

4410240.
A
P I O U S
AND
Christian Consideration
OF
LIFE and *DEATH*,
AND
Of all HUMANE ACTIONS.

Written Originally in *French* by the Famous *Philip Morney* Lord of *Plessis*.

Translated into *Latin* by *Arnoldus Freitagius*.

And now done into *English* by *M. A.* for the benefit of his Countrymen.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. L.* for *LUKE MEREDITH*, at the Star in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1699.

-- Pictorial Book of Common Prayer, with Notes
 Stebbing, *woodcuts*, impl. 8vo, *calf gilt, marble leaves*
 n's Landscape Illustrations to the Bible, with
 scriptions by T. H. Horne, *plates*, 2 vols in 1, impl.
 , *half morocco, gilt tops* 1836
 all and Martin's Illustrations of the Bible, *plates*,
 edges 1838
 s (R.) Works, by Gregory, *port.*, 6 vols, *half russi*
 1832
 rble leaves
 y's Works, Cranmer on the Lord's Supper, Fulke's
 fence, and others 9 vols, 8vo, impl. 8vo, and 12mo
 et's Dictionary of the Bible, *maps and cuts*, impl.
 1845
 p, *calf gilt*
 s (J.) Acts and Monuments, by Townsend and
 1841
 tley, *woodcuts*, 8 vols
 IN SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS, viz., Genesis, Pentateuch,
 ulms, Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, New Testament,
 vols, and Tracts and Institutes together 36 vols *v. y.*
 on's (C.) Memoirs, 1847; Housman's Remains, 1841;
 . Carey's Memoirs 1836
 efield's Life and Times, 1833; Howard's (J.) Life,
 50; Sidney's Life of Hill, 1839; Bedell's (Bp.)
 1843
 e
 iss's Recollections of Robert Hall, 1833; Hughes's
) Memoirs, *port.*, 1835, and 5 other Religious Memoirs
 ders's (T.) Memoirs, by Hanna, vols 2 to 4, 8vo 1850
 son's (Christopher) Life and Letters, 1854; Bull's
 .) Memorials, 1864; Hewitson's Remains, 2 vols,
 53; Wilson's (T.) Memoir 1846
 er's (R.) Life and Times, by Orme, *port.*, 2 vols,
 f *russia*, 1830; Thomason's Life, *half russi*, 1833;
 oke's (J.) Select Remains, *half russi* 1828
 s Lives of the Apostles, *half calf gilt*, 1840; Bower's
 fe of Luther, *half bound*, 1813; Ryland's Life of
 ller, *port.*, 2 copies (1 *calf*) 1816-18
 son's (Dr. J.) Family Prayers, impl. 8vo *Fisher*

4410940.

A

P I O U S

A N D

Christian Consideration

O F

L I F E and D E A T H,

A N D

O f a l l H U M A N E A C T I O N S.

Written Originally in *French* by the Fa-
 mous *Philip Morney* Lord of *Plessis*.

Translated into *Latin* by *Arnoldus*
Freitagius.

And now done into *English* by *M. A.* for
 the benefit of his Countrymen.

L O N D O N,

Printed by *J. I.* for *LUKE MEREDITH*, at the
Star in *St. Paul's Church-yard*, 1699.

d

A
G O D L Y
 AND
 Christian Consideration
 OF
Life and Death.

IT seemeth to me a thing worthy of great wonder and amazement, and not unlike a Paradox, when I consider how all sorts of Workmen and Mercenary People rise up early, and labour hard all the day, in hopes to enjoy their desired rest at night; how Mariners tug at the Oar with all their might, that they may gain their port; and with what signs of joy, with what shouts and acclamations, they behold the shore, though at a distance: How Travellers, despising the allurements of Life, think no-

A 2 thing

thing more pleasant than to attain their Journeys end. Only we, who are engaged in the labours and trouble of this World, are soon tired therewith, and though we be tossed with the waves of this troublesome Sea, and worn out with hard and painful Travel, yet are we unwilling to see the end of our labours; we cannot without tears think of coming to our safe and secure Harbour, nor without fear and trembling, of entring into a quiet retirement. This our Life is much like *Penelope's* Web, which was daily to be woven and unwoven. It is a Sea exposed to Winds and Storms, with which sometimes the outward, sometimes the inward Man is miserably tossed; it is a Journey in which we must expect to meet with hard Frosts, and deep Snows, in which we must travel through craggy Rocks, dreadful Precipices, vast Wildernesses, and be daily in danger to be assaulted by Thieves and Robbers. Let us daily meditate of these things, and of these things let us commune with our own hearts, and let us thus tug at the Oar that we may gain our Port. But when we see Death draw nigh, and offering us an helping hand to refresh us who are wearied with Labour, to put an end to all our grief and sorrow, to bring

bring us into a safe Haven, after so dangerous a Journey, and instead of such troublesome Inns, to lodge us safely in our own House; instead of Joy and Rejoycing thereat, instead of a Swan-like Song, we are more willing (if the Fates would allow it) to repeat our former Labours, reiterate our former Voyage, and once more trust our selves to the tumultuous and tempestuous Sea of this World; we are willing to forget all our former miseries, all our shipwrecks, and all that danger of Thieves and Robbers that we have been in; and to look upon Death as our greatest punishment, much greater than all those dangers and misfortunes that we have undergone, or can possibly befall us in this Life. We act like Children, who, though they have spent whole days in tears, yet upon the approach of a Phylician, will not own that they are sick: Not unlike those, who being miserably afflicted with the Tooth-ach, spend whole days and nights in bewailing their misery, yet upon the sight of a Chirurgeon, who offers to pull out their faulty tooth, deny that they have any pain at all. We act much like those delicate ones, who being afflicted with an acute Pleurisie, send forth most miserable groans, and can scarce

have patience to stay the coming of a Chirurgeon; yet when he is come, and come to remove their Malady, they no sooner see him make ready his Instrument, but they draw back their Arm, and hide themselves within their Bed, as if he were about to kill them. We fear the Physician more than the Disease, the Chirurgeon than the pain, Incision than Suppuration. We have a quicker sense of the bitterness and momentary trouble of a Medicine, than of the cruelty of a long and tedious Disease; we are more afraid of the end of our misery, than the continuance of those evils, which we do and must daily suffer in this World. Now whence comes it that we are thus mad and stubborn? but only from hence, that we do not rightly understand what Death is. Hence is it that we are afraid of those things which we ought to hope for, and desire those things which we ought to be afraid of. We call that Life, which is a continual dying, and we call that Death, which is an Exit out of that state of continual dying, and an entrance into Eternal Life. Furthermore, what is there in Life that is so greatly to be desired? Or what is there in Death that is so greatly to be feared?

Let

Let us examine the several periods of our whole Life.

We enter into life weeping and wailing, we go through it toiling and sweating, and we go out of it decay-^{The miseries of each several Age.} ing and languishing. There is no difference between high and low, Noble and Ignoble, in this they are all alike, they must all submit to this Condition of Life, none can plead an exemption therefrom. The Condition of Man therefore is much worse than that of other living Creatures, being born and brought forth into this light, he cannot remove himself from the place where he is. The first years of his Infancy^{r. of Infancy.} are void of all pleasure, yea so far therefrom that he is troublesome both to himself and others, and even to those years in which Reason and Judgment begin to bud he is exposed to infinite dangers. In this one thing that period of time is more happy than the rest, that he doth not understand his own unhappiness. Now is there any of so abject and base a Mind, that he would willingly chuse to live always in this state of Infancy? Whence it is plain, that if we take an estimate of Life as it is in it self and in its own nature, there is nothing desirable therein, but only to live well and happily.

A 4

But

2. Child-
hood.

But let us proceed. Together with the growth and increase of the Body trouble and sorrow increase too. No sooner is he freed from the hands of his Nurse, and before he knows what pleasure there is in Play, he is committed to the discipline of a School-Master, (I speak of those who are more liberally Educated) whilst he is at Play, he is in fear; whilst he is at his Book, it is grievous and unpleasant to him. All that period of time which is spent under the tuition of another, is no better nor worse in his esteem than a Prison. He thinks of nothing else, nor aspireth at any thing more, than how he may arrive at those years, in which he may be free from the government and restraint of others, and live at liberty. This is his great and only care, that he may quickly see an end of his Infant-state, and be admitted into another of more freedom.

3. Adoles-
cence.

The entrance into this State, what is it else but the destruction of Infancy? What is Manhood, but the death of Youth? What is the rising of to-morrow, but the setting of this day? If therefore we rightly consider the thing, when Men desire a change of their Condition, they desire Death, and judge their present State unhappy; they

they are discontented with their present Condition, and therefore cannot be happy in it.

4. Youth.

Now let us consider Man in that Age which he hath so greatly longed for, *i. e.* an Age of freedom and liberty; wherein he may walk either in ways of Virtue, or Vice, and chuse what Guide he pleaseth therein, either Reason, or Passion. Now having two ways before him, he is at a stand which to chuse. Passion greatly Courts him, endeavours with a thousand baits to allure him, propounds a thousand kinds of worldly pleasure to bewitch him. But at length what are those delights? they are wicked and vicious, such as vex the Mind as it were with a perpetual Fever; they are such as Repentance follows close at the heels; like an Itch, which being allayed with much scratching, at last the part is exulcerated thereby, and leaveth behind it a long remembrance of pain and grief. These kind of Pleasures are not acquired without great pains, labour and danger, but in a moment they are gone, and leave the Mind under a long and unquiet remembrance of them. Such are the Pleasures of this World, and such the Nature of all frail and flitting Vanities. If any one will take the pains fully to examine

examine them, he will find that there are none of them seasoned with so much sweetness, which is not only not abated, but overcome by the bitterness thereof; none, though never so pleasant to the Palate, but are hurtful to the Stomach, by long usage becoming nauseous to him that useth them; none (which is the most deplorable thing of all) that are so well tempered, but that they have something in them, which not only gnaws upon, but deeply wounds the Mind and Conscience.

