly to his Meridians glory, but the very light of Lightning burns. He that at the first leap jumps into the height of all his Ancestors, had need be strong and well winded; lest he lose his Race before he gets to the post. He leaves himself no room for casual accidents, nor can he give a loose, if he be put to steer in his Race. Of the two it is better to be the Foot of the Family, than the Unthrift. Another Generation may prove wise: but the Riotous and indiscriminately prodigal after he hath waited all the fruit, he digs up the Tree by the root, that it can bear no more. And instead of hoped applause, he departs the world with infamy, and dwells among the curses of povertie. A degenerate Son of a Noble Family, is a worm at the Root, that would make a fame angry; for it takes away the shade from all that shall come after. A Spendthrift like an Earthquake does shake the house so long, that as fast it either falls in pieces, or is swallowed up in Ruine. He piles on his Fathers Honourable ashes, that by his Vices makes them slir, and ruffles them.
them in his urn. Instead of warming Suns; they are the bearded comets of a house, that threaten nothing but portentous horrors. And when they have nothing of their own, but their Fore-fathers merits, they subject but like to Felons, by the protection of that Altar, from whence if pull'd, they fall to death and shame. Who would not rather have died over all those deaths that Tyrants have invented; than being the Son of the elder Scipio appear a Candidate so besmeared with vice, as to be fin'd by the Senators, to be turn'd out of the Senate, and have the Signer (with the head of his Glorious Father graven on't) torn from off his finger: Or as Quintus Fabius Maximus, for his horrid Luxury to be forbidden by the Praetor, for meddling with his Fathers goods, and not one in all Rome City to be sorry for it? He is not like to be prevalent in Battle, that without his own stout fighting, thinks it is enough for him, to be covered with the shields of his Ancestors.

Quis enim Generosum discerit hunc, Qui
Indignus genere & proclaro nomine tantum
Insignis? Namum ejusdam Annula vocamus;
Æthiopem, cygnun; parvum extortamque puellam
Europem: canibus piegis scabieque vetustas
Laudibus, & sice lambentibus oras lucerna.
Nomen erit Pardus, Tyrris, Leo; si quid adhuc es
Quod fremit in terris violentiis. Ergo cacabis
Et metues, ne tu sis Cretecum aut Camerim.

Who will count him Noble that unworthy lives
Of his great stock; and by that only thrives?
We may as well some dwarf an Atlas call;
A More, a Swan; some low crook'd Girl, the tall
Europe; 'Tis but as we names befall
Of Leopard, Tyger, Lion, or what now,
's more fierce on earth, to many Curs that lick
The naffy nozel of some Candlestlick.
Beware and fear, then, left thou prove in fine,
A Cretian false, or prophane Camerim.

LXIX.
Of three things to be considered in Men.

In every man that we meet with, there be three things that encounter our Consideration, The Mind, the Behaviour, and the Person. As a beauty in any of these, commends the party to our liking; so a blemish in any of these, sticks some disgrace on the unhappy owner. The most beautiful and the most lasting of these, is that which to the eye is not visible; and, though it take not that sense; yet, it calls abroad such Rays, as draw out the love and liking of those, that come to find the goodness, or the parts, that it is furnished with. How grateful does the
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ingenioity of some men make them? 'Tis a wealth by which they live; and many times having none of their own, they are, for the handsomeness of their disposition, taken into a partnership of Empire, with those that have abundance. Such was Aristippus, being at first forc'd to read Philosophy to get a living, by the greatefulness of his wit and parts, grew high in the favour with Dionysius: And when he had been shipwrecked at Sea, and call'd upon Rhodes; it got him such friends there, that when all his Companions return'd, he was tempted by the favour of the Citizens to stay from his own Country among strangers; with whom he had no Interest, but what his parts had won him. You may take him in the Character that Horace hath left of him.

Omnis Aristippum decuit Status, & Color, & Res. In all the wiles of Fortune he was lovely.

Surely, 'tis the Noblest wealth, and with most ease is carried every where. 'Tis kept without a foreign Guard, and is of present use whereoe'er a man is thrown. Like the Philosophers stone, it creates a man gold, that had none of his own. It turns the coofter Metal into useful Coin, and is such as cannot be lost without our health or being. And truly, the beauty and complines of the body, does oft-times do the like; nay, with mean capacities, it does a great deal more; for, it suits to their mind, and is more obvious to their senses, that see no deeper than the grounds of Corporal Beauty, and the emanations of a pleaseful Aspect. Yet, certainly, 'tis a form that pleaseth all, as well the wife in mind, as the weak in apprehension. Xenophon was of more than ordinary loveliness; and being a youth, by chance was met by Socrates in a narrow Alley at Athens; Socrates liking his aspect, held out his haffe to stop him in his way, and question'd him, where such and such Merchandizes were sold? which Xenophon presently told him? Then he ask'd him, if he knew, where men were made better; to this he said, He could not tell. Then says Socrates, Go with me, and I will shew you. Upon this he became his Scholar, and afterward grew a Favorite to Cyrus, and for Arts and Arms, left his memory famous to even this very day.

The next is a handsomc Behaviour. He that demean's himself well is ever asher'd in by a friend, that recommends him to the Company that knew him not. 'Tis not difficult by the behaviour to guess at the Man. This is a motive Beauty, which waits upon the whole body, as the other does upon the face and complexion. Sapienti vixiu incessus modestior convenit. A fober Garb becomes the wiser man. The Emperor Trajan was so winning this way. That his friends would have thought it too much, had he not satisfied with this Answer, That he desired to be such a Prince to others, as he desired an other Prince should be to him, if he were a Subject. There is a grace waits upon a noble man, that exacts a liking, if not a love from all that do behold it. The grave and civil persons flock't about Livia at the Theater, while
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while Julia, like the five, by her ridling up and down, had shak'd up all the chairly ware about her.

As these, being well complexioned, procure favour and let us into mens affections; so a stain in any of them, lets us like the Owle among Birds; if there be but light, we shall be sure to be chattering at, or struck at. A mind that's fill'd with ignorance, or the perversity of a forward disposition, hath many enemies and no friends. As upon the Sea in a storm, men may look without horror at a distance, but never will cover to come upon it; where, if we escape drowning, we cannot be frightened and wet. He that is of a bad disposition, wants nothing of being a Tyrant, but Power; and wants not will, but means to do mischief.

He that is a Clown in behaviour, tells people, that it flows from a rude mind. Diogenes, though he had wit, by his unrigfhusness got him the name of Dog; and coming once to a feast, the Company call'd him so, and threw him bones: And, to make good the appellation that they flay'd him with, as they sat at the Table, like a Dog, he pitt on their backs. The Vices that we harbour inwardly, are divulgd by our outward fashion. Ex minimis poteris cognoscere impudicam; & Insecus offendit, & manus mota, & interdum Repsponsum, & relitus ad caput digitus, & flexus oculorum. Improbam & insanum risum, vulsum, Habiturg, demon- strat. Even petty things the wanton do discover, the gate, the motion of the hand, sometimes the answer, holding up the finger to the head, or the very cast of the eyes does do it. Laughter, the Countenance, or the habit discovers us to the wicked and the wild. And though sometimes, under an unpleasing Aspect, the goodness of a well-disciplin'd inside may be cover'd; yet, usually, the deform'd are Envious and Disdaining; and they had need excel others in the mind, being mutil'd by Nature with a corporal deformity. &c, with all the Morality of his handsom Fables, could not wipe of this coarseness of his outside; which, doubtless, as a chain held him ever in the condition of a slave: who else by the sublimity of his Fancy might have mounted to higher preferment.

The best remedies for these are Divinity, Morality, Physick. Religion can convert and adorn that mind, which naturally was ill. It is the Reason of a Deity, which doubtefuls can do more than all that is in- fus'd from man; and, comprehending the universal duty of man, as to God, the World, and himself, it must needs excel in this, all that can be gained from man. They that are truly act'd from the inspirations of heaven, have all that can be got from below, with the excellencies of what is above.

Though to mind our Conversation, Philosophy can go far, as Socrates did confess to Zopirus, when he taxed him of several Vices; yet it's effects are allowable rather in outward Morality, than in the in- trinseck integrities of the soul. And certainly, when that is prevalent within, the outward demeanor is both acquired and directed by it. A wise man ought not in his carriage to commit a Solecism against Wisdom.
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Wisdom. For there may be many outward gestures that are not in themselves unlawful; yet, highly are indecent. It was observed by the Jews, that, cum digito loquitur fluitus; the pointing finger ensigns out a Fool: though the hand may direct to the text, yet it dwells but in a blank margin. It was one of Solons Adagies, In via non præparandum; To run upon a Journey, is either necessity or folly. And the Cringes of some are such, as one would take them to be Dancers or Tumblers, rather than persons of flay'd and sober Callings. Men are like Wine, not good before the lees of Clownishnesses be settled; nor when tis too windy, and will fly out of the Bottle; nor when tis too austere and lowre to be taelled. In a midling clarity and quickness it is best: And so is man in his carriage and comportment, when he is neither dull nor vapouring, nor too tart and severe in his way. He that can preserve himself in this temper, shall preserve his body in health the better; and so correct the inconveniences that may by want of that render him less grateful to the company. As 'tis not necessary for every man to be a Doctor in these Arts: so it will be convenient, he have so much of them as may not only keep him from contempt, but procure him approbation abroad.

LXX.

Of Dancing.

Doubtless, it was out of the jollity of Nature, that the Art of this was first invented and taken up among men. Bare but the Fiddle; the Colts, the Calves, and the Lambs of the field, do the same. So that the thing in it self seems to me to be natural and innocent, begot and born at first out of the sprightly and innocuous Activity and Rarefication of the blood and spirits, excited by the youthful heat that flows and flowers within the swelling Veins. We need therefore the least wonder, that some of the Ancient Grecians should so much extol it, deriving it not only from the Amenity and Floridness of the warm and spirited blood; but, deducing it from heaven it self, as being practiz'd there by the Stars, the Conjunctions, Oppositions, the Aspects and Revolutions, the Ingresses, and the Egresses, and the like; making such a Harmony and Content, as there seems a well-ordered dance amongst them.

And we shall find it not only practiz'd by the Generality of almost all the Nations of the Earth: but by many of them, and those the most Generous and Civiliz'd, brought into the Solemnities of their Religion. As the Phrygians had their Corybantes. The Cretians, their Curetes dancing in Armour. In Delos, nothing sacred scarce ere done without it. The Indian Brackmans, morning and evening dancing did adore the Sun. The Egyptians, Ethiopians, the rude Scythian, and the learned Greek, scarce entered upon any thing that solemn was, without it. The Romans had their Salii, their dozen.
dozen of Priests to Mars; who in pyed Coats, with Swords by their sides, a Javelin in one hand, and a Shield in the other, dance'd about the City. Socrates that was owned to be the wisest among all the Greeks disdain'd not in his Age to learn to Dance, and after to commend the Exercise. And Seneca tells us of the Meritorious Scipio, that he was not ashamed, ut antiqui illi viri solerunt, inter falsum, & festa tempora, viriles in modum tripredare, as the Antients then had wont, at Plays and Solemn Festivals, in a manly wife to trip it up and down. Even among the Jews, where the Oracles of God were extant, we find it used among the Rites and Exercises of their Religion, and upon occasions of extraordinary Joy.

Miriam led the Maids their dance, with her Timberclad in her hand. Jephta's daughter met her Father with a dance. And David did it before the Ark, his pious zeal, transporting him to this corporal exultation. 'Tis like, he danced alone; elle Micael would have laugh'd at more than him. But yet, if it were not mixt, it was next it; being, as all that we read of, in the fight and view of both sexes.

When the Prophet Jeremiah, foretold the return of the Jews from captivity, Jer. 31. and begins to reckon up the joys that should enuie; Among the rest, he tells them The Virgins shall rejoice in the Dance: the Latin hath it in Choro; and doubtless, that did oftentimes consit both of men and women together; as well as Virgins comprehend both sexes. And if Dancing were unlawful, neither would God allow of being serv'd by it; nor would Solomon have told us, There is a time to Dance, as well as there is to mourn. So that 'tis not the matter and the thing that is condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse. I find not that Salust twitted Sempronias, merely for her dancing; but, for doing it more artificially than an honest woman needed: And 'tis for this that Gabinius and Calius too, are reproached. Cato, I know, accused Lucius Murana, for dancing in Asa; and Cicero, that undertook to defend him, said, He durft not maintain it to be well done in respect of the circumstances: but, sure he was, he did not do it constantly; as the using of it but sometimes, were a kind of justification. And in this senf was his saying, Nemo saltat fabris, The sober man does seldom act in capers; taking it to be allowed doctrine, That Aligandz dalc sest infane in loco; 'Tis pleasant to be frolique in season.

Ludovicus Vives tells us of some Asians that coming into Spain, and seeing the people dance, did run away affrighted; as thinking them posset with some ill spirit, or else that they were out of their wits. And indeed one would think there were some Sorcery in it, that the tickling of a Sheeps-gut with Hair and a little Rosin, should make a wife man leap up and down like mad. Nor did the wife Alphoncns deem that woman less, whom he saw so wildly dancing, that he concluded, Surely, 'twould not be long before that Sibyl would declare her Oracle; though he himself a little after, with the Emperour Frederick, and his Emean, was content to make
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One at the sport. To dance too exquisitely is so laborious a vanity, that a man would be ashamed to let any body see, by his dexterity in it, that he hath spent so much time in learning such a trifle. And to be totally ignorant of it, and of the garbe and comportment that by learning it, is learn’d; shews a man either Stoical or but meanly bred, and not inured to conversation. The best is a kind of carelessness as if ’twere rather natural motion, than curious and artificial practicing.

That there have been several offences occasioned by it, is not to me an Argument against it, in itself. Even at Sermons, I have read, that scenes of lust have been lay’d. I would not patronize it for the least offence that is in it. But if it conduces to the bettering of Behaviour, and the handsome Carriage of a man in the sight of strangers; if it be for a Harmless Exercise, for a Recreation merely; or, to express inoffensively a justifiable joy; I see not why it should be condemn’d. It is good for a man to go to Dance, as not to put his friends, that shall behold him, out of countenance; or, that he need be ashamed, if his enemy should stand by. Some men have an averfness to it, and these it seldom becomes.

Frederick the Third, us’d often to say, He had rather be sick of a Fever, than endeavour to Dance. And most-Martial men are rather for the Drum and Trumpet, than the Lute and Viol. If it were absolutely ill in itself, or if the ill that seems to adhere, were in it self inseparable from it; It were better all were gone, than for the greatest pleasure to keep the least of mischief. But I cannot think that all must sin, if they come but once to humour an Instrument; or, that there cannot be dancing without a danger to Chastity. I had rather hold with Aristippus.

—— In Libri patris sacris
Mens, quae pudica est, neciet corrumpier.

—— The truly modest Will,
In Bacchus Orgies can be modest still.

And albeit some of the Fathers have declaimed high against this Recreation; yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the Vulgar, and with the infective Pagans of those times. But surely, as solemn Entertainments are among great persons; and, meetings of Love and Friendship among persons of Quality; There is nothing more Modest, more Decent, or more Civil. Where even the least inclination to wantonness is held a mark of Rudeness. And having so many eyes upon them, any Place or Time, indeed, were fitter for such purposes, than these. To conclude upon this Theme, I take it to be like Ufury; something difficult to be kept in the mean; ease to be let into excels: and almost by all Nations at once decry’d and practiz’d.
It was the Fool that said, *There is no God;* for certainly, no *wife man* ever thought it. And yet, the Fool had so much wit, as not to *prate on's:* It was but in his heart he said it. *Impudence was not so great,* nor inward *Conviction so strong,* as that he could with *Confidence declare it by his Tongue.* Nor did he seriously think it in his *heart:* so that it proceeded no further, than a bare and lazy wish, because he would be glad it were so. But, doubtless, he could no more believe there was no *Soul of this vast World,* than that there was no *spirit to actuate his body:* Or, that a *Watch could tell us Time,* and motion all its *Wheels,* without a *Spring or Balance.* If we believe and see, *That the Mind with ease,* with pleasure, and without trouble, disposes and commands every motion, and member; every *Muscle,* and *Nerve;* every reserve, and posture of our *Corporal Frame:* we may as well conceive, *that Infinite and Incomprehensible Spirit,* may as easily dispose and order every particle and accident of this *Great and Circumferential World.* And then, *it cannot but follow,* *That this Great Soul of All,* must be *Infinitely wise,* *Infinitely just,* *Omnipotent,* and *Omniscient,* with all those other glorious *Attributes* that go to the making up of *God.* And if *God be,* and be thus, as *Sense and Reason by Demonstration makes evident,* Can there be *any greater folly in the world,* than to incur the *anger of this Almighty and All-wise God?* *Sin* is so purely *Folly,* that it is in the main, assuredly, never less than an *Aversion from true Wisdom.* *Sin* can no more be without *Folly,* than *fire without dries,* or, *water without moisture.* *Tis Folly that opens the door, and lets it into the heart;* that hews it, and retains it there, as the Kidney does the Stone, till it is laid and grates out that which gave it birth and breeding. *It was well said of Stobaeus,* *Malorum omnium Stultitias est Mater.* Of all that's ill, *tis Folly is the Mother.*

When a *Man is under a Prince* that he knows is *exact in his Justice,* will he be so *unwise as before his face to violate his most equal Law?* *Sin* is so deeply a *folly,* that it sets a man against himself, and transports him clean contrary to his true and proper *Interest.* If there be any man more *Fool than the wicked,* let him take the *Ginning Scepter,* and the *py'd Coat,* if he can. *Even Nature teaches all things self-preservation.* But the *sinner is more brutish* than the *Beast of the field.* He destroys himself, and locks his own legs in the stocks, *Suppose a man raised by a Noble Prince,* from the poverty and subjectness of a *Cottage,* to the plenty and command of a *Province,* and withal hath promise of a *glorious Crown* hereafter: *One would think it were this man's Interest to honour and observe this Prince,* to be true and faithful to him, to have no compliance with his *Enemies,* not to let them have any thing of his service or attendance. And would not all the world condemn him for a *Fool that should for trifles anger him?* That should play with Boys,
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Converse with Beggars, comfort with Thieves and Traitors, great offenders, and all the looser sort of the silly and the base; and not content alone with this, would be sure to frolick it with his Princes grandest Enemy, and be ready to obey him in all that he should command? Yet, this is the case of every one that is wicked. It was among the simple ones that Solomon saw the young man as a fool going to the correction of the flocks, through his incontinence: 'Tis the fool that utters flanders, 'tis the fool that sports in mischief, 'tis the fool that rages and is confident, 'tis the fool that despiseth instruction, though from a father's love; 'tis the fools lip that enters into contention, 'tis the fool that will be medling, 'tis the fool that holds his hands in sloth; 'tis the fool that trusteth in his own frail heart; 'tis the fool that makes a mock at sin. And the Prophet Jeremy will tell us, He that gets wealth wrongfully, though he may run well, at his end he shall be a Fool. Not indeed is it the want of parts, or an inability of Nature, that so much undoes a man, as the turpitude and flaw of sin. Even a Fool and an Innocent may be sometime of similar sense. And we read not, that a man shall be plagued for a fool by the defect of ordinary comprehension. But the Psalmist will tell us, That Fools, because of their Transgression and Iniquities, are afflicted. And questionless, there is a great deal of reason for this, A man is not condemned for being a natural Innocent; it is not ever his fault: The children that our Saviour received, were such. But 'tis the sin, that exposes us to punishment. All the sufferings in the world, are not in themselves so ill, as is the smallest sin. These a man may endure, and preserve his own uprightness, and be endeared to his Maker for them. But, sin does make us culpable. We break God's blessed law, and so by guilt grow foul, and become abhor'd before him; so that all the pretended pollutions of natural things, are not like the pain of a willing and a knowing sin. Therefore rarely spoke the excellent and admired Senece, Lieut scirem homines ignaratum, & Demn ignoscitatum, tamen peccare noleth, ob peccati turpitudinem. Though I were sure men should never know it, and that God would certainly pardon it; yet, I would not commit a sin for the foulines and dishonours of the sin in itself. This therefore being the only thing that in all the world we should strive to avoid, Can there be a more furious madness, a blacker phrensy, a deeper simplicity, or a more leaden stupidity, than to rush our selves into this Pool of putrefaction? For it not only drenches us in the Le- theian Lake, but it rots us into the Sea of offences, and debilitates us in the progress of good. If we would be moving towards Heaven, like a chain about a Prisoners leg, our own sad guilt does twitch us back, and keeps us still in Sorrow. As creatures, that are odious to humanity, hide themselves in the blackness of the night, that neither the Sun nor other Creatures may look upon their deformity: So it is with the depraved Sinner; that is too foul for this light. Yet, sins being the works of darkness, we prefer the inconfolable darkness before the pleasure of the brightest Ray. As in Gen. 15. when Abraham fell asleep, an horror of great darkness fell upon him: So, when we are vigilant, and care-
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lefs of ourselves, the blinding darkness of our sins surprizeth us.

Tell me; if in all the shop of Nature, a greater Fool can be found, than he that having a Friend and Father, that loves and will not leave him, till he hath fix'd him in Eternal Happiness: yet, will giddily, willfully, ignorantly, and wantonly, run from him to crouch, and creep, and become a slave to him, that he knows will use him with all the Insultation of Tyranny and Torment that Vengeance can invent? Nor is this in the grofs, but in each particular offence. Are not men out of their wits, that will play away Estates of Plenty, when after they must live to starve? That by their Lust and Vasciviousness, will make themselves Lazars and Cripples? That by their Ambition, get themselves trouble and ruin? That by their Covetousness, purchase contempt and curses, and enjoy nothing themselves, but greater fear and guilt? That by their rash Anger, throw themselves into quarrels and destruction? That by Drunkennesse make themselves Sots, and get Vizards instead of Faces? That by their Riot and Gluttony, send all their Riches down the Common-Sewer; and at last, as Lucullus, grown stupid, they must live under the Tutelage of another! Can a child be simpler, when it is dandled into any thing we mind to put upon it? or for a Gaud or Rattle be made to part with all that can be of benefit to it? Does not the sinner do worse and foolisher, when for a toy, a conceit, a licorish desire, an humor or fancy, he shall dismis himself of Felicity, and all those faving Graces that can render him happy for ever? Are we not content to be entic'd and gull'd, (like Children stol'n by Spirits) with pretended kindnefs and painted baubles, till we be put under Hatches, and carried as eternal Exiles from our Native Country, Heaven, to lead the life of slaves in Shackles under Tyranny? When Lycemachus in Thracia, had delivered up himself and his Army to Domitian for want of water; and, after a draught, considered what he had done: He then doth to the Gods exclaim, That he should be so mad, for the pleasure of a dish of water to turn himself out of Kingship into a Slave. We trafficke gold for durt, when we purchase ought by sinning. Let a man be never so great a Politician; yet, if he be a sinner, he will appear to be simple at last. And though he may think, By injury to gain upon others; yet, let him remember, That no man can do an injury to another, but withal, he does injure himself; and so, though he thinks to shew himself of a deeper reach, and a higher standard of wit than his neighbour; yet, in the end, he will come forth a fool.

LXXII.

That the Mind only makes Content.

We see it is neither ease, nor labour, nor wealth, nor want, that suits a man in either Pleasure or Discontent. Some men with liberty, leisure, plenty, and rest, have less satisfaction than those that
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that toil in sweating pains and labour. And others even in pleasure do that, which would wear out all the happiness of him that is not that way affected. Repose to an active mind is a tedious and an irksome thing. And therefore to him that hath not business, Play is taken up in stead on't, and even that, after a little time, does tire as much as business; and, in the sequel, usually galleth more. We see in those that have plenty to please themselves in all they can imagine, that by their wealth may make Summer and Winter at will, and that seem to others to command all the walks in Paradise, and the Birds to warble what they shall but bid them: yet, this high spine, but makes them nice and wanton, that for want of other divertisements, they quarrel with their own felicity, and stretch by their curiousness even all that providence intended should be pleasing: As, full and queasy stomachs do often coy at that, which the hungry would accept of for delicious. When Apicius found but One hundred Thousand Sceltartes was all at last was left him, with shame, in corn, he quaff his poiyton'd draught, and dy'd.

—*Quid enim majore cachinnno*

*Excipitur Populi, quam pauper Apicius?*

—For, what can People jeer at more,

Than one to hear, Apicius is grown poor?

Even Content turns to vexation, and we are weary with having nothing to weary us. All the winds in the Compass, cannot blow one gale that some men shall be pleas'd with. A slow mind, a mind that makes all the Muses, furies; like bodies over-fat, they are burthen'd with their own load. Nor can men so attempered, enjoy themselves in all the smiles of Fortune. The Lilly seems too pale, and the Roses smell is foul, some men are so call together of Jealousy, Envy, Pride, and Choler, that, like savage Beasts, they are ready to tear, not only those that seek to ty them up; but such as loose their chains, and bring them food to live with. Tell them what is distressful, or tell them what is pleasing, they shall carp at both alike. As kindling Charcole, they shall throw out sparks, and crackle, though you shall not blow them. Contradict them, they shall twit; say as they, they shall blunt and snarl. As Wasps, disturb'd, or let alone, they buzz, and angry make a noise about you: Being of a nice and tender spirit, nor heat, nor cold, can be indured by them. As Arrows whose feathers are not even fixt; draw them never so home, and shoot them from what Bow you will, they shall never fly to the right mark. Their own dispositions make but a milder and more serene Hell. What a pitiful little peck took Haman from all his content? On the other side, where the mind does incline, and is pleas'd to gratifie the smooth'd Affections; all things seem to have a serene aspect. As through a Strangno the Air is all delightful, and all the colours that do enrich the Rainbow make it beautiful. Do we not even with wonder often see, how there are so many
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many that take pleasure in toil? They can out-rise the Sun, out-watch the Moon, and out-run the fields wild Beast. Mere ly out of fancy and delectation, they can find out mirth, in Vociferation; and Musick, in the barking of Dogs; and be content to be led about the Earth, over hedges and through floughs, by the windings and the shifts of a poor affrighted Vermine: yet, after all, come off, as Messalina from her wantonness, tyr'd, and not satisfied with all that the Brutes can do. But, were a man injoy'd to this, that did not like it, how tedious, and how punishable to him would it prove? Since in it self it differs not from riding post; or, putting a wise man from following and humouring the motions of a child, or simple animal. Let no man therefore wonder at the several Contentments of men: For, unless the desires of men be bounded with Prudence and Moderation, the Appetite of the Mind is various, as the Palate of the Body, for which no man can give a reason. As he is like to be most at ease in his Journey, that likes the pace of the Beast he rides on: So is he that can bring his Mind to approve of that condition God hath set him in. And since the Mind alone is judge of pleasure, 'tis not what others apprehend, but what the party fancies to himself, that satisfies.

LXXIII.

Of Ceremonies.

Among all the varieties that liberal Nature does bestow upon us; How few things are there, that we take and do make us of, as nakedly they were produc'd at first, but that with circumstance and trimming we strive to improve and beautifie? The rarest and most precious materials, we think not splendid, till we have refin'd them. We cut and polifh Diamonds. We burnish gold and silver. Our silks we scour, and give them gloss and dye. Our wool we card and mingle; we wear not cloth till dress'd and dy'd, and then with lace and fancy work it up for wearing. We eat not food, but cook'd with sauce and arted for the palate. Even the Cow eats not her Mother Earth's bare fallad, all and only green. Providence hath enamell'd all with beauty in the orient colours sprinkled in her Mantle, that by the eyes being pleas'd, the appetite may be more enticed out, and the medly become confection, fitter for Natures suffenance. We do not rudely heap our wood and stone together for our dwellings, but we hew and fit them into decent order; we are solicitous to contrive them stately without, and beautiful and convenient within; so that we make them by adorning them, and by the rules of Architecture, rather a Palace than a Prison. Every Calling hath his Badge and Ornament. The Souldier shines in Steel, the Lady in her Jewels, the Courtier in his Silks. The Law and Physick have their proper habits, fitted to their known Professions. And in all Religions, Jewish, Heathen, Mahometan, and Christian; I never found, but their Priests in their Garments were distinguish'd from the Laick flock. Only we have
have found of latter years a race of ruder men, that under the pretence of *Piety*, have taken up a garb both fortith and disdainful; that are afraid to be known by their habits to be *Priests* of the living God; they can wear a *Cipres* or a *Ribband* for a friend; but, not a *Scarf* or *Girade*, for the Church or State. Surely, a *Gown* or *Surplice* may in themselves as well be worn, as either a *Shirt*, or *Band*, or *Cloake*: and they can hardly, to unbyailed men, give a reason for declining them, unless it be because *Authority* commands them. As if because the Apostle commands, *That things be done decently, and in order, therefore it were sufficient ground for men to be crosf, and rude, and common, and flovenly*. What would have become of these men, had they been enjoyned to have been attyred as *Aaron*, in light and flaming colours, with *Bells tinking*, and *Pomgranates dangling*, round about their skirts? How would they have brook'd a *linen Miter* of sixteen cubits long, that will rather lose a Living, and the opportunity of saving souls, and the honour of being an *agent for Heaven*, than own a simple *Surplice*? As if white were not a colour as lawful as black; or, the *thread of the flap* as warrantable, as the *wood* we cut from off the dumb *Sheep* back: or, that a *Gown* were not as legitimate to be worn in a *Church*, as for them to fit wrap with, in their own warm house or study. I find to the *Jews* by God himself, there were twelve peculiar *habits* appointed to the *Levites*. And surely, (not being forbidden) why may not his *Church* without offence enjoyn some? which are so far from being unlawful in themselves, as we see, they would be worn, if they were not enjoyned. And are worn *in eadem specie*, though not *in eadem forma*. *Tis* granted by *Chemnitius*, and I think, by most of the reformed *Divines*, that *In ritibus Adiaphoros habet Ecclesia Potestatem*, In things *indifferent* the Church wants not *authority*. He that is *Lieutenant* of a *Province*, though in the main he be tyed to *govern* by the *Laws*, from which he may not deviate: yet, he is never lo bound up, but that in *Circumstances* he hath a latitude left to *discretion*. And if (although in it self *indifferent*) it be once by the *Church* enjoyn'd, it becomes then so far a *Divine Law*, as *tis Divine, in Licitis*, to obey the *Supreme Government*, and *Legislative Power*. And then, Where will be the difference in refusing, an *Innocent Ceremony* Authoritativly imposed, and assuming a *practice* of one disputable, and not imposed? As *Urbins* did in *Fasting* on the Lords Day; for which St. *Augustine* tells him, That *Totus ECCLESiae turbaret & damnaret*, He would disturb and condemn the *Universal Church*. It is not possible to perform a *Worship* without some natural or *intituted Ceremony*; and while they are not *contradistive* to the *Canon*, I cannot think, God will be *angry* with me for *obeying* them; or, that being an *Anathema*, if I hear not the *Church*, I should come to be so, when I do obey her. While they are not declared *Essentials* of that *worship*, are not crofs to the Sacred *Text*, are ordained only for *distinction*, *order*, *decency*, and helps to *Piety* and *Devotion*; I see not, why it may not be in the prudence of a *Church*, *moderately to injoyn* them; and become the *Piety* and *Humility* of the
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These, to submit to what shall be enjoyned? I remember a passage of a grave Divine upon this Subject, which was this: A Ceremony (faith be) in the judgement of all, is in itself a thing indifferent: To preach the word, a thing receiued and of necessity. Now, I would have men lay the thing indifferent in one scale, and the thing necessary in the other; and then let them tell me, if it be not better to swallow a Ceremony, than to rend a Church. Obedience and Unity tend to Peace; and Peace is the world's flourish; but, division and disobedience are as the trains leading to the Mine, that blows up all. If the Ceremony did admit a dispute; yet, being servants to the Church, it would not wholly light upon them that obey'd; and it may well be believed, their submission would be more acceptable than either their cavil, or their criticism. The Ceremonies of State, though the wife man knows they be not of the finews of Government, yet, they are the air, and of the countenance thereof; so, beget in common people a kind of awful reverence both of the Person and the Function. There is no doubt, but the practice of decent and seemly Ceremonies does help to preserve a Church not only in fixation, but in esteem. And is a rail to keep off the profane Julims, who else might do as he did, pifs upon the Table. Nor do I find, but as soon as the Church arrived at any state of power, but the took upon her to be as well formally as materially a Church; and besides the rites of Worship by her prescribed, Festivals, and Liturgies, her splendor was such, that with some emulation, if not envy, her Enemies began to cry out, En qualibus vasis Maria Filio administrant! See but with what costly Veils they officiate to the Son of Mary! Thoed. lib.3, cap.12. Though the bark of a Tree be no part of the Timber, fruits, or leaves; yet we see, if that be stript away, the Tree itself will die. So, a naked Church is no more laffing or comely, than the body of a Man without cloaths is seemly or secure.

LXXIV.

Of the contentment after the overcoming of a strong Temptation.

Every Temptation is a snare, and they that overcome are as Birds escaped; whom Nature suffers not to hold from rejoicing but, as soon as they are got loose they chirp and sing out a Joy to themselves. Surely if a man would choose out a happy condition to live in, he could not fancy to himself a better than when he is come off a Conqueror of a great and strong Temptation. Victory is so pleasant a thing, that it leaves a man nothing to fear, unlefs it be that which he fears not; The foul put by from God returns in the end with comfort, and sweetly cloeth with its Maker, whose goodness he knows it is to make her so Victorious. Divided friends when once they come to meet, like Iron and the Loadstone, they do not march but leap to one anothers bosom. They know th' are ever under the shade of Gods divine
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divine protection, but how they fly into the Almighty's arms, and rest secure within his safe Embraces. When Spartan-youths had overcome an Enemy, they were brought home with Garlands crown'd, with music and rejoicing. The greatest exultations that we read of, were the Triumphs that were contriv'd on Conquerours. And 'tis worthy our observation what high and splendid Privileges the Scripture does allow, to him that overcometh. He shall eat of the Tree of Life, and of the hidden Manna, Comforts and Inspirations sent from Heaven as the food of the soul, Hidden because only known to himself. And the white Stone, with the new name inscribed alluding to the Acquittals and Donations of supreme Princes, bestowed on such as had the Innocence and blessing to light upon them: which were so high to the enjoyers of them, that they were not able to make any other ever understand them. He shall be made a Pillar in the Temple of God, and shall go out no more, and shall at last be permitted to sit in the Throne with Heaven's great Maker, and the supreme God of gods. It furnishes him with experience of the crafts and wiles and policies of sharpest Enemies, and the Aids, Assistance, and unexpected Providences of an Almighty Guardian and Defender; and by the exercise of their Faith and Patience, and their other stock of Virtues, animates and increases them: whereby by overcoming once we learn to overcome again, and master, and triumph over all those subtleties that are lifted up against us.

'Tis one of a General's strongest Arguments to incite his men to Courage. To put them in mind, how oft they have been victors. It does enkindle industry and add a force to Fortitude, while being overcome declines the rising head and debases all the spirits to a dull and low Terrenity. The air is after Victory more wholesome, than it was before. The concurrence of Arms, and the striking of the Element does tarifie and purge it, and the Conquerour breaths freelier than he did before. He is not check'd by opposition. The present Region is his own to rest and sleep in, where, and when he pleaseth. The mind is lighted both of Fear and Care. And he looks upon his own Happiness as both ascending higher and lasting longer for his late hard Conquest. Which is not only intimated by the Antients in making the Palm-tree the Symbol of Victory, as dittaining to be incurvated by weight, but also being an evergreen with pleasant fruit and of continuance longer than most of other Trees. In which the Holy Ghost is not wholly unsatisfactory to the custom that was used among men, since we find the Triumphers in the Revelation (as badges of Victory) carried their Palms in their hands. And the Text, a little after, tells us that these were of those that had come out of great Tribulation. For their noble sufferance, their undaunted valor in not yielding, their over-towering Faith, and their coming off with Majesty, against all the Ailments of Sire, and Tempters; these were now remunerated, with the Vision and Fruit of the Almighty; and for ever after, flood exempted from sorrow, or any other of the disturbing passions of man. And certainly to overcome a Temptation that hath been battering hard upon us, dilates the pleased soul,
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and, lifting it up to God, does place it in a calm rejoicing. Though it were materially true, yet mystically it was not so: for the shadow of Alexander was longer after his conquest than it was before. It arose up higher in the estimation of men: and extended a protection further to such as had their province to live under his spreading shade. Oelavian and Augustus were not the same in one man. A youth at first despis'd and slighted by the experience and haughtiness of his Jealous Emulators; but after bowed and knee'd to, by all that drew breath under the wing of the Roman Eagle. And more than this, it shews the world our parts, which else would steal unseen, from off the stage. It is with virtuous men, as it is with Spices and some kind of fragrant Herbs. Their bruising, by contest, tells all about how rich their odor is.

Vidi ego jacetas mota face crescre flammas:
Et vidi nullo concutientes meri.

How have I seen, the brandish'd Torch blaze high;
While that unstill'd, by standing still, does die?

As gold is the better for being in the fire, and so is more esteem'd by men when purified: So is man, got from Temptation, not only better lik'd by those of this world, but he is more endeared to the Deity he serves, for appearing of a try'd Fidelity

LXXV.

Of Civility.

Unless they be impassionate, the greatest spirits, and those of the best and noblest breeding, are ever the most respective and obsequious in their Garb, and the most observant and grateful in their Language to all. They know, rudeness is so course a goblet that it cannot be digest'd by a healthful stomach: nor Terms uncivil heard without gall or quarrel. And therefore to prevent the latter, they are careful to avoid the first. This we may build upon: The most frail judgments are perfons of the Highest Civility. They think, to displease is none of the proper interests of Man: Nature made him Communicable and Sociable. To be rude or foolish is the bagon of a weak mind, and of one deficient in the conversive quality of Man. The Noblest Creatures are the more universally good. The fire refuses not, as well to warm the Beggar as the Prince. The water bears as well the Carrick as the Cork. The earth to all allows her bearing bosome. The equal air as equally ferveth all. And the bright Sun, without distinction thines. To occasion a quarrel is a thing of Reproach. And if a wise man hath unawares provok'd one, It lies in the mind, as Mercury does in the Body, ceaseth not working till it quite be got out. It is not for one Gentleman to speak to another what (hall beget either blame or anger, or call up either a blush or frown. And if there be a necessity to displease, yet we ought to
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to do it as nurses do with Children when they are to give them what is bitter, smear it in Honey or rowl it in Sugar, that even the palate (if possible) may be held in content. 'Tis a handsome story of the dying Aristotle when he was sought to by his Scholars to declare his Successor, among which there were two especially of more eminent merit than the rest, Theophrastus a Lesbian, and Menedemus a Rhodian. Aristotle calls for Wine of both those places, pretending to drink his last farwell with his Scholars before he dyed. He tastes the Wine of Rhodes and commands it both for found and pleasant. Then taunting that of Lesbos, he commends both for excellent good, but that of Lesbos to be the more delicious: by which they understood, he meant Theophrastus should hold the succession. So by commending both, he tacitly prefer'd the one without the least disparagement to the other. And in Religion, this will hold as well as in morality and the common Conversation of the World. For that was never found to be a foe to good manners, but that it allowed of a civil respect both in behaviour and words; by paying observance in the one, and giving Titles in the other, according to the degree and quality of the person we have to deal with.