I shall not now insist upon those inconveniencies which all do confess and acknowledge to be in Pleasures; as Brawlings, Strifes, Fightings, Man-slaughters, Banishments, Diseases, and divers Hazards, into which either the incontinency of Life, or the imprudence and insolence of Youth is wont for the most part to precipitate Men.

But if those seeming Pleasures be real troubles, if the grief that attends them, like Wormwood-water allayed, be swallowed with them, it will evidently appear what, and what kind of Pleasure it is, as also what sort of bitterness that is, which Men suck in together with them. Such generally is unbridled Youth, which having shaken off the Patronage, and transgressed the

the directions of Parents or Masters, and having loosened the reins of their licentiousness, become Slaves and Vassals to all manner of Vice and Wickedness. Such licentious Youth may fitly be compared to some unclean Spirit possessing a Man; which sometimes throws him into the Water, sometimes into the Fire; sometimes sets him up upon a steep Precipice, and sometimes casts him down to the bottom. But if he take Reason for his Guide, Let us consider what difficulties he hath to encounter with; he must sleep in Armour, and watch with his Weapons in his hand, he must be ready every moment to engage his Enemy, because he hath an unwearied Adversary to deal with, one who will sometimes assault his Head, sometimes his Side, and sometimes the lower parts of his Body; and therefore he must always be Armed Cap-a-pee. But who is this Enemy? I answer, his own Lusts and Corruptions, which flatter and deceive him: He must stand upon his guard against every thing that he sees, against the World and every thing therein, and (which is most deplorable) he must engage with a thousand dangerous, erroneous and false Opinions of his own, and with many desperate disturbances

disturbances of his Mind, which at that Age Men are most subject to, and which seek all occasions to oppress and ruin him, by engaging him in all manner of Sin and Wickedness. It is only our great and good God, that can shew us the way out of this Labyrinth, it is he alone, that can give us Victory in these Conflicts. But how few are they who enter this Path, and of those few, how many are they who draw back their foot? Now follow whichsoever of these ways you please, you must still reckon your selves subject to the tyrannical power of trouble and disturbance; you must expect to be engaged in great and dangerous Conflicts; either you will voluntarily cast your selves headlong, or in Bonds and Fetters be made Slaves against your wills; either you will be carried down with a smooth stream, or else be forced to row against Wind and Tide, and meet with Storms and Tempests by the way. Some there are who at that Age are stupified with full draughts of false and vain allurements; not unlike those who at some sumptuous Entertainment drink themselves drunk, who the next day abhor the former Days Entertainment, and cannot otherwise remember it, than with nauseousness and loathing.

Others

Others there are, who seem seriously to despise Pleasures, yet find themselves so wearied and worn out with labour, that they are ready either to yield themselves to the Enemy; or being quite tired out with the tediousness of a troublesome Life, to hasten their own Death. These are the Pleasures of flourishing Youth, which Children so greatly long for, and which in their riper years they so much loath.

Now follows the perfect Age of Man, ^{5. Man-}
 which we call Manhood; this all Men ^{hood.} look upon as Dedicated to Wisdom, and hope to consecrate it to a quiet and happy Life. But this consummate Age, in this one thing, and indeed in all the degrees of Perfection is absolute; that then the Universal imperfection of Humane Nature, which either a simple and innocent Infancy covered, or an inconstant and inconsiderate Youth excused, doth first show its head, and appears vigorous and perfect. I shall pass by many, and only instance in those whom the World esteems Wise and Happy. Hitherto we have been possessed with fear, and deluded by it; our Pleasures have been short, our Repentance long, and our Remembrance of them sad and sorrowful. Now greater Evils invade and gain the possession

session of our Minds, viz. Covetousness and Ambition, which promise abundance of Riches and Honour if we will but fall down and worship them. Nor is there any Mortal, except the true Children of God, who is not bewitched with the love of one or other of these, and by that means falls from the height of Happiness into the Abyss of Misery. But suppose a Man prospecteth in his desire, let us consider what he gets by it.

Covetous-
ness.

The Covetous Man makes a thousand Voyages and Journeys by Sea and Land, is a thousand times exposed to Piracies in the one, and Robberies in the other; and as often to the various Chances of Fortune; with continual fear and labour he escapes a thousand Shipwracks, but seldom without great loss of time, without some Disease, some pains or aches in his Joynts or Bones, and at last finds his whole Body and all the Members thereof greatly weakned and worn out, partly by those labours, and partly by growing Age. That he may gain ease and quiet, he engageth himself in business; that he may get Riches, he denieth himself the necessaries of Life, and offereth violence to Life it self. Now grant that together with Riches he hath

hath obtained his ease, grant that he now rejoyceth in the spoils of all the East, and hath exhausted the Mines of the West, is he thereby like to be one jot the happier, or more quiet? After all his trouble, cost and travel, what hath he got? even a great heap of care and sorrow. He is tossed from one trouble to another, and yet there is no end of his misery, but only a change of his Calamity. He hath toiled and sweat out of an ardent desire to heap up Riches, and now he labours under great fear and anxiety of Mind lest he should lose them again; with a feverish ardour he heaped them together, and now he possesseth them with fear and trembling. He oftentimes exposed himself to the assaults of Thieves and Robbers, that he might make them his own; and now he hath got them, he liveth in perpetual fear of Thieves and Robbers, lest they should take them from him. With great care and pains he took them out of the Bowels of the Earth, and now his great care is, how and where he may safely hide them in the Earth again. And to say all at once, having finished his whole Journey, he at length finds himself a Prisoner; instead of those labours and sorrows which

which infested his Body, he now finds himself surrounded and attended by infinite troubles and disturbances of Mind and Spirit. But what hath the poor wretch got for all this pain and labour? Mammon, who is called the God of Covetousness, perswadeth him by vain illusions to hope for some great and good thing; but it happens to him as it usually doth to those wicked Men whom he is wont to draw into his Snare, who instead of coined Gold, find their hands full of leaves. He now possesseth that, or rather is possessed by it, which in its own Nature is of no power nor efficacy; which cannot ease, much less remove any malady: being in that inferiour to all Herbs and Plants that the Earth produceth. He heaps up vile excrements, he hath put on such a Beast-like Nature, that he adorns his head with those things which he ought to tread under his feet. But is his Covetousness thus satisfied? By no means, it is so far from that, that he is inflamed with greater and stronger desires than before. We commend that Drink which quencheth thirst, and those Meats which in least quantity nourish the Body, and stanch Hunger. These things are of that kind, that the more you use of them against thirst and

and hunger, the less you quench the one, or stanch the other. Covetousness is a Dropsie, an imaginary hunger, an insatiable appetite or desire of having much; so that we may rather expect to see a Covetous Man burst or break in sunder in the middle, than to see him satisfied with Riches. But the worst of it is, this thirst, this insatiable appetite hath taken such deep root in them, that though they have never so much plenty, yet still they want that which should satisfy their longing. In the middle of Rivers they die with thirst, in Store-houses well fraught with provisions, they perish with hunger; though they have abundance, they dare not use it. They seem to enjoy them, though they reap no benefit by them; they have indeed heaped them up, but neither for their own, nor the use of others, and therefore cannot be thought to have any thing of that which they possess, and yet they are grievously tormented with the want of what they possess not. That Proverbial saying therefore hath a great deal of truth in it, viz. *A Covetous Man wants what he hath, as well as what he hath not.* Wherefore let us return to the point in hand, which is to demonstrate, that the acquisition of those things, which by a

false name are called Goods, is nothing else but the pain and trouble of the Body; and the possession of them for the most part, is the burthen of the Soul, which is much more heavy than that of the Body, because the Mind is endued with a much quicker and purer sense than the Body is. Then are they overwhelmed with misery, when they are spoiled of their Goods; when either by Shipwreck, or by Plunder, or by Fire, or by any such like Calamity, they are violently taken out of their hands, and consumed. Hence is it, that with howling and crying they bewail their lost goods; hence is it that they so macerate themselves with cares and grief of heart for them, and will not be comforted. No reason can prevail with them to believe, that all those things which mortal Men possess in this World are subject to those, or the like misfortunes. They, and their Riches are become so much one, that when they are bereaved of their wealth, they think themselves to be dead alive, and their skin pull'd over their ears. By which it comes to pass, that these Men, who have placed all their confidence in these trifles, and fixed all their thoughts upon Earth, when once they come to be despoiled of them, their hearts sink within them,

them, and they fall into the snares of despair, out of which it seldom happens that any of them ever escapes, and returns to a better and sounder Mind. But that which surpasseth all madness is, that they think themselves to have lost all that which they do not get by Usury, they account all that as their loss, and to diminish their store, which by some unusual and unlawful way of gain is not added thereunto; and this drives many of them to that height of madness, that they conspire their own death. In a word, the reward which Covetousness bestoweth upon its Slaves and Clients, is much like that which the Devil bestoweth upon his, who, after he hath for some time indulged and gratified them, at last leaves them either in the hands of the Executioner, or makes them become their own Executioners. I pass by those many prodigious and monstrous offences, which Covetous Men in heaping up Riches, are wont to enslave themselves unto, by the Conscience of which their Minds, as it were with so many Furies, are perpetually vexed and disturbed. At length it happens, that by this violent exercise, in which the much greater part of Mankind do busie themselves, the Body is wasted and destroyed, the Mind is un-

dermined, and the Soul it self, without any delights or pleasures of Life, at length miserably perissheth.

Ambition.

Now let us proceed to the consideration of *Ambition*, which, by too earnest a desire of Honour, doth foolishly and madly force many, otherwise excellent Men, to run counter to all the ways of truth and goodness. If in this we hope to find more of happiness, we are deceived; we shall find much less. For, as Covetousness, when it recompenseth all humane labours with some vile excrements of the Earth, doth delude them; so this feeds men with sinoak and air, which have as much of vanity in them, as the other of rude and indigested matter. Both of them do indeed precipitate Men into some deep gulph, but this is by so much the more dangerous, by how much the more specious and cautious in deceiving us, by how much at first sight it appears brighter and purer than Covetousness doth. Of this sort of Men who have dedicated themselves to Ambition, some are in great esteem with Princes, some Command Armies, and every one have their distinct degrees of Offices and Dignities. You see these Men courted by others, and feared by those whom they command; you see them shining in Purple, in Armour, and in

in Attalic Vestments; and that in such sort, as if all the Delights of this World were prepared for them, and them only. But there are very few, who truly understand with what a ponderous weight but one ounce of that vain-glory doth oppress them, how much that Courtship and veneration costs them, at how dear a rate they buy but one Ell of those precious Vestments. Would but Men seriously ponder these things, we should find but few, who at such a price, and with so great repentance, would trouble themselves to seek after these things. A long and troublesome servitude and obsequiousness is usually the way to Honour, and when by these Means Men have attained thereunto, the remainder of their Lives must be exposed to dangers, out of which they seldom escape without the loss of some Member, an Arm or a Leg, and this to satisfy the pleasure of their Prince, who more values an hundred perches of ground that lies convenient for him, than a thousand such Servants, though of known and approved fidelity. That Man is indeed unhappy, who serves another by whom he is not beloved; but he is a Fool, who thinks himself to be in great esteem and honour with one who values him so little, that for a thing of no value, he

will expose him to the danger and hazard of his life.

The Art of Parasites, and a graphical description of a Court Life.

By Fawning and Flattering most Men attain to that height. These Men by a long tract of time have accustom'd their tongues and hands to say or do any thing that may please the Prince, a thing which no good Man could ever bring his mind unto. These demy-men must endure a thousand injuries, and suffer themselves to be spit upon, without resistance or complaint. Though these Men seem to be very familiar with Princes, and their Companions in their greatest Pleasures, yet are they in no better place with them, than the Keepers and Governours of those most fierce and most untamed Creatures, *viz.* Lions, are with them; who, though they have long waited on them, a thousand times fed them, and courted them with a thousand blandishments, yet when ever they give them meat, they carefully observe this one thing, to withdraw their hands out of their reach, lest by chance they should lay hold upon them, and so pay them the wages of their so long ministration and attendance. Such usually is the end of those Courtiers, who by Fawning and Flattery have screwed themselves into the favour of their Prince.

It

It is a pleasure to great Men, when they have lifted up one to the height, and find that he is past his labour, to tumble him down headlong from that height; if any one in their Service happen to be over-grown with Riches, to squeeze him like a swell'd Sponge, 'till he hath disgorged them all again. They are lovers of themselves, and love only to please themselves, and look upon all others as born to be Slaves to them and their Pleasures. This blind sort of Courtiers think they have many friends, that they have many who adore them, never considering, that as they have feignedly courted others, so do these counterfeit only a veneration for them. They rather despise those that are more powerful, and seldom open their lips but to their disgrace; they salute their Inferiours, because they have need of them; it is not therefore the Person, but his Fortune, his great Place, or his fine Apparel that they reverence. But Equals (instead of that Friendship that ought to be eminent between them) do continually vex themselves with mutual hatred, calumny, treachery, and perpetual envy at one anothers prosperity. You see then, that these Men are void of all friendship, which among wise and good Men is judged to be the greatest

The disposition of Princes towards their Court Servants.

B 4 good

good that is to be found among Mortals. But would you see them better painted? When Fortune shows the bald part of her head to them, and turns her back of them, they are forsaken of all; when she frowns, every one looks upon them with a squint eye. If they happen to be divested of their gay Apparel, nobody knows them any more. But if these Vestments happen to be bestowed upon another, though unworthy and infamous, yet he without all controversie and difficulty, shall, by the vertue of this Vestment, and the Titles thereunto annexed, be made Heir of all those Honours and Dignities which the former once possessed. They in the mean time swell and are proud, not unlike that Ass of burthen, which carried the Image of the Goddess *Isis*, and seeing the Honours which were given to her, thought they were given to him; so these unthinking Animals, never consider that they carry their fortune upon their backs, and that it is not unto them, but to that fortune that People pay respect and reverence. But you will say, whilst Fortune thus favoureth them, they live happily, and have every thing they can desire; and he who thus liveth for three or four years more or less, cannot be thought unhappy all his Life. If to live
in

in perpetual fear of being thrown from that height of Honour into the lowest degree of Disgrace, be to live happily, he indeed so liveth. If to be always aspiring to something greater than what he at present enjoyeth, *i. e.* to live in continual discontent, be to live quietly and at ease, then such an one may be said to live so. But under that outward Pomp, which you only consider, you do not know what inward troubles and vexations they carry about with them; Prisons may be splendidly built, and look beautiful outward, and yet within be full of deep Dungeons, thick darkness, and furnished with all manner of Torments. Those who you think do live at large, Inhabiting large and stately Houses, think far otherwise of themselves, they look upon themselves as too much straitned and confined. Those who in your Opinion are arrived at the highest step of Honour and Dignity, in their own opinion are but in a very low and abject state. Some there are who think themselves afflicted with some Disease, and to be equally as infirm as those who really are so; others, who when they may be Princes, yet think no otherwise of themselves than as Pages; and both the one and the other are really what they think themselves to be. You
see

see some environed with great Troops of Guards, yet how little do they trust these, though designed for their safety; neither alone nor in Company can they be free from fear. When alone they look behind them, when in Company they look about them. They drink out of massie Gold and Silver, but those are the Cups, not those of Earth or Glass, out of which poisoned Potions are wont to be drunk. They lie down upon a soft and well-made Bed, and not a Mouse to be heard, or a Fly to be seen, which may disturb their rest, yet do they always think they hear something or other, so unquiet is their rest. Whilst the laborious and weary Peasant, being void of care, lieth himself down by some murmuring Brook, making the Earth his Bed, and the Heaven his Canopy, sleepeth much more sweetly, and rests far more quietly than they. Would you see the difference between these and those who are confined to some close and nasty Prison? Both of them are fettered, the one hath his Body loaden with Iron, the other his Mind clogg'd with Golden Fetters; the Prisoner draws his Chains after him, the Courtier is entangled in his. The fetter'd Prisoner in the midst of his sorrow finds comfort, and asswageth his grief with a Song;

Song; the Courtier grievously tormenteth himself, and never releaseth his Mind from Cares. You are deceived, if you think Courtiers to be at Peace within; you judge them to be in an high and eminent Place, because they are placed in an higher station. But by the same way of measuring you may make a Dwarf a great Coloss, if you set him upon the top of some high Mountain, and measure the Statue by its basis; but this is no good Geometry, for the Statue is to be considered in, and measured by it self, without any respect had to the place whereon it standeth. And if you consider it separate from its basis, you will find it but a very small thing. You judge them indeed to be great, (if there be any such thing as greatness upon Earth, which it self in respect of Heaven is but as a point) but if you could but look into their inward parts, especially those of the Mind, you would not find any such greatness there. True greatness consists in the contempt of all those vain greatneses which we see with our eyes, to which these Men are Slaves, though they do not think themselves to be so; but it is plain they are so, else they would not so earnestly and indefatigably renew their endeavours to rise higher and higher, and never think they

they are high enough. Some there are who propose to themselves a certain Scope, at which if they can once arrive, they covenant with themselves there to rest, and enjoy their ease. Well, the wish'd for Point is attain'd, and yet they can scarce allow themselves a breathing space before they are aspiring at something more. Every one thinks himself in a low Condition, because he seeth another in a higher Station than he is: But being set up on high, though he cannot be ignorant that there are thousands, yea myriads of Men who are in a lower Condition than he, yet still aspires higher; 'till at length either his Spirits fail him, or else he is tumbled down from that height into some deep Precipice. But if at length, with all his pains and labour he happen to attain to what he aims at, then like those who live upon the top of the Craggy and Snowy *Alps*, he is not only exposed to Clouds, and Winds, and Hail, and Snow, but also to Thundrings and Lightnings, to most grievous Storms and Tempests, and to an injurious Air; which then assault him with a greater power and force; which things partly through fear shake the constancy of Mens minds, and partly by great and grievous dangers entangle and involve them;

them; which exert all their power and strength against the vain and foolish arrogance of such Men, and with one flash of Lightning not only singe all the Plumes of their aspiring Pride, but reduce them to smoak and ashes. You will perhaps grant me all this, being compell'd so to do by the Authority of Examples, of which all Antiquity is full, in which all History doth abound. But here it will be objected, That those, without all controversie, are exempted from all the injurious storms and tempests, on whose heads Nature her self hath placed a Crown, to whom she hath given a Scepter; whom, from their very Cradles she hath raised to such a degree of Honour and Dignity, and with such success, that they seem to have attained thereunto without any labour or trouble at all. And therefore these, if none else, may justly be stiled happy. But the matter may peradventure thus fall out, These being Born and Educated in that height may be less sensible of difficulties than others are, and that may befall them by Use and Custom, which is storied of those who live near the Cataracts of *Nile*, who by the impetuous and rapid falling of those Waters become deaf. He that hath been accustomed to a Prison, doth not
much

much long after liberty ; those who among the *Cimmerians* live in perpetual Night and Darkness, do not so greatly desire Day ; those who live upon the utmost top of the *Alps*, do not much regard either the thickness of the Snow, or the noise of Thunder, or the violence of Storms and Tempests, because they are accustomed thereunto. Yet are they not exempted therefrom, for, sometimes it happens that a flash of Lightning fadeth the Flower of their Diadem, and dasheth the Scepter out of their hands ; sometimes they are entangled in a great storm of Snow, out of which they do not escape without great danger ; sometimes their Minds are not only darkned, but struck blind by a cloud of grief and sorrow. They are Crowned indeed, but with a Crown of Thorns, they carry a Scepter in their hand, but it is but a Reed, which of all the things in this World is most subject to be shaken with Winds and Tempests, and their Crown is so far unable to drive away the Lethargy of the Mind, or their Scepter to ease their Cares and Troubles, that their very Crown and Scepter it self addeth to their Troubles, and they are miserably vexed therewith. Hence that Saying of a *Persian* Monarch. *That no Man would stoop to take up a Crown,*