Jacob we know to have been a person elected and in Grace with God himself, and though Esau were a profligate person and had sold his Birthright to his younger Brother, whereby the privileges of primogeniture were lost, and his right in the Sacred Covenant disputable, if not vacated; yet when Jacob intended to meet him, because he was a great man and in the Nature of a petty Prince and in some kind a General, for he had a Band of 400 men: He first sends him a noble present of many numerous Beasts. And commanded his servants, when Esau inquired whose they were, they should say, They were a present for my Lord Esau sent him from his servant Jacob. And when he himself came near him, he bowed himself seven times to the ground upon his approach to his Brother. Nay all his retinue after him, the handmaids and their Children, Leah and her Children, Joseph and Rachel, all of them bowed themselves; and after that, in discourse he complements him several times with, Let me find Grace in the sight of my Lord; and therefore have I seen thy face, as though I had seen the face of God. David, though he were anointed and designated King; yet when he met Prince Jonathan, he fell on his face three times, and bowed himself to the ground. The Shunamite fell at the Prophet Elias's feet, and bowed her self to the ground. The Widow of Tekoa told David, As an Angel of God is my Lord the King. Though Darius were a Pagan Prince, and had (though unwillingly) yet unjustly, permitted Daniel to the Lions Den: Yet as soon as he was out, his Language was: O King, live for ever. In the New Testament St. Paul begins his Complement with, King Agrippa. And when Festus charg'd him wrongfully with being mad; His return was not Reuiling, nor Recrimination: but, I am not mad, most Noble Festus. Certainly, in those Eastern parts of the World, though they used not to uncover the head, yet the ordinary bowing of the body was equivalent to the putting off the Hat.
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Hat with us: but bowing down to the ground, with all those Reiterations, was far beyond our practice of uncovering; and descended well near to a Sacred Veneration. And the Rhetorical Collaudations, with the Honourable Epithets given to their persons, were far beyond the Appellations that are used in our days; yet are we commanded to use to every man the respects that are due to his place, and quality. God himself calls men to Honourable places; and doubtless where he is pleas'd to bestow it, we ought not to deny it. Render to all their dues, Honour to whom Honour belongs. When our blessed Saviour that took upon him the form of a Servant, was living among the Jews, though they hated his Doctrine, and at last condemn'd his Person, yet their common salutation was, Rabbi, Rabboni, Master; And when in Honour to his Descent as allied to the Crown, he was called the Son of David, he gave no check to the Title, but John the 13 he tells them, You call me Master, and you say well. So that safely we may conclude, that Behaviour rude and clownish, and indeed unchristian, in keeping on the hat before Nobles, Magistrates, Kings, and Superiors (with that vitiouss thoughting men, and not owning their Titles) comes not from Scripture or any example of the people of God, but from some blacker friend that under the pretence of Piety and the Spirit, walks contrary to all the practice of the Faithful. The Apostle commands us to submit our selves to every ordinance of man for the Lords sake as yielding compliancy not so much for our own ends but purely out of Conscience, as being a constitution ordained by God himself; whose Wisdom establisheth the World not only in the larger frame where naturally every thing subsides to what is superior, but even in every Province, and each particular, where Government and Obedience perpetuates the Harmony of all.

LXXVI.

That the present Times are not worse than the Former.

It is the Preachers precept that a man should not say; Why is it, that the former days were better than these? For thou dost not inquire wisely of these things. Some have reduc'd this to those only that smart under present troubles; So passion rather than Reason begets the Complaint. Others limit it to the comparing the Law with the Gospel; and then, there is no doubt, if any be judge besides the Jew, He must be condemn'd of folly, that would go about to prefer the times of Moses under the load of Ceremonious shadows, before those since Christ, wherein the yoke is taken off, and the cloud irradiated with the shine of Evangelical truth. So that we may confidently acknowledge that memorable saying of Aeneas Sylvius, that although the Christian Religion had never been confirm'd by miracles, yet it deserved and would have been taken up by men; for the very Honesty that it carries with it. But since this was writ in Solomon's time, so long before
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before the coming of our blessed Saviour among us, we may believe he meant it more universally both of the precedent and successive courses of the World. And surely if we examine all things in a judicious scale, we shall find indeed, we do not wisely, when we vent the Complaint and ceniture. Humane Nature is more sensible of smart in suffering, than of pleasure in rejoicing, and the present indulgences easily take up our thoughts. We cry out for a little pain, when we do but smile for a great deal of Contentment. And from this we blame the present for a little pressure, when we pass over all those soft and smooth demulcentations that insensibly doroke us in our gliding life. Nor indeed are the pungencies of former times in the comprehension of our view, but at distance, and by some Records that have picked out only what are extraordinary. So like Promonts at Sea they look high at a distance as if all the Country were an elevated mountain, which when we come to land we find but of the fame Altitude with the other parts of the World we have seen. And the mind of man runs with more Celebrity to Joy. It’s true, sometimes there are intervals of Virtue and Vice, inclinations to Wars and Propensions to peace. The Sybarites had a vein of delicacy, The Spartans a firgin of Arms: Athens had her Arts and Learning; and Scythia’s fame was Barbarism. And in the same Country, One age runs upon one thing, and another does decline what by former times had been coursed by the Inhabitants of the self-same Climate. But these being but in parts, if the whole be summ’d up together, we shall find the proportion of all to be much about the same fathom of what the World was at before. If the present age exceed in some imbrac’d particulars, we shall read of former, that in other exceeded us. If we have inventions of newer date with us, They certainly had others that now to us are lost. And if we survey the Vices of precedent times, they will appear more Barbarous and more Epidemical than such as now flame in the World. We look upon it as the wonder of Vice to this day, That a stranger could not come to Sodom, but the more than brutish Citizens must burn in sordid Luft, which was so foul that nothing but Fire and Brimstone could purge the stench of it from the world. It was a City of Producers and Catamites, so wickedly bent that it could a miracle to preserve the Angels from their Fury; a Vice so new and so inhumane, that neither before, nor since, could the World find any other name for it, but what was deriv’d from that of the City it self. After this, among the Egyptians was that of the Slaveless Tax. The Gracians under wise Law-givers approv’d of cunning Theevery. And drinking was so wild a Vice among them, That even the Grammar lost it's fense by their debauchery; Persuasiory founding to be mad with Drink. Have we any so vain as Xerxes, that would think to whip the Sea to calmness; or so prodigal as was Alexander, that, as Plutarch tells us, spent twelve millions of Talents upon Hephastions Funerals? A sum so incredible, that 'tis a question whether at that time the Revenew of the World could afford it? Among the Jews, that by their Religion are tended to more preciseness, we find Incest, Fratricide.
E to hide flame, to and of there. Lufts, inverting but before that a He or, when who, They Of impression Temptatory and Imperious Cruelty to the cutting men with saws, and killing one another, was play and sport for Princes. Absalon, a younger Son to a Prince of a petty Province, had yet his fifty Footmen dashing by his Chariot side. Lucius Florus tells us of the German Women, that, in their Battails, made their Children their weapons, and would fling their own naked sprawling Infants in the face of those they fought with; that the horror of the thing might daunt the Roman courage. Under Titus, that was, for the sweetness of his disposition, cry'd up them of Rome, for the worlds delicious jewel. There was yet the number of 500 persons, every day while the Siege was strict, crucify'd before the walls of Jerusalem, till they wanted not only Crotles, but Room to set them in. There was Eleven hundred thousand slain, Nine hundred seventy thousand Captives, and many alive ript up with bloody hands, in hope to find among the Or- durce of the body, the gold they so much coveted. Was there ever since then, any thing like the Ten Persecutions? Was there any thing but Nero's Luxury, equal to Nero's Cruelty? and yet, Domitian in one particular out-went him; He loved to feed his eyes, and see those Tortures Nero but commanded. Where have we now a Licinius Lucullus, that at once put 20000 of the Caesars to the Sword, contrary to the Articles of their Rendition? or, like the famous Augustus, who at one time in Perausa, sacrificed 300 of the principal Citizens at the Altar of his Uncle Julius: In whole Triumvirate the Machine of the world was danc'd; and he that was but sent to, or proserib'd, he presently kneeld and sent his head for a present. Sylla took 4 Legions 24000 men of the Conquer'd part to mercy; but not willing to truft them, while the Senate sat, and in their hearing, he cut them all in pieces. Tiberius would make men to be fill'd with Wine, then tie them up from Urine, that their torment might dwell with their bodies. Suetonius records it of Caligula, That it was ordinary with him to brand with marks of Infamy the most Honoured and deserving persons, then to condemn them to the Mines, shut them up in Cages, expofe them to beasts, or saw them through the middle.

The Covetousness of those times were as great as their Cruelties. It was crime enough to polifes a wealth with virtue. Accusatins were not for Offences, though they were for Confiscations. Men, Towns, and Temples; escaped not in their gripe and rifing them of all; yet this, ob pradam, non ob deliciam; to enrich the Court with Coin, but not to empty the Common-wealth of Vice. Marcus Antonius in one year, from the Jeffer Afa only, raised 200000 Talents. For their Luxury their Drinking, and their Feasting, who reads their stories shall find they have outgon belief; continuing sometimes 36 hours at a meal, with the interventions only of Luft and Vomiting. Their Apparel sometimes only Tiffeny, inverting Natures institution, who meaning it to hide shame, they us'd it now to shew it. Seneca speaks it of their matrons, Ne Adulteris quidem plus sui in Cubiculo, quam in publico offendent, They shew as much to the people
people abroad, as they do to their Adulterers in their retired Bed-chambers. They had nothing of weight about them but their jewels. Every joint of every finger was particularly design'd his load. They had their winter and summer rings, so that by the sight of their hand, you might pick out the season, though you felt neither heat nor cold. Hortensius a great Orator, sued his fellow Commissioner for disordering a plait in his robe. And they had their dinner and their supper garments: so curious they were in composing their hair; so costly in their apparel, dyet, servants, household-stuff, and all belonging to them; that if we compare the excesses of those times with the (in respect of them) pettio vanities of ours, there will appear the difference between a court and cottage, and the vast extension of their enlarged empire, and the small circumference of our single-woated island. Every nation hath its zenith and its declination. As they rise in empire, they enlarge both in virtue and vice; and when they decline, they sink in these, as they do in decline in dominion. And though as to themselves one time may be either better or worse than another: Yet take the world in gross, and jumbled together, and there is nothing now to be complained of in the main; but what hath been as high or higher heretofore. Every nation hath endured oppression, hath felt of tyranny, hath admitted treason, and hath trod the mazes of vice. Only as islanders are usually the most nefarious; we have in one thing out-acted all the lands the sun did ever shine upon: A prince no less by virtue and glorious parts, than by right of inheritance and decent of ancestry; under the pretence of abused justice with the formality of mis-interpreted law, hath been sentenced (by his sworn subjects turn'd into rebels) to a decapitation; and, as a tyrant, put to death, indeed because he ever abhorred to be so. Creation never yet saw any thing, to equal it. For two pieces of treason, we have digged lower towards hell, than ever yet did any other people, the powder, and the pretended-parliamental treason: As if to revenge the attempt of the one, we had strained to gratifie the authors of it, by out-doing them in the other. 'Tis apparent in other particulars, other times have had blacker crimes than ours; but doubtless, in the general, the world is rather better than worse than it hath been. wars, rapine, murder, treason, pride, and lust, have ever been since man was man. But, in regard of the influence of christian religion, which corrects the cogitation and intention of all, as well as the outward act; I believe it hath so wrought upon the general genius of the world, as it is not so audaciously and epidemically facetious, as it was in times of Paganism, who were taught by their gods to be loose and less than men. And surely, the considerations of the like to these may so far prevail upon the opinions of men; as though they may be forty the world is not better; yet, compar'd with what hath formerly been, they need not wonder that this now so ill.
Two of them are in our selves, the other is without us; yet, of so great necessity, that, without it, of the best of creatures made for this world, we become the worst and the most unhappy. We ought to understand our own Misery, God's Love, and our own thankfull Obedience. Our own Misery, how deep and fatally extreme; and, to us, the much more disconsolate, by being so just: So intolerable that we cannot but complain; yet, so just, that of none we can complain, but of our selves. If we came not into the World wrapt in Corruptions garments; yet, are we sure here to live with such as are so; and, lying near, like wood in fire, with them we flame and burn. We were left, before the World e're found us. And yet, we have so much of Misery, as, for the most part, we have the misery to pursue it; or else, like people dying, we droop under so general a weakness, as we are not sensible of any that lies upon us. And in this, as in them, our danger is the greater. The harms foreseen or felt by prudence, we may strive against and shun: But, when they lurk in shades of silent night, before we know we fall into the pit. And, which is worst, our mischief is so desperate, that neither we, nor all the frame of creatures can relieve us. Nay, Time, that triumphs over all, lies down with wearied wings, but cannot give us remedy. Eternity is only like it self, and being beyond every thing, can be compar'd to nothing.

Nor is God's Love less infinite, or less incomprehensible. What had we that we deserve'd to be created at first? And what had we not, which might have condemn'd us when made. He hath lov'd us, not only of his own making, but of our own making. When we would die and spurn off Doctor from us, He pour'd in Cordials against our own content; and then, without our own help, made us live. God deals with us, as we with our brute beasts; if no; thy'd up and forced, we have not wit to take the thing should help us: And though, as Care, we did tear our self-made wounds, to widen deaths sad entrance: Yet, without our wishes, and against our wills, when we lay gasping in the Road to ruin, by the mercy of this great Samaritan, we were again bound up for life, and for the joys of Being. So Bats and Owls, that hate the Sun's gay light, are yet by the influence of its gracious beams, from their dark holes drawn out to fly and live. We have Being upon Being given us; To Be, and to Be well, are both large acts of bounty; only the latter is a double creation, or at least a Dis-creation and Creation too. God, the friend, has courted us his Enemies, and hath himself, not only been our Redeemer, but hath given us instruction, and found us out ways whereby we may still be preserved. So that the consideration of God's love, will be, as that of God himself was to the Grave Simonides, the more thought on, the less to be comprehended.
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And this being infinitely above all our apprehensions, we cannot in reason give less than all our gratitude: And yet, of that, how small a part is all? When all we can pay, is so simple a little of what we justly owe; we should immeasurably be unjust, if we return’d not all in our ability. Though we have not to requite, we may have what will please, when we give him up his own, and offer up his Offering for us; when we yet remember what we cannot return. The best repository of a benefit, is a mind that will perpetually acknowledge it. We ought to study what will please, we ought to fly from what is offence. And when we have done all we can, we still are short alive, of what the dead Earth does. That yields our food with multiply’d increase; but, this quick earth of ours, does dwindle what is call’d not. So though we meditate our own Misery, and God’s free Grace and Bounty; yet, the great business of our life is Gratitude. For that in all it’s dimensions and concomitants, will take up all we can possibly do, and yet, at last of all, will leave us still to wish and pray.

LXXVIII.

Of the uncertainty of Fame.

A Good Fame, is as the beams about the Sun, or the glory about a holy Picture that shews it to be a Saint. Though it be no essential part, it arises from the body of that virtue, which cannot chuse but shine and give a light through all the clouds of Error and Distraction. And though sometimes the Mists and Vapours of the lower earth impede the light it gives; yet there will be apparent Rays, that shew there is Desert unfeen, which yields those gleams of brightness to the whole Horizon, that it moves and shines in. The Philosopher Bion was pleas’d to call good Fame, The Mother of years; for that it gives a kind of perpetuity, when all of us else is gone. And indeed, it may as well be the Daughter of years; for that it is not gotten but by the continued succession of noble actions. However among all the externals of life, we may observe it, as one of the best; so one of the brittlest and most fading blessings. ’Tis the hardest both to get and keep; like a Glass of curious Workmanship, long a making, and broke in a moment. That which is not gain’d, but by a settled habit of eminent Virtues; by one short violent action, may be lost for ever. The success of an Affair, the mutability of Fortune, the elevation of a Faction, or depression of a Party, the mistake of a Matter, or the craft of a subtle Jugler, how it alters quite the sound that States lord Trumpet makes? Like a Beauty, drawn by some great Artifics hand; one dath from a rude Pencil, turns it to a Gorgon. Nay, if it only would in this fort vanish, it would than by many be kept unainted. If it could not be lost, but upon certainties; If it were in our own keeping; or if not in our own, in the hands of the wife and honesty. How possible were it to preserve it
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it pure? But the misery is, that it rests upon probabilities; which as
they are heard to disprove, so they are call'd to persuade; That it is in
the hands of others, not our selves; in the custody, not of the discreet
and good only, but also of the simple, the cunning, and the vile: Who
though they cannot make us worse to our selves; yet, how foul and
f蝈ed may they render us to others! With bad, we get a taint that spoils
our whiteest innocence: with cunning men, we are not what we are, but
by such lights are seen, as they will please to shew us; and with the
simple, naked we are left, that men may see our shame. Some are
gilded over, that the world are cheated in them. Some are gold within,
and by the ignorant and unskilful, are tane for Brafs or Copper.
Quidam omni tempore venantur famam seculi, & omni tempore sunt
Infames; They ever are upon the haunt of Fame, and yet we see for
ever they are Infamous. To vindicate us from the stain of these, there
is no remedy but a constant careful discretion. We are in the world, as
men in a Town besieged; if we be not always upon our guard, we
have so many enemies, we soon may be surpris'd. A careless watch
invites the vigilant Foe; and by our own remissness, we contribute to
our own damnation. We must be wary as well of words as actions.
Sometimes a short Laconick stabbing speech, destroys the Fabrick of a
well-built Fame. It was the advice of the sober Epicetus, That they
which did desire to hear well, should first learn well to speak: for tis our
speech as well as deeds, that charm the ears, and lead the hearts of others.
Even all the Art Tiberius e're was master of, could never so disguise his
inward rancor, but through his own expressions, of it would break out.
Nor must we be only good, but we must not seem to be ill. Appearance
alone, which in good is too little, is in evil much too much. He labs
his own fair Fame, that willingly appears in that ill act he did not.
It is not enough to be well liv'd, but well to converse, and so be well
reported. As well we ought to care we may be honest deem'd, as to
our selves to be so. Our friends may know us by the things they see, but
strangers judge us by the things they hear. As that is most likely to be
truth, wherein all the differing parties do agree: so, that Fame is like-
liest to last, and to be real, wherein Friends and Enemies, Strangers and
familiars, shall join and concur; and wherein words and actions shall not
croes and run counter: The one is as a healthful habit and a good com-
plexion; the other, as a handsome carriage and a pleasing countenance.
The first best way to a good Fame, is a good life; the nextis, good dis-
course and behaviour. Though when all is done, being a thing without
us, we are at the mercy of others, whether we shall enjoy it or no. It
will therefore be but a fond thing to be too greedy of that which, when
we have gotten, must be kept and allowed us by others.
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LXXIX.

Of Alms.

It is not necessary they should always come out of a Sack. A man may be charitable, though he hath not an expanding Plenty. A little purse contain'd that mite, which once put in, was the greatest gift in the Treasury. Nay, sometimes a willing mind (when we want our selves) is acceptable. God being the creator of the will, is sometimes as well pleas'd, when that extendeth towards him, as with the dead collocations of some insenfate Treasure. So there are few that may plead Poverty as a total exemption; for, if they have but a rich mind, there return may be as great as his that with wealth did venture a great deal more. But surely, where there is plenty, Charity this way is a duty, not a courtesie. 'Tis a Tribute imposed by Heaven upon us. And he is no good Subject that does refuse to pay it. If God hath caused many Rivers to run into our Sea: we ought in a mutual return of Tide, to water all those low and thirsty places that our waves may reach at. Something Nature seems to speak this way. For questionless, the earth with the benefits it produces, was at the first intended for the use of mankind in the general; and no man ought so to grasp at all, but that another may have a share as well as he. If he be not so fortunate in acquiring it, yet, as a humane creature, he hath a right of Common, though he may not be admitted to break into another's Inclosure. Suitable to this, we see God in his Moral Law, injoins us, to love our Neighbour as our selves: and in the Political Laws of the Old Testament, men are commanded (though there were a Civil Right to themselves) to leave in the field, and after Vintage, gleanings and remains for the poor. And we cannot but take notice, that there are frequenter Precepts, higher Promises, and greater Efficacy, set upon the Grace of giving Alms, than there is almost upon any other humane Virtue. The Precepts for this are every where so obvious, as there needs no mention of particulars of them; we can no where read to miss them. The Promises usually are annex'd to the Precepts; and these contain all that we can expect either in this world, or hereafter. But the efficacy set upon this Charity, would make one incline at first view to think it had a kind of inherent merit with it. In Daniel, Nebuchadnezzar is advised, to break off his sins by righteousness, and his iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor. As if the practice of these could wash off offences; or, like a Celestial Fullers-earth, could take out the spot of flesh from the soul. We find it rank'd with Righteousness, and by the Sacred Text, 'tis made almost equivalent. Our most Learned and Laborious Annotator on the New Testament, informs us, and examples it upon the Fifth of Matth., that Alms and Righteousness are, in the holy Scripture, prominently used the one for the other. And this, perhaps, might put Job into the greater amazement, That his afflictions should befall him, when
when he had always been so merciful to the poor, as in the 30 and 31 Chapter of his Book he expostulates. But, above all, is that place of St. Luke the 11. and 41. where our Saviour, after he had told the Pharisees of their Cheats and Hypocrisy, says, Nevertheless, give Alms, and all things shall be clean unto you. As if an Alms could expiate a sin, and discharge a scarlet into innocent snow; unless it may be taken, in a sort, as some Ironical Tax upon them, for thinking, Though they confess'd never so much, did never so little right; and acted never so much stupidly wrong; yet, if they gave but Alms, they thought it would free them from all. But, however they did, or did not, put coundignity of merit upon them; yet, certainly, in regard of the command and encouragement going along, they carry such a Promissory merit with them, that one would wonder any thing Christian should neglect their oft performance.

Nor are the Fathers behind hand in their Elegies and Harangues hereupon. St. Augulfine tells us, Eleemosyna mundat peccata, & ipsa interpellat pro nobis. Alms-deeds cleanse us from our sins, and interpose in our behalf to God. St. Chrysostome speaking of Alms, hath left us these inviting palliages, Vincula peccatorum ipsa disolvit, fugit Tenebras, extinguit ignem; and a little after, Virgo effe, habens alius anus, circumscripta per omnia venustate, sed succinita, vultum habens candidum atque manuum; pennata effe & levii, & temperante Solium Regale confistit; It dissolves the sinners chains, puts darkness from our souls, and quenches Hell's smart fire.—A Virgin'tis, encompasses'd all with Graces, ever ready to appear and plead for us, with clear and curious looks; she's light and fit to mount, and always waits at the Celestial Throne. Surely, it is the part of a good Steward, to see that all the Family be provided for. And the poor of this world being part of Gods, we discharge not our parts, unless we take care for them. He that does, (if there were no reward) hath certainly a fairer account to give, than such as have expended only on Themselves, on Pride, on Lust, on Ryot and on Wantonness. He that does supply the poor, hath a Warrant from Heaven for what he so expends. But he that lays out by the By on vanities, at belf, he spends but on his own account, and 'tis not likely, all will be allowed him, when his last Audit comes. 'Tis true, there be many poor, that indeed deserve not Charity, if we look at their vices, and the mispending of what they have given them. And therefore (though the Impotent, the indigent, and the Innocent deserve most, yet) the reward of Charity is not in the receiver so much, as in him that bestows. If I do my part well, I shall not lose the benefit, because another makes ill use on't. When one blam'd Aristotle for giving to a dissolute fellow, his answer was, He gave not to the Manners, but to the Man. That is properly the best Alms that is given of ones own, in obedience to the Laws of Charity. And the readiness adds vigour to the benefit. When the seed is long in ripening up to Alms, it shews the air of Charity is cold; and, if the season be once past, we sow our grains in wind, but cannot expect
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that they should grow up to increase. If Heaven be our Country, and we intend to dwell there, 'tis best to make over what we have, to be ready against our arrival. The poor are our Credentials that will help us to treasure in Heaven. What we leave behind, we lose, as never after being likely to make use on't. But this way bestowed, we both carry it with us, and leave it also here. The Generations of the Merciful shall be blessed, and find it. Like Porcelain-Earth, we may so bury our wealth in the ground of Poverty, that our Children and Posterity may gather it when we are gone. And, though we be turn'd to dust; yet, by the mercy of our Father above, our good deeds here below may, bourgeon and be fruitful.

LXXX.

Of Promises and keeping ones Word.

It was but a false Maxim of Domitian, when he said, He that would gain the People of Rome, must promise all things, and perform nothing. For, when a man is known to be false of his word, instead of a Column that he might be for others to rest upon by keeping it, he grows a Reed, that no man will vouchsafe to lean upon. As a floating Iland, when we come next day to seek him, he is carry'd from his place we left him in, and instead of Earth to build upon, we find nothing but inconstant and deceiving Waves. For a man to be just in his word, he makes himself Canonical, and so becomes Divine, having the honour, that not a tittle of what he says shall fall to the ground. He is the Anchor of his Friends and Neighbours; the Altar that they fly to, and rely on. And certainly, in great Persons 'tis one of the supremest both excellencies and advantages that they can be endued withal, to be such as will keep their word. Henry the fourth of France was so just this way, that he was called The King of Faith. And to the Eternal Renown of the late Prince of Parma, in all the Transactions of War, it could never been charged upon him, that he left one Article of what he undertook, unperformed. A faithful promise, is a shield and Buckler: A guard in both the Rear and Van, by which we march in safety against the piqueenings and ambulies of such as are our Adversaries. Under the cover of a gracious speech, we think our selves securer than in our own tuition: 'Tis the Bridge by which we pass over the River; 'tis the Ship that carries us safe upon the Ocean, and amidst the several winds of business and affairs. 'Tis indeed the Patron of the other Virtues, that make men cry'd up in the world. He that is just will scorn to deceive; 'tis below the loftines that dwells in Noble Minds, and they sooner can do anything, than wrong. Truth and Fidelity are the Pillars of the Temple of the World. If any blind Samson break but these, the Fabrick falls and crumbles all to pieces. Nay, if we be not Infidels to Scripture, this Justice does unlock the gates of Heaven, and lets us into Paradise: For, when the question is,
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Who shall inhabit God's holy Hill? the answer is, He that passes his word to his neighbour, and does not disappoint him, though it should rebound to his loss. What may he not do, that hath the reputation of a just man? It spares him the trouble of Sureties, he is his own both Pawn and Security. What others have is his, as well as what he owns himself. He makes himself the Master of the World, and, if he can but promise, others will not fear to trust. The Prophet tells us, the Just shall live by Faith: that is, not only by the dependence on the Providence and Promise that God hath pleased to communicate to Man; but, being just, he shall live by the credit, the esteem, and trust that others put upon him: And, though he hath not wherewith of his own; yet, the reputation of his justice shall give him the command of what others do possess. For, no man will deny to afford him what ever he shall engage, and undertake for: Though Aristides by Themistocles was prevailed against, and ten years' space was banished: yet, when Xerxes, like a raging Sea, came rowling against his Countrey, they were glad to call him home, and be protected by his wisdom and justice. And though he were a Beggar (for, he had not wherewith to bury him): yet, he lived a Prince, and was his Countreys Angel, for he did both guard and govern it. There was but one in the world, that durst own the Burial, and was admitted to the honour of embalming our blessed Saviour, and the Text describes him to be a good man and a just. Not does a Prince lose by being just: When men are under the rule of one that is so, they will be sure to defend him against all his enemies; because they are all concerned in their own particular, as having a Governor that abhors to do them injury, and will protect them from their suffering wrong; so they fight for their own interest, as well as for his safety. But, even Allegiance fits loose, when Injustice makes the Tenant. A man that breaks his word, by his example teaches to be false; and doubletells, leaves men angry by their being deceived: but, with himself the shame and hate will dwell. When Alcibiades met Socrates at a Feast, he confessed, he could not but inwardly blush to see him; because he had not performed what he promised him. Instead of a blessing, which our Clyents expect, by performance of what we promise, we throw, by the breach of it, a curse and scorn upon them. And perhaps, when they deserve it not, the fate pronounced against the Hypocrite and Unjust, our falsity flings upon them. Their hopes by us are quite cut off and perished. Solomon affures us, that Hope but defer'd maketh the heart sick: But, when 'tis frustrate, oft we find it kills. And in this sense, sure it is, that Job compares the failing of Hope to the giving up of the Goft. Many times a man's whole flock of comfort is laid upon the Hope of a Promise, which when it breaks, his Anchor-hold is gone, and he is left a prey to the unsafe waves, or, the unconstant winds. It takes a man off from the Planabilities and Benignities of life, and thrusts him down to the horrors of a sad defeat, which makes him desperate, and so dangerous. He doth not wisely confute his own safety that is prevail'd upon to be false of his word. That friend that will put me upon the violation of
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my word, does rob me of my Integrity and my Honour; and what a carkals then is Man, when these two are once gone? They are the Royal Ensigns of Humanity; there will be Reverence paid, while these keep up about us: but, when we once disrobes our selves of these, like naked or disguiz'd, we meet contempt from all. 'Tis on the Rock of Promises that brave men build their Hopes; when these do fail, Foundations think, and all the structure recks. When I pass my word, I profess to my friend the good of Hope; but, when I fail, I seed him with a Lie, which gives him the Malignities both of Saturn and Mars conjoin'd. So, it not only works a man up to disdain and spleen of the discontented and deceived, but, it puts us out of favour with Heaven. When Nehemiah ingaged the Jews; to shew them what the issue would be, if they fail'd, he shakes his lap, that they might see, Who did not keep their words, should so be shaken out of their houses, and emptied from among the people. When Tissaphernes had broke the Truce, he had made with King Agesilas, Agesilas sends Embassadors to him, to give him thanks, that by breaking his Promise he had made the Gods his Enemies. Nor is it a wonder, that the failing of a Promise should so startle us: for, all the stress of life lies on it. For almost 4000 years, What had the world to live on, but the Promises of the Messiah? And since then, What is it we have for Heaven, but the Promise upon Faith to be admitted in him: So that the weight of all depends upon a Promise. And, if that should fail, we have no other Refuge but must fall to misery. Certainly, the same equity is in all just Promises, though not of so great concern: So that we ought to be as careful to keep our word as we would be to preserve our happiness. And a great deal rather be slow in making, than backward in performing what we promise. It is no shame with reason to deny; but 'tis a shame once promis'd, not to make good. He cheats his friends, deceiv's himself, and gratifies his Enemies, that loosely promises, and is negligent in performing. Promises may get friends, but 'tis performance that must please and keep them.

LXXXI.

Of Love and Likeness.

Know not whether is more true, That Likeness is the cause of Love or Love the cause of Likeness. In agreeing-dispositions the first is certain. In those that are not, the latter often comes to pass. The first is the easier Love; the other, the more voluntary, and so the more noble and obliging. One obliges the Lover; the other, the beloved. He that for likeness is beloved, invites his friend to love him; so that, upon the matter, he loves but his dilated self. 'Tis the affection of Narcissus, when we are pleas'd with the reflex of our selves. And this is the reason why flatterers are received into grace and favour when plain speaking flutters out himself from accetptation. We love those that smooth us, as
we love our Looking-glasses, because it shews us our own face. And though in truth it oft difembles and pretends us better than we are, yet still we like it, because we think it true. The Nature of man is taken with similitudes. When we see one merry it begets in us a laughter. When we see another in tears, we with him are ready to weep. The Soldier loves the Maritall men. The Scholar is for an Academy. The Tradesman for the City. The Husband-man's Court is the Country. A Port-town fits the Mariner; and the Gallant, in the Court, thrones his own felicity. And in all these, we follow but the instinct of Providence, That by joining like to like, we increase a mutual strength, and keep up one another. And, there is another love, that as well as this, reflects upon our selves: and that is, when we love for eminence of parts in either mind or body. We love beauty, because it pleaseth; and, we love good parts, because they are likewife acceptable; and we promise to our selves either pleasure or profit by enjoying them: So that still in these, the Fountain out of which Love springs, arises out of self-love, so that we think by them to gain to our selves some benefit. Thus man does love, because he loves himself; and is incited by what is without him, to love himself within. But with God, the motive is not from us, but purelty from his goodness; we cannot yield him profit by all we can perform, nor hath he need, that we should love, or be beloved of him. Nor are we lov'd because we are like him; but, that by loving us for our own good, he may make us so. That surely, is the nobler Love, that rises like Creation, out of nothing; or else like a Chaos finds us, and by shedding the beams of love upon us, frames us into the beauty of a World. What can we account we had, that God should be induc'd to look upon us? Or, what did we want, that might not have put him off. Surely, since he loved us when we were not like him, we ought to labour that we may be like him. We ought to be like him being our Friend, that was pleas'd to love us, being his Enemies. Though we did not love him first, because he was not like us: yet, we ought now to be like him, because he first did love us. Socrates could tell us, that since God of all things is the most happy and blessed, he which can be likest him is nearest true felicity. And certainly, if we be not like him, we may conclude we love him not; for questionless, Love is like the Elements, they labour to convert every thing they meet with into themselves. Fire turns all to fire that it does seize upon. Earth doth to Earth reduce what the imbraces; The Air calls out all to it selfs; and the Water into Water resolves. If the love of God be in us, it cannot but conform us to him: Whereas in dissimilarities, there is a kind of natural contest that hinders all Prosperity. A free and quiet spirit will be gall'd to a Consumption, by being forc'd to live with turbulent and contentious humorists. The Pious and Prophane will never peaceably be made cohabitants. Even in Vegetable Nature we often find Antipathies. The Colewort does not only hinder drunkennes, taken inwardly; but, planted near the Vine, it checks its growth and flourishing. And 'tis no less a wonder, that the Learned and IndulgitioS Salms, on Pancirolius, tells us, Let a Drum be headed at one end with a Wolf's skin; and at the other, covered
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covered with a Sheeps skin: if you beat the Wolf's skin, the Sheeps skin head will break. Nay, he sticks not to inform us, that further yet the antipathy extends; as if the fear and enmity between these creatures outlaid all the bounds of life, and could create a fence in matters quite innimate. Cover two severall Drums, one with a Wolf's skin, the other with a Sheeps; let them both be beaten at once, and that with Sheeps skin cover'd shall not found. So Feathers of the Dove with Eagles mixt will easily be consum'd.

Surely, between the Immaculat and most Holy God, and between corrupt and contaminated Man, there is a great averterion. And in our Reason, little reason can by us be found, why this Great God should love us, while we deserveth our selves from him: we fight against his love, and are so much the further from our own Salvation. It is happy, that we are the Creatures of a Being and a Power so immense and good, that with his Goodness all our ill o'recomes; that with his Power matters all our struglings: That transcends us so in Excellency, that he overpowers all our faults, and loves us into liking and conformity. So great an Agent will have power over us, and ought to have the more, because his love is free. If he love us, it will be found our duty to love and to serve him. Though we cannot serve him as we should; we shall serve him much the better, if we love him. And both these are our Interest.

LXXXII.

Of Law.

It is the bridle of the Humane Beast, whereby he is held from starting and from stumbling in the way. It is the Hedge on either side the Road, which hinders from breaking into other men's property. A man had as good live in Egypt among all the ten Plagues, as in the world among the wicked without Law to defend him. 'Tis every man's Civil Armour, that guards him from the gripes of Rapine. And indeed, 'tis for this chiefly, that Laws are of use among men: For the wife and good do not need them as a guide, but as a shield; they can live civilly and orderly, though there were no Law in the world. And though wife and good men invented Laws: yet, they were fools and wicked that put them upon the study. Being to rule such wild Cattel as ramp up and down on the earth, there needed both the judgement and the wit of the best and ablest, to find out ways to trammel them, and keep them in a bounded order. And because, they fore-saw that they were like enough to be flighted by the ignorant and scornful, To put the more regard and countenance upon their Laws, and the observance of them, they pretended to receive them from some more raifed Deity, of whom men were in awe, and feared to offend, for preserving of themselves from punishment. So Minos among the Cretians, affirmed he had diff-
course with Jupiter; and Lycurgus to have taken his, from Apollo; Numas from the Goddess Egeria; Mahomet from his Pigeon whispering him into an Extasie, as coming from some sacred Spirit. And Moses declares the two Tables received from God himself in Mount Sinai. And surely, it adds vigour to our compliance with Christianity, that we know our Blefed Saviour to be the Son of the most High, and to be God as well as Man. Yea, and thereby to put the higher Authority, and the more esteem upon their Kings that are to rule over them, our neighbours of France would have us believe that their Vial of Unction was received from the hands of an Angel. These things doubtless, are all of them so far true, as it is most certain, the original of Laws is divine. And though at first creation, God gave not Man a literal and prescripted Law: yet, he gave him a Law Parole; and inscribed it in his heart, that by those inward dictates, he might be guided and bounded in the course of his Life.

Among the antient Druides, it was absolutely forbidden to Register their Laws in writing. And Caesar, in his Gallique Wars, gives us two reasons for it. One that their Mysteries might not come to be prophane and encommod'd by the Vulgar: another, that not being written they might be more careful ever to carry them in their thoughts and memory. Though doubtless it was as well to preserve their own Authority, to keep the people to a recourse to them, and to a reverence and esteem of their judgements. Besides, it oft falls out that what is written, thought it were a good Law when made; yet by the emergence of affairs, and the condition of men and times, it happens to be bad and alterable. And we find it to be evidently true, That, as where are many Physicians there are many diseases; so where there are many Laws, there are likewise many Enormities. That Nation that swarms with Laws, and Lawyers, Certainly abounds with Vice and Corruption. Where you find much fowll report; you may be sure there is no want of either Water, Mud, or Weeds.

In the beginnings of thriving States, when they are more industrious and innocent, they have then the fewest Laws. Rome it self had at first but 12 Tables. But after, how infinitely did their number of Laws increase? Old States like old Bodies will be sure to contract diseases. And where the Law-makers are many, the Laws will never be few. That Nation is in best estate, that hath the fewest Laws, and those good. Variety does but multiply smears. If every Bush be limed, there is no Bird can escape with all his feathers free. And many times when the Law did not intend it, men are made guilty by the pleaders Oratory; either to express his eloquence, to advance his practice, or out of maliery to carry his Cause: like a garment pounce'd with dust, the business is so fine-cure'd and tangled that without a Galileus his glasses you can never come to discern the spots of this changeable moon. Sometime to gratifie a powerful party, Justice is made blind through Corruption, as well as out of impartiality. That indeed, by reason of the non-integrity of men, To go to Law, is, for two to contrive the kind-
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ling of a Fire at their own cost, to warm others, and flinge themselves to Cyders. Because they cannot agree to what is Truth and Equity, they will both agree to plume themselves, that others may be stuck with their Feathers.

The Apostle throws the brand of Simple among them that would by striving this way consume both their Peace, their Treasure, and their time, as if it were of the Fool, to expose a Game to the packing and the snuffing of others, when we might soberly cut and deal the Cards our selves. Is there none wise enough to compound Businesses without calling in the Crafty, and the Cunning? Or is there none so wise as to moderate a little, that he may save a great deal more?

Laws is like a Building, we call up the charge in gross and under-value it: but being in, we are train'd along through severall Items, till we can neither bear the account, nor give off, though we have a mind to't. The troubles, the attendance, the hazard, the cheques, the vexatious delays, the surreptitious advantages against us, the defects of hope, the falleness of pretending friends, the interest of parties, the negligence of Agents, and the designs of Ruine upon us, do put us upon a Combat against all that can plague poor man; or else we must lye down, be trodden on, be kickt and aye. And is it not much better to part with a little at first, and lose a lock of hair, or a superfluous nail; then to be leak out till the Cilern be quite dry, or like Hefh upon a spit have all our fat drop't from us, by being turn'd with—before a consuming fire? Doubtsels, the advice of our Saviour was not only Religious but Political and Prudential too; If any man sue thee at Law, and will take away thy Coat, let him have thy Cloak also: A small loss is rather to be chofen, then by Contention greater inconvenience.

If men could coolely have dispatch, and Businesses be rightly judg'd; no doubt, in things of weight, the Decision would be profitable. And this does sometimes happen. For questionels, there are of this profession that are the light and wonder of the age. They have knowledge, and integrity; and by being vers'd in Books and Men, in the Noble arts of Justice, and of Prudence, they are fitter for judgment and the Regiment of the World, then any men else that live. And there Honefely truly weigh'd is the gallantest engine that they can use and thrive withal. A faithful advocate can never fit without Clients. Nor do I believe, That man could lose by't in the close, that would not undertake a caufe, he knew not honest. A Gold smith may gain an Estate as well as he that trades in every coifer metal. An Advocate is a limb of friendship; and further than the Altar, he is not bound to go. And 'tis observ'd, of as Famous a Lawyer as I think was then in the World, the Roman Cicero; That he was slain by one he had defend'd, when accus'd for the murder of his Father. Certainly he that defends an injury, is next to him that commits it. And this is recorded, not only as an example of ingratitude: but as a punishment, for patronising an ill cause. In all pleadings, Foul language, Mallice, Impertinence, and Recriminations, are ever to be avoided. The cause, more than the man,
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is to be convinced. Over-powring Oratory is not ever to be practis'd; Torrents of Words, do often bear down even Trophies of Truth: which does so fret and anger the party over-born, that the Refort is no more to paper, and pleadings: but to powder, and steel.

It is not good to be too severe, or to enforce too rigorously, the observation of every petty and penal Law: In Charity, there is something to be allowed to Ignorance, and Cusjome. Blood and Treasure ought to be but sparingly taken: Those Lawyers that are sedulous to press Penalties, they are but purge Beadles: and Lashes upon that and a mans fame, enrage the Patient against those that are instrumental to afflict them. Cicero might have escaped the Sword, had not his Philip-picks blown up the spleen of Anthony, to a flame unquenchable but with Death or Retraction. When Varus his three Legions were destroyed, the insulstion of the Barbarous was more against the Lawyers, than against the Soldiers that did wound and kill them. They pluck't out the eyes of some, and cut off the hands of others. One had his Tongue cut out, and his lippes slick up; and while the Enemy graft the Tongue in his hand, he reviles it with — How now Serpent; 'Tis well you'll leave Hissing at last?

So far is Law to be place in the scale with War, as it is to be the last Refuge, never to be us'd but when all means else do fail. And then the Pleaners ought to hold themselves to that. Who vindicates the Law, does no man wrong: But he that digresth to impertinences, or the personal stains of men, is rather a fly that buzzes and fetches the fore, than a Champion for Truth, or a helmet to keep the head of justice whole.

LXXXIII.

Of Conscience.

It is the blushing part of the Soul, that will colour and kick at every little crum that goes away against it's swallow. And we can neither cozen it, nor be ridd on't. 'Tis a kind of inward Deity. It will be with us wherefoever we are, and will see us whatever we do. It can give us Rest in unjust Sufferings, and can whip us in the midst of unjust Applauses. 'Tis the guard that God hath left us to preserve us from the darts of sin. And 'tis the Beadle that corrects us, if yet we will be finning. And though it be cry'd up for impartial and unbiaseable, yet I do not see but in many it's erroneous, mutable, and uncertain. We often find it pleaded by the same men for very contrary things. How many are there that for interest can diffuse with it, and allow of that in themselves, which in others they severally condemn. That use it for an Artifice that they may deceive more handsomely; that can contract it, and dilate it, as best may serve their turn.
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In the strictness of the word, it is the knowledge and the judging of our own ways and manners. While it relates to us, 'tis Conscience; when it reaches unto others and without us, 'tis but Science. Doubtless, if it be rightly informed and regulated according to the precepts of true Divinity, we ought to suffer any thing rather than in the least admit a violation of it. But that which most men pretend to be Conscience is at best but a present persuasion, Opinion, Interest, captivated and corrupted judgment. How many have we known that have held it a hainous offence to eat flesh in a Lent or upon prohibited days, that afterward have been brought without a cheque of Conscience familiarly to do it? Custom wears it quite out, Terror frights it, Knowledge alters it, Interest sways it. So that indeed the main force of it rests in a right understanding, and Integrity.

If it be of weight in any thing, I conceive it may be in relation to a sacrament, and the propagating of a true Religion; yet we see St. Paul, that thought it one while good Conscience to persecute Christianity, did live to think it better to promote it. He took Timothy, and had him circumcised. He bred up Titus, and preserved him from it; and did not stint to dispense with many things to the Jews to win them, and some to those of the Christianity to engage them: and ingeniously confesses, it was because of false Brethren, who attended as Spies, rather than as sincere Christians to be rightly instructed, Acts 21. 26. Gal. 2. 3, 4. So that it seems to appear, when a greater good to Gods Glory, or the propagation of true Religion, comes in the way, lesser things, that are not simply sin, and so declared, may be for these dispensed with. While things remain in a dispute, and by reason of their intricacy, cannot clearly be determined, surely the safest Post to lean upon, is Antiquity, and the Authority under which our God hath placed us; If we should be enjoined to that, which should afterward appear to be wrong, I question whether our Obedience, where we owe submission, would not better bear us out, then the Abjuration and Tenacity to our own conceited Truth; whereby we cause an eddy in the Tide of Government, which isfarther running smooth, than in either Curts of whirl-pools. But certainly, A plain sin, we no way ought to venture on.

I see every peevish and ignorant Action of some simple people is intitled to the sacredness of Conscience. And lying under that guard they think to escape, and mate both the Royal and the Reverend power. Have we not some that will not admit the Holy Table to be communicated on but in the Body of the Church, as if it were an offence against Conscience, to do it in the Chancel, though they have the Churches Authority, and their own precedent practice to invite them to it? that will not Christen, but at their Reading-poe, though Antiquity placent the Font next the door, as relating to the Sacrament of Entrance and Initiation? If it be out of Conscience, Why is it not pleaded? If it be not, Why is it done? A Simple Quaker cannot be civil to his Superiors, nor swear in judgment, either to ascertain Faith, or to satisfie Law, or
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to determine a Controversie; But these shall all be Conscience, when indeed they are ignorance, and wilfulness: For, what justifiable either Text or Reason, can for these be given? Where is it made a sin to Put off our Hats to our betters? Or judicially to swear before a Lawful Magistrate? Let any thing be proved a sin, and I hold with them, that would sooner die than defile their upright Souls: but till it so be manifester, or probably conceived so, I doubt not but 'tis better far to dis pense with such Natural, or Political, or Civil Rites, and to give up our selves to the deliberate Sanctions of such as we ought to obey, than by the little maintaining them, take all the hazard on our selves, and disturb and scandal others. I would know (in a Gesture not determined by Scripture) whether he does not better that kneels at the Sacrament, and hath the Authority of the Church to back him, than he that will take it only standing, and hath nothing but his own opinion to support him? And though Conscience in it self, be out of the reach of Compulsion; yet we are beholding to those that enforce us to do, what in Conscience we ought. 'Tis therefore that power is given to the Magistrate that he may bend the Refractory, and reduce the wilful, and the unwise wanderer: I doubt not but they could have pleaded Conscience, that refused to come to the Supper in St. Luke; for they were rooted and grown in another Religion: yet the command is to the servant, that he should compel them to come in.

If we allow Conscience on our own side, by the equal rules of Justice, we ought to allow it on the other. And then the Turk and Jew must be born with, as well as the grounded professors of Christianity. I remember David George, that justly suffered as an Heretique in the Low Countries, after fiercest Tortures dyed persifling in his false Opinion, that he himself was Christ. Inter exandefcentes forcipes conticuis, He shrunk not for the burning pincers, as I meet with in Buchanan. Surely, all would have condemn'd it as an error in State, if they should have let him alone, and under the plea of Conscience have suffered him to have gone on, to seduce the ignorant to his horrid black opinion. Though it be not in the power of man to force the Conscience, because it is internal and spiritual: Yet it is in the power of Government, to punish those that will maintain a false one, and seduced. The most that can be pleaded is, Who shall be Judge, whether, because some have been on my side, I shall take upon me to be supreme and unappellable? Or, whether I shall be content (to the more learned, and more powerful, and such as for their Authority God hath taken into his own rank, and called Gods with himself,) to give up my Cause and Controversie? Doubles, should that be tolerable in private Families, which is pleaded and practiz'd in the Economy of Government, no man should be Master or have order in his own house. If we would not admit of an Independant there, there is the same Reason not to allow him in the State. It's a kind of Soecism in Government, for me to put my self under the Protection and Regulation of that Prince, whose Laws I think not fit to obey. Quid iniquius quam velles sibi obtemperari à minoribus, &c.
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What can be more unjust than for me to
exact obedience from my inferiours; when I my self will not obey my
superiours? The Laws of God and Man, in things not plainly forbid-
den by the Word of God, injoin and expect my obedience: But, if
I refuse to obey, I set up my self as Supreme, and make my will my
Prince's Master. Cicero I conceive in the right, when he tells us, Inobe-
dience is out of the hard-
ness of an obstinate mind. He dissolves the Bords of Government,
that spurns at Publick Edicts: refra-
toriness that ufers in confusion: Not to obey, is to refift; and to refift, does cry up open
War. Though Abraham in humanity could not justify the sacrificing
of his son; yet, because he implicitly gave up himself to the obe-
dience of his Superior, God; he is highly commended, for being but rea-
dy to do it.

LXXXIV.

Of Peace.

If men knew rightly, how to value Peace; as is the Empirical Hea-
ven, this lower world might be. Where all the motions of the com-
prehending Orbs, all the several Constellations, and the various Position
of the Stars, and Planets, produce a beautuous Corn, and a Harmo-
ny truly ravishing. As health to the body, so peace is to the soul.
What is wealth, or wit, or honour, when want of health shall ravish
from us all of pleasure in them? And what are all the enrichings, the
embellishments, and the Imbrockadoings of Fortune to us, when war
shall tear these off and trample on our Glories? The richest wines, the
choicest viands, by sickness prove insipid. The silke does lose his softness,
the silver his bright hue, and the gold his pleasing yellow. As the sense
of feeling is the ground of all the rest, and active life does cease when
that is lost: So is health the foundation of felicities, and the want of
it joys privation: yet is it Peace that gives them taste and relish, and a-
ffords the sweet enjoyment of all that can be procured.

Though the other Attributes of God, are no doubt, beyond our com-
prehension; yet, this more emphatically is said to pass all our under-
standing. Next his own glory, was the establishing this, invited God
from Heaven. The first branch of that Celestial Proclamation, was, Glo-
ry be to God on high; the next was, On Earth Peace. This is the cement
between the Soul and Deity, between Earth and Heaven. It leads us
softly up the milkey way, and uflers us with Assistance to the Presence
of Divinity, where all her Rarities are heap'd and strew'd about us. The
enjoyment of Friends, the improvement of Arts, the sweetness of Na-
tures delicacies, the fragrancy of Fruits and Flowers, the flourishing
Nations, and those pleasing contentions, that stream out themselves
from all Heroick Virtues, are all brought in, and glorified by Peace.
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The Drum and Trumpet that in War sound terror and astonishment, in Peace they only echo mirth and jollity. Peace helps the weak and indigent; And health and foundness too, to the sick endeavours. It takes hence only the unsound and languishing, and yet gives leave to them to place their wealth where they first plac’d their loves: That by it they gratify their friends, and slip from all those smartings that vex them. But, War kills men in health, preys only on the foundless; and, like the savage Lyon, does seize the valiant foe lest, as thinking the old and impotent too mean to be his quarry. And though in War sometimes we wear the Victor’s wreath, yet, that is often purchased at much too dear a rate, and many times the Conquerors Garland crowns the Captives head. In the same Battail Hannibal confess’d, though he first was Conqueror, yet, he at last did come off over-come. He had broke Minutius his Force; but, was by Fabius forc’d to give up all his Palms. Nor is it often better with those that are dependents on that General, that yet commands the field. Victory not seldome does inlet Severity. The Haughtiness of the Conqueror is often to his own, less tolerable than the Triumphs of the Enemy. Success does flame the blood to pride and boldned insolence; and as often kindles new as it does conclude old Wars. One world sufficed not Alexander. Nor could all the Roman Territories set bounds to Caesars limitless ambition. For, when we once put off from the Store of Peace, we march into the Sea that’s bottomless. We swim on angry waves, and are carried then as the wind of Fortune drives us.

The entrance into War, is like to that of Hell, its gaping wide for any fool to enter at. But, it will require a Hercules with all his labours to redeem one once ingag’d in’t. They know not what they part withal, that wanton hence a jewel so unvaluable. For indeed, if we consider it, What price can be too dear to purchase it? we buy off all the open force, and fly designs of malice, and we intitle ourselves to all the good that ever was for Man intended.

When God would declare, how he would reward and bless the good man, he finds out that which most may crown his happiness. He tells us, He will make his Enemies at peace with him. Securely he enjoys himself and friends, whose life is guarded with the nits of Enemies. The Palace of the world stands open to him that hath no foes. If any may will see in little (for what is an Island or two, to the world?) Let him but well consider, the havoc that a few years made among us. The waste of wealth, the wreck of worth, the sad fate lighting on the great and good, the virtuous left to soar, the Loyal us’d as once the Roman Parricides: as those in Jacks, so these that under Decks with Cocks and Serpents, desperate and malicious persons left to rule and vex them; Wealth prostituted to the beggarly and the base; Palaces plundered and pulled down; Temples profan’d; Antiquities raz’d; Religion rivuled into petty issues running thick corruption. Then let men consider, after a little Revolution, how little have the Authors gained. Who would take peace from others, themselves have mis’d it in their hollow graves, the Earth they tore, hath fled them from her bosom and her Bowsels, with nought
nought i'th least considerable to the expense of blood and treasure. Then also, let men see, how the Sacred wheel of Providence hath resurrection'd all our joys. How the Church recovers her late besmirched beauties; How the Tide of Trade returns; How brightened Swords have now a peaceful glitter; How Glory, wealth, and Honour, with Loyalty, is return'd; How shouts of joy have drown'd the Cannons Roar; that till men come in Heaven, such joy on Earth can ne'er again be expected to be seen. Three Nations looking for a fatal stroke, at one remove'd from slavery and ruine; So have I known some generous Courser stand, tremble and quake under both whip and spur; but, once turn'd loose into the open fields, he neighs, curvets, and prances forth his joy; and, gladdened now with ease and liberty, he fills himself with pleasure, and all those high contents that bounteous Nature meant him.

Certainly, 'tis Peace that makes the world a Paradise; while war-like Sin, does turn it all to wilderness; and with wild Beasts, Man's conversation makes. In war, the vexed Earth abortives all her fruitfulness: but, in an unstirr'd Culture, ripens all her bounties: that now with Casianbou's Translation of Euripides, we cannot but approve his much commended Rapture.

O Pax alma! datrix opum,
O Plucherrima Calitum!
Quam te mens sitis? o Moram!
Obrepat metuo mihi
Metas ne mala: te pristus
Suavem o quam tuas diem;
Flausus uniques cum stirpant,
Cantusque & Chori, Amicique,
Conmessatio Floribus!

Hail lovely Peace! thou Spring of wealth,
Heavens fairest issue, this world's health.
O how my Soul does court thy flight?
More preitious, than the pleasing Light.
Let never blacker day appear,
But dwell, and shine, for ever, here.
Let shouts of Joy still, still, resound:
While Songs, and Dances walk the round,
At Feasts of Friends, with Garlands crown'd.

L XXXV.
Of Divine Providence.

Every thing that Man can look upon, is both a Miracle for the Creation of it; and a wonder for the apt contrivance, in fitting it to its parts and province, wherein it is set to move. So that the world
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World is but God's great Cabinet of Rarities; which he hath opened to astonish Man, that he may but well consider them. If Man shall reflect upon himself, he shall easily find how infinitely wonderful he is made, beyond all the other world of Creatures. How none but he, by reflective Acts of Understanding, is able to argue, to consider, and to judge of himself. Who is't but he, can hope or fear the future? that can curb, encourage, accuse, or commend himself? or that can apprehend, or reverence either Deity, or Eternity?

And to magnify the goodness of this great Creator, we shall find that every natural action that Man is capable of doing, affords him pleasure in the execution. To eat, to drink, to sleep, to fast, to wake, to forbear, to speak, to be silent; to move, to rest; to be warm, and to be cool; to be in company, and to retire: They all in themselves are pleasing acts; whereas the things that vex, and trouble, either come from without, or happen by our own disorder. So that a man may live at ease if he will; and if he does not, 'tis by his own default, that it happens. In his Bodies frame, not to be defined to all particulars, which are full of admiration, How exquisite, and how fitted are they for all occasions, that at any time may befall him! In his Ears and Nofhriils, the one relating to the Head, the other to the Lungs; those flender Hairs are not in vain placed there, but, as nets to catch the dust and moths, which with our breath we should else draw in, and tabid all our Lungs; the engines of life; or, mix'd with wax, should as pellets, flop our fenne of hearing. In the world, what we complain of for inconvenient, if rightly we examine, we shall find it highly commendable. The unevenness of the Earth is clearly Providence. For since it is not any fix'd fedation, but a floating mild variety, that pleaseth; The Hills and Valleys in it, have all their special use. One helps in wet, and soaking inundations, the other aids in droughts, in heats, and scorching seasons. And the feet and legs of men, having nerves and sinews, to rise and to descend, to recede and proceed; they are better fitted by the unevenness of the Earth, whereby both are interchangeably exercised and refreshed, than if it were all a level'd walk, and held a constant evenness. That weeds without a Tillage voluntarily spring, sure hath a double benefit. One, that Man may have something where with to exercife his industry, which else with ease would settle into corruption. Another, that by these the Earth it self, does breed its own manure; and Beasts, and Birds, by them have tables ready spread. Even venomous Creatures have their proper use; not only to gather what to Man might be noyson, but to qualifie other Creatures, that they may be physical and salutiferous to the several constitutions of men. Surely, that Beasts are dumb, and want understanding, is a benefit great unto Man: If they were intelligible, it could not be, that their strength could ever be kept subjected to the service of Man; whose cruel usage, nothing rational could ever long endure. Would the Horse be curb'd, and brought to champ on steel? would he suffer his last Rider to bestride his patient back, with his hands and whip to waste his flesh, and with his heels to dig into his hungry bowels? would he be brought
brought in hempen chains, to be made draw beyond his breath, and
strength? would he be tied up to the beared wood, or walk the round
all day in rowling ponderous stones? or, wear his life away under the
presure of a heavy burden?

If they could speak how would Replying to the rage and insolence of
cruel Man, enkindle wrath, and let in death to both? We see it full
as necessary, that there should as well be poor as rich; for neither
could live without both. We see both fruits and wines will keep with
gust, and beauty, until the new appear. God having in his Providence
made them to last, till he does provide us more; and, yet, not longer
that we might not be idle, or, trusting to our falling store, grow wan-
ton, and forget the Author, and our selves. ThOSE things of com-
mon use, we common have among us: what we need, and will not
last, in our own Climate grows: Our Spice and Drugs that we must
fetch from far, are freed so; from corruption, that they several years
indure.

In common Corn, what wonders may we find: how one small grain
springs up to several hundreds; how it gives a sufflationation by his se-
veral parts, both unto Man and Beast; and, because so useful, see but
how carefully Nature does preserve it. It grows up in a Corsetet, an
inward coat, that does from dews defend it: and on the outside a Stand
of Pikes in bearded ranges upright, do appear, to fence it from the
Birds, and catch the falling rain, so by degrees to lead and hold it in to
the grains within: but, when it is ripe, that moisture is not useful; it
downward turns its loaded head, that as before it helped to swell and
tripen it, so now, it gently draws it off, that it may not hurt, or rot it:
and because (being weak), it from one grain, one single stalk alone
should shoot, and grow, each easie wind would break it to unfruitfulness,
there springs up many from every several kernel, that getting
strength by multitude, it may withstand the assaults of storm and rain.
And whereas other fruits from Trees, and such large Plants, last but
their year about, or not so long; this, as more useful, several Winters,
keeps from all decay, that when there is a plenty (as once in Egypt),
to help 'gainst death, it may be kept in store. Even the enmony of
Creatures one against another, is for the advantage of Man; in fear of
one another, they are kept from trespassing on him, and by the antipa-
thy of one against the other, we make use of one, to take the other;
so serve our selves of both.

By these, and millions of others, and indeed by all, we can see
or comprehend, we may conclude as does the Psalmist, O Lord, how
wonderful are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all! And if we
should complain, as sometime profanely did Alphonius, That God might
have ordered many things better in the Creation of the world, than he hath
done. We may well return that grave and sober answer of St. Augustine,
In Creaturis quidem erratum cognitimus, inde est quod non in congruis sedibus,
ae quaevis, If we complain of defect in the works of Creation, 'tis
because we do not consider them in their proper spheres and uses.

Surely,
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Surely, the apprehension of the ordering of all things so infinitely wisely, by so Supreme a Providence, might Tutor us to be less in passion, at any thing that happens. It was an excellent fancy of the wise Philosopher, in discoursing of this matter, when he said, If all the misfortunes of all the men in the world were crowded together in one Man, and then, every man out of this heap, were to take, but an equal share: He did believe, every man would rather resume his own, than after a proportionate rate take what should then befall him. Why then should any grumble at their displeas'd condition? Who wisely made the world, as wisely does preserve and govern it. And he that shew'd his Power and Wisdom in every Worm, in every Fly, and smaller Atom that he did at first create; does in his Providence descend to order, and dispose of every little particle of this great Main, the world. Who makes a watch, does look as well to every pin and nick in every wheel, as to the Spring it self, that guides and steers the whole. As 'tis Maxim'd of the Elements, that, Nullam in suo loco ponderosum. There's none are heavy in their proper places: So nothing is a burthen as God did first design it. And thus, as by contemplation of his glorious works, we never can want caufe to admire his Providence, to magnifie his Wisdom, to adore his Goodness, and find a rest for all our warring thoughts: So by our weak complaining, we unhand our hold from Deity that flays us, we proclaim our own defects, and detract from what is due to his Great Glory.
SOMETHING UPON
Eccles. 2. 11.

All is Vanity and vexation of Spirit, and there is nothing of value under the Sun.

All is Vanity! Surely this is a bold Censure: Yet we see the wisest that was only Man, dares both avow and justifie't. Nay, that is vain which is not commodious, though it hurt not. But all is not only vanity but Vexation; that, not of the Body only, but the Spirit: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous. Yet further, it might affict in something, and solace in others, but there is nothing of value: 'Tis unprofitable, 'tis mischievous, 'tis good for nothing. Here is the reckoning of the world cast up, the particulars are all before, Honour, Pleasure, Profit; and Wisdome added to advance the sum: but what amount they to? Alas! the Verses end has total'd them, Vanity, Vexation, Nothing. This is a scalding breath, fatal as the Bird of night, a killing damp, or Mandrakes grones. See, all the beauty of the Globe is blst'd: That which the wise Inquisitors of Nature, did for the decency call Beauties fell, the Grecians and Latines, is this now become a thing so contemptible, so falling and so dying in its Fame?

But is the Accomptant one of credit? May he not fail in his Arithmetic, and by an injurious Total vilifie so large a Treasure? Alas! 'tis this that gives the wound, the authority of the Man mares all. Had some immur'd Anchorage, some called Hermite, some secluded Monk spoke this, it had been no disparagement: nay, had it been but some Meandering Sophister, or some Junior Philosopher, that had but gazed Nature in the face, and so guessed her disposition, it might have met some Cavil: Nay, had it been some sour Cynick, or some fleering Lucian, a blind Homer, or the more serious and knowing Aristotle, that not only courted Nature as a Mistress, but bedded her as a Bride, saw her uncloathed, and left her almost naked to the wide worlds view, we might have doubted Heretic in the Text: But when he that speaks it, shall be Man summ'd up in the excellency of all his parts, Y y Perfection.
Perfection center'd and epitomiz'd: when it shall be, as *Hugo Victorinus* says, *Sententia hominis hominem excedentia*, The judgment of a Man exceeding all Mankind: when it shall be one that was so wise at Twelve, as of himself to chuse Wisdom before all that the world had; one that knew the world, and was able to judge it; one that had the world within him, and knew by his Pen to direct his parts, and knowingly to read upon every Limb every particular, from the *Hyssop* at the Walls low foot, to the lofty *Cedar* that does shadow *Lebanon*: One that had King'd it from his youth, that knew the Mines and Trains of State, the Fawnings and the Wilkes of Court, the Riddles and the Twilight-shows of Policy: One that was skilful too in Trade, and experienced in the belyings, the ingroffings, the circumventions of Merchandizing: One that was Prince of Kings, and King of Philosophers; whose Wit was elegantly Poetical, whose Wildom was solidly Proverbial, whose Judgment was Oraculous: We have nothing left to ground an expectation upon.

Nor did he speak this at random, as a flashing wit cenfures a judicious Author, ere he scarce had read a Page; nor as a prejudicated Judge, that sentences Delinquents, when yet he has not heard the cause: But after a strict examination of all, after he had cut up every sublunary, and lecturer'd on the Anatomy: not by a Theoretical and barely empty speculation, but by a practick experience, traversing not only the vaster Continent, but even every Greek and Angle of the World: and when he had try'd and Lymbeck'd all, the Spirit and Extract comes forth, *Vanity*, *Vexation*, nothing of continuance.

But perhaps this may be but general, and he may mean as when 'tis said, *The whole City went out*; whereby we understand the greater part, and not precisely all. No, they are induced severally, and sentence'd together, like Malefactors call'd distinctly to the Bar, but by one Law found guilty all alike.

But what is Vanity? Who knows but that it may be pleasing? I'm sure we hunt it as we would a purchase, as the satiater of a longing bloud, as Children do their Gawdes and Rattles, with crying and impatience: And when we have got it, we have but grasped the Air; or, like *Ixion*, prest'd a Cloud for *Tuno*, whereout some Monster, like the *Centaur*, springs: yet still like him we boast the enjoyment of *Jove's* Queen so long, that unjustly at last we stand condemned to the restlefs wheel.

I find divers definitions of Vanity. There that say every mutability which argues a defect is vain; And thus Angels and our Souls may be so. Next, whatever is destroryable and dissoluble, and thus the Elements and visible Heavens. Saint *Chrysostom* says that is vain, which has no profit in it: a name without a thing. Some ever take it for the evil part, and tend it to the naturalness of the creature, reducible to an Annihilation: to the Temporality of the good, the Personality of offenders, and the Criminality of works. Others say that is vain which is no end or purpose, as courting the Wind and Combating.
Combating shadows. And certainly in respect of that supreme, and eternal felicity, which the soul does seem to make unto, such is all that the Sun looks upon: They are produced and perish together: Or if a while they leave a faint glimmering in the mind, 'Tis but as waters fetched removed from the fire, which express a languishing play after all the heat is gone.

Wisdom and knowledge are the primest goods of man, For they are Judges of all bedefides. They are the Elevation of the scale of man, which while a dull Earthines flags the rest of the Creatures, mounts him like a Nobler fire to the Honour of the company and being friend unto God. Neither are they so casual (like Honour, Pleasure, and Profit, the other temporary goods of man) as to fall upon the indiligent and underving, nor yet so easily ravilh from him by the spleen of others, or the crown of fortunes menacings. But as they are harder in their acquisition, so are they more imperdible and steddy in their stay. All the other three are (compared with these) but like Cradles to rock Children asleep with. But these are sweet as the weekned mufings of delightful thoughts, which not only dew the mind with Perfumes that ever refresh us, but raise us to the Mountain that gives us view of Canaan: and shews us rayses and glimpses of the glory that shall after crown us. Yet is it the object only that makes these good unto man, when God is the Ocean that all his streams make way unto: otherwife, as Nets do birds, they catch us and intangle; and, like the Sect of the Academicks, conclude not any thing, but That nothing can be concluded on. Knowledge in many things but delivers us to doubts, and doubts involve us in distraction. The Gall of Fire is broke, and has imbitter'd all the inwards of man.

It was the Appettition of Knowledge that caft man from Paradise: Ignorance, not total, may be better than uncertain Science. To know good was part of men's first hoasted happiness; but when he needs would know more than was good for him to know, he loth that good he had. And Plato says, One Theautus (a certain Devil envious to man) first flewed him of the Sciences. What diversity of Opinions, of Thoughts? Not two in the world that have eyes of conceit in all things seeing alike. This school magnifies what another condemns, and that Sect takes any thing rather than what the other taught: And how often is the Garland given to Fallhood, while Truth obscured mourns? The plain right down Plod oft findeth Heaven and happiness, while Wits deep subleties falling sink to Hell. The greatest Heresies from greatest Learning spring; and the Holy Ghost, like the bird of its representation, (the Dove) usuall lights upon the humble ground, but seldom perches on the tall-grown Tree. Though I totally submit to Seneca, where he says, Hoc seio nominem posse bene vivere, sed nec tolerabiliter qui est sine sapientia studi. This I am sure of, None can live well, no not in any tolerable fashion, without the study of Wisdom: Yet we find neither his Philosophy, nor his Wealth, nor his Honours, nor that which he preferred before all these, and recommended to his friends at his death,
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(His Precepts, and the Pattern of his well-led Life) could guard him from the peoples envy, or Neros malice, or preserve his Veins uncut. Nay, how often does our Knowledge increaese our sorrow? It elates our minds, it attracts envy, and gives us to see further into sorrow than the unskilled soul. What one thing of moment by all our knowledge can we truly conquer? The Seas alternate fluxes pant us, the Loadstones hidden qualities are beyond our reach, nor can we truly judge of what our very sensess meet with. All agree, the Dog in scent, the Ape in talke, acuter are then we; yet we see the one in Carrion tumbles of his hunts Perfume, and the other leaving all our Delicates, checkles when he meets the Dainties of a Spider. Our wisdome is but in finding more of our folly, and when we think we have progres'd so far in the un-ending Circles of laborious Science, we only at last with fruitless sweat attach our own learn'd Ignorance. But admit we may know more than can the slothful man; the greatest Talent obliyes to the greatest toy, and neglected, to the greatest punishment. Knowledge without practice but enlarges our score, and is a Treasury of future trixes: And alluredly when Justice at the laft shall clear her own Integrity, it will go far better with an honest unaffected Ignorance, than with the cunning speculations of neglective Knowledge.

But let us see whether there lie not something of more esteem in outwards. There are many Plants that carry medicine in their Barks when all their bulk is only food for fire. Alas! if the Prince be poor, where is the wealth of slaves? If we look at Honour, that of Kings is the highest pitch. And not to speak of the common frailty attending them as men, even their necessary incumbrances are as the saltness of the Sea harthing quite through the whole. I believe not him that said, if Crowns were rightly viewed, there would be more Kingdoms than Kings: For Nature rises to Sovereignty, and there is a blaze of honour, guilding the Bryers and incising the mind: yet is not this without its Thorns and salmbroisty. If he be good, he is a general Servant: if bad, his own perpetual terror. If all men ought to care for him, 'tis his part to take care for all: and 'tis far les for many to care for one, than for one to provide for all. And this invited Antiochus when Scipio had Conquer'd away some of his borders, to send thanks to the Romans, for easing him of part of his cares, to which he is not allowed the liberty that inferiors have. When Antigonus, saw his Son loose in his Carriage towards his Subject, he checks him with, Son, Son, remember our Empire is a Noble Bondage. They must live severe to themselves, but affable and free to others; which made Alexander answer his Father Philip, who withit him to shew his activenes and speed at the Olympian Race, That so he would, if he had Kings to run withal. As sport, so friendship fure is sweetest among equals; and even in this, a King is sure unhappy, that whole Kingdoms afford not him one Companion to make a friend of. Certainly, he may live most at ease that has least to do in the World
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World. A kind of calm reculment is like rest to the tov labour'd man, but a multitude is not pleasing: 'Tis but Bedlam in a larger building. Who would be content to lead all his life in a crowd? or to stand up as the common mark whereon every one strives to draw his own peculiar interest? Let the private man please but two or three of his own Parish or some Neighbouring-Village, and 'tis all the business that he has to do. And surely this is no hard matter while he acts not the decisive part, in things that fit closer to men, as Honour, Liberty, Life, Estate, and the like; in all contentions concerning which, one side will think it self too hardly born upon, and so fall off in discontent, if not rage. Nor Oracles, nor Equity, can contrive out a liking to all. Even he that Judges right, must needs have one-side hate. Simul iifta Mundi Rector Deus posuit Odium arg; Regnum; The God and guide of all the World, has established these together; Ill will and Empire. When Pylades a Roman Actor was to represent Agamemnon, he appeared as one in a maze, solicitous, as pressed both with thoughts and cares: And such are Kings and Governors. To live at ease is to lose: and to preserve is pains? If he be good to the Republique the trouble is his own, but the fruit shall his succesflors reap. Nay, I see not but that it is undoubtedly true, that even the poorest vassal, not groaning under a sensiblc finart, has all his life long a greater Comforter, than the Monarch heaved on the top of State. Force that is low not having far to fall has little to fear, Qui jaect interram, &c. But on whatsoever he looks abroad, there is hope, and that like a Melior Natura heartens and cheers him against all his dislik'd depressions: though he be in darknefs, it flews him light; 'Tis the smile of life, and like the pillar of fire, leads us through the dark and desarts in our conceit to plenty. But with Kings it is quite the contrary; they have as little to hope for as the other has to fear; and whatsoever this looks on with hope, with fear do Kings behold it: Above them there is no place, and beneath them all is loss. Fortune leads on Kings with perpetual Alarums, but inferiors by proposing prufes. And doubtles such Considerations as these did make the Tragician settle in this Resolve:

Stet quicunque, volet, potens,
Aule culmine lubrico:
Me dulcis saturat quies.
Obscuro positus loco,
Leni persuas otio.
Nullis nota Quiritibus
Ætas per tacitum fluat.
Sic cum tranfiriunt mei
Nulla cum ferepitus dies,
Plebeius moriar senex.

Let who's will in Icy State,
Courts gay lustres emulate:
Private peace shall fatiate me,
Where retired I may be
Stor'd with gentle care, and free:
Where no greedy Courtier knows
How my peaceful paffage flows:
So when (noiseless gliding by)
All my days are past, then I
May a harmless old man dye.
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Cent. II.

Ili mors gravis incubat,
Qui, notus nimis omnibus,
Ignorat moritur sibi.

He that to all too much is shown,
Dyes to himself the most unknown,
And death with greatest grief does own.

Is Pleasure then any other? Or can the jollities of life emerge us from this spreading Sea? Certainly, Antisphenes meant it not as Charity, when he prayed his Enemies children might be brought up in pleasure. And Plutarch tells us, when the Babylonians had revolted, and were again by Xerxes reduced to obedience, in stead of wearing arms he commanded them to carry pipes to sport and sing, to dance and revel, that softened and unman'd by pleasure they might not again attempt a defection. As winds do lighter substances, it bears us up a while in smoother air: but still as that begins to lie, with it we fall to Earth, to Mire, to Mud, and torpid dulness. It nibles away the virtues of the soul, and becalms us into Ruine. The Noble Sun they say is fed from the Sea that is salt: but the Moon from the pleasant Springs attracting all her changes: Pleasure and Destruction are close and near akin, and if it be inordinate, the eye is then of Brotherhood; if Pleasure be the Elder, yet destruction reigns after his decease, and then as a Tyrant repeals his Laws. Even the extreme of joy is sadness. It clouds the understanding, and for the most part leaves us more Causes of Repentance than Remembrance. He that submits himself to pleasure, lies down at last to Labour, to Grief, Distraction, and Want. And therefore Aristotle counsels us not to look upon Pleasures in their approach but at their farewell, so by a rebuking Judgment we may be saved from their sting and future Pains.

Habet omnis hoc voluptas,
Stimulis agit fruentes;
Apinsqs; par volantum,
Ubri gratamella fudit,
Fugit, & nimis tenaci
Ferit icis corda morfu.

All Voluptuousness has this,
Twinging till our joys we kis;
But like Bees that range abroad,
Scattering once their long hug'd load;
Hence it vapours, then it's heart
Sticks its deadly wounding Dart.

Nor
Nor is wealth of any better condition than these, 'tis not a food
fine enough for transcendent and aspiring souls to feed upon. Yet to
shew that Mortality suffiteth by a mortal prop, 'tis now become
the Esence and the land of Nations. As water is to Fishes, so this
to manis Element; Food, Favour, and almighty Life; Yet bred out
of Sulphur and Quicksilver, as if allied to the materials of a reftles
Hell. Hear but what Epithets the Learned Agrippa gives it, Omnis
pecunia levius, sugar, labilis, anguillarum & serpuntum infpar lubrica,
Vain, swift of flight, as slime of Eels or Serpents glidings, slippery.
When riches wing away, they leave us then forrow; and while they
stay, entice us to Intemperance. What wanted among the Romans,
till wealth as a Deluge came flowing upon them? Justice, Tempe-
rance, Vertue, and Triumphs crown'd them, while they were
not swell'd with Riches: But plenty once let in, like Nilus his Inun-
dation, it left them mudded with the slime and prodigies of Vice,
and made them stranger monsters than ere that stream gave harbour
to. If not this, they either increafe our Care in keeping them, or elfe
our thrift in getting them; and are fo far from quieting the mind,
that the more we have, the more we still do covet them; and ex-
treme defires are never without their torment. Attain'd, or never got,
they vex; lost, or ever kept, they vex. They may sometimes ward a
blow from the malice of Fortunes hand, but they are of so fat a
weight to wear continually, that wife men do by them as the valiant
oft by Arms, rather expofe their lives to the hazard of a Battail,
then be cumbrd with the burthen of Armour. Death makes all,
rich and poor alike: so he that is moft rich, is but moft in debt; for
he borrowed all from Fortune, which when he goes he muft repay
to the laft Mite, and perhaps with much more grief than he that had
little to leave. Besides all this, they have one badge which surely
sticks them with unnoblcft things, They fail a man in deepeft need:
They can neither redeem from Death, nor deliver from wrath, but
even in the summons to these, unworthily abandon those that moft
have courted them.

Non domus aut fundus , non aris acerumb & auri
Ægrotu domini deduxit corpore febres,
Non animo curas.

Nor House, nor Land, nor heaps of Treasure can
Extract the Fever from dißtemper'd Man,
Nor Cares from out the mind.

Nay, they are not only false but fatal: As the scent in beasts of
Game, they betray us to the search of Tyranny, as pursuie in a struck-
en Deer, they fall from us like blood, and make us to be hunt-
ted to death. Where the ground is barren or yields nothing rare, it
lies unftar'd and reftful: but if a mine be in it, the World is mad
with
with instruments to dig and wound it. Yet after all this, they are fo vain that if we use them, we lose them, if we only keep them, we have them not.

Learning, Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, they are all but Consonants without a Vowel, which seem to dictate in the Worlds great Volume, but when we seek for matter in the pages, all put together the sum is Nothing, Vanity, Vexation, Nothing.

Agreeable to this is that which Lipsius left and begg’d his friends would fix upon his Grave.

Vis aliore voce me tecum loqui?
Cuncta Humana, Funus, Umbra, Vanitas,
Scena & Imago: & verbo ut absolvam, Nihil.

Shall I speak truly, what I now see below?
The World is all a Carkals, Smoak, and Vanity,
The Shadow of a Shadow, a Play; and in one word just Nothing.

Yet were it but Vanity only, we might sail away life without storms, and complying Vanity with Vanity, make life a pleasing Holy-day, and be as innocently wanton as Birds in Spring-time, or Fielded Beasts in May. So we might like Atomes in the Sun’s bright beams, dance our short day away. But—Vexation dogs this Vanity, is the black shadow to that painted body, the ill-favour that attends the extinguisling of the poor melting tapers of all Worldly Felicity.

Several Interpretations are extant of this Word; our vulgar has it Vexation, some have rendred it by Paflia, an eating and devouring Ulcer that gnaws the soul to languishment, gangrening ever by gradual frettings the mirth and pertness of the oppressed mind. The Chaldee has it, the Contraction of the spirts grating them with a galling Jar, rubbing upon the spirits, as woollen on a place that is raw. All agree in this, to make an unsatisfied perturbation the unavoidable Inheritance of Man. And indeed if we look to the first founded State of lapsed Man, Solomon’s censure is but a free Confession of a former doom, the Decree was pass’d in Gen. the 3. 17, 18, 19. In sorrow shalt thou eat all the daisies of thy life, Thorns and Thistles shall the Earth bring forth. No doubt, but the Almighty Providence as easily could have made it offer him Corn, and Wine, and Oyl, in a spontaneous flowing; Fruit, Spice and Medicinals, without infor’d Plantations. But the other are things that prick, and are for offence. Answerable to these was that other next Omen of his first Apparel—The Fig-leaves, which having neither strength nor durance, have yet all thickness rugged as true prefagments of his self-woven Fate. And albeit all things before Man fell, came forth as the refined gold from the Mint with a Valde bona stamp upon them: yet fin, as a Contagious Fog infected the very air of all. The highest contentments that the World can yield, become to us like the Country Quintanes, while
To wade in Knowledge, is to found a Sea that is fathomless. To rest upon Honour, is to stay upon the rate that other men will set us at. When they deduce their Estimation, our Crest falls, and we are nearer to any thing than what we thought ourselves. To wealth at length we are but Tenants for life: And what we have is any Tyrans that by force or fraud can matter us. He that intends his Pleasure too much, minds all things else too little; and even that it self increases, and fails together. The World with all his parts, cannot aspire so high as to become of worth to satisfie a Soul. That is of a nobler nature, than to rest full pleased with things that are so perishable. So that now, it would be a wonder to see one dote on transients and temporals; Though all the ridiculous gods of Rome were made so by Man that was not God, yet in Martial theResolve was sensuell:

Ad canam si me diversa vocaret in afra,  
Hinc invictar Cesaris, inde Jovis.  
Afra liceat propius, Palatia longius essent,  
Respansa ad superos hae referenda darem.  
Quisque qui malit fieri consiva Tonantis,  
Me, mens in terris Jupiter, eccce, tenet.  

Should Jove send for me' among the Stars to sup,  
And Caesar then invite me to his cup;  
Though Heaven were nigh, and Caesar's Courts far off,  
If with this Answer would the Gods put off:  
Sack such as long to taste the Thunderers Feast,  
Me, my Jove here, Domitian makes his guest.

He had a Wit, worthy of a better resolution, not is there any thing to excuse him but the un-recommended licentiousness of Poetry: For else 'tis not possible that upon true grounds, a wise man can be fond of the world. All is either empty or troublesome, and comparatively without doubt either evil or not good. So that now it must be certain, There is no profit under the Sun.

To procure an un-intermitting joy; To draw life into perpetuity; To keep back the Eclipsing Sadness of the mind: To take away the nausousness of the imprison'd soul, or to give the World a constancy in his own frail parts; This is beyond a Solomon. All things drop away as fruits from shaken trees, which a Spring renews and Autumn again destroys.
Eccles. 2. II.