Crown, if he knew the weight of it. But that Prince, though he seem to govern the Fortune of the World, and at his will and Pleasure to distribute either Prosperity or adversity among Mortals, though it be thought to be in his power and his only, to bless all Men with the most profound Peace and Tranquility ; yet will he freely and ingenuously confess, that in all that World which he governeth, there is nothing else to be found, save only trouble and misfortune. What do you think would all the rest say, if they would ingenuously answer those that ask them ? I pass by those who in great trouble and grief of Mind have long out-lived their Kingdoms, the destruction whereof they have seen with their own eyes, and who after the ruine of all their Royal Pomp and Pageantry have long lived Poor and Miserable. *Dionysius* the *Sicilian* Tyrant found more pleasure and satisfaction, when with a Birchen Scepter he governed the Youth of *Corinth*, than ever he did when he wore a Crown, and grievously Tyrannized over all *Sicily*. What shall I say of *Sylla* ? who so cruelly infested the Common-wealth of *Rome* (which was then the Mistress of all the World) with Depredations, he never enjoyed so much peace and quiet of Mind, as when of his own

own accord he divested himself of all Power, Authority, and Dignity. But let us hear the Judgment of King *Solon*, who, though he was endowed by God with many singular Prerogatives, and great Riches; though he had search'd out the hidden Treasures of the Isles, and the 'till then unknown Riches of the World; yet in his *Ecclesiastes* he sufficiently instructs us, that after so long and tedious a search after the acquisition of that which this World calls Happiness, and the trial of all kinds of Worldly felicities, he at length had found nothing but labour and sorrow, vanity and vexation of Spirit. Let us enquire of *Augustus Caesar*, who was Lord of the peaceable and well-composed World, and we shall find him weary of the troubles of his by-past Life, and preferring the quiet and secure condition of the vile and most abject person before his own, and judging it an happy hour, wherein, his Royalties being laid aside, he should be freed from the heavy burthen of Honour and Dignity, and suffered to live in peace and quietness with Men of the lowest Rank and Condition. Let us also enquire of his Successor in the Empire, *viz. Tiberius*, and he will tell us, that he held the Empire like a Woolf by the ears, and would willingly let

let go hishold, if he could do it without danger of being bitten thereby. That Man may justly accuse Fortune, which having lifted him up into so high a Place, takes away the Ladder by which he ascended, so that he cannot tell how to come safely down again. *Dioclesian*, in whom were lively drawn the lineaments of Princely Vertue and Wisdom, yet preferr'd his Exile and Banishment before the Majesty of the *Roman* Empire. Lastly, let us enquire of *Charles* the Fifth, whom this Age judgeth to be the most happy of all those who in many Ages had lived before him, and we shall find him cursing his Victories, the propagation of his Empire, his Triumphs, and his Trophies; and confessing that he had found more real pleasure and advantage in one days Monastic Solitude, than in all the most splendid Triumphs of his whole Life. Now shall we judge these Men to be happy in this imaginary splendor of an Illustrious Life, when they themselves judge themselves to be unhappy therein? who think their only happiness consists in the diminution of their greatness, and in the low degree of a more humble Life? who in all the World can scarce find so much room where they may disburthen themselves of their so vast and weighty fardel of Honour and Dignity; no Bed so fit and easie, in which they can compose themselves to rest and quiet. C. That

Who is
happy.

That Man only is truly happy, who li-
veth contented with his present Condition;
and of all Mortals he is the most unhappy,
whose desires are so ravenous, that nothing
in this World can satisfie them, or settle
his Mind in Peace and Quietness. *Pyrrhus*
King of *Epirus* was therefore very misera-
ble, whose Covetousness and Ambition no-
thing less could satisfie than the Empire of
the whole World, and therefore put him-
self upon all that labour and travel, all
those dangers and hazards to seek that a-
broad, which he might have found at home,
if he could have been content with his own
Epirus. But that famous *Alexander* the
Great was yet much more unhappy than
he, who was Born to a Flourishing King-
dom, and by his Arms had Conquered the
great Empire of *Persia*, and as he thought
all the known Worlds, yet wept, be-
cause there were no more Worlds for him
to Conquer; that with the Spoils thereof
he might satisfie his insatiable Ambition;
and yet not long after was forced to be
contented with a small Grave, and to bury
all his Ambition within the compass of
six foot of ground. Briefly; Suppose these
Ambitious Princes to be born and bred in
the highest top of the *Alps*, to aspire at
the Conquest of Heaven, and to seek out
all ways and means how they may come at
it. Suppose any of them should Conquer
all

all the Kings of the Earth besides, yet
would they not be so satisfied, but would
contend with God himself about the bounds
of their Empire; their Ambition would
know no limits nor measure, 'till God him-
self at that very juncture of time when
they think themselves at the highest round
of the Ladder, with one blow of a Thun-
der-bolt, tumbleth them down head-long,
breaks the Scepter in their hands, and op-
presseth them with their own Diadem. In
a word, all the felicity that is to be found
in *Ambition* is, that wicked and ambitious
Men grasping at greater things, bring
down the greater evil upon their own heads.
Some there are who by climbing high hope
to get out of the reach of all those Evils,
never considering that that which they so
earnestly strive to attain unto, is nothing
else but an heap of Evils. I pass by the
unfortunate lot of those, who through the
course of their whole lives have waited up-
on the Court, in hopes to tast of its benefi-
cence, and at last are not one jot the bet-
ter for it. With great grief of Mind they
may see how all things of their own ac-
cord flow in to him, who never did, nor
ever pretended to take any pains for them;
they may see also how the treasure of those
who with great toil and labour have ga-
thered it together, instead of being their
gain, becomes a great loss to them; they

may see how Riches are conferred upon some, who never stir a foot for them; whilst others who make it their great care and study not only to get, but preserve them; yet cannot with all their diligence keep them together. But these kinds of Men are of all others the most unhappy, because they know their own misery, and in their own opinion are really miserable. At length let this Consideration suffice, that all those Riches, which Mammon that Hellish Demon conferreth upon us, are only a bait, by which he may allure us into his Net; all these present and momentary things are wonderful snares, by which he deludeth all our labours and endeavours, which with so much sweat we undergo, to heap up Riches; and that he at long run is the most unfortunate of Men, to whom Fortune, in the acquisition of them, is most favourable.

But some will say, it is confess'd indeed, that the Covetous Man in the abundance of his Riches, enjoys no good, and that according to the Proverbial Saying, he as much wants what he hath, as what he hath not. It is acknowledged also that the Ambitious Man even when he thinks himself the most happy, is then the most unhappy. And that both of them get nothing more certainly to themselves than hellish pains, racks and tortures. Yet they ask, whether

whether some may not be found in the number of those who attend upon the administration of Law and Justice, or do daily wait upon the person of a Prince, who enjoy their Wealth and Honour with pleasure, who are not liable to any covetous desires, or trouble of mind arising therefrom, who get and enjoy their Dignities with a quiet and peaceable Mind? Perhaps some such there might be in former Ages, in the days of our Ancestors, when some small spark of candour and ingenuity was to be found among Men. But in this present and so deplorable state of affairs, I do not see how this can be done; if Men intermeddle in publick business, they will do it either well or ill. If ill, they stir up Divine wrath against themselves, and make their own Conscience their Executioner, which will continually vex and torment them. But if well, they procure unto themselves the hatred and enmity of Men, and those not of the lowest but highest rank, whose envy and malevolence will lay snares for them, and whose tyranny and cruelty will cruelly threaten them. If it be *popular applause* they aim at, they may perhaps please that furious Beast, but in so doing they must of necessity displease themselves. If Men be passionate Lovers of themselves, they cannot chuse but displease God. But if they conform their own to God's Will, they

they incur a thousand dangers from the World, and procure an innumerable company of inconveniencies to themselves; whence it is, that if you consult the greatest part of good Men, and such who seem in some measure to be well content with their present Condition; you will find some willing to change a fine Coat for a Farmer's Jerkin; others who think those live most happily who have nothing to live upon; others grievously complaining of the noise and tumult of the Court, and willing to take any occasion to get rid of it. In a word, you will scarce find any one who is not weary of his own condition, who doth not envy another Man's, and who is not willing to change his own for that of another. There is none any where to be found, who are not tired with those studies, to which they had dedicated their whole lives, though they are still willing and desirous to live even to old Age. What therefore in such a diversity and contradiction of minds and humours shall we do? shall we avoid the society of Men, that we may find out true and genuine humanity? shall we hide our selves in Woods and Thickets among wild Beasts, that so we may shun those troubles and perturbations of mind? Or lastly shall we separate our selves from that herd of Animals, which are called rational, or leave the World, that

that we may escape the miseries thereof? If by so doing we should obtain that quiet and peaceable life which we so much desire, is that a matter of so great moment? For it seldom happens that those who so earnestly desire it, can so adjust their methods, as to enter into that way of living when they please; and those that do, seldom find that peace and quietness which they expected therein. There are some who strenuously apply their minds thereunto, but meeting with some rub or obstacle in their way, they stop in the middle of their course, and proceed no farther. How mad and foolish are they who are stopped by that which in their own judgment they condemn? but how much more foolish and mad are they, who take counsel of him, whom they cannot but look upon as their deadly Enemy? Some there are who are persuaded to engage in business upon this specious pretence, because it is their duty to serve the publick; but those who suffer themselves to be thus perswaded, do not consider that those who perswade them, do thereby endeavour to serve themselves, not others; and that the far greatest part of them would never engage in any publick business, if they did not thereby hope to serve their own private interest. Others are induced upon this account, because they hope by the example of a good life, and