And therefore I find this place read by some, *Nihil permanere sub sole*, Nothing endureth under the Sun; and this not enduring, if there were no more, is enough to confirm that all is Vanity: when any thing comes to nought we say it vanishes, which in plainer English is, it growth into Vanity; and shall not one day all the World do this? Though the Earth be said to remain for ever, that ever is but Comparatively, and the sense is, that it shall not decay so soon as the other Creatures that depend upon it. But this, depending on the Sun's enlivening influence, may in course of Nature be capable of change, and when we need it, fail us. What then shall we do? Or whither turn to find a Repose for the Soul? All the Mass of Creatures put together is too narrow a Palace to contain the Soul of Man. It flies in a moment to the deeps and Oceans Springs, not only to the roots of Mountains, but in a moment pierces quite through the Earths condensed Globe, to the Stars, and highest Convex of the bounding Sky: So far as the Creature reaches it goes and finds no rest. God only is capacious, in him do all its vast extensions rest: unlimited thoughts in him a limit find; and when we do lose the Creature, still we do find him. Beyond the bowed expansions of the Firmament, where we cannot guess what may be, there we are sure this God incorruptible dwells. He is farther off than the Soul can reach: yet nearer than it can avoid. All things else are Sea, and Storm: nor is there any Haven but here. Hither must we mount, beyond the Suns rais'd eye. In the Courts of the Father of this Sun, dwells Truth, and Joy, and Constancy. While I live here, I must look for Tydes and Ebbs, Waves and Sands, and Rocks and more crofs winds than knows the Sylors Compass. Nor may I hope for safety but by Anchoring above the Sun; Even in his Mercies who is this Suns Sun, who is the Life, and Light, and Soul of all. If I can fix here, I will think I have made an escape from Earth: and by his noble attraction, having a mind rais'd gloriously high, may stand as a well-built structure, though outwardly foiled and clouded with the fume of Terrene things, yet by the gracious shine of the Almighty, bright within, and above the Conciliations of the World.
AND another said; It seems there were more of the Pack: Natural aversion to spiritual things is not in one but all. They that several ways adhered to the world, do all agree together to neglect the God of that world, and them, The Jews were all Recusants, and they rather choose to kill the Lamb than come to his Supper. That God had sent, might have been enough to give a Cripple swiftness, and to have struck up Age again with Youths enlivening fires. And that it was to a Feast of Salvation (which was the re-building of the ruins of man, and the re-implanting him in a better Paradise than at first he lost) might, one would have thought, begot a noble contempt of anything that could have hindered; but dull souls find our dull excuses. They still appear of the same sordid race, whereof their Predecessors were, that to the miracles of a Journey both night and day engaged by a Detty, dare basely prefer the Garlick and the Onyons of Egypt. So profane Esau had rather sup his Broth, than save his Birth-right. By earthly minds a grain of drollie Silver is prized above all the precious Balms of Gilead. The other two, though they came not, did modestly refuse; and though none returned so much as thanks, yet they begged to be held excused: Lefs uncivil Clowns; though they had not grace to come, they had so much Rustick manners as to beg a pardon; and forswifly thought a Farm and Yokes of Oxen might in judgment hold a Plea against all the spiritual solaces of Heavens. Let a Peasant have his wife, and either an ease Rent, Barns well fill'd, or a greater Herd of Cattle shall be so much coveted, as the rightly wise shall see, that the difference betwixt his beasts and him is only in his ruder speech. Thus the two former. But in Ingratitude they all agree; such a kind of Hog-carriage, that while they are greedily swelling in their own draft; all the Excellencies of the world besides are unmind'd; much more the Author that shall offer them. Like the deaf Adder; they
reit unrir'd by the most powerful charm of the world—Courtesie. If I shall gain by bargaining, equality of Traffique preserves me in my liberty. If I receive for desert, that which is done to me is paid, not given. But a noble Courtesie falling like rain in due season, enslaves a man more than a Market fare among Moors: for it conquers the uncon- pellable mind, and dif-interests Man of himself. To be unthankful, is to be a Bastard to Nature: with how many fold does the grateful Earth return her scatter'd grain? If the Rivers pay their Tribute to the Ocean, in publick Tydes and private Springs, a retribution's made. If the Earth exhales but Vapours to the Heaven, in requiting Dews it doth again distill them: Only the disputed Element of Fire is barren, and therefore has not the honour to be mentioned in the Creation.

Here was nothing akin to gratitude: Love there was fhewed so fervent, that even all Creation could not find a Simile for't. The benefit to man so great, that the Bowels of both the Indies are not as a grain to it. Yet all this so disvalued by stupidity, that none of them esteemed it worthy the Tongues least motion to produce a thanks; which proves that Truth, which by the noble Seneca was long since told us, Negamus quemquam JCire gratiam referre, nisi sapientem; None but a wise man knows how to be thankful. Yet any fool might have blunder'd out, Pray thank him—who could send less to him that invites to a feast? Ingratitude does then sink deep, when it gets not up to the Tongue: When it is not active, it has a Palfie; but when speechless, dead. King Philip did not mourn so much for the death of his friend Hipparchus, (for he left the world an old man) but because he died before he had requited him. And Senetorius tells us, That Augustus Caesar descended from his Throne, and as a common Advocate pleaded the cause of a private Soldier, who had fought for him at Actium, because he would not be thought ungrateful. Yet here by these men, from him (who descended from his Throne of glory, to suffer all contempt and torment for them) it is not so much as taken kindly. Nor did it extenuate their Inhumanity, that they did not accept of the Invitation; For that excellent Orator, who had far less of Divine light than was offer'd them, had instructed us,—That Non solum gratus debet esse qui accept beneficium, verum etiam eum qui potest asciendi suii; He ought as well to be thankful that may, as he that does receive a benefit.

But above them all, this Married man was the worst, here was neither Wit nor Manners. He not only answers churlishly in a blunt careleffnes, —I cannot come, but injuriously on Wedlock lays the Necessity of his absence, I have Married a wife, and therefore I cannot come.

What? were the pleasures of the bed so taking that he resolves for them to abandon Heaven? Or could he be so prejudicial, as to believe Heaven would not admit him if he brought a Woman along? Or was he so jealous of her Chastity, as he would not be absent from her, left his Heir should not prove of his own getting? Are
Are all the Daughters of Eve like their Mother, still tempting Man to defert his Maker? Cannot Man take a Companion for his life, but she must have something of the Jezebel in her? Must he either fruitless (like the barren Eunuch) long and dye; or else like Job, be tempted to curse God, and so dye? Or is he either so sharp, or fond, that he either dares not vex, or will not leave her? Or is it of Necessity that he must leave Religion to provide for her? Surely he takes the Text in too large a sense, that because it says, a Man shall leave all and cleave to his Wife, that therefore he shall leave God; 'tis but the Father and Mother on Earth, and not the Father of Heaven that for her we may forsake. Miserably is he married to his Wife, that must for her be divorced from all beside; from recreations, kindred, friends, the noble Arts, Nature, and the Gods above.

Surely there is something more then we are aware of in this same Creature, Woman. If there be any Charm to overcome Man and all his Vulgar Virtues, 'tis she that stands up in it. She is the Remora of the Soul, that sticking to the Keel of Man, arrests his progress to Heaven. What might it be which made against them, even the Fathers so full of fire, and poynant? St. Ambrose calls her, Jannia Diaboli, Via Iniquitatis, Scorpionis percurrus; The Port of Hell, the Rode of Iniquity, and the Scorpions fling: and then a little after proceeds, Sum vivis femine habitant, viscarium non deert Diaboli; If Women dwell with Men, the Devil hath his lime-twigs there. St. Augustine falls upon their fingering, whereof he says, Tolerabiles est audire Basiliscum sibilantem; 'Tis safer hearing the killing Basilisk Hiss. Elsewhere he makes them in a manner past Religious cure, for Quanto Religiosiores, tanto citoius allicium; The more Religious, the more iniucting are they. St. Jerom allows not Rysticus to see his Mother, for fear of her Maids, and tells him, Ancillulas queillis in obsequio sunt tibi scias esse in insidiis; He must know those Maids which are to her for service, to him are Wiles and Treason. St. Chrysostom exclaims, O Malum summum & acutissimum Diaboli telum Maller; The Devils sharpest arrow, and mischiefs primest height is Woman. A thing of such pollution, that the Superstition of former times, would not allow her to be touch'd by her own husband of three days before he received the Communion, as may be found in the Council of Eliberis. And by Tibullus his Caution it should seem to the like practice was in use even among the Heathen.

—Discedat ab Aris
Cui talit hosferna gaudia nocte Venus.
—From th' Altars let him keep
That in his Miftris Arms last night did sleep.

Another scrupulous nicety I find in the Council of Auxerre; where in the 36. Canon it is enjoyn'd, that no Woman shall receive the Sacrament in her bare hand; for which purpose the 39. Canon of the same ordains—That if the hath not a clean linen glove to take it in, she must for the time be put by. Nay, the severe Cato
Uticensis says, — Si absque famina esset Mundus, Conversatio nostra non esset absque Diis, Were Women out o'the World, with us the Gods would Conversation hold.

Against them the Poets have declaimed in Folio, they write nothing but Rapiers and PONYards, with all the weapons of wrath; that even the bitterest lambicks can contain. But most of them were so loose in their lives, that they wanted the honour to be in good Women's company; and therefore I will only tell you what the Comical Plantus thought:

*Qui potest mulieres vitare, vitet : ut quotidie (Fridie cœvavit) ne faciat quod pigeat postridie.*

Let him that can, defend himself from Women: but he who would not do that to day, whereof he must repent to morrow, must avoid them the day before.

These Opinions are austere and sharp; yet certainly some of them the mature Ceilures of a reverend Age, strict Sanität, and wealthy Knowledge. Only we may hope they meant not these of the general, but of the depraved of that Sex: who like hurt Deer (by their own Herd) would be pulled out to certain destruction. Surely in themselves they are not thus unboundedly ill: But soft and easy Natures, as they sooner bend towards Virtue, so they sooner slide into Vice; but cannot usually be so resolute in either, as the more solid and compacted spirit of man. Therefore of this power with Man there is without doubt a twofold Cause; one in themselves, one in man.

That in themselves is the excellency of their Creation, wherein Nature has sweetned their Countenance beyond the ferv. mfs of a Male aspect. They have purer Mixtures of Elements in their Compositions, from whence arises such a virgin calmness, as growing near to Innocence, makes man love them as akin to God. And doubtless hence it is, that Nature intrusts Woman rather than Man with the Conception, Nourishment, Production, and Education of all Posterity, partly before, and partly after the birth. And even through all does this fineness of temper hold: We find both in Birds and Beasts the flesh of the Female to our taste is pleasanter, more tender, and less insipid, than that of the Male: They are not naturally so rank an Earth. Cornelius Agrippa tells us of a strange Experiment to prove this: Let a woman wash her hands once fair, and after wash never so often, yet shall not the water be soiled at all: But let a man wash never so clean, and never so often, yet every time shall the water receive a soil. Nay, if they be both alike in danger of drowning, the woman, as more rafied, shall swim longer above, while the man, as more succulent and droffie, shall sooner sink to the bottom. As strange is it that which Tho.-my tells us, That a man being drowned floats with his face upwards,

but of women he says,—

Presumebitur, quasi earn pudori parentis Naturae. They float with their faces downwards, Nature being careful to preserve their modesty. And whereas it is said, I will make an end meet for man; instead of Adjutorium the Chaldee has it Substentaculum; as a prop and upholder of the state of man. And this (especially it we respect the Conception) is true and suitable: which may be some reason, why that first blessing pronounced from God upon man by conjunction with her, was never yet impeached by the Fall; But the Marriage, which was made in Innocence, even after his expulsion never came to question; And that increase and multiply shall endure as long as the world. 'Tis probable the Devils envy of Eve's handsomeness made him attempt to tempt her first. And in the offence we find not the breach of the Commandment cast upon her, but Adam; and in the Curse, for that she was beguiled and out of ignorance deceived, she is cursed but in herself and Sex: But for Adam, that did it more against the light of Knowledge, in a wilful transgression, we see the Universe does smart, and all the frame of Nature suffers in his punishment. But in the freeing of Mankind from this, he is in part beholding to the woman for it; the honour is given to her Sex; the Promise made is, That the seed of the woman shall bruise the Serpent's head. And in performance we see, that all the flesh our Saviour had was Female, without any contribution at all from Man: a Grace certainly surmounting all the swelling boasts of Man, and a comfort that may be for ever a support to that Sex, That when Man stood convicted of the guilt and Infamy of the Fall, (according to Nature) God afforded the glory of his Redemption to the seed of the Woman alone; to whom Man (without any thing from himself) must ever owe a favour so received, as he can never pay. And why may we not believe that 'tis from hence, that Nature has instructed man to be civiler and more respective to that Sex, than we find he is to his own? A Woman well qualified, like the Ambassador of a Prince, is held a person Sacred: What he disdains from men to bear, from her he thinks it an honour to suffer; and though it be to the hazard of himself in imminent danger, 'tis his glory, if he can, to serve her. And even in wars, that hand which strikes a woman, the noble heart does scorn as barbarous and savage. She is not so unsociable as not to be a friend; but yet she is so high as not to be an enemy. Since Circumcision was as well a Sacrament of the Purification, as of the Covenant and admission into the Church, and that the Males only were circumcised; we may well conceive the great Judge of all did not espy so much pollution in her as he did in man. Who, though prefer'd by Aristotle, and woman made but Animal occasiunatum, a kind of Chance-creature, yet Piety and Mercy he confesses more appropriate unto them than man. And questionless to shew the excellency of that Sex, we shall find it in the person of the blessed Virgin Mary, exalted by God above all that ever was but only humane.
The other cause which is in Man, is sure his own inordinate love, and can he be blamed for loving, when both God and Nature did present her to him as the fittest and noblest object of Creation for him? A Man may love a Friend as a Brother, as an alter Idem; but he should love his Wife as his Idem Idem: Creation, Nature, Religion, Law and Policy, makes them undividedly one. And so long as we cross not upon Religion, I doubt not but our loves may flow. But alas we fly not here, Love has neither Bit nor Reys.

Nox & Amor, Vinumque, nihil Moderabile suadens,
Illa Pudore vanus, Liber Amorique Metn.

Night, Love, and Wine, no Moderation bear,
Night knows no Shame, and Wine and Love no Fear.

Often in our Love to her, our Love to God is swallowed and post-posted. For indeed, Man Loves Woman as he ought to Love God: with all his heart, with all his soul, and with all his strength. Whether it be from the secret sweetnellles that gratifie and indoluate all his spirits at once in his Conversation with her; whether it be from the sense of the fruition and posession of so excellent, and so rational a Creature without himself; or whether it be from the Honour he receives from her by her help of propagation, whereby even his body weak and corruptible by lengthned succesions, draws out toward Immortality; or whether it be from the parity of Natural Union, the being formed at first of the rib of Man, wherein the Schools observe, there was both bone, and flesh, and blood, and nerves; so that if the be not Idem, the is at least aliquid ipsius, a something of that very fame, though not the fame it self. And then since all Love stricktly examined arifes out of Love to our selves, 'tis no wonder that we must Love her, that is thus Confubstantiate with us. Had this Man, in the Text, been but Morally good, or which is more, Religious, he ought to have lov'd his Wife, though not equally or above God, yet next him. But being pre-dominantly Carnal, the present object of his Seneschoak't up his souls apprehension of Eternity, rather than lose a long'd for dallyance, he would quit even all the Saints, Angels, and the Heavens above. Their argument inclines too much to lighness, that take him for a Spaniard, who would leave his Saviour for a Maiden-head. But for ought we know, his Bride might be both young and handsome; and then, how many gallants have we that would have done as much? Beauty is the wit of Nature put into a Frontispiece: 'tis the spiritual soul in Figure, that ravishes each admiring beholder. The influences of the Stars are in it, which by an Adamantine Law hurl us against all our Resolves; 'tis Natures Prerogative, and is so purely the gift of God alone, as all the Arts and Sciences of the Earth cannot place it any where, but where the hand of Heaven has planted it. Diogenes to handsome Courtezans gave alwaies the Title of Queens, for few he said
said but obey'd their commands. And Aristotle told one who asked, whence it was that all men were Covetous of Conversation with beautiful persons, that it was but a blind mans question. 'Tis an Empire without a Militia: for needing neither Guards nor Arms, it imposes whatever does please. Experience can tell us it has flatted all the strengths of the World. It is Mistress of all that is not God; and when it rises to be of Holiness, it amounts to be inthon'd with him. In Woman place'd alone it has done wonders, and taking the Worlds Conquerors by the Cask, has rifled them of all their hard-carn'd wreaths and Laurel. Adams original Innocence was not Armour sufficient to refit her Forces. Sampson's Gyan strength by her was cheated into bondage and servility. Davids right-heartedness became inflex'd and crooked. And this, grave incomparable Solomon, though he could precept the erring World against all the seducing Crafts of Women, yet we see he could not save himself from being intangled by their demulcrations. With this Man, the Devil went his old politic way, for his plot being to gain the Man, he sets upon him by his Mistress first: when an Officer is to be corrupted, there is a SheSupreme that has a leading hand. No doubt but he which bought the Farm had a Team, and the other had five yoke of Oxen; yet could not all these draw so much, as a Wife; she is a perpetual enchantment that hangs upon all the retirements of Man. She is the Privado of his senses, that with familiar blandishments can stroke him into more than all the intermittted Rhetorick of a Masculine friend. She is the high Chamberlain of the Court of Man, that with the key of Love wherewith he hath intrusted her, has free access to all his private lodgings: and though his soul be as a Labyrinth full of mystick windings, yet a beloved Wife holds the Clew in her hand that can guide her to his inmost room, and that very first warm blood which in his heart is Closetted.

But where is the fault now? Shall Woman be condemn'd for Excellency? Let fore eyes sooner brand the Sun for brightness. Is it not proof enough of Mans weakness to be overcome, but when he is Captiv'd he must revile his Conquerors? What fool will lay the Honey is naught, because the Bear is mad at the smell on't? No the slavery is within us. Did not our own bosome nurse the Traitor, outward objects would be a wise man's Nothing. 'Tis not the fire, but the neglect that's blameable, when the House is burn'd. Those Creatures that are not scalded with the like addictions, can unditermed gaze their trimmest dress. Nor can all their artful lures make any beast but Man in love with them. Nay Man himself, when Age like froth has hoard his hairs, and all his fires are out, can unflirt'd play with her flames and rays. Mans own Inclination is his Charm that fetters him. 'Tis not a Wife or Woman, that can bind us from going to Heaven, unless we first lye down and manacle our selves. Though Adam, at first, for his poor excuse, said, the Woman gave it him: yet all conclude, that answer rais'd his Crime. And albeit his 10s

lofs without Gods mercy was unballanceably irrecoverable: yet we after never find he twitted her as Authrefs of his fall. Will any man accuse the stream for wetting him, when he fell in by sleeping on the bank? From Charcoals blown I know sparks leap apace, but though straw houses may enkindle by them; yet upon solid coverings they without danger dye: or if at most they leave a Mote behind, it is but dead, and with the next fair wind unblenishing blows away.

Doubtless Marriage is honourable among all, and 'tis the Devils Doctrine only that forbids it. We see the Israelites after they had destroyed Benjamin, rather than keep those that were left, from Marriage, they were content to wink at Felony, and mince Perjury: Nay under-hand to contrive the Rape and Theif; and only before men to elude that Oath which (though rashly) yet they had made to God. Even our Saviour himself, though he would be born of a Virgin; yet he would not have that birth, till honored by marriage: though he would not have a man his Father, yet he would not have a Mother till she was a Wife.

'Tis true, in times of Trouble, Marriage incumbers man to the world; and as a Proverb it has run along, That marriage peoples the Earth, but Virginity Heaven; yet withall it is as true that St. Augufline speaks, Conjugium humile melius est Virginitate Superba: Even a very mean Wedlock is better than a sumptuous Chriftity. He that is married has the advantage of others that are not: for he is hereby made a double man, he has two bodys which one united soul does guide: and to prove this the most perfect Union of the World; it is sufficient that the Marry'd couple only envy not one another; when one is sad, then both are grieve'd: and in the joy and the honour of one, the other does partake: without a Wife, man is a kind of desolate thing, he wants the most Cordial solace of life; and therefore he which refused to marry when he fitly might, by the wife Law-givers of the World, was looked upon as a willful defector, not only of the Common-wealth, but of Law, Religion, and of Humane Nature; by Lycurgus, in Summer driven from all sports, in Winter naked led about and scorn'd. Plato made him incapable both of Honour and publick Office, but taxable in a deeper sense. Auguflus, and divers others have given Immunities to married persons, fo as no Time, no Nation, no Condition of men, but have honoured Marriage by their approbation. And the time and place of the institution; the blessing accompanying it; the morality, and natural instinct of it in man; the successive perpetuity of it, even from Creations Infancy, where Eve at first was not fram'd for Virginity, but Marriage, became a Wife at first sight, was presented to Man by God himself, and at her very first peep into the World was born a Bride, may be enough to vindicate it from all the Circumftantial stains that can be cast upon it.

And therefore for this Uxorious Man, to plead he had married a Wife, and therefore he could not come, was all one, as if a Drunkard should plead, because he had found good Wine, he could not get from
from the Tavern; yet surety none would blame the wine, but the man. Marriage is Creations perfection, barren Virginity is but uncompleted Man. Marriage is the way to benefit the world for ever, but Virginity in future ruins it; and after the narrow limits of one Age, expires. He that is wife, and marries, and leaves a child well educated; does make Mankind his debtor, and departs a Benefactor to the world. For when he is atom'd into flying dust, he has prepar'd his Substitute to administer his part being gone. The married man is like the Bee, that fixes his Hive, augments the world, benefits the Republick, and by a daily diligence, without wronging any, profits all. But he which contemns Wedlock, (for the most part) like a wasp, wanders an offence in the world, lives upon spoil and rapine, disturbs peace, steals sweets that are none of his own, and by robbing the Hives of others; either meets misery as his due reward, or at least (leaving none to perpetuate his memory) at last he dyes, and dyes.

This was therefore an unjust Plea: But that our blessed Saviour meant here to shew us, how upon any vain pretence, even all mortally worldly men prefer fond and fleeting Temporals, beyond the lasting joys of Eternity. And in this man more especially than in the rest, in a more peremptory way he is resolved rather to renounce his Salvation, than to leave (though but for a Supper while) that perpetual trifling Woman.

In the three Refusers are set out to us the vain and fallacious trinity of Worldlings, The lust of the flesh, the lust of the Eye, and the Pride of Life; Luxury, Avarice and Ambition. St. Ambrose his mystick Interpretation of Gentiles, Jews, and Hereticks, I find entertain'd by few. By this married man, I take to be understood the Voluptuous; and questionless 'tis true, that Pleasure more infatuates than either Honour or Wealth; for in this, man is soak'd and charm'd by all his senses at once. Honour and Profit besiege but some principal Quarters of the City of Man; but Pleasure does at every part at once assault. This is that Mercures Pipe that charmeth all our eyes asleep: 'tis the swing of the Soul, that giddies a man at last into a dull security, and raises up of every sense an Idol taking place of God: Like a Bath it supplies and enfeebles all. Whosoever wholly dedicates himself to pleasure, he walks upon the waves as St. Peter did, where if the miracle of a Jesus save him not, he sinks into the Sea he treads upon. Ambition and Covetousness may be sometimes accompanied with eminent virtues: Julius Caesar and Ptolomay had either of them parts of excellent merit. But voluptuous men (besides the Infidations of Sensuality) are usually both proud and covetous also. Nero, we find, defiled most in the fourest mires of Luxury, and where do we find any so elatedly proud, or so unjustly rapacious as was he? for indeed Covetousness is the daughter of Luxury. So for ought we know this man might be hindred by both the other vices; who can tell but he might take Pet that his wife was not invited as well as he? and thus perhaps his Pride might hinder him. Or it may be he durst not leave his Family, lest he might
in his absence be cozened at home by his Servants: and to his Covetousness might be the cause of his stay. Or if she were but fair and inclining to be wanton, suspicion of her Chastity might stop his going abroad: Jealousies and Fears (among Peasants) are as ancient as this Parable: and indeed that which is coveted by many, is never kept without hazard. Besides, he that violently dotes upon one thing, seems to tell the world that he may do so by another: yea, that in some measure he must. He that is slaved by his affection to a Mistress, must be proud to fight for her, must be prodigal to spend for her, must be covetous to scrape for her. He that is an object of much pity that over-sets any Temporal things whatsoever. For (beyond what is spoken already) it agonizes his mind perpetually, and throws him on a double mischief. It does fix his trust on that which cannot but deceive him; and it adversaries him with Justice, which must punish; and would (if trusted) never fail to save him. Nay, it flings a kind of scorn on God, and as much as in man lies, disgraces him below his Creature. He is happy that can wean himself from the breast of the world, that he farset not with her luscious, but unwholesome milk. But if he must endure among the Pleasures, the Profits and the Honours thereof; let him live therein, as the Bee does in her honey, who though her Hive be never so full, yet with it she never entangles her wings.

FINIS.
LUSORIA:
OR,
Occasional Pieces.
WITH
A TASTE
OF
Some LETTERS.

LONDON:
Printed for A. Seile, Anno Dom. 1670.
Song

This is a poem that uses imagery and metaphor to convey a message about love and a sense of longing. The author describes the experience of late autumn, emphasizing the beauty and serenity of the season. The poem also touches on themes of separation and the passing of time. The text is written in a free verse form, allowing the reader to interpret the meaning in their own way.
LUSORIA.

I.

True Happiness.

1. Ought we to seek the wish of all
To find: and what it is men call
True Happiness; but cannot see
The world has it, which it can be.
Or with it Hold a sympathy.

2. He that enjoys, what here below
Frail Elements have to bestow,
Shall find most sweet, bare hopes at first;
Fruition, by fruition's burst:
Sea-water to allayes your thirst.

3. Whosoever would be happy then,
Must be so to himself: For when
Judges are taken from without,
To judge what we (fenced close about)
Are: they judge not, but guess and doubt.

4. He must have reason store, to spy
Natures hid wayses, to satisfy
His judgment. So he may be safe
From the vain fret: For fools will chase
At that, which makes a wise man laugh.

5. If 'bove the mean his mind be pitcht,
Or with unruly Passions twich't,
A storm is there: But he fails most
Secure, whose Bark in any Coast
Can neither be becalm'd nor lost.
6. A cheerful, but an upright heart
Is musick wherefoere thou art:
And where God pleaseth to confer it,
Man can no greater good inherit,
Than is a clear and temperate spirit.

7. Wealth to keep want away, and Fear
Of it: Not more: some Friends, still near,
And chosen well: nor must he misuse
A Calling: yet, some such as is
Employment; not a Business.

8. His soul must hug no private sin,
For that's a thorne hid by the skin,
But Innocence, where she is nurs'd,
Plants valiant Peace. So Case durst
Be God-like good, when Rome was worst.

9. God built he must be in his mind;
That is, part God: whose faith no wind
Can shake. When boldly he relies
On one so noble: he our flies
Low chance, and fate of Destinies.

10. Life as a middle way, immur'd
With Joy and Grief, to be indur'd,
Not spurn'd, nor wanton'd hence, he knows;
In crooked banks, a spring so flows
O're stone, mud, weeds: yet still clear goes.

11. And as springs rest not, till they lead
Meandering high, as their first head:
So souls rest not, till man has trod
Deaths height. Then by that period,
They rest too, rais'd as high as God.

12. Summe all! he happiest is, that can
In this worlds Jarr be Honest Man.
For since Perfection is so high,
Beyond lifes reach, he that would try
True happiness indeed, must dye.
MADAM,

To the Lady D. S.

Would but praise, not flatter: yet
What flatters others, does your praise but fit.
I would have shun'd all Verse too: but I knew
He muft write measure, that would write of You.
So Geometrical has Nature fram'd
That, which can now no otherwise be nam'd,
But as a rule for all: each several part
Is all whole Axiome, to direct an Art,
That now, men skilful, doubt, to which is due,
More to those noble Sciences, or You.

And thus I was created! for who can
Lie earth'd i'th' dull thoughts of a common man,
When you shall shine; and with your symmetry
Shew like the springs new Genius; while your eye
Kindles each noble blood with such chaste fire,
As causes Flame, and yet forbids Desire?
And when your skye of vein shall gently flow,
Branching through both your Hemispheres of snow,
When crimfon Tulips, and the Rose o'th' bath,
Shall draw their tincture from your lip, and blush;
When that mild breath, which even the calmest West
Fannes from the Pink and Violet, from your brest
Shall have its derivation; then you may
Confess your self, our Morning and our Day.

And these might make you glorious: yet I dare
(Madam) tell you, that these but fading are,
Muft bed i'th' shade, and cease: and that I tell
This, shews there's something that doth more excell,
Remaining in you: else the name Decay
I know would fright a Lady into clay.
And but to hear, she must be old and drie,
Would make her weep till she had ne're an eye.
But that which makes me daring thus, I find
Is that pure line of Deity, your Mind,
So fill'd with sweetness, that whomoe'er shall see't,
Strait thoughts of Virgin Nature, at whose feet
Stand all the Sects of old Philosophy,
Paying their admiration by their eye.
So you amaze all knowledge, that even they
Which can but name and know you, do adde day

Unto
Unto their own Life here. To prove this, I
Shall find this honour crown my memory,
By writing but of You, the world shall see,
I am the first drew truth to Poetry.

III.
The Sun and Wind.

Why think'st thou (fool) thy Beauties rayes,
Should flame my colder heart;
When thy disdain shall several ways,
Such piercing blasts impart?

Seeft not those beams that guild the day,
Though they be hot and fierce,
Yet have not heat nor power to stay,
When winds their strength disperse.

So though thy Sun heats my desire,
Yet know thy coy disdain
Falls like a storm on that young fire,
So blowes me cool again.

IV.
On the Duke of Buckingham slain by Felton,
the 23. Aug. 1628.

Sooner I may some fixed Statue be,
Than prove forgetful of thy death or thee!
Canst thou be gone so quickly? Can a knife
Let out so many Titles and a life?
Now I'll mourn thee! Oh that so huge a pile
Of State should pass thus in so small a while!
Let the rude Genius of the giddy Train,
Brag in a fury that they have stabb'd Spain,
Austria, and the skipping French: yea, all
Thofe home-bred Papifts that would fell our fall:
Th' Eclipse of two wise Princes judgments: more,
The waft, whereby our Land was still kept poor.
I'll pity yet, at leaft thy fatal end,
Shot like a Lightning from a violent hand,
Taking thee hence unsumm'd. Thou art to me
The great Example of Mortality.
And when the times to come shall want a Name
To Startle Greatness, here is BUCKINGHAM
LUSORIA.

Fall like a Meteor: and 'tis hard to say
Whether it was that went the stranger way,
Thou or the hand that flew thee: thy Estate
Was high, and he was resolute above that.
Yet since I hold of none ingag'd to thee,
Death and that liberty shall make me free.
Thy mists I knew not; if thou hast a fault,
My charity shall leave it in the Vault,
There for thine own accounting: 'Tis undue
To speak ill of the Dead though it be true.
And this even those that envyd thee confess,
Thou hadst a Mind, a flowing Nobleness,
A Fortune, Friends, and such proportion,
As call for sorrow, to be thus undone.

Yet should I speak the Vulgar, I should boast
Thy boldAssassinate, and with almost
He were no Christian, that I up might stand,
To praise th' intent of his mis-guided hand,
And sure when all the Patriots in the Shade
Shall rank, and their full musters there be made,
He shall sit next to Brutus, and receive
Such Bayes as Head'nish ignorance can give.
But then the Christian (poising that) shall say,
Though he did good, he did it the wrong way.
They oft decline into the worst of ill,
That act the Peoples with without Laws will.

V.

The Appeal.

Tyrant Cupid! I'le appeale
From thee, to all the publick weale
Of gods in Parliament,
They all shall know thy mock,
How thou madest me love a rock,
That knew not to relent.

Didst thou not by thy art,
Make me give her an heart,
That had none of her own?
So fell to please thy pride,
By me must be supply'd,
And I must live with none.

Nay,
Nay, when I serious was,  
To beg but one poor grace,  
I could not that obtain:  
While he that left did love;  
When he no suit did move,  
Did two unasked gain.  

Judge all you gods if these  
Be not deep injuries:  
Then if you quit this Elf,  
Set me again but free,  
And all the world shall see,  
I'll whip the boy my self.

VI.

Elegie on Henry Earl of Oxford.

When thou didst live and shine, thy Name was then  
Like a Prometheus giving fire to men.  
Now thy brave Soul advanced is and free,  
But to write Oxford is an Elegie  
Sad as the grave thou ly't in, whence if we  
Could raise thy worth, we better might spare thee:  
But That and Thou are lost, and we have none  
To keep us now, for our Palladium's gone;  
Gone as a Pearl dropt in the Main; to get  
Which we may sink, but not recover it.  

Why went thou gone so soon? dull Holland why  
Must thou find war, and we send men to dye?  
But oh! thou gain'st by't, having none but ill,  
And such as scarce are good enough to kill  
That are thy own. Th'hast offered him to Fate,  
Whoe every Limb was worth more than thy State.  
I know the gods are pleas'd with't, but 'tis we  
That feel the loss, not they, nor you, nor he.  
Heaven joyes in his acces, and he in that:  
And you thought so much good might expiate  
Your blackest sins: not thinking we should be  
Like low Orbes wanting Primum Mobile.  

But 'twas thy gain: as when Perfumes are spil'd,  
The Air is mixt, and with their odor fill'd:  
So where his breath expir'd, the Earth and Air  
Are Antidotes against Cowardice and fear.  
Thus 'twas when Sydney dy'd: and 'tis from hence  
Thy Clime has had such noble spirits since.
Great Vertues have this Grant, they never dye, 
But like Time live to kispe Eternity. 
And now men doubt which Name can cite a tear, 
Or make a Souldier first, Sidney or Vere.

Yet in this last that dy'd, I'le tell thee how 
Thou haft deceiv'd thy self: Know in him thou 
Haft slain a Tutelar god; and to prove this, 
Think but the time when Breeda swallowed is.

Oh since he dy'd with thee, why were't not sworn 
To save his blood in some memorial Urne, 
To which men should have come for Valour, just 
As sick men to the spa for health, in trust 
There to have been supply'd: But now that he 
And that is loft, for thee and thine hear me;

Let not the place be known, left when men see 
His worth; and come to know he dy'd for thee, 
They curse thee lower than thy staple, Fith; 
Thy own Beer-drinkers, or the Spaniards wish.

But if by curious search it must be known, 
Write by it thus, Here Belgia was undone.

VII.

On a Jewel given at parting.

When cruel time enforced me 
Subcribe to a dividing, 
A Heart all Faith and Loyalty 
I left you fiercely bleeding,

You in requital gave a stone, 
Not facile to be broken; 
An Embleme sure that of your own 
Hearts hardness was a token.

O Fate, what Justice is in this, 
That I a heart must tender: 
And you so cold in courtesies, 
As but a stone to render.

Either your stone turn to a heart, 
That love may find requiting: 
Or else my heart to stone convert, 
That may not feel your slighting.
VIII.
Upon my Fathers Tomb at Babram in Cambridge-shire.


Ex Suffolciæ ortus Comitatus
THOMAS FELLTHAM,
Vir probus, Generosus, sciens,
Ubique colensus,
Bonis,
Malis,
Adjutor, Obstes;
Amicisque fidelis,
Bene vivens, moriens pie,
Filios tres, tosidemque Natas,
Superstites relinquens,
II. Martii, Salutis Anno 1631.
Sed militie suas 62.
Per natum Filium minorem,
Hic,
In vitam beatiorum,
Ad Resurgendum,
Postern.

IX.
The Cause.

Think not, clarissa, I love thee
For thy meek outside, though it be
A Heaven more clear than that men cloudless see.

Thine Eyes so pure and Chrystalline,
Once dead are worth no more than mine,
Nor can do greater wonders with their shine.

No 'tis thy soul, we may mix there,
Like two Perfumes in the soft air,
And as chaff Incense play above the sphere.

So shall we on in progress move
To clearer heights, and by this love
Grow still Ascendive till we centre Ove.

There shall men gaze our blest aboad,
And scarce mistaking voice't abroad,
That two souls purely mingled make a God.
For when two souls shall towre so high,  
Without their flesh their rayes shall flye,  
Like Emanations from a Deity.

X.

The Vow-breath.

When thy bold eye shall enter here, and see  
Nought but the Ebon’d night incertain me,  
Cure not a womans lightness: Oney say,  
Here it lies veiled from eternal day.  
This will be charity: but if thou then  
Call back remembrance with her light ajen,  
Know thou art cruel: For those rayes to me  
(like flashes wherewithal the Damned fee  
Their plagues) become another Hell. And thou  
Shalt smart for this hereafter, as I now,  
For my whole Sex, when they shall find their shame  
Told in my Vow-breach by thy fatal name;  
Their spleen shall all in one eye pointed be,  
And then like Lightning darted all on thee.

XI.

The Sympathy.

Out of my soul! it cannot be,  
That you should weep, and I from tears be free,  
All the vast room between both Poles,  
Can never dull the sense of souls,  
Knit in so fast a knot,  
Oh! can you grieve, and think that I  
Can feel no smart, because not nigh,  
Or that I know it not?

Th’are heretick thoughts. Two Lutes are strung,  
And on a Table tun’d alike for song;  
Strike one, and that which none did touch,  
Shall sympathizing found as much,  
As that which touched you see,  
Think then this world (which Heaven inroules)  
Is but a Table round, and souls  
More apprehensive be.

Know they that in their grossest parts,  
Mix by their hallowed loves intwined hearts,
This privilege boast, that no remove
Can e're infringe their fene of love.
Judge hence then our estate,
Since when we lov'd there was not put
Two earthen hearts in one brest, but
Two souls Co-animate.

XII.
The Reconcilement.

Come now my fair one, let me love thee new,
Since thou art new created. For 'tis true
When souls distain'd by loose and wandring fears,
Once purge themselves by penitential tears,
They gain a second birth, and scorn to flye
At any mark but Noblest purity.
Then who can tell that e're there was offence,
Contrition does as much as Innocence.
Black lines in Tablets once expung'd, they are
Clear to each eye, and like their first age, fair.
When Colours are discharg'd, and after dy'd
Fresh by the Artist, can it then be Try'd
Where the soil was? So Convert Magdalen
Excell'd more after her Conversion, then
Before she had offended: slipsthat be
Twist friends from frailty, are but as you see
Sad absence to strong lovers; when they meet,
It makes their warm embrases far more sweet.
Come then, and let us like two streams well'd high,
Meet, and with soft and gentle struglings try,
How like their curling waves we mingle may,
Till both be made one floud; then who can say
Which this way flow'd, which that: For there will be
Still water; close united Extasie.
That when we next shall but of motion dream,
We both shall slide one way, both make one stream.

XIII.
A Farewell.

When by sad fate from hence I summon'd am,
Call it not Absence, that's too mild a name.
Believe it, dearest Soul, I cannot part,
For who can live two Regions from his heart?

Unless
LUSORIA.

Unles as stars direct our humane sense,
I live by your more powerful influence.
No; say I am dissolv'd: for as a Cloud
By the Sun's vigour melted is, and bow'd
On the Earth's face, to be exhal'd again
To the same beams that turn'd it into rain.
So absent think me but as scatter'd dew,
Till re-exhal'd again to Vertue; You.

XIV.

FUNEBRE VENETIANUM.

On the Lady Venetia Digby, found dead in her bed,
Leaving her head on her hand.

Rash Censure stay: nor he, nor she that's gone
Must be condemn'd: unles to Foe alone
Fate's folded up: So Lightnings sub't left flame
Melts the cas'd steel, to which, which way it came
No piercing eye can see: As well we may
Trace yonder fish which way the swam at Sea,
Find th'Arrows flight, or by dissection tell
Fancies that in that living brain did dwell.
Yet she is gone; gone as the Dove which last
Tox'd Noah sent from his op'd Ark to taste
Freedom at large; but never to return,
Till next a flood of fire the world shall burn.
So prifoned Peter, whom fierce Herod kept,
Th'Angel inflates, while the dull Guard slept.
So while the body in a funeral flame
Crumbles to dust, from whence at first it came,
In a dark odour fading brightest day,
Th'imagin'd soul, the Eagle, steals away.
Yet there are those, striving to save their own
Deep want of skill, have in a fury thrown
Scandal on her, and say she wanted brain.
Borchers of Nature! your eternal stain
This judgment is. Can you believe that she
Whose great perfection was, that she was she,
That she who was all Charm, whose frail parts
Could captivate by troops even noblest hearts,
And from wise men, with flowing grace conquer
More than they had, until they met with her?
Can you believe a Brain, the common tye
Of each flat Sex, could ever tower so high,
As to sway her, from whose aspect did pass
Life, death and happiness to men? This was
So far beyond your bare no more than sense,
That you ne’r thought of that Intelligence
Which did move her. Yet you may come to rail
At the Celestial Orbes when theirs shall fail,
‘Cause they should so stand still. And this was it
Which made death mannerly, and strive to fit
Himself with reverence to her; that now
He came not like a Tyrant, on whose brow
A pompous terror hung; but in a strain
Lovely and calm, as in the June serain.
That now, who most abhor him can but say,
Gently he did imbrace her into clay:
And her, as Monument for time to come,
Left her own statue, perfect for her tomb,
As a rough Satyr, tam’d with love, episces
Where his dear Nymph sweetly reposest lies,
Softly doth stical a kiss, then shrinks away,
Left he awake his soul’s soul: so we may
Think death did here: So the pale amorous Moon
On *atmos kiss’d sleeping Endymion
In Mufick, wine and slumber, so he try’d,
Courted and won her: That henceforth the Bride,
Fresh Youth, and Queens, shall in their bravest trim,
The Bridegroom-Sports and Scepters, leave for him,
This more shall follow, no Stagyrian brain
Shall ever call him terrible again;
Nor yet name Death, but when he shall come to’t;
He shall but only wink, and that shall do’t.