uncorrupted manners, to bring many to goodness. But let such consider, that in a City infected with the Plague, it oftner happeneth that an hundred of Men, and even Physicians themselves die of the contagion, than that one infected Person is recovered and restored to health again. To commit our selves to such an infected air is to tempt God, seeing no more present and safe remedy can be found for this evil, than to remove our selves from that place where it reigneth. It is found by experience, that it is not less difficult to draw one or two, like *Lot* and his Family in *Sodom*, from an evil custom of living to a better, than it is to preserve a stream of fresh water, which dischargeth it self in the Sea, from the saltness thereof. As for those who excel others in wisdom and knowledge, whose care it is to preserve both their Souls and Bodies in health, who chuse for themselves a pure and uninfected air, far distant from that, in which wicked and ungodly Men live, who, having the Angel of God for their guide, do, according to the example of *Lot*, retire themselves to *Zoar*, leaving the Court for the Countrey, where they may be at a distance from the World's flagitious way of living, who chuse for themselves some private places remote from the noise and tumult, and danger too of pestiferous Cities, in which they give themselves

themselves to the study of some Science, or some serious contemplation: I readily grant that these Men are less exposed to danger than others, but that they are altogether exempt from the common calamity, I cannot agree, because they carry their danger along with them. They avoid indeed the Court, but the Court follows them; they do what they can to withdraw themselves from the World, but the World pursueth them even unto death. And in that immense and vast circle of this world, they can scarce find out any hole, wherein to hide themselves from the World; so desirous is the World to deliver them over to death. But if by some singular blessing of God they happen to keep their heads above water in all these storms and tempests, yet are they either pressed with poverty, or vexed with some domestick strifes and dissensions, or grieved either with or for some familiar friend; so that some way or other they always find the World in them and about them.

But that which is most deplorable of all, being freed from these outward wars and troubles, we wage a civil and intestine war with and against our selves; the Flesh lusteth against the Spirit, Passion riseth up in rebellion against Reason, Earth opposeth Heaven, and the World within struggles hard for the World without us; which though

though it be shunned by us, yet having fixed its seat, it keeps a constant residence in the bottom of our hearts. But what do I say? when they themselves, who with tragical and demure looks, and with specious words, profess to renounce the World, do yet cherish themselves with a vain ambitious hope of worldly praise and profit. They pretend to shun the World, and yet run into its embraces. Some shun Honours, and by that means make their way to Dignities, hoping for their seeming modesty to be invited to accept of them. Others hide themselves that they may be sought after. So it comes to pass, that the persecuted World often liveth among those who seem to run from it. We are deceived, if we follow the multitude, for, in the greatest throng and concourse of People, the World, and the God of this World keep their Court; do we love solitude, he, who tempted Christ in the Wilderness, hath there his lurking places. Do we live with our selves, or within our selves, we may there as well as any where else find a contaminated World; nor have we any other way to mortify it, but by dying to it. We live in the World, and the World in us, and therefore we have no other way to rid our selves of the World, but by departing from our selves; and this departure we call Death. We leave an infected City,
but

but we do not consider that we carry infected Bodies along with us, and that we our selves are not the least part of the Infection; so that though we wander thro' craggy Rocks, Desarts, Mountains, that Infection is still our inseparable Companion. Whilst we shun the Contagion of others, we labour under our own. We may shun the conversation of Men, and yet not abdicate the Man from our selves. The stormy and tempestuous Sea of this World we find to be very troublesome, our heart akes, our stomach is sick, whilst we sail through the waves thereof; and to free our selves from this trouble, we change that which is firm and solid, for that which is frail and brittle; we leave that which is truly great and good, for that which is base and little. And yet we cannot promise our selves any rest or quiet, we are not one jot the better for our change, we are still beaten upon by the same waters, and tossed by the same waves. There is one and the same Haven to all Mortals, and that is Death, wherein they may rest from their labours. The sick Man may be laid in a Chamber near the Street or Market, the noise whereof is troublesome to him; he may be removed from that to a more retired lodging, more remote from noise and tumult, and yet, for all that, his fever continues still, and abates nothing of its heat and vigour.

gour. We may change our Bed, our Lodgings, our House, and our Countrey, and yet find no abatement of our troubles; and the reason is plain, because we every where find our selves, we do not endeavour to change our lives, but our place, we do not strive to be other Men, but other where. We desire solitude, that we may shun solicitude, that being at quiet, we may shake off the burthen of our cares. We desire to be at a distance from the conversation of wicked Men, and for that end we change our places; but whithersoever we carry our Bodies, thither also we carry our own Covetousness, our own Ambition, and all the passions of our depraved minds; which a thousand ways vex us, and a thousand times a day call our minds back to the Onions and Garlick of *Egypt*. These do always pass the same Bridge that we do, and therefore on which side soever of the River we are, we have them to conflict with. But if we were able to conquer this Army of Vices, which eats up our Minds, we should without doubt, find peace and quietness, not only in solitude, but in the greatest throng and press of People.

The whole Life of Man in this World is a continual warfare. We cannot be secure either from external treacheries, or clandestine counsels and deceits. The *Greeks* had no sooner raised their Siege, and found-

ed a Retreat, but the wicked *Sinon* troubles all within the walls of *Troy*, and endeavours to betray the City to the *Greeks*. We must always watch therefore, and keep a strict guard; we must always have our weapons in our hands, lest by our security and too much confidence, we be every moment in danger to fall into the hands of our Enemies, out of which we have no probability to escape, no not by the benefit of Woods, or Rivers, or Mountains; no not though we inclose our selves within a Press, or hide our selves in some Cave or Den under ground. Only Death, which by the separation of Soul and Body, *i. e.* of the pure and clean part, from that which is impure and unclean, can do this; which whilst they were conjoyn'd in one Person, could never agree, but were always brawling and at strife between themselves, 'till either the one or the other was totally subdued and brought under.

Now though I am not ignorant, how those, who have given themselves up to a solitary life, do spend their time; *viz.* either in the study of Sacred or Profane Literature, and of all Sciences and Disciplines; and that these Men live far otherwise than those Men who have wholly given themselves up to Sports and Pleasures, and thereby have render'd themselves as brutish as those Wild-beasts which they hunt; yet even the wisest of these Wise Men

Men must subscribe to the censure of the wise *Solomon*, and confess with him, that all these things, when seriously considered, are nothing else but meer Vanity, and Vexation of Spirit. ^a Some there are who spend their whole time in Grammar and Rhetorick, *i. e.* in learning to speak well, but do not in the least think, nor allow themselves any small portion of their time to think, how they may live well. ^b Others there are who are so busie in finding out the Riddles of a Logical *Sphinx*, that they examine all the trifles and impertinencies of Reasons, to find out what Reason is, and in the search thereof oftentimes lose themselves and their Reason too. ^c Others there are who by *Arithmetick* learn to divide every thing into the most minute Fractions, and yet are so bad Proficients, that they do not know how to divide a Half-penny with a Brother in way of Charity. ^d Many there are, who by the help of *Geometry* can give limits to grounds, and separate them from one another, who can measure Cities and Countries, and yet cannot attain so far, as by any rule to measure themselves. ^e The *Musician* can bring different Voices and Tones into one harmony, and yet all the while have nothing that is harmonious in his own mind, nothing, which, by reason of the perturbations of his Mind, doth not run counter to all Musical measures.

The

^f The *Astronomer*, whilst with fixed eyes he looketh up to Heaven, and seriously vieweth the motion of the Stars, stumbles and falls into the next Ditch; foretelling things to come, he loseth those that are present, though with fixed eyes he looks up to Heaven, yet hath he a Mind which is stuck fast in the mire of this World. ^g The *Philosopher* disputeth gravely and accurately of the Nature of things, and yet cannot attain to the knowledge of himself. ^h The *Physician* takes care of the health of others, but as to the knowledge of the Diseases of his own Mind, he is as blind as a Beetle; he very well knows the beating and alteration of his own Pulse, but how to cure the burning Fever of his Mind (to which all his thoughts in the first place ought to have been converted) he knows nothing of it, nor in the least regards it. ⁱ The *Historian* hath the *Theban* and *Trojan* Wars at his fingers ends, but is wholly ignorant of what more nearly concerns him. ^k The *Lawyer* maketh Laws for all the World, but he cannot make any Law for himself. ^l The *Divine* earnestly contends for and disputeth about the Faith, but never thinks of Charity; he speaks much of God, but to help his Neighbour in time of need, he regards not. *Arts and Sciences* therefore do indeed weary the minds of Men with continual labour, but yield them no ease

nor

nor quiet. By how much our Minds are filled with knowledge, by so much we desire more, nor doth any Science take away those Controversies, which distract the minds of Men, nor remove those cares and troubles which perpetually vex them. *Arts and Sciences* do indeed polish the Minds of Men, but they do not free them from Vices and Diseases. Learning doth indeed cultivate Men, but it doth not make them good, nor truly wise. To all which we may add, that by how much the greater knowledge we attain unto, by so much we know how small proficients we have been; by how much the Mind is filled with knowledge, by so much the more it knows its own emptiness; how great soever the knowledge of Men may be in this world, it is only of the least part of those things which we are ignorant of; so that the highest pitch which our wisdom can attain unto, is to know our own ignorance and want of knowledge; the top of Man's perfection here, consists in the knowledge of his imperfection, which whosoever attaineth to, is Endued with greater wisdom than others, and may be reckoned the most perfect. So that at length, we may conclude with the wise *Solomon*, that the fear of the Lord is both the beginning and end of Wisdom, which Wisdom in the World's esteem is meer folly, and the
followers

followers thereof worthy of deadly hatred. Those therefore who are endued with this Divine fear of God need not fear any evil, because whatever misfortune they may be liable to, it will certainly be changed for the better: Nor are they to hope for any good from the world, because they must be at perpetual war with him, who is called the Prince of this world.

Furthermore, in what manner soever we have spent our time, it matters not much. *A Recapitulation of Old-Age, and all Vices.* Old Age is at hand, it silently comes upon us unawares, it hangs over our heads, and wherever it finds us, whether in the throng of Men, or in solitude, separated from the society of Mortals, it there assaults us. Most Men do reckon, and bend all their thoughts to this one thing, that in Old Age being freed from all their cares, they may live quietly, and indulge the health and quiet of their wearied Bodies. But it usually happeneth far otherwise, for, in Old Age Men are scarce so sensible of any thing, as of the great evil of their by past lives, that being a sifter time than any other, wherein to call to mind all those Vices, wherein the former part of their lives hath been contaminated. Then will they find how weak and unprofitable their Infancy hath been, how unbridled and luxurious their youth, whereby they brought upon themselves weakness of joints, Palsies, Stone, and many other kinds of Diseases, which by little and little, but with great pain, pull Men to pieces; then will they remember the great solicitude and anxious care which attended their Manhood, and how the same is now rewarded with blindness and deafness, and lastly with the privation of all sense,
D except

except that of pain. There is no part of our Body but is mortgaged unto Death, we are all, and all together enslaved thereunto; by reason whereof it happeneth to us, as it usually doth to them who are in debt, who when they find themselves unable to pay, are in perpetual fear of the day of payment. And when there is nothing of us left, which Death may not justly lay claim unto, yet even then our Vices not only live in us, but, whether we will or no, do daily grow stronger in us. The Covetous Man, though he hath one foot in the grave, yet is daily grasping at more wealth. The Ambitious Man, by his last Will and Testament, takes care to have a sumptuous and pompous Funeral, and even after Death erects Monuments and Trophies to his Vices. The Lascivious Person though he cannot go, his body being worn out, yet will he creep; though all his Vices have left him, yet can he not bid adieu to them. The Infant aspireth to Youth, and having attained it, he loaths it; the Youth longs for a more mature Age, and in that he finds a present evil, and occasion enough to bewail the slippery and fallacious pleasure of the time past, nor doth he see what there is in growing Age that is so greatly to be desired. That Man is much less wise than an Infant, who in vain bewails the loss of by-past time which can never return, and yet hath laid aside the remembrance of past misery. And he is much more unhappy than a Youth, who when Death takes him out of a miserable life, seeth nothing left for him but only matter of despair. But he, who from his blooming Age hath not only waged but stoutly managed a

War

War with the Flesh and the World, who hath undergone so many and so great troubles, that he might learn to die, and leave the World before his time, and besides all these evils seeth himself pressed with that incurable disease of Old Age, and his flesh wasted with so many troubles and diseases; yet it often happens that he finds himself stronger in Spirit. Now what advantage I pray, can this Man expect from all this, save only this one, that he is now got into the Neighbourhood of Death, that an end of all his troubles and conflicts is now at hand, that his freedom from this Prison in which he hath suffered so much all his life long, now draweth nigh. I omit in this place those infinite Evils which encompass and afflict Men in the several periods of their Age, as the loss of Friends and Relations, their banishment, proscription, and many other such like evils, which frequently occur in this World; one bewails the death of his Children, another on the contrary complains of the burthen of a numerous Offspring, this bemoans the death of his Wife, that complains of her living too long. It is a trouble to some to be in an high place, and no less grief to another, to be in any place under the highest. So many and so great are the cares and troubles which compass Men about in this World, that should a just and full description be given of them, the World it self would scarce be able to contain it. In a word therefore, he who in the esteem of others is the most happy of Men, when he compareth his happiness with those cares and sorrows which attend it, findeth himself very unhappy; those who admire the splendid condition of

D 2

others,

others, if, but for three days, they had the trial of it themselves, would quickly be weary of it. If Men would but consider those great inconveniencies which they do suffer in the acquisition of pleasures, and what torturing cares and anxiety of Mind they are exposed unto for the preservation of them, (I speak of those delights which are of some moment, and worth valuing, not of those momentary ones which like Flowers fade and wither) they would quickly be convinced that the possession of them is full of unhappiness and misery. Whence we may draw this necessary consequence, that Infancy is only a foolish simplicity, Youth a vain heat, Manhood a troublesome anxiety, and Old Age an incurable Disease; that our eyes are nothing else but tears, the pleasures of the Mind only fevers, riches only torments, which continually torture and vex the Mind, honours only burthensome vanities, quiet meer inquietude; To proceed from one Age to another, is to change one Evil for another, that which is lighter, for that which is heavier; so that as one wave beateth upon another, so one trouble comes upon the neck of another, 'till we arrive at the Haven of Death. Let us conclude then, that this Life is only a desire of that to come, a grief for that which is past, a loathing of that which we have sometimes thought to be sweet and pleasant, a longing desire of that, the taste whereof is yet unknown to us, a vain remembrance of that condition in which any one died, an uncertain hope of a future state, in which there is nothing certain, save only the certainty of Death, and the uncertainty of the time thereof.

Behold

Behold Death hastning towards us, see that *The cons* approaching, which we so much fear. Let *deration* us consider it, whether it be such a thing as *Death no* it is commonly thought to be, whether it be *terrible.* so much to be shunned as for the most part it is. We act like fearful Children, who are greatly affrighted with the sight or thought of personated Ghosts; one cause whereof is, because we do not conceive it in our Minds as it really is in it self, but as a sad, sorrowful and horrid thing, such as Painters represent it upon Walls, and for that reason we shun it. With these and the like vain conceptions and imaginations we impose upon our selves, and leave no room to view it in its true and proper light. Let us stay a little, let us fix our foot, let us take up our standing, where we may take a more accurate view of it on all sides, and we shall find it quite another thing than that we have painted in our imaginations, to have a more beautiful face than hitherto we have thought it to have. Death gives a period to the labour and trouble of this Life, but of what Life? of that Life which is nothing else but meer calamity, and a perpetual storm and tempest. Death therefore is the end of all our misery and sorrow, and an entrance into a quiet Harbour, wherein we may be safe from the danger of any dreadful storm. Shall we then fear this which freeth us from danger, and brings us safely to our Port? But, you will say, there is grief in Death; no body denieth that; so there is in the cure of a wound; it is so ordered, that in all Humane Affairs there is no curing of one Evil but by another. Incision is necessary to restore

restore a bruised and batter'd part of the Body to its former soundness.

Argument taken in the faculty of confused. But you will say, the way to Life by Death is a difficult passage. So is the entrance into any Harbour, it is usually strait and narrow, and not to be got into without great difficulty. There is scarce any thing of value in this World, that is to be attained unto without great pains and labour. The entrance indeed is difficult, but it is we that make it so; by approaching it with vexation and grief of heart, with a troubled and unquiet mind, with fluctuating thoughts and without deliberation. But if we bring with us a sedate, quiet and well compos'd Mind to the consideration thereof, we shall find no such danger, nor any such trouble in Death. What pain, I pray, is there in Death? doth it any thing more, or can it do any thing more, than affect and afflict our senses? We look upon it as the source of all those Evils with which we are then tormented; but we do not consider how much greater Evils we have suffered, with how much greater torments we have been tired out, which yet have not consign'd us over unto Death; out of what pains and griefs we have escaped, under the pressure of which we have wish'd for Death. We give but little thanks to Death for delivering us from those pains which we do then endure, nor do we well consider, that whilst we are spinning this thread of Life, whilst we lengthen it out, we are on all sides encompass'd with pain and grief, nor that it is impossible that we should finish our Lives without them.

We

We do not well understand what it is that afflicts us, it is not Death, which is the end of our so tedious and troublesome Journey, but the end of our Lives that grieveth us; it is not the Haven we enter into, which is nothing else but a quiet retirement from storms and tempests, and a passage to a blessed Life. We complain of Death, when we should rather with tears bewail our Lives, much like those who being recovered of some Chronical Disease blame their health, not the remainder of their Distemper, as the cause of their last pains and grief. What is it to be dead, but only to be no longer in this World? And is that so calamitous a matter? Did we never feel any pain, nor undergo any trouble whilst we were in the World? Are we ever more like to Dead Men, than when we are fast asleep? And yet we never enjoy more rest and quiet than when we are so. If therefore we be free from trouble and sorrow whilst we sleep, why then do we impute those pains we suffer, when the Soul leaveth the Body to Death, which ought rather to be imputed to Life, from whence they proceed, unless, by the same reason we foolishly accuse that time in which we were not, for those pains which we endure at our entrance into Life? But if no Man can enter into Life without pain, why should it seem strange that the end should be answerable to the beginning? If from the beginning of our Generation we weave the Web of sorrow, no wonder if in like manner we finish the same. If in that time when we were not, we were void of grief and trouble, but now that we see the light, we find our selves encompass'd