X V.
An Epitaph on Robert Lord Spencer.

1. Here much lamented lies four wonders: One
Old Hospitality, in this Age gone.
A *Spencer! Free, lov’d for his bounteous mind,
2. He spent his means, yet kept it; Left behind
A state increas’d with honour, And the third
3. Was, in him dy’d a good man and a Lord.
4. The last, These lost, yet not the world undone: Since all still hope them living in his Son,

The
XVI.

The Spring in the Rock.

Hark! Maid! suppose not this clear Spring
Can boyl thus cold by Nature's course.
No, 'tis a miracle, a thing
That may thy hard hearts melting force.
Know this cold Spring thou now dost see
Was like me once: The Rock like thee.

This Spring was once a Lover true,
Turn'd all to Ice by coy disdain;
Till pitying gods his woes that knew,
Melted him thus to life again.
But love which always racks the will,
Restless thus makes him bubble still.

Nor did she scape the gods just doom,
She, Rock was made and could not stir:
So he that living could no room
Obtain, by death now dwells in her.
Oh take heed then, repent and know
They that chang'd her can alter you.

XVII.

The Amazement.

Ool, why dost wonder that thou art
A statue turn'd, as if a dart
Transpirend thy breast when thou dost her behold?
When yet before thou feert her face,
Thou dost believe with feeling grace,
Thou canst the story of thy Love unfold.
Alas, bold wits that great appear,
And can enchant each Vulgar ear,
Blush when their tale to Princes must be told.

See the Roses being blown,
Shed their leaves and fall alone,
As shamed by a purer red of hers.
See the Clouds that cast their snow,
Which melts as soon as 'tis below,
When but a whiter white of her appears.
See the Silk-worm how she weaves
Her self to death among her leaves,
As broke with envy of her finer hairs.
Lusoria.

XVIII.
An Epitaph on the Lady Mary Farmor.

Chaftely to live, one husband wed, he gone,
Gravely to spend a Widowhood alone.
Full seventeen tedious years in memory
Of that dear worth which dy’d when he did dye:
To make life one long act of goodness, gain
More love than the worlds malice e’er could stain,
Then calmly pass with sights of every friend,
Were those brave wayes which her so much commend,
That ’tis no strong Line, but a Truth, to fix,
Here lies the best Example of her Sex.

XIX.
On a hopeful Youth.

Stay Passenger, and lend a tear,
Youth and Vertue both lie here.
Reading this know thou hast seen
Vertue tomb’d at but Fifteen.
And if after thou shalt see
Any young and good as he,
Think his vertues are reviving
For Examples of thy living.
Practise those and then thou may’st
Fearless dye where now thou stay’st.
An Answer to the Ode of, Come leave the loathed Stage, &c.

Come leave this saucy way
Of baiting those that pay
Dear for the sight of your declining wit:
’Tis known it is not fit,
That a false Poet, just contempt once thrown,
Should cry up thus his own.
I wonder by what Dowre
Or Patent you had power
From all to rap’t a judgment. Let’t suffice,
Had you been modest, y’had been granted wife.

’Tis known you can do well,
And that you do excell
As a Translator: But when things require
A genius and fire,
Not kindled heretofore by others pains;
As oft y’have wanted brains
And art to strike the White,
As you have levell’d right:
Yet if men vouch not things Apocryphal,
You bellow, rave and spatter round your gall.

’Tis a rage, Pierce, Peck, Fly, and all
Your Jests so nominal,
Are things so far beneath an able Brain,
As they do throw a stain
Through all th’unlikely plot, and do displease:
As deep as Pericles,
Where yet there is not laid
Before a Chamber-maid
Discourse so weigh’d, as might have serv’d of old
For Schools, when they of Love and Valour told.

Why Rage then? when the show
Should Judgment be and Knowledge, that there are in Plush who scorn to drudge,
For Stages yet can judge
Not only Poets looser lives but wits,
And all their Perquisites.
A’gift as rich as high
Is noble Poetic:
Yet though in sport it be for Kings a play,
’Tis next Mechanick when it works for pay.
Alexus Lute had none,
Not loose Anacreon
E're taught so bold assuming of the Bayes,
When they deserv'd no praise,
To rail men into approbation
Is new is yours alone,
And prospers not: For know
Fame is as coy as you
Can be disdainful; and who dares to prove
A rape on her, shall gather scorn, not love.

Leave then this humour vain,
And this more humorous strain,
Where self-conceit and choler of the blood
Eclipse what else is good:
Then if you please those raptures high to touch,
Whereof you boast so much;
And but forbear your Crown
Till the world puts it on:
No doubt from all you may amazement draw,
Since braver Theme no Phæbus ever saw.

XXI.

To Phryne.

When thou thy youth shalt view
Fum'd out, and hate thy glass for telling true,
When thy face shall be seen
Like to an Easter Apple gathered green:
When thy whole body shall
Be one foul wrinkle, lame and shrivell'd all,
So deep that men therein
May find a grave to bury shame and sin:
When no claspt youth shall be
Pouring thy bones into his lap and thee:
When thy own wanton fires
Shall leave to bubble up thy loose desires:
Then wilt thou sighing lye,
Repent and smart, and so by two deaths dye.
LUSORIA.

XXII.
To Mr. Dover on his Cotswold Games.

Summon’d by Fame (brave Dover) I can now
Tell what it was old Poets meant to show
In the feign’d stories of their Pegasus,
Muses and Mount, which they have left to us.
Nor need we wonder such a flow of years
Should roll away, when yet no light appears.
Since Prophesies and Fates predictions
Come to be known, and are fulfill’d at once.
So Delphi spake, and in a mystick fold
Hid that, at once which acted was and told.
What then was typ’d by Pegasus, but that
Proud Troup of fiery Couriers, murter’d at
Thy, Cotswold? where like rapid spheres they hurl
Strain for a fact, the seafoning of the world.
Then the fagacious Hound, at losses mure
Alone, shews Natures Logick in pursuitt.
But at thy other meeting, he is blind
That cannot Muses and their musick find:
Shewing that pleasure would be cold and dye,
Without converse and noble harmony.
The Ladies Muses are, there may you chuse
A Patroness, each Mistress is a Muse.
Nor does Apollo’s Harp e’re found more high,
Than when tis vigour’d from a Ladies eye.
Now to complete the story, I do see
How future times will learn to title thee
That Truth’d Apollo: So Mount Helicon
Will Cotswold prove, which shall be fam’d alone,
And sacred all unto thy happy Name,
That long shall dwell in the fair voice of Fame.
For great thou must be: and as first, have prize,
Or else, as th’Exit of the old Prophesies.

XXIII.

On Sir Rowland Cotton, famous for Letters and other parts.

Is Cotton dead? Then we may live to see
Wonder and Truth kifs in an Elegie:
Nor shall the chaffy Vulgar dare to laugh,
Finding no flattery in an Epitaph.
All that here Art could speak would credit have,
(Unless it be that he has found a Grave)
Not as Lay-Catholicks, which do conclude
Sins vertuous, 'cause Superiours do obtrude
Penal belief upon them: But as things
To which Mankind sad attestation brings,
For in what devious corner draws he breath,
That hearing shrinks not at brave Cottons death?
For whose dear sake great Nature seems to groan
And throb, as if an Element were gone,
At least he was her Index, wherein we
Her Quadripartite Treasury might see,
Veiiing in brief her Jems: For sure he knew
More Tongues than were at Babels building new:
And in so many Languages could write,
That he's learnt now, that can but name them right.
That Rubrick Sea of Learning which do's drown
Niles rash Impostors with their puff-up Crown,
Fled before him checking her waves, and there
To his sharp judgment left her bottom bare.
Thefe shew'd his greatness, that he did converse
Not with some Nations, but the Univerfe.
So in his life from all extrasting Art,
They all in his sad los must bear a part.
And though those hands, which had so active been
To out-do Nations, drew their vigour in,
'Twas not through want of any noble fire,
But as great Princes indispos'd retire,
Thus the not using feet of so rich price,
Shew'd how he grew a bird of Paradise,
Scomning the flag of man, till he became
Volant above in a Celestial flame;
Whose los we all now mourn. Yet that we might
Find fair concordance 'twixt his race and flight,
Having presented rich and flately Scenes,
He scorn'd an Exit by the common means.
As Moses pray'd he dy'd, Aaron and Hur
Lifting those hands that wearyed could not stir,
Or else, when he had warred and conquer'd all,
That subtle Schools astruse and craggy call,
Triumph'd o're Arts, Virtues, the world and wit,
Strength, Nature's weaknesses, and the clogs in it,
His own two Chaplains (to his height now grown)
Seem'd to conduct him to receive his Crown.
XXIV.

On a Gentlewoman, whose Nose was pitted with the Small Pox.

Why (soul Disease) in cheek or eye
Durst not thy small Impressions ly?e?
Or why aspir’dst thou to that place,
The graceful Promont of her face?
Alas! we see the Rose and Snow
In one thou couldst not overthrow:
And where the other did but please
To look and shine, they kill’d disease.
Then as some sulphurous spirit sent
By the torne Airs distempment,
To a rich Palace; finds within
Some Sainted Maid or Sheba Queen;
And, not of power for her offence,
Rifles the Chimney going hence.
So thou too feeble to controul
The Guest within, her purer soul,
Haft out of spleen to things of grace,
Left thy funk footsteps in the place.
Yet fear not Maid, since so much fair
Is left, that these can those impair.
Face-scars do not disgrace, but thew
Valour well freed from a bold foe.
Like Jacob’s lameness, this shall be
Honour and Palme to Time and Thee.

XXV.

Elegie on Mr. Fra. Leigh, who dyed of the Plague,
May-day, 1637.

What means this solemn damp quite through the Strand
To Westminster? Oh! see how sad they stand!
Sorrow invadeth all: as when a Prince
Lov’d, is in pomp of funeral waited hence.
The Town is fadned, and the Temples mourn,
As having left what never can return.
The greedy Lawyer, and his proud pert Clark,
Lets fall his pleading and his pen, to mark
What ’tis amazes the litigious Hall.
When lo! the fatal murmur reaches all;
And through the shuffling throng the news is spred
In a faint whisper, Hopeful Leigh is dead!
Dead of the Plague! dead in his early Youth!
Leaving quite widowed Handsomets and Truth.
His shape was womans envy, and her strain;
His mind all sweet, his Conversation gain
To all, to whom he did the honour grant
To enjoy those parts, which Nobles boast, yet want.
If he had errors, they were such as ne'er
Could grow to faults, but the next riper year
Would clean have chaced away. For as from fire
At the first kindling some smoak will aspire;
So youth must be allow'd his vapours, which
Maturity and time will turn to rich
And brightening flames, whereby the world may prove,
Though Man derive from Earth, he mounts to Love.
Scorning his soul should any other food
Purse, but that which is supremely good.
Thus he affur'd, yet these in him with grief
We find cut off by fate without relief.
Nor was this all: the Plague which humbly fed,
And only th'unfann'd Vulgar harrass'd;
Perhaps in pity, for to them a Grave
Is far more blest than that poor life they have;
Now is exalted grown, and shews more grim,
Boding a stroke at Gentry thorough him:
And though already thousands be extinct,
Yet they shall be recorded but as linkt
In one dull mass together: In whose fall
There shall no Plague be nam'd: but they that shall
Mention this time, their Annal thus shall run,
This year the first of May the Plague begun.
And for his sake all our Successors shall
This day the second evil May-day call.

XXXI.
SONG.

O, cruel Maid, restore again
Thy snow and rubied lip,
Thy orbed Suns, thy skye of Vein,
Thy blush and jewell'd Tip.
I dare be sworn no Power Divine
E'er meant them for that heart of thine.

I know, when th'Influence of the Pole
Fram'd thy cold heart of Ice,
Thou stol'ft these from some kinder soul,
To blind the peoples eyes:
It could not be else thou shouldst thus
Slight one whose love's Idolatrous.

The Crystall Heaven that spheres about,
Though it be fair to see,
Unles he sends his moist Pearls out,
The world would ruin'd be:
So beauty mixt with coy disdain,
Is but Heaven mark'd with murderers stain.

What though thou maist with thine eyes-wink
Check the presuming Sun;
They are but Tyrants that can think
That have all that may be done.
Gods, Kings and Mistresses, should they
Do all they might, this All would all decay.

XXVII.

Commend a Womas mercy? 'Tis to say
Tygers are kind, to mis-call night for day.
To say there's virtue in a Witches will,
Is truer far: their mercy's but to kill:
Nay, if they did that soon enough, I'd swear
They creatures all compact of pity were.
But they delight in lingering cruelty,
To see men fry in flames, and piece-meal dye.

Oh they are things, that Nature (vext with men)
Ordain'd for vengeance! and to plague them, then
When she herself blusht at those cruel things
She meant in them to practise. Like those Kings
That smiling to carouse in blood, appoint
Inferior Executioners, to dis-joynt
Men doom'd for murther; while themselves relent
To be but feets of the punishment.
So Nature turning Tyrant, woman made
Mens spirits scourge, instructing her to trade
In racking of their souls, to flame their hearts,
And to dissect them in a thousand parts.

Their looks indeed speak pity, but they are
Like Fowlers shaps, pleasing but to insnare:
That men being thrall'd once in their custody,
They may delight to see how sad they dye.
Cast thy self prostrate at their mercy gate,
There sue for pity: Ah, 'tis to throw thy fate
And liberty to Pirats: 'tis to give
Life unto those that will not let thee live,
'Tis to commit the blessings to the wave
Of rugged Seas, in hope that That will save.
Oh! have but so much Faith as to believe,
They are the most obdurate things that live!

Tell them what plagues, what tortures and what wo,
What hell exceeding pains you undergo
For them; it is all one as if you told
A tale to Flint, Images, or Marble cold.
Their songs, their smiles, their glancings, seeming glad,
Are all but deaths in several Liveries clad.
If e're they seem to pity, 'tis to know
Your souls close secrets, then to laugh at you.
Or else like Butchers, let their favours fall
To fave you for their slaughter and the Stall.
Or like the Flemming, that the Turk dispatches,
Fills him with Cates, to fling him over hatches.

Live among women! ah, thou more safely may'st
Sleep in a bed with Snakes, with Scorpions jelt:
They fling the body, and it dyes; but these
Infected the soul with such a fad disease,
Whole plague lives everlastingly, and gives
Nor rest, nor intermission, while thou livest.
Their eyes false glasses are; that while the soul
Wings her fair course up to the starry Pole,
They (like a Lark with daring) pull it down,
And then for ever thrall it to their frown.
Their tongues are Syrens notes, which still do train
Th'hearers to death; which before they find, they gain.
Their faces are the extricated beauties of
The world in one, which Nature made in scoff
Of all else Excellencies: but therein
She hid more treason than the world had sin.
For well she knew those ills that would betide them,
Would shew too foul, without a Veil to hide them.
So that man might be lur'd, and not descry
In Angels shape, the clad black misery.

Envious Nature! since thou needs wouldst make
Torture for man, thou might'st have given a shape
That should have shew'd it like an enemy: so
Before he felt, he might have seen his wo:
And not have trod pits strewn'd with forged green,
Whereby as men take beasts, so they take him.
Before she was created, this world was
Still as the Caspian Sea, quiet, a glafs
Of firm contentment; wherein man might be
Frolick some years, and not curse Destiny.
But being made, the first act she did try
Seduc'd Mankind, inlisted policy.
Taught him a way (which then he did not know)
To carry murther in a smiling brow.
Hence Scribes learn'd to angle, Huntsmen here
To pitch their Toys, hence Fowlers to inframe
With cozening lures, hence Lawyers to egg on,
And undo Clients with perswasion.
Flatterers to kill: hence, Tradesmen to deceive,
Physicians hence to gild the Pils they give.
That now the world seems but one shop to be
Of Stratagems, of Fraud and Roguery.

She's mischief's powder-plot! that at one blow
Gave Man and all the world an Overthrow.
So primitively ill, that she ne'er cou'd
Yet tell the sense of honesty or good,
And therefore at the first was forc'd to creep
Into the world while man was dead asleep:
Then in her young Creation wrought such smart,
As tore the Rib out that lay next his heart:
For had he wak'd, and had but half his sense,
He sooner would have cop'd with Pestilence,
Then joy'd with her: who so of joy bereft him,
That ere night came, she for the Devil left him.
And if it had not been to damn him too,
Sh'had ne'er return'd, she lik'd his company so.
The Serpent sure that tempted her could be
But a meer Type of one more subtile, she
Or else her own ill disposition
The Serpent was, by which sh'was set upon.
Haft thou a friend thou wishest free from scorn,
From Hell within him? with when he was born
A sea-deep grave his mother did interre,
And that the world of women dy'd with her,
So if he never knew what woman was,
He may in mirth and quiet his time pafs,
But he that after a worlds joy doth come
But to spell Woman, is undone! undone!
Her name is Exorcisme, and the most fair
Inchantresses the worst of witches are,
Elfe how could they infamiate the souls
Of wisest men, and sooneft such? when fools,
Not having noble room enough to hold
Unbounded Love, are free by being cold,
Oh you Celestial Powers! why did you lend
Accursed man a soul, to be impenn'd
In women's breasts; who use it with despite,
When damning of their own can but requite?
Yet that they may appear in some good strain,
In pities name they'll wrap up their disdain,
So murder you with tears and kindness; when
They only weep that you are not the Man.
And will you call this pity, when it is
Spirit of torture, soul of miseries?
Who's plag'd thus, boldly may dare Nature to
Find such another plague, man so rul'd.
For they that love, and do not meet with it,
Are gnaw'd with burning Furies which do fit
Whipping their anguisht souls in them, while they
Are mad to dye, and cannot find the way.
Passion and Fury pulls that from my pen
I never thought of: For they are to men
(When they are loving) things so precious,
That man out of their sight is ruinous.
Whatever large Philosophy could find
Of Virtue, had idea from their mind.
Whatever Gems, Stars, Flowers or Metals show
Of Beauty, does advance in Women flow.
A Temple for the Deity so fit,
As Gods great Son left Heaven to dwell in it.
From whence (when man was forfeit to the Law)
He chose life and immortal flesh to draw.
Nor can the world, with all that is below,
A second shape so brave as Woman show.
And I have heard, when Heaven and Nature did
Study what blessings to pour on mans head,
It was agreed (his ruines to repair)
He should enjoy a Woman good, kind, fair.
So if they tax thee for thy pens amiss,
Tell 'em thou mean't they should read only this,
Though all but she, that this converted hath,
Are ten degrees below a Poets wrath.

XXVIII.
To the Painter taking the Picture of the Lady
Penelope Countess of Peterburgh.

Forbear! This face, if taken true,
Ruines thine Art: For when men view
So new a model of a Face,
So chaste, so sweet, 'twill quite disgrace
All thy old Rules: but if thy will
Prefume to limb new laws for skill,
Upon thy Pallat (fram'd by Art
O'th' splinter of some conquer'd heart)
Temper the Elements, be fure
They be all four most-calm and pure:
From these perhaps thou may'st descry
Her ev'n complextions harmony.
For either Cheek, when you begin,
Draw me a smiling Cherubin,
For lips thou mayfit the Gemini track
Of some high Holy-day Zodiack:
For Brow and eyes thou shalt display
The Ev'n and Morn, Creations day:
It must be such a dawn and shade
As that day cast, wherein was made
The Sun before mans damning Fall
Threw a fog'd guilt upon this All,
Over this Figure raise me high
Figures for stars i'th' convex'd skye;
But give no colour, they will rise
Bright from her efficacious eyes.
Last, draw thy self and Pencil thrown
Beneath her feet: For 'twill be known
She's mistress of far braver Arts,
Thou Faces tak'st, but she takes Hearts.

XXIX.

Upon a breach of Promise.

SONG.

I am confirm'd in my belief,
No Woman hath a foult:
They but delude, that is the chief
To which their Fancies rout.

Else how could bright Aurelia fail,
When she her faith had given;
Since Vows that others ears affat,
Recorded are in heaven.

But as the Alch'mifts flattering fires
Swell up his hopes of prife;
Till the crackt Spirit quite expires,
And with his Fortune dies.
Lusoria

So though they seem to cheer, and speak
Those things we most implore,
They do but flame us up to break,
Then never mind us more.

XXX.
To this written by a Gentlewoman,
the Answer underneath was given.

Believe not him whom Love hath left so wise,
As to have power his own tale to tell;
For Children's griefs do yield the loudest cries,
And cold desires may be expressed well.
In well told Love most often falseness lies.
But pity him that only sighs and dyes.

His Answer.

Yet trust him that a sad tale tells,
With sighs and tears in's eyes:
For Love with torture often dwells,
And can make Idiots wise:
Rack make the strongest roar, Love sticks no dart
But tips the tongue as well as wounds the heart.

Who loves, and dyes, and makes no show,
Hath heart and passion weak;
Since passions that are deep, we know,
Can make the dumb to speak.
Then never pity him whom death can cure,
But pity him that lives and must endure.

XXXI.
Song.

Cupid and Venus! who are these?
A Boy and common Tit,
Two lies that Poets made in ease,
Or in some drunken fit.
Away, away, for I can prove
That Vulcan only is the god of Love.

He throws his fire in our veins,
The Bastards shafts he headeth;
Mars and Loves Mother caught in chains,
He as his Prisoner leadeth.
And now I know the light that flies,
Is his bright Flame calm'd by Clarissa's eyes.

His locks and bolts can keep us out,
And to our bliss convey us;
He can secure us round about,
And then he can betray us.
He keeps me from my happiness, and he
Does prove great Cupid when he lends his key.

XXXII.

This ensuing Copy the late Printer hath been pleased to
honor, by mistaking it among those of the most ingenious
and too early lost, Sir John Suckling.

When, Dearest, I but think on thee,
Me thinks all things that lovely be
Are present, and my soul delighted:
For beauties that from worth arise,
Are like the grace of Deities,
Still present with us, though unsighted.

Thus while I sit and sigh the day,
With all his spreading lights away,
Till nights black wings do overtake me:
Thinking on thee, thy beauties then,
As sudden lights do sleeping men,
So they by their bright rays awake me.

Thus absence dies, and dying proves
No absence can consist with Loves,
That do partake of fair perfection:
Since in the darkest night they may
By their quick motion find a way
To see each other by reflection.

The waving Sea can with such flood,
Bath some high Palace that hath stood
Far from the Main up in the River:
Oh think not then but love can do
As much, for that's an Ocean too,
That flows not every day, but ever.

SONG.
XXXIII.

SONG.

Now (as I live) I love thee much,
And fain would love thee more,
Did I but know thy temper such,
As could give o're.

But to ingage thy Virgin-heart,
Then leave it in distress,
Were to betray thy brave defert,
And make it less.

Were all the Eastern Treasures mine,
I'd pour them at thy feet:
But to invite a Prince to dine
With air, 's not meet.

No, let me rather pine alone,
Then if my fate prove coy,
I can dispence with grief my own,
While thou hast joy.

But if through my too niggard Fate
Thou shouldst unhappy prove,
I should grow mad and desperate
Through grief and love.

Since then though more I cannot love
Without thy injury,
As Saints that to an Altar move,
My thoughts shall be.

And think not that the flame is less,
For 'tis upon this score,
Were't not a love beyond excess,
It might be more.

XXXIV.

Upon a rare Voice.

When I but hear her sing, I fare
Like one that rais'd, holds his ear
To some bright star in the supremest Round;
Through which, besides the light that's seen,
There may be heard, from Heaven within,
The Rests of Anthems, that the Angels found.

XXXV.

Considerations of one design'd for a Nunnery.

'Tis to be thought upon,

Whether 'tis bud and prime of blooming Youth
(When each small sphere of the Soul shoots forth,
Warm'd by that Vernal Sun, which then invites it)
I shall my self, and future life give up,
Immur'd, a sacrifice to Avarice
And Opinion: For if it be not such,
What can my being thus a cold Recluse
Be to th' advantage of my Parents souls?
My Charity shall be my own, not theirs;
Nor can my Vigils or abstemious frost,
Or cool or expiate, the smallest flame
Of their intemperate heat; but it will on,
Not minding me, or my pale Orifons,
Nay, had they mued up thus themselves, I had
No being had at all, to argue this.
Why then being come into the world by Providence,
May not I take that turn the gods have given me,
Without (as soon as entred, like a thing
Imperfect made) to be turn'd out again,
As quite unworthy those great bounteous favors,
Heaven and free Nature had design'd me to?

Oh but the benefits,
To avoid the thraldom of imperious Love,
The hazards of contempt, and calumny,
The heats and Heatsicks both of Fear, and Love,
The qualms, and throws of Married life, the frets
And cumbers, humming 'bout the Heards of families:
To ride secure out of the reach of Fortune,
O're looking all those rouling tides of Fate,
Which worldlings still are hurried with; and then
To be wrapt up in Innocence, a Privado
Dear, and familiar to the Deity,
Is surely a condition to be catcht at,
With all th'expansions both of mind, and bodyl
But then again to weigh the Cancelling
Of what I'm born to, tugging all my life
Against the Tyde; still steering up the hill:
The Plains and pleasant Valleys ever hidden.
What is it less than the bold undertaking
Of a perpetual war with Nature? which how well
I can come off with, is to me unknown.
Though, being in, I must go on, whatever
Stops I meet: Vows lock us up for ever,
Without their leaving of a key to loose us.
Must I not then, in spite of all Reluctance,
Wade on, however the deep Current drives me?
But does not Nature in her general course,
Design all Creatures to their fixed end?
Did the wise God of Nature give me Sex
Only to cast it off? were all our flames
Rais'd, to be kept but in perpetual Mother?
Must we have fire still glowing under us,
Only that we with constant Labour may
Keep our selves cool, and check our boiling fervor?
Our Passions, our Affections and Desires,
We are injoyn'd to regulate, not depolite quite.
Why were their Objects lent us, set before
Our open eyes, and we forbid to view them?
Our joys, our hopes, the feathers of the soul,
Were never meant us to become our torment.
I cannot think so meanly of the Deity,
That it should fill our souls with pregnant gales;
And yet forbid us touch those pleasing Coasts,
That thereby we are driven to. Vile disguise
Is Impotency's child, and noble Nature scorns,
(Looking straight on) but once to glance aside
In all the Elements. What one creature is there
That is not acted by the flames of Love?
The Mole, that wears no window for the Sun,
Finds yet a light that leads to genial Love.
Those birds, that yearly sleep a Winters death,
Each spring to mighty Love refuscitate.
The fish that freezeeth under floors of Ice,
In his set season thaws and Kippers love.
Who taught cold worms from their dark holes to meet,
And in an amorous close to glue themselves
Till Natures work be done? If Love be fire,
As 'tis the blaze of life, it then must have
Fuel to feed on. All spiritual is
Too fine for flesh to live by; and too grosse
Is food corporeal all: As man is mixt,
So his affections object must. Love temper'd right
Is chaste as cold Virginity. And since
He merits more, that means unbound to pay,
Then he that is ty’d up to strict Conditions:
I'd rather chuse to keep my self in that
Estate my wife Creator did appoint me,
Then to mistrust his Grace, and out of fear
Lock up in forced chains my free-born Soul.

XXXVI.

In Gulielmi Laud, Archeepiscopi Cantuariensis,
Decollationem, Jan. 10. 1643.

Supesco Viator! & Miranda Fati lege,
Ex plebeia firpe, quem ad summum provexit Caesar
Conservare neguit.
Subditorum usurpata Potestas,
Justa Regum, major nunc irrepta est.
Infons antem, ergo & Inrepidus eicit.
Ac postquam Scitorum Illcebra, diu factus,
Sine Lege,
Legis Libamem exciderit;
Ordinatione inopinata & temporaria,
Vita (nurquam redimenda)
In perpetuum dempta est.
Magna Ausus imploperè,
Parabat Odium.

Quod noxium, dum incapitalem pronuci a t,
Pracanum tamen Capite truncatum voluit:
Et per quadriennium, cum causa aegri investigata,
Rabies Civium, Livor Populi,
Comitiorum arbitraria libidó (suffulta gladio)
Tandem propalarunt.
Tanta mundorum omnium speriferleria,
Ut dum Antistes pattur,
Antistes & supplicii extat.
Quocum Majestas Principum, Procerum Tutela,
Eccelesia Patronum,
Libertas Subjici,
Et Britannici orbis immunitas,
Simul pro tempore Tumulantur.
Abi Viator, Luge; ut mortem conculcares,
Vivito bene.
WE need not search for penitent sinners tears,
For Blacks - the widow or wrong'd Orphan wears,
For sighs from Kings deposed, or for grief
From shipwreckt Merchants, banish all relief.
Nor need we here Laments 'emblasm this Herse,
That flattering Poets strain from bleeding Verse.
Here petty streams not only Currents pay,
But all the Ocean floods each dryest way.
'Tis not an Angle, Province, that or this
That weeps: The general Kingdom Mourner is.
Nor is't a Plank or prop that's lost by Fate,
But 'tis a Capital Column of the State,
Which here to summons grief, that all men good
Approach, and bring l'ad Tribute to the flood:
That now this Isle not only seems to be
Inviron'd round with waves, but waves to be.
Our London is turn'd Venice, and our gay
Pallaces peer, as plac'd in a salt Bay.
Where Tydes of sorrow make us think we mee:
Nor men on Land, but Rowers in the street.
And when we hence a stage or two shall pafs,
We shall see clearer what our last Scene was.
Who is't hereafter that shall dare to draw
A Line to part Prerogative and Law?
And weigh from each - Man may, by fair Acquift,
Be both a Patriot and a Royalist.
Who can dispatch so much so well, so free
From Fear, from Favour, stain or Bribery?
Who shall discover now those flourisht sleights,
The Lawyers offer for pretended rights?
When all their Pleadings, Oratory, Law,
Is but the Judge to judge amiss, to draw.
Who shall at first relation hear, and spy
The knot? and that not cut but well 'untye?
Who shall like Virgo in the Zodiac (fit)
Between bold Leo and just Libra (fit),
Stern Justice to pronounce? which they that lose
Must praise, because they have not power to chuse,
Unles they forfeit Conscience first: and then
'Tis not in gods to give content to men.
Who shall spring up his heir of Brain? so keen,
So solid and so strong, as had he been
The living Volume of the Law, he cou'd
Not have done more, or more diffusive good.
Th' unfriend'd's Patron, the oppress'd's shield;
The Fort of Truth, untaught by charms to yield:
That knew his right of Place, and durst 'gainst all
Maintain't; whilst none durst it in question call.
The Subject's Anchor; yet in's just intent
His Royal Princes noblest instrument,
Strong proof 'gainst all corruption; and 'gainst all
Malice could vent from her venom'd Gall
He was triumphant still: not the least stain
But did glide off, as from oyl'd Satten rain.
Advanc'd on Judgments Throne, he did not rise
'Tore look himself, or others to despise.
For well he knew, ev'n Kings are not exempt,
But if they low Disdain, they reap Contempt.
His were not Courts alone, but Readings; there
The Bar was throng'd rather to learn than hear.
Nor were men check'd or jested from their right,
Council he did but rectifie, not bite.
Not empty; swell'd with State; as if his word
Could lift with reason awe, than with My Lord.
No payments with Court-frowns; or such sourse looks
As could blot debts from some poor Tradesmen's books.
No itch, nor yet contempt of Fame; which flyes
Yet most to those who merit more, than prize.
Not cholerick out of greatnes: Such i'th' skye
Of Honour, drawn up by the Sun's heat high,
Hang fir'd and sparkle, threat some dire event
To fright the world with; but their flame once spent,
They then, not in vast Seas or Royal Thames,
But in some puddle quench their Bearded Flames.

In midst of Tempests calm! He had command
In passions strain'd Career to make a stand.
So Armies bravely disciplin'd, exalt
In winged Marches, and then make an Alt.
Not hurried into rage by weaknesses; Wit
And J udgment never with wild Fury sit.
The Sun in's temperate Zone does gently turn
The Spring: In Torrid, does not warm but burn.
True wisdoms God is never found in noise;
But that God was found in the cool soft voice.

A Life in all so blemishless, that we
Enoch's return may sooner hope, than he
LUSORIA.

Should be outhin’d by any. More’s learned wit,
Nor Bacon’s miracl’d Fancy e’re can fit
Lost in Fames high Tower, than what we see
Flows from his lafting Names integrity.
Nor is this Fancy, catcht report, or guess,
For all have seen what all these lines profess.
So though the Poet be left out, yet I
From Truth and Him may reach Eternity.

These shadows were; he that would do him right,
Must History, and not a Poem write.
He must draw Cato, Solon, Cicero,
Even all the Sages, and our own Laws too.
For in that History he must devise
To paint out all Philosophy calls wise.
He must describe the gods Olympeus, where
Honours best Exercises acted were.
Whole Base was firm and fruitful, but we find
His calm top dwelt above or Clouds or Wind,
He must limb spirits never tird; such parts
As had of equal rule all the best Arts.
He must two wonders tell; in him (both eas’d)
The Prince and People fifteen years well pleas’d,
The other; All his ways so ballanc’d were,
As no base wit in Libel durst appear.
Then he must dye, to make the world confess
A wise man only is then one God lefs.
Last, let there be a generous Odor fann’d
By soft perfumed winds through all the Land:
Then like rich essence in the locks of Fame
If’t stick and last for ever, that’s his Name.

XXXVIII.

Upon Abolishing the Feast of the Nativity of our blessed Saviour, Anno 1643.

Shall Blood and Ruine find a day
To feast and play?
Shall we go on in rage, and still
Rejoyce when Brothers Brothers kill?
Shall we each year the growing State
Of our great Senate celebrate?
Shall annual Rights and heightned mirth
Frolick each petty Princes Birth?
And shall the Lord of Life’s blest day
Be thrown away?

Dear
Dear Day! thy memory to me
    Shall precious be.
Since God at first his stamp did set,
And man till now continued it,
I'll shew my joy and thanks: Suppose
That every day no Mortal knows,
Yet since just power does one command,
That one to me as well shall stand,
    As leaving Egypt; which in one,
    Yet was not done.

No day since the Creation yet
    Was grac'd like it:
Crowded with miracles it came
Into the world: the Heavens proclaim
By new created light, the Thing;
While th'Hosts of God descend and sing,
The joy to Shepherds th'Angel brings,
And a bright Star does summon Kings,
To all mankind glad tidings flies,
To th'weak and wise.

And where the Prince does not forbid,
    The Subject's sty'd
To obey him in his Vice-Roy: So
Where God my Father sayes not No,
There my blest Mother, his chaste Spouse,
The Church, as Mistress, rules the House,
No Steward of a private Farme
Shall there my just Obedience charmee.
Fews may reject the day, but I
    Will Christian dye.

XXXIX.
On Mr. Mynshull.

Mistake not this, 'tis not his Monument;
That worth is poor can in a Tomb be pent.
Imagine Man unfaft! constant to Truth:
Thereby you may collect what was his Youth.
Propose the Schools in practice, marry the Arts
To sweetness, till they prove a charm for hearts:
Erect a Centre, where the fervent Love
Of Lord and Labourer together move
When He had flown the world, that He was King
Of all the Vertues, that can Honour bring; and
That Rule was fo iherently His Own,
Not to two Isles, but to the worlds Emperor.
When His large Soul in sufferings had out-finch'd
All the Sufferings of patience; and in His clear Mind
Had rival'd Solomon's Wisdom, but our fole
Temperance, in his most tempting Throne.
When He had by His Princely Graces made it known
That His great Parts might judely Him prefer
Not to two Isles, but to the worlds Emperor.
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When He had by His Princely Graces made it known
That His great Parts might judely Him prefer
Not to two Isles, but to the worlds Emperor.
A Book so rarely good, we read in one
The Psalms and Proverbs, David-Solomon;
With all that high-born Charity, which shines
Quite through the great Apostles sacred lines:
That, spight of rage, next future Ages shall
Hold it (with Reverence stamp'd) Canonical,
When Herod, Judas, Pilate, and the Jews,
Scott, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and the sagg-haired News
Had quite out-acted, and by their damn'd Cry
Of injur'd Justice, lesstened Crucifie:
When He had prov'd, that since the world began;
So many Tears were never shed for Man:
Since so belov'd he fell, that with pure grief
His Subjects dy'd, 'cause he was rest of Life:
When to convince the Herick worlds base thought,
His Royal Blood true miracles had wrought:
When it appear'd, He to this world was sent,
The Glory of KINGS, but Shame of PARLIAMENT:
The stain of th' English that can never dye;
The Protestant perpetual Infamy:
When He had rofe thus, Truths great Sacrifice,
Here CHARLES the First, and CHRIST the second Iyes.

XLI.

On the Lady E. M.

Her Prudence, Wit and Memory being told,
Death seiz'd her fright; mistook her to be old.
A sheet of Bacon's catch'd at more, we know,
Than all sad Fox; long Holinhead or Slew.
She was but Eight; yet judgment had such store,
Upon a just Compute she dy'd Three-score.
Ladies, take heed how to be wise you try,
For 'tis resolv'd, who will be wise must dye.

FINIS.
The whole essay is not legible, but it appears to be a discussion on love and virtue. The text is handwritten and contains errors and smudges. The author seems to be contrasting the allure of love with the necessity of virtue. The passage is difficult to read due to the handwriting style.
A BRIEF CHARACTER OF THE Low-Countries UNDER THE STATES. Written long since. Being three Weeks Observation of the Vices and Virtues of the INHABITANTS. — Non Seria semper. 

LONDON:
Printed for A. Seile, Anno Dom. 1670.
THE PRINTER TO THE READER.

As I live, Gentlemen, I am amazed how any Piece could be made such minced-meat as this hath been by a twice-printed Copy, which I find flying abroad to abuse the Author, who long since travelling for companies' sake with a Friend into the Low-Countries, would needs for his own recreation write this Essay of them as he then found them: I am sure as far from ever thinking to have it publick, as he was from any private spleen to the Nation, or any person in it; for I have moved him often to print it, but could never get his consent, his modesty ever esteeming it among his puellaria, and (as he said) a Piece too light for a prudent man to publish: The truth is, it was meerly occasional in his Youth, and the time so little that he had for observation (his stay there not being above three Weeks) that it could not well be expected he should say more; and though the former part be jocundary and
and sportive, yet the seriousness of the later part renders the Character no way injurious to the people. And now finding some ruffled feathers only presented for the whole bird, and having a perfect Copy by me, I have presumed to trespass so much upon the Author, as to give it you (in vindication of him) so as I am confident it was dressed by his own Pen. And after I have begged his pardon for exposing it without his warrant, I shall leave you to judge by comparing this and the former Impressions, whether or no he hath not been abused sufficiently.
Three Weeks' Observations of the Low-Countries: especially Holland.

They are a general Sea land: the great Bog of Europe. There is not such another Marsh in the world, that's flat. They are an universal Quagmire; Epitomiz'd, a green Cheese in pickle. There is in them an Equilibrium of mud and water. A strong Earth quake would shake them to a Chaos, from which the successive force of the Sun, rather than Creation, hath a little amended them. They are the Ingredients of a Black-pudding, and want only stirring together: Marry, 'tis best making on't in a dry Summer, else you will have more blood than grist; and then have you no way to make it serve for anything, but to spread under it Zona Torrida, and so dry it for Turfs.

Sayes one, it affords the people one commodity beyond all the other Regions; If they dye in perdition, they are so low, that they have a shorter cut to Hell than the rest of their Neighbours. And for this cause perhaps all strange Religions throng thither, as naturally inclining towards their centre. Besides, their Riches shew them to be of Pluto's Region, and you all know what part that was which the Poets did of old assign him. Here is Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, and the rest of those muddy Streams, that have made matter for the Fablers. Almost every one is a Charon here, and if you have but a Naulum to give, you cannot want or Boat or Pilot. To confirme all, let but some of our Separatists be asked, and they shall swear that the Eli- zian Fields are there.

It is an excellent Country for a despairing Lover, for every corner affords him Willow to make a Garland of; but if Justice doom him to be hang'd on any other Tree, he may in spight of the Sentence live long and confident. If he had rather quench his spirits than suffocate
locate them, so rather chuse to feed Lobsters than Crows; 'tis but leaping from his window and he lights in a River or Sea; for most of their dwellings stand like Privies in Moted houses, hanging still over the water. If none of these cure him, keep him but a Winter in a house without a Stove, and that shall cool him.

The Soyl is all fat, though wanting the colour to shew it so; for indeed it is the Buttock of the world, full of veins and blood, but no bones in't. Had Saint Steven been condemn'd to suffer here, he might have been alive at this day; for unless it be in their paved Cities, Gold is a great deal more plentiful than bones; except it be living ones, and then for their heaviness you may take in almost all the Nation.

'Tis a singular place to fat Monkies in; there are Spiders as big as Shrimps, and I think as many. Their Gardens being moist, abound with these. No Creatures; for sure they were bred, nor made: Were they but as venomous as rank, to gather herbs were to hazard Martyrdom. They are so large, that you would almost believe the Hesperides were here, and these the Dragons that did guard them.

You may travail the Countrey though you have not a Guide; for you cannot baulk your Rode without the hazard of drowning: there is not there any use of an Harbinger: wheresoever men go, the way is made before them. Had they Cities large as their walls, Rome would be esteemed a bauble: Twenty miles in length is nothing for a Waggon to be hurried on one of them, where if your Fore-man be sober, you may travail in safety, otherwise you must have stronger Faith than Peter had, else you sink immediately. A starting horse endangers you to two deaths at once, breaking of your neck, and drowning.

If your way be not thus, it hangs in the water, and at the approach of your Waggon shall shake as it were Ague-strucken. Duke D'Alva's taxing of the tenth penny frighted it into a Palfey, which all the Mountebanks they have bred since could never tell how to cure.

'Tis indeed but a bridge of swimming earth, or a flag somewhat thicker than ordinary; if the strings crack your course is shrivelled, you can neither hope for Heaven nor fear Hell, you shall be sure to stick fast between them. Martyr, if your Faith flow Purgatory-height, you may pray if you will for that to cleanse you from the Mud shall toy you.

'Tis a Green sod in water, where if the German Eagle dares to bathe himself, he's glad again to parch that he may dry his wings.

Some things they do that seem wonders: 'Tis ordinary to see them fish for fire in water, which they catch in Nets and transport to Land in their Boats, where they spread it more smoothly than a Mercy doth his Velvet, when he would hook in an heir upon his coming to age. Thus lying in a field you would think you saw a Candle of green Cheese spread over with black Butter.
of the Low-Countries.

If Amabe Hellsmouth or Fore-gate, suent here is found the Pattern, 'Tis the Poet-Elysium of the world, where the full earth doth vent her crude black gore, which the Inhabitants scrape away for fuel, as men with Spoons do excrements from Civit-cats.

Their ordinary Pack-horses are all of wood, carry their Bridles in their tails, and their burdens in their bellies. A strong Tyde and a flift Gale are the spurs that make them speedy: when they travaile they touch no ground, and when they stand still they ride, and are never in danger but when they drink up too much of their way.

There is a Province among them, where every woman carries a Cony in a Lamb-skin. 'Tis a custom, and not one that travels ever leaves it behind her. Now guess if you can, what beast that is, which is clad in a Fur both of hair and wool.

They dress their meat in aqua Calessi, for it springs not as ours from the Earth, but comes to them as Manna to the Israelites, falling from Heaven. This they keep under ground till it stinks, and then they pump it out again for use: So when you wash your face with one hand, you had need hold your nose with the other; for though it be not cordial, 'tis certainly a strong water.

The Elements are here at variance, the subtile overswaying the groffer; the Fire consumes the Earth, and the Air the Water: they burn Turfs, and drie their grounds with Wind-mills; as if the Cholick were a remedy for the Stone; and they would prove against Philosophy the world's Conflagration to be natural, even shewing thereby that the very Element of Earth is combustible.

The Land that they have, they keep as neatly as a Courter does his Beard; they have a method in Mowing: 'tis so intervein'd with water and rivers, that it is impossible to make a Common among them. Even the Brownifis are here at a stand, only they hold their pride in wrangling for that which they never will finde. Our Justices would be much at ease, although our English Poor were still among them; for whatsoever they do, they can break no hedges. Sure had the wife men of Gotham lived here, they would have studied some other death for their Cuckoe.

Their Ditches they frame as they lift, and distinguish them into nooks, as my Lord Mayors Cook doth his Cutfards. Cleanse them they do often; but 'tis as Physicians give their Potions, more to catch the fish than cast the mud out.

Though their Countrey be part of a main Land, yet every house almost stands in an Island: and that, though a Boor dwell in it, looks as snug as a Lady that hath newly lockt up her Colours, and laid by her Irons. A gallant Masquing Suit fits not more complete than a Coat of Thatch, though of many years wearing.

If it stand dry, 'tis imbraced by Vines, as if it were against the nature of a Dutch-man not to have Bacchus his Neighbour. If you find it lower seated, 'tis only a close Arbor in a plump of Willows and Alders;
A brief Character

Alders; pleasant enough while the Dog-days last, but those past once, you must practice wading, or be prisoner till the next Spring. Only a hard frost with the help of a Sledge may release you.

The Bridge to this is an outlandish Plank, with a box of stones to poise it withal, which with the least help turns round, like the Executioner when he whips off a head. That when the Master is over, stands drawn, and then he is in his Castle.

'Tis sure his fear that renders him suspicious: That he may therefore certainly see who enters, you shall ever find his Window made over his door. But it may be that is to shew you his Pedigree, for though his Ancestors were never known, their Arms are there; which (in spite of Heraldry) shall bear their Achievement with a Helmet for a Baron at least. Marry, the Field perhaps shall be charged with there Banquets, to shew what Trade his father was.

Escutcheons are as plentiful as Gentry is scarce. Every man there is his own Herald, and he that has but wit enough to invent a Coat, may challenge it as his own.

When you are entered the house, the first thing you encounter is a Looking-glass: No question but a true Emblem of politick hospitality; for though it reflect your self in your own figure, 'tis yet no longer than while you are there before it: when you are gone once, it flatters the next comer, without the least remembrance that you eare there.

The next are the Vessels of the house, marshalled about the room like Watchmen: All as near as if you were in a Citizens wives Cabinet; for unless it be themselves, they let none of Gods creatures lose any thing of their native beauty.

Their houses, especially in their Cities are the best eye beauties of their Country: for colt and fight they far exceed our English, but they want their magnificence. Their Lining is yet more rich than their out-side, not in Hangings but Pictures, which even the poorest are there furnish with: Not a Cobler but has his toys for ornament. Were the knacks of all their houses set together, there would not be such another Bartholomew Fair in Europe.

Their Artists for these are as rare as thought, for they can paint you a fat Hen in her feathers; and if you want the Language, you may learn a great deal of Dutch by their Signs, for what they are they ever write under them. So by this device hang up more honesty than they keep.

Coaches are as rare as Comets: and those that live loosely need not fear one punishment which often vexes such with us; they may be sure, though they be discovered, they shall not be carted.

All their Merchandise they draw through the streets on Sledges; or as we on Hurdles do traitors to execution.

Their rooms are but several sand-boxes: if so, you must either go out to spit, or blush when you see the Map brought.

Their beds are no other than land-cabinets, high enough to need a ladder
of the Low-Countries.

ladder or stairs. Up once, you are walled in with Wainscot, and that is good discretion to avoid the trouble of making your Will every night, for once falling out else would break your neck perfectly. But if you die in it, this comfort you shall leave your friends, that you dy'd in clean linnen.

Whatsoever their estates be, their houses must be fair. Therefore from Amsterdam they have banish'd Sea-coal, lest it soil their buildings, of which the flateliers fort are sometimes sententious, and in the front carry some conceit of the Owner. As to give you a taste in these

\[ \text{Christvs ADIVtor MeVs;} \]
\[ \text{Hoc abdicato Perenne Quero;} \]
\[ \text{HIC Medio VitiVs IVr.} \]

Every door seems studded with Diamonds. The nails and hinges hold a constant brightness, as if rust there were not a quality incident to Iron. Their houses they keep cleaner than their bodies; their bodies than their souls. Go to one, you shall find the Andirons shut up in net-work. At a second, the Warming-pan muffled in Italian Cut-work. At a third, the Sconce clad in Cambrick, and like a Crown advanced in the middle of the house, for the woman there is the head of the husband, so takes the horn to her own charge, which she sometimes multiplies, and bestows the increase on her Man.

'Tis true, they are not so ready at this play as the English; for neither are they so generally bred to't, nor are their men such linnen-lifters. Idlenefs and Courtship has not banish't honesty. They speak more, and do less; yet doth their blood boyl high and their veins are full, which argues strongly that when they will they may take up the costume of entertaining strangers: And having once done it, I believe they will be notable; for I have heard they trade more for love than money, but 'tis of the sport, not the man, and therefore when they like the paletime they will reward the Gamester; otherwise their gros feed and clownifh breeding hath spoiled them for being nobly minded. And if you once in publick discover her private favours, or pretend to more than is civil, she falls off like Fairy wealth disclosed, and turns like Beer with lightning to a lowest, which neither Art nor labour can ever make sweet again.

But this I must give you on report only; experience herein hath neither made me fool nor wise.

The people are generally Boorifh, yet none but may be bred to a States man, they having all this gift, not to be so nice-consciencified, but that they can turn out Religion to let in Policy.

Their Countrey is the god they worship, war is their Heaven, peace is their Hell, and the Spaniard is the Devil they hate. Custom is their Law, and their will, reason.

You may sooner convert a few, than make an ordinary Dutch-man yield
yield to Arguments that cross him: An old Paud is said to be a Puritan, than a Waggoner persisted not to bait thrice in nine miles, and when he doth, his horses must not stir, but have their Manger brought them into the way, where in a top-sweat they eat their grists, and drink their water, and presently after hurry away; for they are ever drive as if they were all the sons of Nimrods, and were furiously either pursuing an enemy, or flying him.

His spirits are generated from the English Beer, and that makes him head-strong: His body is built of Pickled-Herring, and they render him testy: These with a little Butter, Onyons and Holland-Cheefe, are the Ingredients of an ordinary Dutch-man; which a Voyage to the East-Indies, with the heat of the Equinoctial, solidates.

If you see him fat, he hath been rooting in a Cabbage-ground, and that bladdred him. Viewing him naked, you will pray him to pull off his Mask and Gloves, or with him to hide his face, that he may appear more lovely. For that, and his hands are Egypt, however his body be Europe. He hath exposed them so much to the Sun and Water, as he is now his own disguise, and without a Vizor may serve in any Antif-Mask ye put him in.

For their condition they are Churlish as their breeder Neptune; and without doubt very ancient, for they were bred before Manners were in fashion. Yet all they have not, they account superfluous, which they lay mendeth some, and marreth many.

They should make good Justices, for they respect neither persons nor apparel: A Boor in his liquor'd Slop, shall have as much good usage as a Courtier in his bravery; nay more, for he that is but Courteous or gentle, is amongst them like a Merlin after Michaelmas in the field with Crows. They wonder at and envy, but worship no such Images. Marry, with a Silver hook you shall catch these Gudgeons pretently: the love of gain being to them as natural as water to a Goose, or Carrion to any Kite that flies.

They are seldom deceived, for they trust no body; so by consequence are better to hold a Fort than win it; yet they can do both. Trust them you must if you travel; for to ask a Bill of particular, is to purre in a Waps nest: you must pay what they ask, as sure as if it were the appeasement of a Subsidy.

Complement is an idlenefs they were never train'd up in, and 'tis their happiness that Court-Vanities have not stole away their minds from business.

Their being' Sailors and Soldiurers have marred two parts already, if they bathe once in Court oyle, they are painted Trap-doors. And shall then let the Jews build a City where Harlem More is, and after cozen 'em on't. They shall abuse a Stranger for nothing, and after a few base terms scotch one another to a Carbonado; or as they do their Roches when they fry them.

Nothing
of the Low-Countries.

Nothing can quiet them but money and liberty, yet when they have them, they abuse both; but if you tell them so, you awake their fury, and you may sooner calm the Sea than conjure that into com-}

pals again. Their anger hath no eyes, and their judgment doth not flow to much from reason as passion and partiality.

They are in a manner all Aquatiles, and therefore the Spaniard}
calls them Water-dogs. To this though you need not condescend, yet with all you may think they can catch you a Duck as soon. Seagulls do not swim more readily, nor More-hens from their nest run sooner to the water. Every thing is so made to swim among them, as it is a question if Elizeus his Axe were now floating there, it would be taken for a miracle.

They love none but those that do for them, and when they leave off they neglect them. They have no friends but their Kindred, which at every Wedding, feast among themselves like Tribes.

All that help them not they hold Papitth, and take it for an argument of much honesty, to rail bitterly against the King of Spain. And certainly this is the badge of an ill nature, when they have once cast off the yoke, to be most virulent against those to whom of right they owe respect and service. Grateful dispositions, though by their Lords they be exempt from service, will yet be paying reverence and affection. I am confident, that had they not been once the Subjects of Spain, they would have loved the Nation better: But now out of dying duties athes all the blazes of hostility and flame. And 'tis sufficient to continue their eternal hate, to know the world remembers, they were once the Subjects of that most Cathlick Crown.

Their shipping is the Babel which they boast on for the glory of their Nation: 'tis indeed a wonder, and they will have it so. But we may well hope they will never be so mighty by Land, lest they shew us how doggedly they can insult where they get the mastery.

'Tis their own Chronicle business, which can tell you, that at the Siege of Leyden, a Fort being held by the Spanisli, by the Dutch was after taken by Assaunt; the Defendants were put to the Sword, where one of the Dutch in the fury of the slaughter ript up the Captains body, and with a barbarous hand tore out the yet living heart, panting among the reeking bowels, then with his teeth rent it still warm with blood into gobbets, which he spitted over the Battlements in defiance to the rest of the Army.

Oh Tigers breed! the Scythian Bear could he're have been more savage: To be necessitated into cruelty, is a misfortune to the strongly tempted to it; but to let spleen rave and mad it in result- less blood, thaws nature steep'd i'th livid gall of passion, and beyond all brutalities displays the un-noble tyranny of a prevailing Coward.

Their Navies are the whip of Spain, or the Arme wherewith they pull away his Indies. Nature hath not bred them so active for the land
land as some others; but at Sea they are water-devils, to attempt things incredible.

In Fleets they can fight close, and rather hazard all than save some, while others perish: but single they will flag and fear like birds in a bush, when the Sparrow-Hawks bells are heard.

A Turkish Man-of-war is as dreadful to them as a Falcon to a Mallard; from whom their best remedy is to steal away: But if they fall to blows, they want the valiant flourenes of the English, who will rather expire bravely in a bold refistance, than yield to the lasting slavery of becoming captives to so barbarous an Enemy. And this shews they have not yet learned even Pagan Philosophy, which ever preferred an honourable death before a life thrall'd to perpetual slavery.

Their Ships lye like high Woods in Winter; and if you view them on the North side you frieze without hope, for they ride so thick, that you can through them see no Sun to warm you with.

Sailers among them are as common as Beggars with us: they can drink, rail, swear, niggle, steal, and be lowlie alike; but examining their life, a més of their Knaves are worth a million of ours: for they in a boisterous rudeness can work, and live, and toyl, whereas ours will rather laze themselves to poverty; and like Cabages left out in Winter, rot away in the loathsomefnes of a naufeous sth.

Almost all among them are Seamen born, and like Frogs can live both on land and water. Not a Countrey Vrieffter but can handle an Oar, steer a Boat, raise a Mast, and bear you out in the roughest straits you come in. The Ship she avouches much better for sleep than a bed, being full of humours that is her Cradle which lulls and rocks her to a dull phlegmatickness, most of them looking like a full grown Oyster boil'd. Slime, humid air, water and wet dye, have to bag'd their cheeks, that some would take their paunches to be gotten above their chin.

The Countreys government is a Democracy, and there had need be many to rule such Rabble of rude ones. Tell them of a King, and they could cut your throat in earnest: the very name carries servitude in it, and they hate it more than a few doth Images, a woman old age, or a Non-conformift a Surplice.

None among them hath Authority by inheritance, that were the way in time to parcel out their Countrey to Families. They are chosen all as our Kings chuse Sheriffs for the Counties; not for their tin of wit, but for the wealth they have to bear it out withall; which they do over-affect, that Myr Here shall walk the streets as Usurers go to Bandy-houses all alone and melancholy: And if they may be had cheap, he will dub his faced Cloke with two penny-worth of Pickled herrings, which himself hall carry home in a string. A common voice hath given him preeminence, and he lofes it by living as he did when he was a Boy. But if you pardon what is past, they are about thinking in time to learn more civility.
Their Justice is strict if it cross not policy: but rather than hinder Traffique, tolerates any thing.
There is not under heaven such a Den of several Serpents as Amsterdam is, you may be what Devil you will, so you push not the State with your horns.
'Tis an University of all Religions, which grow here confusedly (like flocks in a Nurcery) without either order or pruning. If you be unsettled in your Religion, you may here try all, and take at last what you like best. If you fancy none, you have a pattern to follow of two that would be a Church by themselves.
'Tis the Fair of all the Sects, where all the Pedlers of Religion have leave to vent their toyes, their Ribbands, and Phanatick Rattles. And should it be true, it were a cruel brand which Romists stick upon them; for (say they) as the Chameleon changes into all colours but white, so they admit of all Religions but the true: For the Papists only may not exercise his in publick; yet his restraint they plead is not in hatred but justice, because the Spaniard abridges the Protestant: and they had rather slew a little spleen, than not cry quit with their enemy. His act is their warrant, which they retaliate justly. And for this reason, rather than the Dunkirks they take shall not dye, Amsterdam having none of their own, shall borrow a Hangman from Harlem.
Now albeit the Papists do them wrong herein, yet can it not excuse their boundless Toleration, which shews they place their Republick in a higher esteem than Heaven itself; and had rather cross upon God than it. For whosoever disturbs the Civil Government is lyable to punishment; but the Decrees of Heaven and Sanctions of the Deity, any one may break uncheck'd, by professing what false Religion he please. So Consular Rome of old brought all the straggling gods of other Nations to the City, where blinded Superstition paid an Adoration to them.
In their Families they all are equals, and you have no way to know the Master and Mistref, but by taking them in bed together: It may be those are they; otherwise Malky can prate as much, laugh as loud, be as bold, and sit as well as her Mistref.
Had Logicians lived here first, Father and Son had never passed so long for Relatives. They are here Individuals, for no Demonstration ofDuty or Authority can distinguish them, as if they were created together, and not born succesively. And as for your Mother, bidding her goodnight, and kissing her, is punetual blessing.
Your man shall be saucy, and you must not strike; if you do, he shall complain to the Schout, and perhaps have recompense. 'Tis a dainty place to pleae boyes in: for your Father shall bargain with your School-master not to whip you: if he doth, he shall revenge it with his knife, and have Law for it.
Their apparel is civil enough, and good enough, but very uncomely; and hath usually more stuff than shape. Only their Huykes
A brief Character

are commodious in winter: but 'tis to be lamented, that they have not wit enough to lay them by when Summer comes.

Their Women would have good faces if they did not mar them with making. Their Ear-ways have so nipt in their Cheaks, that you would think some Fayry to do them a mischief, had pinch't them behind with Tongs. These they dress, as if they would shew you all their wit lay behind, and they needs would cover it. And thus ordered, they have much more forehead than face.

They love the English Gentry well; and when Souldiers come over to be billeted among them, they are Emalous in chusing of their guest, who dreses much the better for being liked by his Houses.

Men and Women are there starched so blew, that if they once grow old, you would verily believe you saw Winter walking up to the neck in a Barrel of Indigo: And therefore they rail at England for spending no more Blewing.

Your man among them is else clad tolerably, unless he inclines to the Sea-fashion: and then are his breeches yawning at the knees, as if they were about to swallow his legs unmercifully.

They are far there from going naked, for of a whole woman you can see but half a face. As for her hand, that shews her a sore Labourer; which you shall ever find as it were in recompence loaden with Rings to the cracking of her fingers. If you look lower, She's a Monkey chain'd about the middle, and had rather want it in dyet, than not have silver-links to hang her keyes in.

Their Gowns are fit to hide great Bellies, but they make them shew so unhandsome that men do not care for getting them. Marry this you shall find in their commendation, their Smocks are ever whiter than their skin.

Where the Woman lyes in, the Ringle of the door does penance, and is lapped about with linen; either to shew you that loud knocking may wake the child; or else that for a moneth the Ring is not to be run at. But if the child be dead, there is thrust out a Nofegay tyed to a sticks end; Perhaps for an embleem of the life of man, which may wither as soon as born; or else to let you know, that though these fade upon their gathering, yet from the same stock the next year a new shoot may spring.

You may rail at us for often changing, but I assure you with them, is a great deal more following the fashion, which they will plead for as the ignorant Laity of their Faith; they will keep it because their Ancestors lived in it. Thus they will rather keep an old fault, though they discover errors in it, than in an easie change to meet a certain remedy.

For their dyet, they eat much and spend little: When they set out a Fleet to the Indies, it shall live three moneths on the Offals, which we hear fear would forfeiture our Swine; yet they feed on't, and are still the same Dutch-men.

In their houses, Roots and Stock-fish are staple commodities: If
they make a feaft, and add flesh, they have art to keep it hot more
days than a Pigs head in Pye-corner. Salt meats and sowe Crem
they hold him a fool that loves not, only the last they correct with
Sugar, and are not half so well pleased with having it sweet at first, as
with letting it sower that they may sweeten it again; as if a woman
were not half so pleasing being easily won, as after a scolding fit she
comes by man to be calmed again.

Fish indeed they have brave and plentiful; and herein practice
hath made them Cooks as good as o’re Lucullus his later Kitchin had,
which is some recompence for their wilfulness, for you can neither
pray nor buy them to alter their own Cookery.

To a feast they come readily, but being set once you must have
patience: they are longer eating meat than we preparing it. If it be
to supper, you conclude timely, when you get away by day-break.
They drink down the Evening-star, and drink up the Morning-star.
At those times it goes hard with a stranger, all in courtesse will be
drinking to him, and all that do so he must pledge; till he doth, the
full’d Cups circle round his Trencher, from whence they are not tak-
en away till emptied: for though they give you day for payment,
yet they will not abate of the summe. They sit not there as we in
England, men together, and women first; but ever intermingled
with a man between; and instead of March-panes and such Juncates,
’tis good manners (if any be there) to carry away a piece of Apple-
pie in your pocket.

The time they there spend, is in eating well, in drinking much,
and praying most: For the truth is, the completest drinker in Eu-
rope is your English Gallant: There is no such conserver of liquor
as the quaffing off of his Healths. Time was, the Dutch had the bet-
ter of it, but of late he hath left it by prating too long over his pot:
He sips, and laughs, and tells his tale, and in a Tavern is more pro-
digal of his Time than his Wine: He drinks as if he were short-
winded, and as it were eats his drink by morsels, rather besieging
his brains than assaulting them. But the Englishman charges home
on the sudden swallows it whole, and like a hasty Tyde, fills and
flows himself, till the mad brain swims, and toffes on the hasty fume.
As if his Liver were burning out his stomach, and he striving to
quench it, drowns it. So the one is drunk sooner, and the other lon-
ger; as if striving to recover the wager, the Dutchman would still be
the perfecst Soaker.

In this Progress you have seen some of their Vices, now view a
fairer Object.

Solomon
Solomon tells of four things that are small and full of wisdom, the Pismire, the Grass-hopper, the Coney, and the Spider.

For Providence they are the Pismires of the world, and having nothing but what grass affords them, are yet, for almost all provisions, the Store-house of whole Christendome. What is it which there may not be found in plenty? they making by their industry all the fruits of the vast Earth their own. What Land can boast a privilege that they do not partake of? They have not of their own enough materials to compile one ship, yet how many Nations do they furnish? The remoter angels of the world do by their pains deliver them their sweets; and being of themselves in want, their diligence hath made them both Indies nearer home.

They are frugal to the saving of Egge-shells, and maintain it for a Maxim, that a thing lasts longer mended than new.

Their Cities are their Mole-hills; their Schwes and Fly-boats creep and return with their store for Winter. Everyone is buffer, and carrieth his grain; as if every City were a several Hive, and the Bees not permitting a Drone to inhabit; for idle persons must find some other mansion. And lest necessity bereave men of means to let them on work, there are publick Banks, that (without use) lend upon pawns to all the poor that want.

There is a season when the Pismires flye; and so each Summer they likewise swarm abroad with their Armies.

The Ant, fayes one, is a wise creature, but a shrewd thing in a Garden or Orchard, And truly so are they; for they look upon others too little, and upon themselves too much: And wherefoever they light in a pleasant or rich foil, like suckers and lower plants, they rob from the root of that Tree which gives them shade and protection; so their wildom is not indeed Heroick or Numinal, as courting an universal good, but rather narrow and restrictive, as being a wisdom but for themselves. Which, to speak plainly, is descending into Craft; and is but the finifter part of that which is really Noble and Celestial.

Nay in all they hold so true a proportion with the Emmet, as you shall not find they want so much as the fling.

For dwelling in Rocks they are Conies. And while the Spanish tumblers plaies about them, they rest secure in their own inaccessible Berries. Where have you under Heaven, such impregnable Fortifications? Where Art beautifies Nature, and Nature makes Art invincible? Herein indeed they differ; The Conies find Rocks, and they make them. And as they would invert the miracle of Moses, They raise them in the bosom of the waves: where within these
of the Low-Countries.

these twenty years, ships furrowed in the pathless Ocean, the peaceful plough now unbows the fertile earth, which at night is carried home to the fairest Mansions in Holland.

Every Town hath his Garrison; and the keys of the Gates in the night time are not trusted but in the State-house. From these holds they bolt abroad for provisions, and then return to their fastnesses replenished.

For war they are Foul-diggers, and without a King, go forth in bands to conquer Kings. They have not only defended themselves at their own home, but have braved the Spaniard at his. In Anno 1599, under the command of Vander Does, was the Grand Canary taken. The chief City sacked; the King of Spain's Ensigns taken down, and the colours of his Excellency set up in their room. In the year 1600 the battle of Newport was a gallant piece, when with the loss of a thousand or little more, they flew 7000 of their enemies, took above 100 Ensigns, the Admiral of Arragon a prisoner. The very furniture of the Arch-Duke's own Chamber, and Cabinet, yea the signet that belonged to his hand.

In 1607, they assailed the Armado of Spain in the Bay of Gibraltar, under cover of the Castle and Towns Ordnance, and with the loss of 150, flew above 2000, and ruined the whole Fleet. Certainly a bolder attempt hath ever scarce been done. The Indian Maffiff never was more fierce against the angry Lion. Nor can the Cock in his crowing valour, become more prodigal of his blood than they.

There hardly is upon earth such a school of Martial Discipline. 'Tis the Christian worlds Academy for Arms; whither all the neighbour-Nations resort to be instructed; where they may observe how unprofitable a blow many small grains of powder will make, being heaped together, which yet if you separate, can do nothing but sparkle and die.

Their recreation is the practic of Arms; and they learn to be soldiers sooner than men. Nay, as if they placed a Religion in Arms, every Sunday is concluded with the Train'd-Bands marching through their Cities.

For industry, they are Spiders, and are in the Palaces of Kings. Of old they were the guard of the person of the Roman Emperor; and by the Romans themselves declared to be their friends and companions. There is none have the like intelligence; Their Merchants are at this day the greatest of the Universe. What Nation is it where they have not infamated? Nay, which they have not almost anatomized, and even discovered the very intrinick veins on't?

Even among us, they shame us with their industry, which makes them seem as if they had a faculty from the worlds Creation, out of water to make dry land appear. They win our drowned grounds which we cannot recover, and chase back Neptune to his own old Banks.
All that they do is by such labour as it seems extracted out of their own bowels. And in their wary thrift, they hang by such a fender futtenation of life, that one would think their own weight should be enough to crack it.

Want of idlenes keeps them from want. And 'tis their Diligence makes them Rich.

A fruitful Soil encreaseth the Harvest. A plentiful Sun augmenteth the Store; and seasonable showers drop famish on the Crop we reap: But no Rain fruitifies more than the dew of Sweat.

You would think being with them you were in old Israel, for you find not a beggar among them. Not are they mindful of their own alone; but strangers also partake of their Care and Bounty. If they will depart, they have money for their Convoy. If they stay, they have work provided. If unable, they find an Hospital. Their Providence extends even from the Prince to the catching of flies. And left you loose an afternoon by fruitless mourning, by two of the clock all Burials must end. Wherein to prevent the want of ground, they pile Coffin upon Coffin till the Sepulchre be full.

In all their Manufactures they hold a truth and constancy; for they are as fruitful from Trees the same every year that they are at first; and Apples one year and Crabs the next; and so for ever after. In the sale of these they also are at a word, they will gain rather than exact, and have not that way whereby our Citizens abuse the wife, and cozen the ignorant; and by their infinite over-asking for commodities, proclaim the world that they would cheat all if it were in their power.

The Deprivation of Manners they punish with Contempt, but the defects of nature they favour with Charity. Even their Bedlam is a place for curious, that a Lord might live in it; Their Hospital might lodge a Lady: So that safely you may conclude, amongst them even Poverty and Madness do both inhabit handsomely. And though Vice makes everything turn forid, yet the State will have the very correction of it to be neat, as if they would shew that though obedience fail, yet Government must be still itself, and decent. To prove this, they that do but view their Bridewell will think it may receive a Gentleman though a Gallant. And so their prison a wealthy Citizen. But for a poor man it is his best policy to be laid there, for he that casts him in must maintain him.

Their language, though it differ from the higher Germany, yet hath the same ground, and is as old as Babel. And albeit harsh; yet so lofty and full a Tongue, as made Goropins Becanus maintain it for the speech of Adam in his Paradise. And surely if there were not other reasons against it, the significance of the Antient Teutonic might carry it from the prouct Dialcèt, Steven of Bruges reckons up 2170. Monaffillables, which being compounded, how richly do they grace a Tongue? A Tongue that for the general profession is extended further than any that I know. Through both the Germanies, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and sometimes France, England, Spain.
Spain. And still among us all our old words are Dutch, with yet to little change, that certainly it is in a manner the same that it was 2000 years ago, without the too much mingled borrowings of their neighbour-Nations.

The Germans are a people that more than all the world I think may boast sincerity, as being for some thousand of years a pure and unmixed people. And surely I see not but their conduction by Tacti, may pass as unconfuted story, they yet retaining the Appellation from his Name.

They are a large and numerous people, having ever kept their own, and transported Colonies into other Nations. In Italy were the Longobards; In Spain the Goths and Vandals; In France the Franks or Francoians; In England the Saxons: having in all these left reverend Steps of their Antiquity and Language.

It is a noble Testimony that so grave an Historian as Tacitus hath left still extant of them, and written above 1500 years ago, Deliberant dum fingere necein: Constituunt dum errare non possunt. They deliberate when they cannot difemble: and resolve when they cannot err.

Two hundred and ten years he reckons the Romans were in conquering them. In which space on either side were the losses sad and fatal. So as neither the Samnites, the Carthaginians, the Spaniards, the Gauls, nor the Parthians ever troubled them like the Germans. They flew and took prisoners several Commanders of the highest rank, as Carbo, Cassius, S. Caues Aurelius, CerviLius Cepio, and M. Manlius. They defeated five Consular Armies, and Varus with three Legions, yet after all this he concludes, Triumphani magis quam vicit sunt. They were rather Triumphed over than conquered. To confirm this, the keeping of their own Language is an argument unanswerable. The change whereof ever follows upon the fully vanquished, as we may see it did in Italy, France, Spain, England.

And this he speaks of the Nation in general: nor was the opinion of the Romans left worthy in particular concerning these lower Provinces, which made them for their valour and warlike minds, style them by the name of Gallia Belgica, and especially of the Batavians, which were the Hollanders and part of the Guelders. You may hear in what honourable terms he mentions them, where speaking of the several people of Germany he fayes, Omnium harum gentium virtute principi Batavi: Nam nec tributis contemptur, nec publicanis arcellis exempti oneribus & collationibus, & tantiin in sum preliorum sepositis, velut tela aq; arma bellis referuntur. Of all these Nations the principal in valiant virtue are the Batavians: for neither are they become despicable by paying of Tribute, nor oppressed too much by the Farmer of publick Revenues, but free from Taxes and Contributions of servility, they are specially set apart for the fight, as Armor and Weapons only reserved for war.

All this even at this day they seem to make good: For of all the world they are the people that thrive and grow rich by war, like the
Porcupine, that plays in the storm, but at other times keeps sober under the water.

War, which is the world's ruin, and ravings upon the beauty of all is to them prosperity and Ditation. And surely the reason of this is their strength in shipping, the open sea, their many fortified towns, and the country, by reason of its lowness and irrigation, becoming unappallable for an army when the winter but approaches. Otherwise it is hardly possible, that so small a parcel of mankind should brave the most potent monarch in Christendom, who in his own hands holds the mines of the war's finews, money; and hath now got a command so wide, that out of his dominions the sun can neither rise nor set.

The whole seventeen provinces are not above a thousand English miles in circuit, and in the states hands there is not even of those yet have they in the field sometimes 60000. Souldiers, besides those which they always keep in Garrison, which cannot be but a considerable number, near 30000. more. There being in the whole countries above two hundred wallo'd towns and cities; so that if they have people for the war, one would wonder where they should get money to pay them, they being when they have an army in the field, at a thousand pound a day charge extraordinary.

To maintain this, their Excise is an unwafted mine, which with the infiniteness of their Traffique, and their untired Industry, is by every part of the world in something or other contributed to.

The sea yields them but two sorts of fish only, Herring's and Cod, six thousand pounds per annum, for which they go out sometimes seven or eight hundred boats at once, and for greater ships, they are able to set out double the number.

Their Merchandize amounted in Guicciardines time to fourteen millions per annum. Whereas England, which is in compass almost as large again, and hath the ocean as a ring about her, made not above six millions yearly: so sedulous are these Bees to labour and enrich their hive.

As they on the sea, so the women are busy on land in weaving of nets, and helping to add to the heap. And though a husband's long absence might tempt them to lascivious ways: yet they hate adultery, and are refolute in matrimonial chastity. I do not remember that ever I read in story, of any great Lady of that nation, that hath been tax'd with looseness. And questionless, 'tis their ever being busy makes them not have leisure for lust.

'Tis idleness that is Cupid's nurse; but business breaks his bow, and makes his arrows useless.

They are both merchants and farmers. And there are parts where men can but discharge with us. As if they would shew that the soul in all is masculine, and not varied into weaker sex as are the bodies that they wear about them.
Whether this be from the nature of their Country, in which, if they be not laborious they cannot live; or from an Innate Genius of the people by a Superior Providence ad-apted to them of such a situation; from their own inclination addicted to parsimony; from custom in their way of breeding; from any Transeendancy of active parts more than other Nations; or from being in their Country, like people in a City besieged, whereby their own virtues do more compact and forsake I will not determine. But certainly in general they are the most painful and diligent people on earth: And of all other the most truly of Vespasian's opinion, to think, that Ex re qualibet bonus odor lucri; Be it raised from what it will, the smell of gain is pleasant.

Yet they are in some sort Gods, for they set bounds to the Sea, and when they lift let it pafs them. Even their dwelling is a miracle; They live lower than the fishes in the very lap of the floods, and incircled in their wany Arms. They are the Israelites passing through the Red-Sea. The waters wall them in, and if they fo hope their fucses Shall drown up their enemies.

They have Struggled long with Spain's Pharaoh, and they have at length informed him to let them go. They are a Gideon's Army, upon the march again. They are the Indian Rat, gnawing the bowels of the Spanish Crocodile, to which they got when he gap'd to swallow them. They are a Serpent wreathed about the legs of that Elephant. They are the little sword-fish prickling the belly of the Whale. They are the vane of that Empire, which increas'd in Isabella, and in Charles the fifth was at full.

They are a glafs wherein Kings may see, that though they be Soveraigns over lives and goods, yet when they usurp upon God's part, and will be Kings over conscience too, they are sometimes punifht with lofs of that which lawfully is their own. That Religion too fiercely urg'd, is to stretch a string till it not only jars but cracks, and in the breaking whips (perhaps) the ftrainers eye out.

That an extreme Taxation is to take away the honey while the Bees keeps the Hive; whereas he that would take that, should first either burn them or drive them out. That Tyrants in their Government, are the greatest Traitors to their own Estates. That a desire of being too absolute, is to walk upon Pinacles and the tops of Pyramids, where not only the footing is full of hazard, but even the sharpness of that they tread on may run into their foot and wound them. That too much to re gratrle on the patience of but tickle Subjects, is to press a Thorn till it prick your finger. That nothing makes a more desperate Rebel than a Prerogative inforced too far.

That liberty in man is as the skin to the body, not to be put off, but together with life. That they which will command more than they ought, shall not at last command so much as is fit.

That moderate Princes fit fitter in their Regalities, than such as being but men, would yet have their power over their Subjects, as the
A brief Character

the gods, unlimited. That Oppression is an Iron heat till it burns the hand. That to debar some States of Ancient Priviledges, is for a Falcon to undertake to beat a flock of wild Geese out of the Fens. That to go about to compel a fullen reason to submit to a wilful peremptorines, is so long to beat a chain'd Maftiff into his Kennel, till at laft he turns and flies at your throat. That unjust policy is to shoot as they did at offend, into the mouth of a charged Cannon, to have two Bullets returned for one. That he doth but endanger himself, that riding with too weak a bit provokes a headstrong horse with a spur. That 'tis safer to meet a valiant man weaponless, than almost a Coward in Armor. That even a weak cause with a strong Cattle, will boyl late blood to a rebellious Ith. That 'tis better keeping a crafty body in an equal temper, than to anger humours by too sharp a Phisick.

That admonitions from a dying man are too serious to be negle-
ced. That there is nothing certain that is not impossible. That a Cobler of phling was one of the greatest enemies that the King of Spaine ever had.

To conclude, the Countrey it self is a morted Castle, keeping a Garnish of the richest Jewels of the world in't, the Queen of Boh-
mia and her Princely Children.

The people in it are Jews of the New Testament, that have ex-
changed nothing but the Law for the Gospel: and this they rather profeifs than praftise. Together, a man of war riding at Anchor in the Downs of Germany.

For foreign Princes to help them, is wise self-policy: when they have made them able to defend themselves against Spain, they are at the Pale; if they enable them to offend others, they go beyond it. For questionles were this thorn out of the Spaniards side, he might be feared too soon to grasp his long intended Monarchy. And were the Spaniard but polleff Lord of the Low-Countries, or had the States but the wealth and power of Spain, the rest of Eu-
rope might be like people at sea in a ship on fire; that could only chuse whether they would drown or burn. Now, their war is the peace of their Neighbours: So Rome when bulled in her civil broils, the Parthians lived at rest; but those concluded once by Cesar, next are they design'd for conquest.

If any man wonder at these Contraries, let him look in his own Body for so many several humours, in his own Brain for as many different fancies, in his own Heart for as various passions; and from all these he may learn, That

There is not in all the World such another Beast as MAN.

FINIS.
I.

A Letter to his Friend, persuading him to a Wife.

OUR Letter with much joy, your News without sorrow I received. For, as I think, he wants good nature that is not glad to hear from his friends; so I hold him over tender, that for a stranger, or one that was no friend, can be passionate. Some men have more brains than they can be quiet with; and the death of such, if not a triumph, yet is a repose to themselves, and who were their acquaintance: And therefore though I know not how to rejoice at the death of any, yet I would not be guilty of raising the little man from a peaceable grave, to the troublesome life he led here in the world. And now if I were sure it might not offend, I would tell you what a fair opportunity you are presented with, of doing a work (in my opinion) meritorious: However I am confident it would be grateful to your own heart, for that I am sure every vertuous and brave action leaves such an odour in the mind, as ever after, like a rich perfume, breaths sweetness and contentment to the thoughts of the Author.

And this is, if you make my Excellent Cousin your Wife; how good a one she will prove I need not tell; your own experience of her sweetness of Conversation cannot but tell you: if I should praise her extremely, her merit would make all that I should speak a Truth; since those that desire to be good in the height, though they may be praised, cannot be flattered; for whatever good you speak of them, they have, albeit not in action, yet in intention doubtles. A Disposition there is, whose affability may sweeten life, and banish vexation. Ingenuity, that even to a man well part-ed, may make her capable of being a wife a friend; without which for my part, I should hold marriage a yoke and prejudice; and if at all a Sacrament, even a Sacrament of dislike and sadnes. I like not a wife for the night alone; they are dark pieces that cannot please by day-light: She is provision but for the worse part of our life, if she cannot
cannot but offend awake out of bed. Of a wife should a man make his choice as he would do of his Armour; if too thick and heavy, it loads and wearies e're his march be done, begets complaint, and help his Foes to conquer: if too light and thin, it may be a little pleasant, but not safe; 'twill trouble and betray him. So when a man takes a wife, if she be dull and sotish, she may indeed keep the house, but she is to her husband coming home but like a Passion picture, presenting ever sadness and melancholy. If she be light and petulant, she is then the dishonour of him that chose her, apt with every puff to be blown off; and perhaps may (like a Pleasure-Boat) serve in shallows for a Summer voyage, but in Winter, or when storms arise in Deeps, she is then of no other use, but only to endanger him to the hazard of wreck.