D 4

with

with them, and assaulted by them on every side; whether of these periods shall we accuse for them, whether that time in which we were not, or that in which we are and shall be? we never think we shall die, till we find our breath fails us; but if we would rightly consider the matter, we should find our selves dying every day, every hour, yea every moment. We look upon Death as some unusual thing, when as we carry nothing about with us, which is or ought to be more familiar to us. Our Life is scarce any thing else but a continual dying. Every day that is added to Life, is a day taken from it; so that the lengthning of it, is but the shortning thereof. We are no sooner entred into one step of Life, but we are so far onwards in our Journey towards Death. He that hath passed the third part of his Age, is a third part dead, and he that hath passed half, is half dead. The by-past time of our Lives is dead, the present liveth, but is dying, and that which is to come shall certainly fall under the power of Death. Whatsoever is past, is not, that to come is not as yet, and the present is, but in a moment is no more. In a word, our whole Life is nothing else but a kind of Death. Life is like a Candle lighted up in the Body, which in most Men is melted away by the wind, in many others it is so agitated, that it seems to be only half lighted. Some indeed there are, in whom it is preserved whole and entire to the last. But howsoever it be, what quantity of light soever it giveth, by the same it consumeth it self. The brightness of it is a deflagration; its flame suddenly becomes a vanishing smoak, and its
last

last blaze ends in a stinking snuff. The same is the Life of Man, for in him to live and die is the same thing. But if we call our last breath by the name of Death, we cannot deny the same name to the rest, because they all flow from the same Fountain. There is only one difference between this Life, and that which we call Death; that so long as that lasteth, it daily supplieth us with new matter of dying, but when that is ended, there is an end of us too, we are no longer in this World. This at length is confessed by all, that those who believe Death to be the end of all their labour and travel, have no handle for fear to take hold on. Whosoever is desirous of a longer Life, is also desirous of a longer Death. And he who feareth lest Death should come too suddenly upon him, feareth also to be too soon rid of that which occasioneth Death. But to those, who walk by more holy Rules, Death is quite another thing. For, they do not, like the Heathens, seek for consolation against Death, but embrace it as a most certain remedy against all kind of afflictions. Nor do they study how they may despise it, or at least not fear it, but rather how they may comfortably hope for it, and chearfully embrace it. Because they do not look upon Death as the end of all pain and grief only, but as a store-house of all good; not as the end of Life, but of Death, and the beginning of an Immortal Life. Well therefore did the wise Solomon say, *That the day of ones Death is much better than the day of his Birth.* And why so? Because that day is not the last that shall shine upon us, but the beginning of a
never

*An Hea-
venly Life
only good.*

never failing day, and of a most happy Eternity. In that brightness we shall neither be concern'd for the trouble of time past, nor greatly desire that to come; for then all things shall be present, and that present time shall never have an end. None shall then any more enslave themselves to those vain and troublesom allurements of the World, but every one shall then enjoy the true, real, and solid joys of the world to come. Nor shall any one think it worth his while, to heap up earthly things, being possessed of the eternal Seats of the Blessed in Heaven, having left behind them, and rejected all Earthly treasure, which, by its weight, did for some time keep them under, and fixed down to the Earth. Blind Ambition shall not then inflame the Mind, they shall not then desire to ascend higher, nor climb the steps of greater Honours and Dignities; being fixed in a place far above Earth, and all Earthly things, they will laugh at the madness and folly of those, whom once they admired; who for little or no cause wage war, who like Children contend for trifles. They will then find no Civil-war within themselves, the Flesh being then wholly subdued, the Spirit at full liberty, and enjoying a pleary and perfect Life, and all the passions and affections which formerly were so troublesom and tumultuous, submitting themselves to the guidance and governance of Reason. The Soul being then freed from this nasty and filthy Prison, in which by so long a space of time it had contracted some ill habits, and was sate down wearied with labouring under its own weight, shall now look up, and breath
in

in a purer air, it shall acknowledge its old habitation, and remember its ancient Honour and Dignity. It is not so, O Friend, as you think, neither that Flesh which thou feelest, nor that Body which thou touchest, is the Man. Man is the Inhabitant of Heaven, from whence he first came; that is his Countrey, that is the air he loveth to breath in. If you look upon the Body, you see the place of his banishment and proscription; the Man doth properly consist of Soul and Spirit, Man is of an Heavenly and Divine Nature, which hath nothing of rude matter in it; but the Body is but as the bark or shell, in which the Spirit being inclosed, there lieth hid, and if we desire to be delivered therefrom, to live, and behold the light, that shell must be broken, that bark must be stripp'd off, and that case must be opened. By what reasons can we perswade our selves that we live and think, when in the mean time we are even spent and worn out with long sloath and idleness, and can very difficultly stretch out our wings; so long as we are loaden and burthened with this mass of Earth, we cannot flie towards Heaven. We see indeed, but it is with such Spectacles as deceive us, we have eyes indeed, but they are covered with a white film, we think we see, but we do but dream, and are mocked by a lying sight, and fallacious apparition. Whatsoever we possess or know, it is all but meer Vanity, and meer Imposture. It is only Death that can restore us both Life, and the sense of Living. And yet so brutish are we, that we suspect this, as if it were about to despoil us both of Life and Sense. We call
our

our selves Christians, we believe there is, and after this Life ended, hope to enjoy a Blessed and Immortal Life, nor do we think Death to be any thing else but only a separation of Soul and Body, and that the Soul returns to her rest, there to enjoy perpetual Joys with God, in whom alone all good things, and all the treasures of Happiness are laid up; and that after the end of this World, it will be restored to its own Body, which shall never more be subject to corruption. With these kind of Heroical and most Noble Expressions we stuff whole Volumes, and yet when it comes to the push, we shake for fear, and tremble at the voice of Death, as if it were of all things the most horrible. And why so, I pray, if you believe those things I have even now mentioned? Is it Happiness and true Pleasure that ye abhor? which, without this, we cannot pretend truly, nor scarce in part, to believe, we must look upon all that hath been said upon this subject to be only idle talk, and no better than the vain Discourses of Men in their Jollity. Some there are who constantly and with sufficient confidence affirm, and will by no means be perswaded to doubt, but that after this Life, they shall pass to another far better, and much more excellent than this is; but when they consider the ruggedness of the way, and the difficulty of the passage thereunto, both their constancy and confidence do very much abate, and they begin to fear and tremble at the thoughts of it. How broken and disjoynted are the Minds of those Men, who fear not oftentimes to expose themselves to Death for the preservation of their Lives, who can be content

to

to endure a thousand pains for that cause, who to please others, are not afraid to expose themselves to a thousand wounds, who for the sake of some vile, frail, and perishing trifles, and such as are not only subject to destruction themselves, but also draw their owners into the same snare and ruine, do a thousand times encounter Death, without attaining the End they aim at; and yet at the difficulty of one small passage, by which they may procure unto themselves a sure and certain tranquility, and that not for one day, but for ever, not a common rest, but such an one as the Mind of Man is not able to comprehend, do shake and tremble, their courage fails them, and they suffer themselves to be overcome by their own fears? In vain do they accuse that grief which they suffer, this is only a frivolous excuse for that little Faith, or rather that great incredulity under which they labour. For, how they can possibly perswade either themselves or others to the contrary I see not; when they chuse rather to wear out themselves with Aches in their Bones, with the pains of Gout or Stone, rather than by some more gentle kind of Death, to change this Life, without pain, for one far more happy. They had rather lose Limb after Limb, and die by degrees, that they may miserably out-live their own Senses, Motions, and Actions, than by some sudden Death to be delivered from those so many and so great Evils, that they may live, and live happily for ever. But they have an excuse ready for this, they only desire their Lives may be prolonged, that they may learn to live. There are none who

are

are ignorant of that, it is an Art which all have learned; It is not therefore the Art of Living, but the Art of Dying that we ought now to study and learn; which that we may happily do, let us learn every day to die to our selves. We cannot better fortifie our Minds against all assaults, than by looking upon every day as the last day of our Lives. But it happeneth out far otherwise, more is the grief, for there is no word more troublesome to the Ears of Men, than the mention of Death. How foolish and inconsiderate are Men, who for the gain of a little money are hired to take up Arms; and expose their Lives to the Fortune and Chance of War? who in hope of Prey will first scale the Walls, and attempt those Places, from which they have little or no hope to return in safety? so Prodiggally do they hazard both their Bodies and Souls upon that account. But to exempt themselves from the injuries and mockeries of Fortune, that they may gain things rare and incomparable, that they may enter into an Immortal Life, that we look upon as a dangerous and difficult passage; though all the danger and difficulty thereof is only in learning to know it right, *i. e.* in imprinting upon our Minds a right notion of it, considering, that whether we will or no, that passage at one time or other must be entred into, and passed by us. But, alas! Men are so much addicted to their own mischief, that there are few or none to be found, (though oppressed with never so much misery) who are willing to adventure upon this passage.

Some

Some alledge their Age, saying, they could more readily and willingly submit to the Laws of Fate, if they had attained to the Fiftieth or Sixtieth year of their Age; but in their blooming years, in their flourishing youth, they think it hard to leave the world, and a difficult thing to die; that they would willingly know the world before they leave it. But these Men do not consider how ignorant they are of all things; they do not think that the greatest Age, if it be compared either with time past, present, or to come, is but like a point. Do ye not see, that when ye are arrived at that Age to which ye did aspire, time past is as nothing, and ye burn with a greater desire of that which is to come? The remembrance of time past will be troublesome to you, the expectation of that which is to come will be very tedious, and the present will afford you but little or no solace and pleasure. You will as earnestly as before desire a truce with Death. You hide your selves Month after Month from the sight of your Creditors, and still put off the time of Payment, and are as unready at the last as at the first to pay your Debt; ye do not consider that one day it must be paid, and if so, then the sooner the better. Try all the Pleasures of the world, ye will find none new, ye will never quench your thirst, though ye drink often; for, that Body which you carry about with you, is like that Tub of the Daughters of *Danae*, which was full of holes, and therefore could never be filled with water; it will sooner be worn out with use, than you will be wearied with the use or rather

ther the abuse of it. I do not see why you should so greedily desire long Life, unless it be that you may consume it in vile and tasteless Pleasures, or spend it in hunting after Vanities; you greedily desire it, that you may prodigally spend it. In vain do you complain of a Court-Life, and the arrogancy of the Palace; that specious and splendid pretence, by which you would seem more willing, to serve the Publick, to assist your Countrey, and to give up your selves wholly to the worship of God, will not acquit you from all blame. He who enjoyned you this Task, knows, without doubt, the day and hour in which it is to be done; he knows when you ought to labour, and when to rest, and accordingly will direct his own work. But if he should suffer you to be longer busied in those troublesome affairs, you might perhaps faint under your labours. Now, if God be willing, out of his Grace, Goodness, and liberal Beneficence, to pay you your wages; if he be pleased to recall you from the Place of Suffering, and the Stage of Labour, and to give you as much for the work of half a day, as for a whole one; ought ye not then the more to praise his beneficence and liberality, and to return him the greater thanks for it? But if you will but enter into the inward Chambers of your Hearts, if you will but examine the Secrets of your own Consciences, you will be forced to confess, that it is not the Cause of the Widow and Fatherless, nor the neglect of a Duty to a Son, a Parent, or a Friend, not unfaithfulness to the Common-wealth