If God had not made Woman with a mind to suit with Adam's, any of the Beasts he made would as well have served for Quench as she. It is more pleasant, that a man may with a spare affiance, pour out his retired thoughts in a faithful and wise wives before than by only a skin-deep beauty have the vanishing Itches of a Frailty find alay. Nor will I ever believe, but 'tis more happiness to dye with a beautiful soul than a beautiful body.

But here if you go on, you have both; for he that will not allow her personandcom, must either want eyes, or else hath liv'd among the Moors, where for beauty, deformity is mistaken.

Her years are such as cannot be found fault withall, from which you may expect rather comfort than distress: and when you shall approach to Davids Seventy, like another Shunamite she may add new warmth to the then decayes of Nature.

All you can except against is matter of Estate, which to you that have so fair a one, is none at all. He that (having sufficient) weddeth for wealth, is rather covetous than wise; neither (where there is no want) can money be a cause considerable for breach. Fittness and a competency is beyond abundance alone. When Adam had the world, God did not give him another with Eve, it was sufficient that He had for both. If it be but in managing of your house, and like a faithful Steward looking to your Family and affairs, it will more than recompence the charge that she can bring you. Then whereasver your occasions lead you, you may be sure of fidelity at home; and by taking delight to be at home, find a profit, which perhaps by absence now you loose. Let me give you a story of a Father, that on his death-bed told his Sons, That though he had no wealth to leave them for the present, yet there lay buried in his Vineyard a great Treasure, where if they digg'd they should be sure to find it. When he was dead they fell to work, but found none; yet by their digging, the Vines that year became so fruitful, as the increase to them did prove a mafs of riches. The Application is, that though you find no present Fortune, yet fair intentions and your diligences joynd, may become a wealth above your expectation. Besides, whereas
whereas now you want an Heir to your wealth, it may please God by this match to give you children, that may rejoice in the good you shall leave, and to your honour perpetuate your name to all posterity. But he that willfully makes himself fruitless, falls like a dry Tree, which for want of fruit, the Gospel does adjudge to fire: whereas in Deut. 20. 19. even in war, the Trees that did bear fruit were forbidden to be destroyed.

Tell me, if it be not a Content of the highest nature, when you shall have been abroad, either wearied with business, or delighted with News, you may to a vertuous wife tell your discontents, and have them lessen'd; but your joyes, and have them more increased? For Grief disclos'd divides, but Joy imparted multiplies. When as he that has a house, and not a wife to govern it, comes to his Home but as a Traveller to his Inn, being brought thither by necessity, and carried off for want of company that may be suitable. For neighbours do not dwell there; and Servants, though they be as safe rooms to lock up grofferwares in, yet they are not as a wife, a Cabinet for privacies: Besides, not being ty'd to their Masters Fortunes, they sometimes study themselves to his los; but a Wife has her aim for her husbands good, as knowing she is brightness by his Honour, but must be darkened if he suffer Eclipse.

Nor can I believe, but that even in your Reputation you shall do your self a right, and by this Match confirm to all, Your Conversation has been more out of true respect to Vertue, than any other finifier ends. Otherwife, what can men judge of his intents, who professing a respect while she was another, falls off when lawfully he may make her his own: And beyond all these, you know how she has suffered for you; so as you shall not only do an Act of Justice, and bravely recompence all her Indurances; but also do a Courtesie to yourself, in Cancelling those Obligations that are on you. For though I know you have not been in this way short, yet he is likest God, that learning to be a Debtor to any, by a Noble and Benevolent hand unites his own engagements, and by showing down favours puts chains and bonds upon others. It was but a cavil against Women, of him that said, though a Man marries, and his Wife be fair, yet shall he have but a little beauty, and a great deal of ill. Not did Socrates any other then play the Cynick, when he answer'd to one that asked him, whether it were best for him to marry or live single? That which forever he did, he should be sure to repent. Marriage, as it ought to be, is the Completion of Love; and Love, as it ought, is the Completion of the Law. However it is a yce of the noblest affection in Man, and which even the Scripture prefers before all the Obligations of the World besides; For Parents, and the nearest blood must all for this be laid by and repos'd. He that hath a Wife which loves him hath two selves, and possesses all his faculties double; So even in absence his defence is left. And his hand, his eye, and mind it self, he can at once leave faithful at home, and carry faithful a-
broad. With this Ordinance was the wife Cato so much taken as he did not stick to maintain, that it was more honour to be a good husband than a great Senator.

Pardon me that I am thus long, and free; my true respects to you both, hath made me thus busie in wishing: If you like it I have laid enough, if you do not, too much. Though I am confident it cannot much displease, seeing I am not capable of having any other aim in it, than a future happiness to you both. Therefore when you have remembered my best wishes to her, I have only this to say more, If you go on you hold me for ever in bonds, if not, I will still be held so: For I am resolved not to rest upon any terms without being

Your most faithful friend to serve you.

II.
To Oliva.

Since Men (as Balfac tells us) did ever pay a Reverence to Vertue, though they found it but in a Romance, or long since carried into another World. You are no whit beholding to me for the Admiration that I pay you, as a living example of that Judgment and Goodness which oft is reign'd in story. Who falls in love with the Picture only, prostrates all that he is Matter of, when the Substance once appears. Besides, so much you have engaged me by your favours, that I hold it necessary for me to become like some Mountains after Winter, that are covered with huge snows; who when they cannot pour down all their moisture at once, distill daily in a grateful watering of their Neighbour-plains. I shall endeavour not to imitate, but exceed the best patterns, and shall never esteem my self once dutiful, unless I be alwaies

Your most obedient Son.

III.
To Meliodorus.

SIR,

What ever part of the World I rest in, it seems I am destin'd to be your disturber.Merit is a Load-stone that operates at a Region distance, and this makes me now not only to intreat your favour, in presenting these to the better part of my self. Where I have treasure'd up all the felicity I expect in this World: but also that you will accept of my thanks for those large Testimonials of friendship and affection, which from the very Infancy of my acquaintance with you, you have heaped on me; for which assuredly I should quarrel my own disposition, did I not find them entirely prevailing to Constitute me,

Absolutely and for ever yours.

IV. To
IV.
To Clarissa.

How could I arraign the vanity of Poets, that tell us of the Plagues of Love? Since I find so many Solaces in the assurance of your affection, that like the Swan I could be singing in the midst of waves. Certainly, the invention of those pleasant shades below, sprung from the Genius of a Lovers breast. Whether it be your own excelling sweetnefs, that charms me to be always with you, even at this distance: Or whether it be the clearness of my own Passions, aiming at nothing but Honour and your Felicity, I dispute not: but sure I am, the Zeal I bear, not all the Phrenfies this Nation is now giddy with, can alter. And though it be debard the present Happiness of your Conversation; yet upon your least command is it ever ready to take wing and fly unto your bosom. A Sanctuary which being once attain'd. I shall disclaim the thought of being any thing but, Dear,

Your faithful Servant.

V.
To Meliodorus.

I have tyr'd you, Sir, so often with my trivial Letters, that I fear you may reckon me as one of your Scourges, among the common Calamities of these times. But indeed I differ from either Faction, in that I have no design, but to approve my self your Servant. Can the Sun shine, and the dew fall, and not the Earth return her Germinations? and you may not be displeased then, that my thanks for all your favours are not withering, but rather of the Nature of those Plants, that even with Snow upon their tops retain perpetual greenness. For surely such you shall ever find the endeavours of him, who begs your affiance in prefenting these inclofed, and then that you will believe, I am ever and every where, as well as in this paper, Sir,

Your most affectionate Servant.

VI.
To Clarissa.

Guarded by your better Genius, like a Partridge dreg'd and roasted, I have pass'd the heat and dust of the way to my own Habitation; where without your presence (which to me can make a Cottage beautiful) I find every room a Cell, and my self turning Hermite, who (wanting you) can like of nought but melancholy.
But as the Angels (besides their obedience to their Makers Commands) in their dispatches, can endure Earth a little season, out of their apprehensions that they shall speedily again return to Heaven: So all my Comfort is, that the time of my privation is but short, and in my ever busie thoughts, I at this distance dwell with you, to whom nothing in my absence will (I hope) presume to bring the least of trouble. To this end you ought for my interest fake, now to be kind to your own Goodness, and to suffer nothing that is not calm and mild as it, to come near it. Dear, fail not to present my humble duty to my honoured Father, and best Mother, nor to make much of your self, as you tender the Happines and Contentment of him, who is for ever

All and only yours.

VII.
To Oliya.

What is it that (in appearance) a little Rill can Contribute to the Sea? Though all the acknowledgments I can make can never be suitable to the Obligations that I owe you: yet I should hold it a very ill Argument, that because I cannot pay what I would, I therefore should not pay what I can. Is he worthy of a favour, that because he cannot be thankful as he should, resolves to be totally dumb? Such Divinity would quickly turn the whole World Atheist, extinguish all Morality, and truly, would leave me in a habitation darkened with perpetual blushes: Nay, if I had been frighted with merit in others, or want of desert in my self, I had never arriv'd to that happines, which (through your Conduct) by the fruition of your Daughters Conversation, I now enjoy without envying, even all those Pleasures that a bounteous Spring can give. Like spiritual Blessings I find them more in Possession than Expectation. So that I verily believe to Cure all the heresies and prejudices that have been taken up against Marriage, there needs but to propose my self, that I might convince the World of the Felicities that are in it. Nay, I am confidently of opinion, if all men that have marry'd had been as happy as I believe my self, even in the Romish Church, there never had been Eruction of Monastery or Nunnery: were the wives in Spain of such dispositions, the State might save their Matrimonial priviledges, wherewith now they are glad to encourage men to Martyrdom, left their Country prove unpeopled. But dear Mother though this be truth; yet I pray print it not; though I hug my own opinion, I am not bound to impose it on the World, wherein none lives more in health than your Daughter, I think without any ill opinion of Me or my Country: if there be any Infelicity attends us, 'tis that we are depriv'd the Honour of your Company, which wherefore it bestows it self, can both Civilize and Sanctifie:
So is Prerogatio'd at once to Create both a City and Church. And to whom I had sooner presented my ever thankful duty, had there not been a supply from that hand, which was content to give a heart to

Tour ever most obedient Son.

VIII.

To a Gentleman, that having a fair and vertuous Wife of his own, yet would needs take a fancy to Kitchin-wenchies and Drudes.

And prethee, Roger, why this dirty fancy, That when a Veniceglas is set before thee, thou long'st to drink only out of Black-Jacks and the Bedlams Horn? What a mad thirst haft thou got, that nothing can quench it but puddle water? Like the Duck that swims in the clear stream, yet feeds on Frogs among the weeds, the slime and mud: And when thou haft a gallant Herefordshire way to travel in, nothing will content thee, but thou must leap hedges to ride in Moors, in Suffolk Lanes, and Essex Hundreds. Wouldst thou not thy self pull off the head of that Hawk, that having Partridge upon wing, will continually turn tail, yea, go out at Crows and quarry there? What a Dog-trick is this now come upon thee, that thou leavest thy own clean straw and pleasant green Sweard, to tumble up and down in Carrion? Dost thou think Nature is not somethink mistaken in thee, and would make thee believe, that Kitchinstuff has the smell of Musk? or art thou sure thou art truly bred, for I durst be hang'd if any right Spaniel would ever be brought to touch these Fowles, though cook'd up and sauc'd handomely? Will not at all the world take thee for one of the worst sort of worms, that thus affect corruption, delighting to feed and crane there? Surely that hand exposes itself to even unpitied hazard, that will needs lay by its own fair Glove, and eagerly pull on that polluted one it finds upon a Dunghill. Who would not nauseate to dip but his finger in that dish of water, where the Male and Female Scullions have lately rins'd off their mingled foamy Sweat and grease? To have for thy disface a wholesome remedy of thy own at hand, and yet to seek out nasty and forbidden Cures, is a Phrenzie that would deserve more than a chain and a dark room. Is not thy own Venus the greater part of all the excellency in woman? what has the whole Sex more than one alone that is handom?

Faith Roger, shall I tell thee, for a married man at all to range after forranging game, is but buying of a flock at Gleck; he lays out, and bids high, in hope to find a Tibr there, and when all is done, he hath for the most part better Cards in his own hand. How wouldst thou blush through all the darkness that thou slippst in, to be discovered trafficking with such night and oyl?
What would Solomon have cenfur'd of this humor of thine, when even of the trick'd-up Curtezan he fayes, Among the young men he saw a fool that was taken with her beauty; as if he would tell us, that to make up one Incontinent there goes a twofold weakness, Youth and Folly. A Whore is a deep Ditch, and he whom God is angry with, shall fall therein. Is not this enough, but thou resolv'st to have it foul too,-to go to the Devil in a Slough?

'Slid, like the Great Turk, I would sooner have a Trade, and make Horn-rings, than humour the leisir of such a fordid Cupid; for business (by being diversification) is a preservative. And for a man to be a slave to such a passion, as shall throw off that Reputation and Gallantry, which is bred in him as a Gentleman and a Man; is to degrade his Creation into the scale of that with Beasts, who are hurried only by their brutish sense and appetite, with exclusion both of judgment and reason.

I remember three ways the Ancients had to Antidote themselves against the Syrens: The first was to flop their ears, and surely though this was prescribed to the Vulgar whose dull spirits have not fortitude to see and forbear; yet the prescription is good, because a pleasurable Virtue is too prevalent upon Humanity: and the bravest constitution in a Gentleman differs from a Clown, but as a Garden from the common Field, who being of the same earth, would be overgrown with the same Weeds and Bushes, were he not daily kept clean by dressing, pruning, and with industry.

A second was, with Ulysses, to dye themselves to the Mast: and this was for the nobler fort, yet morally wise and politic; who by the strength of their own resolution could bear, and stand bound by their constancy from yielding to their pleasing charms.

But the third and most sublime was that of Orpheus, who by his Celestial Music and his songs of the gods, drowned the very sound of their loudest and most enticing Notes. And certainly the contemplation of Religion, the Deity, and those incorruptible Effences, that so purely mount upon the pinions of the wings of Reason, will bear up the exalted Soul out of the air, and reach, of those low and subterraneous passions, though appropriated to such shapes as most do take the senses: and will in the end by degrees inthrone the mind in such a delight in them, as shall therein truly find more solid and more ravishing solaces, than in all those momentaneous blandishments that the flesh can bubble up. But if thou beest not harden'd in this, think but how thou couldst digest a Grooms admittance by thy wife, and do but call to mind the solemn Ingagement that thou mad'st at Marriage, against which Incontinence is not the least offence, since God, his Church, the Congregation, and Record, will be ever ready as witnesses to sentence and condemn thy perjury. Which in those that are wedded is so great, that the loosest (though highly criminal) is lost in the very name of the fault: it being styled alone Adultery, as contrary to that sacred Vow attested by such Evidence.

Lastly,
LETTERS.

Lastly, remember but how thou likeliest thy self when thou com'lt off, and then if thou wilt continue Indian and worship thele Demons still, I know nothing that can sooner cool this Devotion, than a deeper place in the Pool than either Huntsmen or Falkoners found; and though it would be some trouble to see my friend there, yet it would be better than the Guelding-block, or waiting like a Deer after Rutting time, which is much feared by

Thy Friend, Phillander.

IX.

With some of his Poems, and the Character of the Low Countries.

Madam,

I cannot forfeit Judgement as to make you Patroness to these light Trifles, they are wealthier Fancies that would be dignified by your Name. When I have lookt on things of this nature, I have never done it without something of Severe in my Thoughts, having ever held of Poetry as the Cynick did of Love, that 'tis but the idle Man's business: And such short compoitures as are these at last, are but as Fire-works at Triumphs. They crackle, shine and offer at Heaven itself, but in a moment they fall and are extinct unprofitably. As I now present them you are at liberty to censure without Obligation of defence; and if you please to take me favourably, I have only presumed to obey: Which sin my Conscience will persuade me to be more Venial, if your Ladyship, with your pardon permit me to injoy the much coveted Honour of remaining (Madam)

Your most obedient Servant.

X.

To a Doctor of Physick.

Sir, Doctor,

Since the weather is like to freeze your Physick, I may presume to find you at home at leisure to read this running Letter, which purposely hast to tell you, that by this weeks Carrier you shall receive the Module of the World in a Box.

For since the great busines of Kingdoms and Common-wealths (if clearly viewed) according to the observation of Sixtin Quintin, are often managed by the same weak grounds, and ease deceipts that Children guide their play with: Why may they not be represented by what I now have sent you.

And therefore if at first you take them for the Pope and his Conclave, it cannot be much out of the way, since the Learned play of Goose
Goose was gravely there invented. And though by their posture and pecking toward that great node, you would swear them to be a House of Commons and their Speaker; Yet considering how silently and closely they carry things, you will incline rather to believe them a Council of State and the President. Especially when reason tells you, the Goose cannot keep sweet in the place above a month at most.

Well, when I see their Ruffs and gravity, methinks the Lord Mayor and the Court of Aldermen are before me, unless you will take in the Common-Council too, for the more wisely ordering their Militia and their Privileges.

But by the Lark being there, who sings and soars high, as if the meant to show us Heaven and Reformation it should be the late Assembly of Divines and their Prolocutor. For if you observe when she is mounted to her highest pitch, she falls at once and beds in the earth the baftet of the Elements.

Because she is a water-fowl, some perhaps may take them for the Admiral and his Mariners. But surely he was nearer truth that cry'd them up for a Committee and the Chair-man. They sit as close as if all were withdrawn and they at their Vot, and this doubtles had been the right meaning, but that there is never a Rook or Bird of prey among them.

If you remember how you have seen the falacious and devouring Sparrow beat out the harmless Marten from his nest, that he may Chirp it where he never built; You will be positive, they are Country-Sequestrators, if not Haberdashers-Hall.

By their order and attention, who would not take them for an Independent and his Congregation, yet I confess the erecting of their Bills looks so like hands lifted up at the Covenant, that it could not but mind me of the short-liv'd Presbytery; But then observing the Plover there, who like the Hypocrite uses to cry here 'tis, here 'tis, as if it would show us some new light; though the design is only to fool you further off from her own haunt. I never doubt but 'tis a Conventicle, and some Lay-brother teaching them.

Oh! But beholding the long-Bills, I durst do no other but allow it for an Army and their General, and epying a Diver with a black head-piece among them, I was the more confirm'd in't, he was so like a Jesuite.

By the Partridge lagging behind, methought it appear'd like a Country-Session with both the Juries about it listenning to the Charge, where undignift'd birds perch it on the Bench, while the Gentry (if any at all) are fain to sneek but in the train or tail.

When the writing quality of the Goose comes to mind, I straight think of the University and her Chancellor.

But indeed after all, when I look upon them with their heads off, I am resolv'd they were of the Royal party; so must be either the Bishop and his Diocese, or the late House of Lords with their Keeper
Thus you see they may fit all Societies you shall please to apply them to, even from the Emperour and his Nobles to the meanest Master and his Family, and you will believe this the truer, when you know that in a Pye as part of my thanks, there is an 'intron'd Goose, attended with Woodcocks, Plovers, Wild-fowle, Partridge, Larks and Sparrows. Venison is so wild, as 'tis run out of our Country. Being a Princely dilth, it was necessary it should fall with its Matter. This, though a dead commodity, hopes to be made welcome in London. Citizens are ever kind to their kindred, and for this reason perhaps neither you nor they will be angry with me, who it may be am the greatest fool of all for writing thus, though in earnest.

Your affectionate Servant.

XI.

To the Lord C. J. R.

Being put upon a Tryal for vindicating the right of the Antient Inheritance of my Family, gained from me by a Verdict last Affizes, by what means I shall forbear to speak: I cannot but think my self very happy to have it heard before your Lordship, whose knowledge in the Laws and unalterable Integrity are so Conspicuously eminent, that as the unjust cannot hope, so the just can never fear a partiality. God knows I am so far from taking away another's right, as I would not do revenge to preserve my own. I shall therefore lay nothing at all of the Cause, but submit it wholly and freely to your Lordships upright Judgment, as upon a full hearing it shall appear before you. Only I though it might very well become me (for the just fame of your Merit in this Common-wealth,) to manifest not only this, but the desire I have to be esteemed

Your Lordships affectionate Servant.

XII.

To Remilia.

Who I think have that gracious Prerogative of Convincing Ignorance with delight. For you have made so much of me, and afforded me so much excellency of Conversation by your good-ness and Friendship, that I do confess (besides the infinite Obligation that lies on me by your Favours) I find my self deceived even beyond my own expectation. For I thought I had known you so long, that I had been thoroughly acquainted with those excellent endowments, which even from your youth you have grown up with you. But I see virtue is a perpetual Spring, ever budding forth some fresh beauty.
LETT ET S.

beauty or other to take the apprehension of the beholder. Thus
the longer I know, the more I admire; as if you had a faculty be-
yond the condition of your own frail Sex, to honour your years
with the lustre of new graces. Like some rare Plants that content
not themselves with one single Flower, though excellent: but glory
still in the succession of varieties, through which you have the advan-
tage of the ordinary sort of Ladies; who while in a short time their
whole flock of goodness may be easily found, your bordering on
Heaven does thereby grow eternal: So Jewels of transcendent value
scarcely ever come to be terminated by the eye, but the more we
gaze the greater Radiance do we find; and when we think we have
viewed all, some new Ray is darted which still keeps up our wonder.
Certainly, had the World of Women been thus qualified, Man
would have thought he had been still in Paradise, or at least that he had
met with this life but as an earnest of the happier to come. Thus
you hold me still with you in my thoughts, and they cannot but owe
you my best thanks and my best prayers too. That you may con-
tinue to be happy till you arrive at that wherein you shall continue
ever, and I hope be attended by (Madam)

Your ever faithfully devoted Servant.

XIII.

To a Person of Honour.

My Lord,

T is certain that every day was St. Swithens, till your Letter like
the Dove shewed the abatement of the Waters, and dry’d up
those floods that dwelt in our eyes: So welcome was the news of your
own wished health and the Generals high civility. Certainly, your
Family must erect some Statue to his Name, for you are as much ob-
liged to his Courtefr as the Nation to his Courage and Conduct,
which shews how Victorious he can be without his Arms. And that
there are other waies to clear the Complexion, besides those of blows
and bloud letting, since by such soft waies of Peace he can cast such e-
verlasting chains upon others. And however his favours may lead to a
prosperous success in your affairs, yet I am confident they will retain
no diminution of their Lustre by any the least Injustice in your
friends proceedings.

In that of the Lady W. I have drawn up what is to be considered,
and what to be urged; which may show the grounds that those with
you are to Limbe the piece upon, and will be much better from the li-
ving voice, than the dead Paper. Of your friends in C. I hear no sound
atall, If I shall shortly get to London, I shall then enquire, and pre-
fently transmit the account thereof to your Lordship, since in any
business that relates to your concernments I shall find the content of
declaring myself

Your Lordships most humble Servant.

XIV. To
XIV.
To Mr. S. T.

SIR,

Being last week at D. where I met your affectionate Letter, I have been forced to let the answer ing of it lye upon my score till now; though even the Horses and the Groom now sent, be it self an answer to part of what you advised. Your Intelligence was well received at D. which though it hath recourse to London, yet is so between the Academies, as 'tis rather the centre of both than partaker of either. I shall not desire to give you the trouble of relating in writing the Excommunication of the two Women at Exeter, but if you please to let Mr. W. know of it, I shall hear it from him. D. Heylins book Responder Petrus I have; 'tis a Pen from which every thing does usually drop readily and handsomely, and I am confident in an Age capable of enduring Truth, it shall merit much commendation. But 'tis a hard matter for a particular Truth to com bat against a general Error, or to bear up against Arguments and Afsertions back'd with edges; especially when they have been so long insem inated in a loomy and tenacious Earth, that they can hardly be weeded up, without pulling up the roots and earth together. The Papal Presbyterian is as unconfutable as his Holiness in his Chair; who must never admit to be in any one Error, left thereby it be concluded that he may be guilty of more. They put me in mind of what Pliny said of him that first invented to saw stones, Fuit quidam importanti ingenii; who though they would make us believe that it were the sharpness of their Engine; yet if ever they cut thorough anything, 'tis not so much it, as the tumbling to and fro of the Sand, that by a perpetual grating discharges their work for them. For the other book you write of, Hell-Fire guenched, I have heard of it, but have not yet seen it; it is to be had; I shall take it for a favour to receive it from you by Mr. W. who will pay for it. I would see what Arguments can be used for the prodigious debasing of man, and destroying not only Christian, but all Religions else: How he can out-go the honest Heathen, whose Reason found a future compensation after this life, to be necessary for vindicating the Justice of their gods.

From London we hear for certain, the Lady E. C. hath undone the Cavalier party by dying on Friday last; perhaps by Providence sentenced thereto for Felony, she by her civility having stolen the peoples love from all the rest of her Tribe. A Lady so well cut out by Nature, that she might have pass'd for a Jewel of the larger siz'd esteem, had she not been set in a Medal, that never could endure the Touch.
LETTERS.

XV.

To Sir C. F.

You have Sir,

So season'd me with your freedom and favours, that I must take time to wean my self from those contents I had in your company: Thus wooden Vessels fill'd with precious liquor, retain a long time after both their scent and fragrancy. Wheresoever I am, G. and Sir F. are still in my thought: and I can do any thing sooner than not remember them. So you need not wonder that I give you this trouble, since indeed I am acted by a Genius that compels me to't, unless I would take up a war with my self, and attempt to smother those inclinations within me, which are at once both pleasing and just. There wants yet one thing to make up my Obligation full, and I shall not be esteemed by my liking till you please to grant it me; That if you have it not already (as I hope you may) you will discover some way whereby I may declare, that there is neither pains, nor any faculty I am a Master of, or can aspire unto, but it is wholly destin'd to your service. Seriously Sir, I am so charmed by your goodness your flowing freeness, your readiness to assist me, the pertinency and gratefulness of your discourse, that I do not know I ever yet left any company with more unwillingness, or enjoy'd it with more content. And if after this Fis I be left in love with the futurity of my own life, I must blame my own Province that hath afforded me so little of so delightful a conversation. I am now getting a while to London, which appears to this Region as the heart to the body, through which its business as the thrum blooud hath all his circulation, if you have not in the Country, you may have something to do there. While I stay you cannot want an Agent that will glory in your employment, and with much earnestness beg that you will accept of all the thanks I am capable of giving, for all those noble expressions of friendship, that at my being with you, you were pleased to confer upon

Your faithful and humble Servant.

XVI.

To his much respected Loving Friend, Mr. Owen Felltham Gent. Author of the Resolves, be these delivered at London.

Orthy Gentleman, your witty, grave and sententious Book, the gift of a Friend, I read greedily, taking delight in your pithy discourses, admiring your grave and sententious conceits; until I came to the 16. Resolve, of the choice of Religion; where I find
it to be true then, which you grant in your Preface, That you do not profess your self a Scholar: at least here you shew your self no Divine, blotting the perfection of your former discourse, with the dark spot of error and ignorance in true Divinity. Remember you say, That this not knowing, makes us not able to judge; why then do you presume to judge and condemn to rashly the Roman Church and Religion, which you know not, and whose grounds and Doctrine you understand not? But I wonder not. You confefs, That before you could discern the true Religion, you were brought up in Heresy, sucking Herefie with your milk; and that even at mans age you did not examine the soundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of your Parents. What marvell then that you condemn the true Roman Faith, whose Soli-
dity and Truth you never examined, being brought up in error, with an aversion of it? But alas! why do you neglect that upon which depends an Eternity of Torments or Joyes? Is it that such a wort-
thy wit, as yours is, should build your Salvation upon the weak and falfe Opinion of weak and unlearned Ministers, despising the infa-
lible Authority of the Catholique Church? I appeal to your self in this point, you shall be Judge. You say, The Religion of the Church of England is the best: your reason is, That it makes most for Gods glory and mans quiet. But here you are deceived and deceive: Is it glorie to God to deprive his Church of five Sacraments, as Prote-
tans do? Doth it make for Gods glory to deny his Love, Wisdom and Power, as Protestants do, denying his real presence in the Eu-
charist or blessed Sacrament of our LordsSupper? Do not Prote-
tans derogate from Gods glory, making him the Author of sin, and that he predestinates men to eternal death by his only Will, without any fault? Is it not against Gods glory to teach Doctrine expressly against the Scripture, and to make Apocryphal and deny divine Authority to the two Books of Maccabees, Tobie, Esther, Ec-
clesiasticus, Wisdom, &c. as Protestants do, and the book I fend you will demonstrate? Is it not against Gods glory to deny the honour of an Intercessour to his Mother the blessed Virgin, and to the rest of his Saints, as Protestants do? Is it not against Gods glory to dis-
bey his Church, persecuting her, and perverting her by teaching Her-
hes, as Protestants do? Finally, what glory is it to God, to deny him the holy Sacrifice of the Mafs, and forfake the ancient Roman Religion, the Apostles preached to the world, and God hath prefer-
ed inviolable from error? And what Quiet to man, that holds that his Church may err, and hath no infallible Authority nor power to unburthen his Conscience, nor absolve him from his sin, as Pro-
testants hold? Wherefore Protestant Religion cannot be the true
Faith, which denieth the glory to God, and peace to men; which the Roman Church and Religion grants. Yea, but say you, The Papists detract from God, pointing him as an old man, and by this means dis-deifie him: Oh, how doth passion wrap your great wit in the veil of ignorance! Sir, we detract not from God, to whom we give all

Honour,
Honour, Glory and Praise; acknowledging his Deity and Trinity, one Deity and Nature in three Persons, yet not three but one God. It is true, we paint him as an old man, not representing by that Picture the Divine Essence itself; for seeing God is invisible, incomprehensible, without members great, without colours fair, without parts measurable; no lineaments of body, no lustre of Art, no proportion of shape can fashion or describe him: The resemblances of God the Father in the form of an old Man, of the Holy Ghost in the form of a Dove, are but Explications of the Histories recorded in Scripture, or remembrances of the shape in which they appeared. And why may not God be expressed without detracting from his Deity, in the same form and manner wherein he hath manifested himself to mortal eyes? as to the Prophet Isaiah, chap. 6, and to Daniel, chap. 7, ver. 9. So that you calumniate the Church, when you affirm us by Images to dis-deifie Almighty God.

Neither do we derogate from his Royalty and Glory, interposing our Merits as you falsely impize. For as St. John faith, Christ is the Vine, we are Branches. Now as it no ways detracteth from the Glory of the Vine, that the Branches be fruitful; but rather augmenteth the same: So doth it neither diminish the Glory of Christ, but rather adderth thereunto; if his Servants through Faith, Charity and other Vertues inspired and given by him, do produce such works as are truly Just and Meritorious. Neither are the Merits of Man requisite for any insufficiency of the Merits of Christ, but rather for proof of their great vertue and efficac! For the works of Christ, not only merited with God our Eternal Salvation, but also that we might obtain the same through his Grace and Merits by our own Merits. To give light to the World by the Sun, or to give heat thereto by fire doth not derogate from the power of God, but rather more proveth his Omnipotency, whereby he could work those things not only Himself, but likewise could give to his Creatures the power of working. This is the Doctrine of the Catholick Church, and it is inoffent Madness, and intolerable Pride, not to believe her being directed and governed by the Holy Ghost.

You further yet charge us with absurd and wicked Tenets, as to hate our enemies to death, to judge it no sin to revenge injuries. To think it Meritorious to kill an Heretick. That no faith or fidelity is to be kept with him. Is it possible that such a Worthy Judicious Gentleman as your self, should be so far over-whelm'd with hatred to our Religion, that you could harbour in your Judgement such a wicked opinion of the Catholick Church, where Wisdom, Learning and Sanctity flouriseth in the highest degree? Pardon me Sir, you were much too blame, and amongst Catholicks lost a great deal of Credit by publishing to the World such absurd Doctrine for ours, which we detest and hate as much as you your self. What you were ignorant of you should Reverently admire, and not Calumniate, nor set for our Tenets, the errors our Adversaries im-
LETTERS.

pose upon us. What satisfaction can you give for the injury done to
God's Church, unless by a Recantation and Correction of your
Books? What account will you give to Christ, when you are sum-
moned at his Tribunal for the Calumniations you laid upon his
Church, by which many souls were deceived and withheld from
embracing the true Ancient Roman Religion?

What Ransom can you give for those deceived souls which
giving Credit to your Book, perished till death in the Protestant
Religion, and were damned for their Heresie? What Recompense
for the Blood of Christ Jesus spilled and lost in their damnation
which will cry louder than the blood of Abel for Revenge against
you? If you desire therefore to give a good account and save your
soul, read this book; follow the Doctrine it teacheth you. Take
once a good Resolution to live and die a Roman Catholic, then
do Penance for your sins, Recall and correct the errors of your
Book by the help of some Catholic Divine: There are others that
must be corrected in your Resolve of the choice of Religion. Coun-
cell the Roman Faith which stands more for God's Glory, and the
quiet and Eternal good of the soul; and without this there is no
hope of Salvation. Believe me Sir, I love your person, but hate your
errors, and the zeal of your Salvation moved my Pen far inferior
to yours in Eloquence to write these rude lines. If my counsell
take effect, I shall think my self happy; if not, I shall justify God's
Caufe, do my duty to which my estate, & Chariss Christi urges nos
I beseech Almighty God of his mercy, to give you light that you
may see the errors of your new Religion, the Truth of ours; That en-
tering here into the Militant Roman Church, you may deserve here-
after to be a Member of the Triumphant in Heaven: So expecting
your answer, I rest, committing you to the Protection of sweet Jesus,

From Cadiz and the Collidge of the Society of Jesus the 23, Decemb.
1637.

Your assured Friend and Servant in Christ,
WILLIAM JOHNSON.

X V I I.

THE ANSWER.

For Mr. William Johnson of the Collidge of the Society of
Jesus in Cadiz these.

To my Wonder (Sir.)

About August last I received your Letter, where I find you ad-
mire my Wit, and taxe my Honesty: and truly I think are de-
ceived in both. For as I may not allow your Praise of the one, so I
must not endure the Condemnation of the other; Since Flattery and
Dispraise (though their looks be contrary) are so near ally'd, as they
both
both agree in men ingenious to raise the rebuking blush. And had your Letter been as full of Truth as it pretends Charity, I should have met that Candor in it, which now I must complain it wants. Nor is it the property of Love (which you seem to profess) to take a worse sense where a better is more probable, as even in the beginning you are pleas'd to fall upon. That I say I do not profess myself a Scholar, you object as matter of Ignorance, forgetting that to any partial understanding, it will be conceived a Scholar's life is not my profession. For I have liv'd in such a course, as my books have been my delight and recreation, but not my Trade: though perhaps I could wish they had. The next you bid me remember that I say, this not knowing makes us not able to Judge: And 'tis true I say so, and am still of that opinion. I tell you Religions are in some things set in heights beyond our reason's reach. What think you of faith? St. Paul will tell you 'tis the evidence of things unseen, and so unknown. Let me a little bold to ask you, if your reason can track the Miraculous Conception of our bleffed Saviour? Can your reason satisfie you in the Hypothetical Union of his Divine and Humane Nature, or in the Mystery of the Trinity, the Resurrection and Immortality of the Soul? In these and many others I do confess my weaknesses, but does this therefore conclude that I know not the Roman Church nor Religion? How come you to know that I know it not? I'm sure I never told you so. Next you say I confess that before I could discern the true Religion, I was brought up in Heresie, thinking in Heresie with my milk; and that even at Mans Age I did not examine the soundness of it, but retained it as the Faith of my Parents.

Certainly, if I did this I fear no deferv'd your Charity. 'Tis a degree of impiety I have not heard of, that any did continue to live in that Religion which his own Conscience did tell him was false, and he so told the World. When you think what an unpardonable sin you accuse me of, I am confident you will repent your Charge. For to my apprehension, it may be the sin against the Holy Ghost; if there be but Malice (which you cannot see) and I with all Christians free from.

But (Sir) can you or any man justly from my writings infer this? Go again to your own breast and see whether I speak as ex Confessio of my self, or as a complaint, that 'tis a misery to which mankind is incident; and therefore the very next words are, What a lamentable weakness is this in Man? Accompanied with so many complaints against it, as I think it is not possible anything of reason can conclude, I mean my self. What think you of this in St. Augustine?

Simplices et Indebiti Regnum Caeterum rapiant, & nos cum literis nostris ad Infernum descendimus: The simple and unlearned get up to Heaven, while we with our knowledge sink down into Hell. As I take it the manner of speech is the same; yet, I hope you will not cut of this conclude that St. Augustine confesses himself to be damned. If
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you would have writ, you should have offer'd Grain, not Chaff; this shames your Pen.

After this you charge the _Protestants_ of being prejudicial to God's glory by robbing his Church of five Sacraments. I deny not but some of those may in some sense be so called; and are so termed by some of the Fathers. But we have not like Authority from Scripture or Primitive practice, as we have for the other two. Nor do any of the Ancient Fathers certainly define the number seven. Nor do they all so much as in words acknowledge all, in our two all agree and ever have agreed. For them we have warrant from our Saviour, _ie Baptizate, &c. Hoc facite, &c. Go and Batize, &c._ Do this, &c.

For the real presence (as you hold it) I take it for the Monster of your Church. In Religion there may be things above reason: but rolling and overthrowing plainly the Fundamentals of Nature and Reason, I believe there are not. Whether you grant your _Tranubstansiation by conversion as the Dominicans, or by Succession as the Francesans_ yet in the main you acknowledge a _Miracle_, eft 'tis not _Tranubstansiation_. Now if in any Author Divine or Humane you can tell me of a _Miracle_ wrought, and yet no _Miracle_ appear, as 'tis in this where you will have Fleth and Bloud under the Species of Bread and Wine, then I have done and shall recant my error. When Christ turned the water into Wine, it appear'd Wine. When he told the people _Fairus_ daughter was not dead but asleep, they laughed him to scorn, because to their sense they saw it otherwise. And if he had brought her out still dead, and told them she was alive, would they have believe'd him, or would they not have laughed much more? If she had not appear'd alive, where had been his _Miracle_, or their belief? Reason, Nature, and Sense cannot in this kind be deluded with either words or fallacies. But for me to believe that to be Fleth, which I see and taste Bread, is to turn Mad man, and for an unwarrantable Faith forfeit both my Reason and Sense.

For Predestination you urge _Calvin_. But (Sir) the Church of England is not bound to his Tenets, nor do I hold my Faith from him, but from my blessed Saviour and his Apostles. Let it suffice, I hold man fain to be the subject of Predestination. I believe no man saved but by _God's Mercy_: No man damned but by his own defect.

The books which are Canonical, I hold to be those which were so held by the Jews, cited and owned by Christ and his Apostles, and the Primitive Church. And this I take for good Authority, further I dare not go unless I could see better grounds.

Nor do I deny the _Intercession of the blessed Virgin_ and the rest of the Saints, by praying for the Church in general. But _Invocation is out of my Rode_, I use to pray to nothing that I do not see; but what I know Omnipotent, Omniscient, and Ubiquitary.

_Gods Church_ though it be not Roman, I obey without teaching Heresies.
In the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, we do not wholly deny a Sacrifice. But a proper propitiatory Sacrifice as you hold, we deny justly. If it be proper, shew us the Body and the Immolation? if that be Invisible, how is it proper?

Surely, the true Ancient Roman Religion, which Christ and his Apostles taught, we hold, and you do not: having super-struck so many Additions and Deviations, that the right old Roman Religion and the now professed Roman are two Religions.

And certainly, if the Judges may be indifferent, we have much the advantage of you: For we have the sacred Scriptures, our blessed Saviour, his Apostles, and the purer Primitive Times, and the late Reformation, or Revivemnt rather, all on our side: And you have only the intervention of 800 years, for some things it may be more, and for others much less; and these either groundless or against grounds.

As for Gods Church, we believe that it agreeing with Scripture cannot err, I believe before the Scriptures were written, the Churches power was absolute and Arbitrary, guided by the Spirit of God: But they being written by Divine Inspiration, and the accepting them from her Rule, became ye to them, which she did confirm, not make. If you urge things warrantable by these, or not against them, we obey; if crossing these, the Answer is with the Apostles, Whether it is better to obey God or Man, judge you.

Every man has liberty allowed him by our Church to disburthen his own Conscience, to which (though not compelled) he is exhorted; and if he does, the Priest has Authority to absolve him. And this in these things I understand for the Doctrine of our Church: which are so well vindicated by men so infinitely above my abilities, as in my reason I am so well satisfied, as I desire not to be further Controversial.

I deny not but some private men, by the too much liberty of the Press, (which I acknowledge a fault) may perhaps have publish'd some things not so Orthodox; but what are these to me, while they wander from Foundations? I am neither Zuinglian, nor Lutheran, nor Calvinist, nor Papist, but Christian; for I build not on men, but on God and his Church agreeing. His Church I believe may err, I mean a particular Church, which yet may be a true Church, and so his: But this of his universal Church lawfully congregated and free, in matters of Faith, I averre, not.

Well, you are now come to charge me with imposing Tenets on your Church, which you say the holds not. But in this Charge you charge me with more than ever I put upon you, as To hate your Enemies, to death, To judge is no sin to revenge Injuries; these if you read again, you will find I charge on the Jews, nor you; to clear which you have it, That he deserves not the name of a Rabbi, that hates not his enemies to death. I confess they are put promiscuously, but so as any that would not willingly mistake, may distinguish them. And

you.
you may as well say, I charge you with Turcisme as with these firdames for all are spoken alike.

No (Sir) they are only four things I charge you with: Two, I suppose you will not deny; and the other two, I think, I may prove.

The First is that you derogate from God the Father by portraying him as an old man; and this I cannot believe but you do. You say, they are but Explications in Isaiah and Daniel; in Isaiah I find him not described after this manner, but Sitting on a Throne with such a glory, as filled the whole Earth; and at the brightness of whose presence even the Angels (as not able to endure it) covered their faces with their celestial wings. If you could paint such a glory, I could say something in excuse: Surely 'tis a vain attempt in man, when in the most elevated speculations of his mind he cannot comprehend a Deity, that he will yet presume by a Painter's dull hand and deader colours to decipher him. In Daniel I find him called the Ancient of Days, and his hair as pure Wool: But what Authority is this to shape all his parts like man? In either Vision there is something not delineable; in Isaiah the Lintels of the door moved at the Voice, and in Daniel the Books were opened: Or if he did thus out of special favour to his beloved Prophets, assume a shape to comply with their Capacities, who yet knew to them he was not in himself contemplable; shall we dare to obtrude him flatted by a Pencil, to the gaze of such a judge but what they see? If we were to paint Man, we could not give him less; and shall we so limn God, as not to give him more? These were Visions extraordinary, which we have not warrant to draw into ordinary practice. Gods Commandments are to be followed by us, but all his actions draw not into example; especially such as these whereof we find no encouragement, but in several places absolute prohibitions, as — All Nations are to him as nothing, less than nothing and vanity; to whom shall ye liken God? or what similitude will ye set up unto him? and this repeated in the 25. Verse. And a little after God sayes, He will not give his praise to Images. Yea, and in Deus. Moses delivers it with a — Cauete valde; for ye saw no similitude in the day that the Lord spake unto you in Horeb, out of the midst of the fire. Methinks for this you might take Gods own word to Moses. — Thou canst not see my face, for there shalt no man see me and live. —. How then can we represent that which yet we never could, and God himself sayes we cannot see? By his glorious Attributes God is known, but no corporeal shape could ever yet express him. What dimensions will you give to him that has none? He that will paint himself a God, guesstes out an Idol; and even his Back-parts (as they are called) were so bright, as by Moses they were undescribable: His conversation with God in the Mount flicking such a glory upon him, as the People were not able to look on. How detestable it was to the Jews I need not tell; nor do I believe in the primitive Times that you can find a Father pleading for. 

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The
The Council of Eliberis layes,—Placuit picturas in Ecclesia esse non debere, ne quod colitur, aut adoratur, in partibus deingatur: We conceive there ought to be no pictures in the Church, lest that which ought to be adored and worshippd, be painted upon the walls, Saint Ambrose was not of your opinion when he said,—Invisibilis Dei Image non in eo est quod videtur sed in eu tig: quod non videtur, The invisible Image of God is not in that which is to be seen, but in that which is not seen. And again,—Nec corporalis oculus Deus quartus, nec circumscriptus visus, nec tach in tenetur: God is not to be sought with corporeal eyes, neither is he circumscrib'd by sight, nor can he be retain'd by any corporal feeling. How then can such be set in Figure? Inscriptio summa est, & impie catis, figurare quod divinum est: It is the highest folly and the greatest Impiety, to make any draught of that which is Divine, Saint Damascene, to which also Durand does accord,—Fatuum est imagine arcare ad represen tantum Deum: It is a fottish thing to make any Image wherewith God may be represented. And your Aquinas, 500. years after him, has it positively thus,— Ips autem vero Deo, cum sit incorporeus, pul la Imago corporalis potest pon: For the true God, since he is incor po real, there ought no corporal Image to be made. Saint Augustine comes home to your own phrase of Explanation, Nescio quid in nobis spiritualiter & corporaliter facit Deus: quod nec somus sit qui percinctus, nec color qui oculus dicitur, nec odor qui naribus capitatur, nec oculis qui sensibus indicet, nec durum & molle quod tangendo sentientur: & samm aliquid est, quod sentire facile, explicare non posibile: I know not how it is, that both spiritually and corporally God still worketh in us; since he is neither a found that is audible, nor any colour discernable by sight, nor any scent that is taken by the Nostrils nor, any taste that is gustable by the Palate; he is neither hard nor soft, nor to be perceived by feeling: and yet he is something to discern, but not possibly unfold or explicate. Yea, even before the Gospel it seems it was the opinion of the wiser fort of Philosophers, —Zenophon formam Dei veri negas videri posse, & ideo quari non oportere.—Quem colimus Deum, nec offendimus nec videntus: imo ex hoc Deum credimus, quod cum sentire possimus, videros non possimus: Zenophon denied that ever the form of the true God could be seen, and therefore we ought never to be in quest of it. —The God that we worship we neither know nor can see; and even from this we know him to be God, That though we can perceive him, yet with corporal eyes we never can behold him, Sayes the eloquent Lawyer.

If there were no more but the evil consequence, it were enough to deter all Christians from it. For, however your more learned know he is not pourtrayed, yet the poor and uncapacious Vulgar think him to be such as they see: Whereby the Fools Jeer in the Psalme falls upon them,—Thou thoughtest I was even such as thy self, but I will reprove thee, &c. And such in so many Fathers of Trent, it may appear a kind of Solecisme in judgment, that they would reach one
one thing by Example, and yet give the contrary in precept; as to allow the illustration of the Divinity by Figures, and yet teach the people that the Divinity cannot be figured. Besides all this that it does among the ruder Christians, it infinitely scandals our Religion and God among strangers: If the ignorant Indian or remote American shall find the Christians God an old man, and sometimes with three faces to one body, as I have seen the lewd Idol of the Trinity; and sometimes two bodies and a Dove; or an old Man, a Lamb and a Pigeon: They have no reason but to think as well of their own proper Idols; and of the two, Heathen Jupiter may as well be lik'd; for he was figur'd as man in his strength, naked, and with Lightning in his hand: But yours is in decrepit age, weaponless, and wrap'd in Furs, as if he needed warmth. And for the other, the old Roman Trivia may as well be reckon'd on.

These are not only guilty of dis-deifying him, but they turn God into a prodigy, and confirm such as are yet no Christians more strongly in their own Idolatry,—Sic deo deorum gravatam; & a Deo vero ad materias avocan: Thus grossly they link down from Heaven, and from the true God unto dull materials lead their Profelytes. Thus from being a most pure, omnipotent and incomprehensible spiritual Essence (and by being so conceived, aweth the inquisitive and revolutive Soul of man) he is hereby degraded, and thrust down into the scale of the sinful, weak, corruptible creature, which needs must load him with contempt.

To my apprehension the Apostles is even a home Tax to this,—When they professed themselves to be wise they became fools: For they turned the glory of the incorruptible God to the similitude of the Image of a corruptible Man. Questionless it was to avoid this; that God in all his Colloquies and Appearances to men, did ever come in something that was shadow; as if he would be so envelop'd as man shoul'd not know how to pencil him; such was the Burning Bush, the Pillar of fire, the Cloud, the thick Darkness, the Whirlwind, the small still Voice, and the like.

And even to this may be added that which Saint Ambrose fayes, after he had wholly condemned the desiring God in a bodily shape, when God (he said himself in any outward Figure, Non Pateter intelligitur, sed Filius: The Son, and not the Father, is understood.

For the figuring of the Holy Ghost by a Dove, it may be pleaded that the appearance was more open, as being sub die, in the clear day, and winstayed by many; whereas the other were Visions, and not perspicable with corporal but mental eyes. Of this I find two Opinions; one that it was a real Dove that appeared, thus Tertullian, Saint Augustine, and your Maldonate: If this be true, how must the Holy Ghost be always put in this form? You may with the same reason for the Devil paint a Herd of Swine, because with our Saviours leave he entred, and precipitated them into the Sea. The
other opinion is, that it was an assumed shape; not that it was a
Dove indeed, but appeared so to the Beholders: and this seems to
sute with the words of the Text, which says it was quasi Columba,
as if it had been a Dove: And if it were but like, it could not be the
thing really, so not the shape of the Holy Ghost upon every occa-
ton to be put upon it, since at other times it varied. So that though
perhaps the historical use restrained to that story only, may not be
totally unlawful; yet in regard no hurt can come by omitting it,
and there may be harm by the representation, (for which we have
no Authority from Scripture) I think it were better forborn. And
because the Canon forbids the expressing Christ by the form of a
Lamb, Caranza from the same reason concludes,— Prohibuerunt
Spiritum Sanctum sub Columba figurari: They forbade the Holy Ghosts
being represented in the form of a Dove.

The second is that I charge you with interpreting of Merits; 'tis
counsels'd I do so; and I persuade my self most justly: You will not
deny but your works through grace are meritorious; Thus Bellar-
mine, Operabonajusborum absolventes meritoria vitae eterna ex con-
digno: The good works of just men absolutely, and out of condigni-
ty do deserve eternal life. And Vasques plainly in a manner excludes
the merits of Christ; he hath it thus,— Cum opera justi condignæ
mercatur vitam eternam, tanquam eamque mercedem & præmium,
on opus est inter canter alterius meritis condigni, quael dicem
Christi, ut is reddatur vita eterna: Since the works of the just do
worthily merit eternal life as an equivalent reward and recompence,
there is no need of the intervention of any others merit of condigni-
ty (as is the merit of Christ) whereby eternal life may be obtained.
And the Council of Trent blusters out Anathema, Accursed, to those
who do not hold it. 'Tis true, in a regenerate man I believe the ef-
ence of the work is good, because Grace is the primus motor, First
mover: but in all men these works are stained both privatively and
positively: Privately, by want of perfect Charity, — Plenissima
charitas est in nomine, illud autem quod minus est quam esse debet; ex
visita est; ex quo visita non est justus in terra: Perfect charity is not in
any body, and that which is less than it ought to be, is from defect
and sin; and by this means there is not any man just in this world.
Can you think your charity, while you have your flesh about you,
can bear that noble flame it ought? Can you love God as you
ought, and that without distraction? Can you heighten it to that
clear brightness which the Apostle gives it? Certainly, if I should
think so, though my Faith were very strong, I should have cause to
doubt my own salvation: Nay, the stronger it were, the more I were
in danger; because at last I should find it misplaced, and my Faith
would be in works, and not in Christ that saveth.

Secondly, There is in all mans works a positive ill and this is
Concupiscence. Surely you will not deny but that Saint Paul was
a regenerate man when he wrote his Epistle to the Romans, yet he is
plain in this case and saies, That when he would do good, he is thus yoked, that evil is present with him. And after he has found a deliverance from this by Christ, left he might in himself be thought without sin, he concludes thus, Then I my self in mind serve the Law of God, but in my flesh the Law of sin. David of himself will not own any such perfection, but makes God the God of his righteousness. The forenamed Apostle held on in the same steps, and saies, By the grace of God I am that I am: and left this speech might be taken of his Vocation, in the same Verse he speaks the same of his works, I laboured more abundantly than they all, yet not I, but the grace of God which is in me.

Job, of all we read, was the most confident of his own Integrity, (which indeed was rare and gloriab): To men he boasted loud, and thought it such, that he began to brave the Almighty: But alas! when God came to argue,—Who is this that darkens counsel by words without knowledge?—Then Job flags, and falls, and cries out, he is vile; will in humble silence with his own hand close his mouth, and at last abhor himself, and repent in dust and ashes, Merit in your sense! why fure a Subject, though he spend his Estate, his Life, his Fame, and all he has, for the service of his natural Prince; yet he cannot call that service Merit: For all (if need require) by the Laws of God and Man is in duty owing to him. And will you yet believe you can deserve from God, from whom that you had at all a being, or that Christ was ever sent, was merely mercy?—We are justified freely by Grace, and (which must needs be after it in time)—Eternal life is the gift of God.

And even in that Commandment, which is so oft left out among you, (the Second) in the end God saies, — He will shew mercy unto thousands of them that keep his Commandments. If he calls that Mercy which he shews to those that do observe them, who shall dare to style it Merit, exacting reward meereely for the works fake? Oh vain and empty boasting! That Man, who cannot but be daily conscious to himself of his own Imperfections, should yet dare to contend with God, and challenge Heaven as debt for the worth of the work he hath wrought?

It cannot be called Merit in your acceptation, without such a balance of worth as to over-weigh, or at least fully to counterpoise, the thing that it obtains. And in this way towards merit Man cannot go higher than in Martyrdom; but how much inferior all the works, all the Perfections of Man are (of which God has no need) in comparison of Eternal Life, and the unchangeable felicity of the Saints, be you but judge; or do but remember how the Apostle fleights them with a—Reor minime pares, &c. I think them not fit to be compared.

Further, it is not in the power of any Creature, by it self to raise it self to a higher perfection, than in its first creation it was set in: Now the height of mans perfection was a—Pesse non peccari, That he might
might not have sinned; and there he might have stood: But now in his glorification he attains to a — Non posse peccare. That he cannot sin; to which by himself or his own nature he could never rise; but as he is carried by his merits that was more than man. 'Tis Christ's Magnetick force which draws the faithful after him; who touch'd by him, though they have the adhering quality, yet like Needles as they hang they quiver, when all the attraction is in the Loadstone only.

You may please to consider besides, That whatsoever is God's own peculiarly, the creature cannot have an Interest in, but by his free donation. Joys unspeakable and glorious are God's alone: their fountain is in him. Man may do good works, actions brave and splendid; and God may bestow those in recompence of these: yet had they all the perfections Humanity can be capable of, I see not how they can merit that from God, which but meekly by his mercy he is not bound to part with all. Let a Subject do his Prince never so great, never so goodly service; 'tis true, I believe the Prince both may and will reward him (as is usual) with one or other Title of Honour: But though he does, even that which we do call reward, is in him an act of bounty, which if he did not do he did no wrong, because the root of Honour is in himself, and freely 'tis in his own choice, whether he will impart it or no. Good works to be rewar<lable we acknowledge as well as you; may more, we believe God has bound himself to reward them, but 'tis by his meekly gracious mercy, and his free voluntary promise, and no way for the value of the work done.

And it seems to me, that the Princes of this world, as led by the same instinct, and jealous of their own Prerogatives; though they have highly rewarded their Favourites with Honours, yet they have cared for the most part to have those rewards expressed as the acts of their own free grace and bounty. Thus Philip le Beau of France, creating John the Second Duke of Brittain into the title of a Peer of the Realm, after enumeration of many Services, the Patent runs thus, — Ipsum de gratia nostra promovermus in Parmem, &c. Of our favour we advance him to the degree of a Peer, &c.

Anno 1433. the Successor of the said Duke made Jean de Beau-
manoir Lord of Bois, &c., and the Patent hath it thus, — Pour partie
de renumeration de notre grace, avons donne, &c. In part of recomp-
ence of our grace and favour we have given, &c. And Spanish Pa-
tents I have seen having it, — Ex satisfaction delos dichos servicios de
mi propio motu, &c. In satisfaction of the said services of my proper
motion, &c. In England anciently they said, — Sciatis quod nos de
gratia nostra specialis, &c. meros motu nostris, — concedimus, &c. Know
ye, That of our special grace and our free motion we have gran-
ted, &c. In the Bull of Pius the fifth, whereby he created Cosimo di
Medicis, Magnum Etruria Ducem, Great Duke of Tuscany or Flo-
rence; the words are these, — Motu proprio — &c. meros,nostris
—creamus.
LETTERS.

—*creamus*, Of our proper motion— and our mere bounty— we create, &c. And though sometimes perhaps they call'd those services *Merits* (as comparatively I deny not but they might) yet they never held them such as could exact reward, but as their bounties prompted them.

It seems that the Fathers of former times had no such haughty conceits. The opinion of St. Gregory concerning merits, is of another strain, when he affirms, *Omnia virtutis noftra merita meriti sunt, cumem hominem justitiam esse injustitiam, si destrudis judicetur.* If it come to be precisely judged of, all the Merit of our Vertue is Vice, all humane Justice is Injustice. For which he had Authority sufficient, *Psal. 1. 4.*. 2. *Job 9. 20.* *Psal. 130. 3.* St. Bernard is as Orthodox where he faies,—*Hoc totem hominis merita sunt, quos hominum sunt in eo qui subtotum salutum fecit. Sufficient ad meriti seire quod non habemus merita.* All the merit of man is to put his whole trust in him that can wholly save us. It sufficeth for our merit, to know that we have none. That of St. Chriftofume suiit with this Doctrine.— *Eius milles moriatur, eis omnes virtutis animi expleamur, nihil dignam gerimus ad ea quae ipsi a Deo percipimus.* Should we dye 1000, deaths, should we complete all mental vertues; yet could we do nothing worthy of those things that God beftows upon us. And in one of his Homilies he is yet plainer ——*Si totem tempus sine bujus occupant obsequia, laudes teneantur gratiarum actiones insitias, non poteris penfare quod debes:* Should our whole life time be spent in obedience in singing Praifes and giving Thanks; yet could we never repay what we most justly owe. St. Ambrose cries out,—*Unde mihi tantum meriti cui indulgentia pro corona est:* How should I come by any thing of merit, when indulgence is the only Crown I have? In the Council of Au range it is as rightly said.—*Debetur merces bona operibus fient, Sed Gratia que non debetur precedit ut fiant. Nominem nisi Deo miserante salvant—& multa in homine bona fiant, qua non facit Homo Nulla ve- ro facit homo bona quae non Deus præstes ut faciat homo.* There is a Reward due to good Works when they are done, but grace that is not due precedes them that they may be done; without mercy from God there is not any man that can be saved— and, there are many good things done by man which man does not do: But yet does man do nothing that is good, but what God first does work in him, that thereby he may be able to do it.

But say you, Christ merited that we might obtain Salvation by our own merits. The plenitude of Christ's merits we acknowledge, but any properly our own, unless *Ex paffo.*—By Covenant, by God's free Mercy and Promise we deny: 'Tis true, Christ merited for us, and by the application of his merits through Faith we are saved: But where are any our own from the dignity of works, but in the late writings of some of your side? I say some, for all are not of this opinion. But suppose your own position should be granted (which we do not) yet since you cannot merit but by vertue of Christ's merit,
why will you rather call this your own merit than his? Since the effect must be ever in debt to the Cause. And even to come to your own instance, though the branches be fruitful, yet men do not attribute their fruitfulness to themselves, but to the Vine, without which they could not be at all. If they could be fruitful of themselves cut off from the Vine, it then were theirs peculiarly: But when they must owe it to another.—The Donor is dishonored, when the Donee is intitled to more than can be his due. It is not in him that wills, nor in him that runneth, but in God that showeth Mercy. And he it is that worketh in us both the Will and the Deed even of his good pleasure.

For my part, for man to lean against the rotten wall of his own works, I hold to be presumption and a hazard. To plant all my expectation in my blessed Saviour can be neither his merits are sufficient for me, and I cannot over-honour him by trufting: And surely your Cardinal law as much, when he became so ingenious as to acknowledge his Trust in me, &c. I am resolved to abandon my self, and am confident I shall fare the better with God because I depend upon him alone. Besides Sir, I dare not venture to live in that Faith, wherein those of your side dare not adventure to dye. I believe you can hardly tell me of anyone understanding Papit that ever dy'd confiding in his own merits for his Salvation. Then I'm sure they flye to Christ: So whosoever pleads most for humane merits in his life, his Death becomes a Retraction, and he is then glad to let go this Reed of Egypt, to catch at the Staff of Life indeed, Christ Jesus.

Thus your Champion Cardinal (whoso Learning and Life you have not many to equal) in his last will bequeath his Soul to God as a giver of mercies, not as a rewarder of merits. And here among us a most noble and meritorious Lord of the Roman Faith, who truly cannot be too much honoured for his parts and piety, is yet so far from this over-strained error, that he gives it for his Motto to his Arms, En Grace affie. Nay, those of your side do not only not dye in it, but they do not live in it. For however some licentious pens have vented it of the Regenerate in general, I could never yet meet with any that would personally speak it of himself in particular. Which seems to me to argue, that either none of you are Regenerate; or else, that though it be voted in the gross, yet you do not believe that it will hold in special. If it be true, why do you not own it? If not true, why do you teach it?

It is as strange that those of your side should aver that the good works of those that are renate, should out of Condignity merit Heaven (which is far beyond all that this World can Administer) and yet give it under their own hands, that they are not worthy Government Terrene and Finite, as you may find it in the Bull of Leo the X. that conferred the Title of Defender Fidei, on our Henry the VIII. which is subscribed by himself and 27. Cardinals of that time, and speaks thus.—Ex superne Dispositionis Arbitrio, licei imparibus meritis Universalis Ecclesia Regimini presidentes, &c. We the President...
for the Government of the Universal Church by the Disposal of the Heavenly Will, though with merit no way answerable to the favour. Away, Away! If his Holiness and all his Conclave who pretend to the Treasury of the super-abundant merits of all the Saints, dare not challenge out of merit to be Bishop of Rome: Let no man ever hereafter have the front to think by his own desert to become an Heir to Heaven.

Alas! though man does sometimes something that is partly good, what a fool of ill adheres? Evil with his thoughts is mixt, as with corrupted air, Infection; and then how advantageous is that against goodness? It was observed of Themispoetes, That after he denied Fortune a share in his Victories, attributing all to himself, he then became unprosperous; And surely since your Church has thus assumed Merit for the value of the work itself, you shall find it has not flourished as it did before. He that does ascribe his goodness to himself, does render to the world even all his good suspected, by usurping what is not his own.

Now, Sir, I am come to the other two; That is it is meritorious to kill an Heretic, with whom no Faith is to be kept. Which (not to swell a Letter too big) depending one upon another, I will link together. These you deny valiantly, and I should be glad you did it as justly: I know well enough some of your side are ashamed to own this Doctrine unvizord; and therefore they seek to evade it with the Council of Conclave, where this King killing is covertly condemned, but tacitly implied; for it saies, it is not lawful and meritorious for every particular person to kill a Tyrant, but with all it adds, Non expecta sententia vel mandato judiciis ejusque: Without expecting the sentence or command of some Judge. So that for ought is there said, if the Pope or any General of an Order, sentence him or command, it may be both lawful and meritorious.

I know also there is a pretended private condemnation of Maria's book, De Rige & Regis Institutione, Of Kings and Kingly Institution: But if it be serious, why is it not publish'd? Or how comes it to pass, that when this book should have been suspended by his Holiness, he was pleased to mistake another of the same Authors, not pertinent to the business, and let this go unpreprehended? But howsoever these shifts are offered to dazzle weak inspections, the facts are so notorious to the world, and the approbation of those facts manifested in such capital letters, as I must needs think, either you have read very little of your own side, or else that you carry so much confidence about you, as is resolved not to blush at any thing that can fall from your pen.

The first Fact I will speak of, is the murder of the Prince of Orange by Gerard, who at his Arraignment confessed he had imparted his intention of murder to Gary, Warden of the Fryers at Tourney, who encouraged him, gave him his blessing, and promised to pray for him: He confessed also that he had acquainted a Jesuie of Treves with
the matter, and the Jesuite assured him, if he dy'd in the attempt, he
should be reckoned in the number of Martyrs, and the Apologist
for John Chastell fayes, the said Gerard did that deed—Pour le bien
de la Verne. But for this perhaps you may plead the King of Spain's
perception, and his being a Subject; which how far he may be ac-
counted fo, that has Sovereign power, may be disputable: Howfo-
ver I am sure 'tis far enough from Christian charity, at once (as
much as in them lies) to destroy both body and soul, by insidiating
an unfumm'd life.

The next is the murther of Henry the third of France, and the
same Author commends this murther of James Clement, as being
Contra hostem publicum & juridice condemnatum, Against a publick
enemy, and one legally condemn'd. Nay, he goes so far as in
plain terms to justify the Regicide to the world in defiance of the fore-
named Conciliary Decree, his words are these, — Non ebblante De-
creto supraditi Concilia Constantis, privatiss & singulisictum fi
Reges & Principes Heresios & Tyrannidis condemnatos occidere: Not-
withstanding the Decree of the foresaid Council of Constance, it's
lawful for a private person, or for any man to take away the lives of
Heretical Princes, and such as are condemn'd of Tyranny. If this
pafs not with you, I hope you will give credit to this Holiness's Six tus
Quintus, who in an Oration in full Consistory at Rome, was not afraid
to afflict the Assassination by this Clement, with the mysteries of the
Incarnation and Resurrection, and the acts of Judeth and
Eleazar; the King was slain the first of August, this speech was spoken
the eleventh of September, and printed at Paris about two Mo-
nths after.

The Third Fact is the attempt of John Chastell on Henry the
Fourth of France, for whom the aforesaid Author Fran. Ver.Con-
stant, has written a particular Apology; And at the Atraignment of
the said John Chastell John Guignard was also arrested, and upon evi-
dence under his own hand, That he approved of the murther of Henry
the Third, and persuad the murther of Henry the Fourth, he
was also executed. And yet this Guignard with Mariana and his
works is highly extolled by Clarus Bonarsius, or Carolus Scribanus
which you please.

A Fourth Fact is the horrid Powder Treason Anno 1605, which
Garnet confess'd he knew and concealed, and withall said, It was to
be reckoned among those works, which were not to be commended till done.
In defence of this Garnet, has Andreas Eudamen, Joannes Cydonius
written largely, and confess'd, That not long before the discovery of the Plot in his publick prayers—Mones omnes, qui ad sollemnem Ec-
clesiae cultum convenerant, ut obnixi oren Deum profanici successa gra-
visa, Sinjusdam ret, in canes Catholicorum sub initium Comitiorum:
He admonishes all that came to the sollemn Assembly of the Church,
That they should earnestly pray to God for the happy success of a
certain weighty matter concerning the Catholicks about the begin-
ning
ning of the Parliament. And in several places it justifies this un-
heard-of practice in many other particulars; the work it self being
approved by the General of the Order of the Jesuits, and others of
that Society. And no wonder, since 'tis now by so many pens dis-
perser'd, that Heretical Princes (and whosoever the Pope fayes is fo,
must fo be taken how untrue forever it be) ought not to be tolerat-
ted: Thus Bellarmine,—Non licere Christianis tolerare Regem here-
ticum, si ile contert Subditos ad suam herefin pertinhere: It is not law-
ful for Christians to indure an Heretical King, if he endeavours to
persuade his Subjects to his Herefie. The like fayes Parsons, and
that he ought to be made away,—Idque ante prulatam Pape (enten-
tiam, Before the publication of the Popes sentence against him.
Of the fame sutable Opinion is Emanuel Sa in Apherismi Confessar.
in verbo Tyrannus. Suares de cenfus disput. 15. feet. 6. Boucher de
juria abdicatione Henrici Terti lib. 3. and many others. Nay, this
Garnet and his fellow Oldeorne are by the said Bellarmine for this gal-
ant Enterprife styled by the name of Martyrs; yea, and for such,
are put in the Jesuits Catalogue of Martyrs printed at Rome. A
glory we shall never envy you, to have your Martyrs multiplied by
them we know for Traytors. Now I would demand, Whether or no the requiring Murtherers and Sicariors with the crown
of Martyrdome, be not in your fene to make the act meritori-
ous?

And for the matter of not keeping Faith with them, I shall not
need examples, the World is every where fo full. How many Em-
perors, Kings, and Princes has the Papacy (not only for that which
you call Herefie, but even upon displeasure for light matters and
meer humane ends) deposed? absoving all their Subjects from their
sworn obedience, giving their bodies as Slaves, and their goods as a
prery to any that will take them. We need go no further than our
own Henry the VIII. by the Bull of Paul the third, which yet
wrought no other effect but heaping of scandal and scorn on the See
of Rome.

Among many Vouchers of this Doctrine let the bold afleverati-
on of Gretzer (peak for all,—Tam timidi & trepidi non sumus, ut afle-
rere palam vereamur Romanum Pontificem, poife, si necessitas exigat,
subdios Catholicos solvere Furemiento Fidelissimi Principis Tyrannici
illos trahes, we are not to fimerous and cowardly as that we should
fear publickly to affer, that the Bishop of Rome (if necefsity put
him upon it) may and can absole any Catholic Subjects from their
Oath of Allegiance, if their Prince shall Tyrannically treat them:
So that it will be true enough, if once a sentence brands them out
for Hereticks, the sworn Subjects, much less others, need not keep
faith with them. Surely 'tis a rare gift his Holinefs has in making
Knaves and Subjects perjur'd; that even whole Kingdoms of
faithfull Subjects, he can against the Law of Nations, Nature and
Religion, make into Traytors and Rebells against their lawful
Soveraigne:
Sovereigne: As if he would moralize *Aesop's Fable,* and turn the wild Hounds loose to rend and tear their Master; and prove against Saint Paul, That there are Powers not ordained of God.

Father Emond gives it us in right down words, and would make us believe, *That no man, how potent soever he be, can contract with an Infidel,* or one that hath revolted from his Confiance. And after this he persuades the Prince that has Heretick Subjects, to destroy them, even against his own Edicts, which granted them Liberty, saying, *Though a man has committed one fault against his will, by the hardness of the Times, yet there is no reason he should commit two.*

Nay, I have reason to think this violation of Faith with such as you call Hereticks, to be the Tenet of your general Clergy. Did not the Council of *Constance* condemn John Hus and Jerome of Prague, contrary to that safe Conduct that was given them? And the like would the Ecclesiasticks have put in practice against *Luther at Wormes,* if the Emperor would have given way to it, and the Elector Palatine had not stoutly opposed it, saying, *That it would be a thing that would brand the German Name, with the mark of perpetual Infamy,* And expressing with disdain, *That it was intolerable for the Service of Priests,* that Germany should draw upon itself the Infamy of not keeping the publick Faith.

But it is no marvel the Members should be thus diseased, when even the Head is tainted. Paul the Fourth was sworne at his Election to the Papacy to make but four Cardinals, which Oath he presently broke, in open Confaftory maintaining it as an Article of Faith, *That the Pope cannot be bound, much less can bind himself,* and to say otherwise was a manifiest Heresie: *to contravert which if any perswaded, he would cause the Inquisition to proceed against them.* A brave Merchant no doubt to deal with! In a Jugler, fast and loose is tolerable; but in a Prelate, sure to be ahorr'd, If to arme the Subject against the Prince, the Father against the Sonne, the Servant against the Master, and to violate Words, Promises, Oaths; voluntarily, deliberately, juridically taken,) which are the sacred Sanctions of all mundane Commerce) be to pursue the benediction and Legacy of our blessed Saviour, Peace; then Sir, is your Religion right, and I will think no more of taking it for Prophesie, *Ye take too much upon you ye Sons of Levi.*

But whence is this Power deriv'd? as I take it tis pretended all from Christ as being his Vicar on Earth. But assuredly Christ never owned either Murder or Deposition of lawful Monarks, or dispensation of oaths lawfully taken. Nay, he refused not only to be a King, but at all to be a secular Judge, and in plain and manifest terms tells us, *his Kingdome is not of this World.* I read that he
he commanded St. Peter not to use his Sword; but never that he
gave him any temporal one. That which he had he bids him put
up, with a menace if he does use it, and a reason why he did not
need it. If he had done but half as much as the Pope, the Jews had
not been cozened, for he had then restored the Kingdom to Israel.
St. Peter indeed commands us, to be subject to every Ordinance of
Man for the Lord's sake: but withall to Kings as Supreme. And even
in reason, that which does include much needs be the major. Now
the Church subsisteth in the Common-wealth. For although they be so nearly link'd, as for the most part they flourish and fall
together; yet 'tis possible there may be a State without a Church,
but not the face of a Church without a Civil State. Shall the
Eternal Son of God acknowledge a Power from God, even in a
Heathen Magistrate, and under that under one, submit himself to
the Ignominious death of the Cross? And now a thing of frailty
and of errors, which we're had name in Sacred Scripture must insin
it over Crowns and Monarchs, to which his Predecessors (who
had as much Privilegde as he,) have been submissive and obedient.
Shall the Papacy, which (had it not been for the bounty of Em-
perours and other Princes) had not at this day been Master of
one foot of habitable Earth, now lift it self to ruine thofe that
rais'd the See? This is to play the Serpent in the Fable, to fling
the bofon that gave it warmth and life. Remarkable is the ac-
knowledgment of Rodolph Duke of Swevia, who instigated by
Gregory the VII. (the first Author of this proud Usurpaton over
Kings) to take up Arms against Henry the IV. in a Battle a-
gainst him received a wound on his right hand, whereof he
died.

His complaint to his Friends was this, — Tose see how my right-
hand is wounded. It is the Hand whereby I swore to Henry my Lord
and Master, that I would never annoy him. But the Popes' Com-
mands brought me to this, to break my Oath.—— Let them who
have incited us so to do, consider in what manner they urged us, for
fear lest we be brought to Eternal Damnation.

The Troop of unconfortable Writers against the Baffard Pre-
rogative of the See of Rome over Kings, and the Absolution from
Oaths solemnly taken before God and the World is so great,
and the Arguments against it so prevalent, that I will say no more,
but conclude all with the words of a Bishop of Paris in a Cafe-
akin to this; Who when Boniface the VIII. had excommunic-
cated Philip the Fair, and challenged the Realm of France as a Be-
nefice belonging to the Papacy, lays justly, That though the
impudence of the Pope was wonderful to do it, yet he thought them the
greater Fools that did dispute the Business.

Thus (Sir) you see I had reafon enough to say what I did; I
do protest before God if I thought I had done your side any
wrong, I would most willingly recant it. For I have ever held
it a Nobleness becomming the very beft bravery of a Chriftian, 
rather to submit in a wrong even to publack acknowledgements, 
than by any Oratory, though never fo potent, to maintain it: 
But my Confcience and Reafon tell me I have dealt fairly. And 
if you consider the many other Enormities of Rome, you must 
confefs me moderate, to touch you with so folt a hand. In part 
I will follow your Counfel, for with Gods Grace, I resolve to 
live and dye a true Chriftian Catholick, But a Roman Catho-
lick I understand no more than you would me, if I should call 
a Council National, Oecumenical, or General, particular. I 
have writ this because I would be Civill, and sooner you should 
have had it, if I had been at leisure, and had not defer'd it 
in expectation of your Book you mention to have fent me, 
which yet I never met with, nor with your Letter till the time 
before specified. The love which you profefs my person I 
fhall be ready to require, which had taken me much more 
if the many mistakes wherewith you flander me, had not thrown 
stain and fcandal on your Charity. For your Hatred to my Er-
rors, 'tis neither in my power nor thoughts to help it: And 
since you needs will call them so, you must pardon me that I add 
another to them, which is to think them none.

If you have any other matter that may be Civill Commerce. 
I fhall not be adverfe to your Lines. But for my Religion, I 
believe my felf to be upon too good grounds to be moved 
by your pen. And to argue more were fruitles, fince even the 
means of Reconcilement your fide has taken away. For you 
allow no Judge but the Pope, whom you cry up for infallible, 
and besides our denying that, we know by him we are already 
prejudg'd.

And does it not incline to partial, when you will admit no 
Judge but your own? Abate but that, and the Policy and Interests 
of either fide, the Cavils and the Niceties, the Obstination and 
Peccillnes of men, their Study on either fide rather to main-
tain opinion and come of with Victory, than to find out and sub-
mitt to Truth; and then that mans opinion will not look fo hor-
ridly monftrous as some would have it deemed: That even a 
Pious, Discreet, Moderate, Learned Papiff, and a Pious, Discreet, 
Moderate, Learned Protestant may be very near to be both of 
one Religion. I am fure they have both the fame Foundation to 
buid upon, and both will own Chrift and the Gofpels Heavenly 
Doctrine. So that the Frailties of both, I hope upon Repentance 
and begging foruenefnes may receive a pardon, and they in the 
end meet together as well as at first together they began. I am 
not convince'd but that both may be Gold, only one may have 
something more of Allay, and so be something courfer than the 
other. Two Clocks may be made by one Workmans hand, and 
either of them sometimes may go falle; Yet I would not have them 
broke
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broke because they did agree, each may be mended and go right at last; but their own spring and string it is must guide them.

I shall therefore take it for a favour, if you please to let me enjoy my Religion in Peace: Then shall I so far go along with your wishes, as to pray for direction in the right; making it further my Petition to God, that he will vouchsafe to build up his Church in Truth and Unity, and to make us both so Members of it here, as we may avoid the Errors which exclude from that above, where I shall not despair but that you may be met --- by

SIR,

Your Servant

OWEN FELLTHAM.

XVIII.

TO S. H. C.

SIR,

After this Week you may take your Repose till after the Term; and you may rejoice in't. When I come up, though you may have as much trouble, yet your Hand and Pen will have ease. 'Tis sad that the Noble Duke hath been forced to abandon this vile Nation and World: Since he could not die when his Prince and Kindman was martyred, it seems he was resolved to vex Life with Sickness till he did dye; so that upon the matter he hath continued but a longer Mourner, and would not live to see the Ruine of those of the Kings Friends, who now are under pursuir. Every thing hath its end: And perhaps these Armatory Excursions, thus suddenly seconed by Over and Termer, may make way for the Escape of our Friend in the Tower. Piccadillo's are drowned in Capitals: When the Covic is let flye at, then all the Curs pursue the larger Quarry: A single Bird may steal from out a Hedge unseen. Nor hath the State any caufe to be angry, that thus they are Alarum'd to Armes: When an Insurrection is once quaff'd, the Initiators ought to be rewarded, not punished; they enrich the Commander, and are a kind of Fermentation that conduces very much to the projection and Multiplication of Gold. And I commend your grave Citizens that are so wise, as never to venture but where there is hope of gain. But I am confident if they had not taken their Religion ex Trauace, they scarce would ever have ventur'd at Christianity. They would have though it a kind of impolitick interest, to have ador'd a Crucify'd God. If their Deity be Pluto, they will not be disturbed at any subterranean Region he shall chuse. The Pismire's never troubled at

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the Change of his Land-lord to he may keep but his Mole-hill still, and may hoard and breed in quiet. If the Tree give the Swine shade, they will manure the root on't, and like the Bore and Beast when their tusks, and harden their attires at the stem on't, that they may there-with destroy his Enemies. But the best is, they have not the obstinacy to dye Martyrs, so they may change when they have a mind to't, and be as zealous to import, as they have been mad to export and expel. And then they will see that no condition is free from the Rotation of humanity, for I believe the Nation will be so good natur'd as they will not be wanting to commend and forgive. And though there can be nothing in me to incourage you to the first, yet I know you want not Charity to afford the latter to

Your ever Servant.

XIX.

To the Lady B. T.

May it please you Madam.

As good Wits out of slender Events do sometimes Compile both Large and Excellent Stories; So (Madam) hath your Noble Opinion been pleas'd to deal with those weak and inconsiderable Propensions that I find in myself to your service; if they have been Capable of any Value, 'tis only by the Impression they have of your acceptance. Whereby (Madam) it will appear to the World, there can hardly be any Merit in others, but such as takes rise and being from the Lustre of your own Creation. To the humble acknowledgment whereof, I confess no man can be more obliged than myself to your Ladyship, which shall not only make it my endeavour faithfully to discharge whatever you shall think fit to impose; but to manifest that I hold your esteem and Confidence of me to be an Honour of so great a Magnitude, that it must ever have a durance of gratitude in me equal with the well-being of (Madam)

Your most obedient and

faithful Servant.

Quod
Quod in Sepulchrum volui.

Postquam vidisset rotantem Mundum,
Imaqu; summis supernatantia,
Prosperum Tyrion scelus imbutum,
Dum Virtus sordida squallet in Aula,
Securiq; cervicem probuit:
Injusla tamen Hominum
In justissima disponente Deo;
Dum Redux Caesar Nubila pellit,
Gloriamq; Gentis tollit in altum:
Tandem evadens Terris,
Exuvias hic reliquit F E L L T H A M.

FINIS.