mon-wealth, nor to God, by denying him the Worship which is due unto him, which you pretend and seem to deplore: No, it is something else that you complain of. There are Houses and Gardens, which trouble your Minds, there are imperfect Platforms of Edifices and Buildings which distract your Thoughts; your imperfect and immature Life will not suffer your Mind to fly higher than these; which you have no hope to perfect, no not by length of time; whereas if you more accurately weigh the matter, even one moment of time may suffice for the perfecting of it, if you seriously consider with your selves, that when this Life shall hasten to an end, all those things will be of no concern, provided you do but make it your business to finish your Course well and happily. Now to finish our Course well, what is it else, but to hasten to our End without trouble, to obey the will of God readily, to follow him as our Guide cheerfully, and not to do any thing that may make it be thought that we are unwillingly dragg'd thither by inexorable Fate or inevitable Destiny. Then may we be said willingly to meet our Death, when we approach thereunto with a sure hope, without fear or doubting; when we are well perswaded that after this present Life ended, we shall enjoy another far better, and much more excellent. But this hope and expectation of a better Life must be kindled and nourished in us by a true fear of God, whom if we truly fear, we shall not need to fear any thing in this world, but may hope all things in that to come.

E

For,

For, whosoever is possessed of this sure Hope and lively Faith, Death it self will be both pleasant and grateful to him; knowing for certain that by the separation of Soul and Body he shall obtain a quiet Retirement, in which no kind of Happiness shall be wanting to him. And though there may be some pain in Death, yet will it be allayed with a far greater pleasure. When the mixed Cup of Hope and Sufferance shall be drunk up, the sting of Death will have no more strength, which is only troublesome and pungent; by vertue of our own fear. I may add this also; that he, who hath thus fortified his Mind, shall not only not be troubled or dispirited by any Image of Evil which Death offereth to his imagination, but all the misfortunes of this Life, which are wont to weaken the Minds of Men, and all fear of trouble and molestation, shall then be despised by him, and set at naught. For, how can he be said to fear, who hopeth to die? Doth he fear to be Banished from his Countrey? No, he knows that he hath a better Countrey elsewhere, from which none can banish him; he looks upon this World only as an Inn, and himself as a Guest there; where, though he may have a Being at present, yet doth he not take it for his abiding place. Doth he fear a Prison? He can have no more grievous nor straiter confinement than that of his own Body, than which he can meet with none more loathsome, nor liable to thicker Darkness; nor can he any where meet with greater

torments

torments and vexations than he finds there. Doth he fear least any one should deliver him over to Death? that is it which he daily hopes for, and greatly desires. Which whether it happen by Fire, or Sword, or Famine, or Sickness; whether it linger for the space of three years, or come to pass in three days, or three hours it matters not; he is not concern'd by what way, or when he leaveth this troublesome Life, being always ready fitted and well prepared for his Journey, and being well assured that as soon as he departs out of this, he shall enter into an Happy and Immortal Life. The menaces of Death only are levelled against him, and this is that which he daily expects and hopes for. Death is looked upon as the greatest and most grievous of all punishments, but he looks upon it as the best of all those things that are to be hoped for. The Threatnings of Tyrants are to him in place of Promises, the Swords of most deadly Enemies are not unsheathed against him, but for him; he esteemeth the threats of Death, as the commination of Life, and that by the most mortal wounds, he shall be conveyed to an happy Immortality. Whosoever doth truly revere God, stands not in fear of Death; and he that is free from that fear, is not afraid of the greatest and most grievous Evils of this Life. But some will say, if Death be in the number of those things that are to be desired, then it will follow, that Life is to be exposed and precipitated, that we may be delivered from the numerous

Evils thereof, and obtain so much Good thereby. Though that sort of Solitude doth not at all affect me, yet that there are some who being encouraged with the sure promise of so great and good things hereafter, are willing to hasten towards Death; but though the Spirit may greatly long for that Life, yet is it kept down, and hindered from flying thither by the weight of its Earthly Body. But that which is here objected, is a perfect consequence, and can in no wise be drawn from the premises. That the Flesh is to be tamed and kept under by accustoming our selves to the thoughts of Death, is readily granted; that we ought to withdraw our selves from the World, is not denied; but that we may, when we please, take our selves out of the World, I cannot agree; because that is not a thing in our own power. A Christian, as he ought not to shun Death for fear of dying, so neither ought he presumptuously to precipitate his Life in hopes of a better; though he be exposed to continual assaults of grief and sorrow whilst here, yet can he not without reproach and infamy forsake the Post in which he is placed. But when his Chief Captain shall think fit to recall him thence, then may he readily obey, and retire without reproach or infamy. A Christian is not born for himself, but for God, to him he liveth, and prolongeth his Life, till it shall please God to give him the reward of a well-spent Life; it is free for God to take it from him, but not for him to lay it down when he pleaseth. But if it shall happen in Youth, in the Flower of thy Age, do as Mariners use to do, give thanks unto

unto God that with a prosperous gale he hath brought your Ship to Harbour sooner than you expected. But if Death delays its coming till Old-Age, give thanks to God also, because though your Voyage hath been tedious, yet have you not met with so many Storms and Tempests as might have befallen you in that time. In the mean time do you neither make too much hast, nor create delays, for the Wind is not in your power: Shipwreck may be then nearest, when to shun it, you make too much hast into your Port. Before Mid day God is pleased, by Death, to give rest to some from their Labours, to others at that time, and to many not till late at night. Some he employs no longer than their first sweat, others he roasts with the heat of the Sun, and some he boileth down, till they are altogether dry, and have no juice left in them. Yet he is not forgetful of any of his Servants, he hath a time of rest for them all, and giveth to every one their reward in due season. Nor is any one deprived thereof, unless he forsake his Post before he be recalled, leave his work unfinished, and require his Wages before they are due. Wherefore we ought always to acquiesce in his will, who in the midst of all our pains and labour can, and often doth, refresh us with sweet and quiet rest. Our Life ought not to be tedious or odious to us, because of the Labours which we undergo therein; for, that would betray a sluggish and abject Mind; nor is it to be loved, because of the Pleasures thereof; for, that would betray our folly and madness. But let us serve our selves, that we may the better serve God; who, after this Life

Life ended, will abundantly bless us with true rest and quietness, and pleasures for evermore. Death is not to be fled from, and indeed it is vain and Childish so to do, for, it will certainly either meet us in our flight, or pursue us at the heels. Nor is it to be fought after, lest we incur the Character of rash and presumptuous Persons; for no Man, though he would, can die when he will. There is as much of despair in the one, as of sloath and pusillanimity in the other; and seeing both of them are within the confines of Vice, neither of them can deserve either the name of, or praises due to Fortitude and Magnanimity. It is enough for us constantly, and every hour, to expect Death, that we may not be surprized by it, nor overwhelmed with it, like unwary and imprudent Persons; for, as there is nothing more certain than Death, so there is nothing more uncertain than the hour of Death. This is known to God alone, who is the only Author both of Life and Death; to whom that we may all both Live and Die, ought to be the only study and business of our whole Lives.

*We ought so to Die, that we may Live,
and so to Live, that we may Die
Happily.*

F I N I S.

BOOKS Printed for *L. Meredith*, at
the *Star* in *St. Paul's Church-Yard*.

THE Christian's Sacrifice : A Treatise,
shewing the Necessity, End, and Manner
of receiving the Holy Communion, together
with suitable Prayers and Meditations for
every Month in the Year; and the principal
Festivals in Memory of our Blessed Saviour.
In Four Parts. The Fourth Edition Cor-
rected.

The Devout Christian instructed how to
pray and give thanks to God : Or, a Book of
Devotions for Families, and particular Per-
sons, in most of the concerns of Humane
Life. The Eighth Edition.

An Advice to a Friend. The Fourth Edi-
tion.

The Truth of Christian Religion, in Six
Books; written in Latin by *Hugo Grotius*,
and now Translated into *English*, with the
Addition of a Seventh Book against the pre-
sent *Roman Church*.

A Book for Beginners; or, a Help to
young Communicants, that they may be fit-
ted for the Holy Communion, and receive it
with Profit.

A Treatise of the Necessity and Fre-
quency of Receiving the Holy Communion;
with a Resolution of Doubts about it : In
three

three Discourses begun upon *Whit-sunday* in the Cathedral Church of *Peterburgh*, 1684. To press the Observation of the Fourth Rubrick after the Communion-Office.

The Practical Christian; in Four Parts: or, A Book of Devotions and Meditations: also with Meditations and Psalms upon the Four last things; 1. Death. 2. Judgment. 3. Hell. 4. Heaven. By. *R. Sherlock*, D. D. Rector of *Winwick*, the Fifth Edition.

A Winter-Evening Conference in Three Parts.

The Old Religion demonstrated in its Principles, and described in the Life and Practice thereof.

The Golden Grove; a choice Manual, containing what is to be believed, practised, and desired or prayed for: the Prayers being fitted to the several Days of the Week: also Festival Hymns according to the manner of the Ancient Church.

A Collection of Offices, or Forms of Prayers in Cases *Ordinary* and *Extraordinary*; taken out of the *Scriptures* and the ancient *Liturgies* of several Churches, especially the *Greek*. Together with a large *Preface* in Vindication of the *Liturgie* of the Church of *England*. The Second Edition.

F I N I S.