

MYSTICAL BEDLAM;

OR,

THE WORLD OF MADMEN.

The heart of the sons of men is full of evil, and madness is in their heart while they live: and after that they go to the dead.—ECCLES. IX. 3.

THE subject of the discourse is man; and the speech of him hath three points in the text :—I. His comma; II. His colon; III. His period. I. 'Men's hearts are full of evil;' there is the comma. II. 'Madness is in their hearts while they live;' there is the colon. III. Whereat not staying, 'after that they go down to the dead;' and there is their period. The first begins, the second continues, the third concludes, their sentence.

Here is man's setting forth, his peregrination, and his journey's end. I. At first putting out, 'his heart is full of evil' II. 'Madness is in his heart' all his peregrination, 'whiles they live.' III. His journey's end is the grave, 'he goes to the dead.'

I. Man is born from the womb, as an arrow shot from the bow. II. His flight through this air is wild, and full of madness, of indirect courses. III. The centre, where he lights, is the grave.

I. His comma begins so harshly, that it promiseth no good consequence in the colon. II. The colon is so mad and inordinate, that there is small hope of the period. III. When both the premises are so faulty, the conclusion can never be handsome. Wickedness in the first proposition, madness in the second, the *ergo* is fearful; the conclusion of all is death.

So then, I. The beginning of man's race is full of evil, as if he stumbled at the threshold. II. The further he goes, the worse; madness is joined tenant in his heart with life. III. At last, in his frantic flight, not looking to his feet, he drops into the pit, goes down to the dead.

I. To begin at the uppermost stair of this gradual descent; the COMMA of this tripartite sentence gives man's heart for a vessel. Wherein observe—

1. The *owners* of this vessel; men, and derivatively, the sons of men.

2. The *vessel* itself is earthen, a pot of God's making, and man's marring; the heart.

3. The *liquor* it holds is evil; a defective, privative, abortive thing, not instituted, but destituted, by the absence of original goodness.

4. The *measure* of this vessel's pollution with evil liquor. It is not said sprinkled, not seasoned, with a moderate and sparing quantity; it hath not an aspersion, nor imbution, but impletion; it is filled to the brim, 'full of evil.' Thus, at first putting forth, we have man in his best member corrupted.

1. The *owners or possessors—sons of men*. Adam was called the son of God, Luke iii. 38, 'Enos was the son of Seth, Seth the son of Adam, Adam the son of God:' but all his posterity the sons of men; we receiving from him both flesh and the corruption of flesh, yea, and of soul too; though the substance thereof be inspired of God, not traduced from man: for the purest soul becomes stained and corrupt when it once toucheth the body.

The sons of men. This is a derivative and diminutive speech; whereby man's conceit of himself is lessened, and himself lessened to humility. *Man*, as God's creation left him, was a goodly creature, an abridgement of heaven and earth, an epitome of God and the world: resembling God, who is a spirit, in his soul; and the world, which is a body, in the composition of his. *Deus maximus invisibilium, mundus maximus visibilium*,—God the greatest of invisible natures, the world the greatest of visible creatures; both brought into the little compass of man.

Now man is grown less; and as his body in size, his soul in vigour, so himself in all virtue is abated: so that 'the son of man' is a phrase of diminution, a bar in the arms of his ancient glory, a mark of his derogate and degenerate worth.

Two instructions may the sons of men learn in being called so:—(1.) Their spiritual corruption; (2.) Their natural corruptibleness.

(1.) That *corruption* and original pravity which we have derived from our parents. Ps. li. 5, 'Behold,' saith David, 'I was shapen in iniquity, and in sin did my mother conceive me.' The original word is, 'warm me;' as if the first heat derived to him were not without contamination. I was born a sinner, saith a saint.

It is said, Gen. v. 3, that 'Adam begat a son in his own likeness, after his image, and called his name Seth.' This image and likeness cannot be understood of the soul: for this Adam begat not. Nor properly and merely of the body's shape; so was Cain as like to Adam as Seth, of whom it is spoken. Nor did that image consist in the piety and purity of Seth: Adam could not propagate that to his son which he had not in himself; virtues are not given by birth, nor doth grace follow generation, but regeneration. Neither is Seth said to be 'begotten in the image of Adam' because mankind was continued and preserved in him. But it intends that corruption which descended to Adam's posterity by natural propagation. The Pelagian error was, *peccatum primæ transgressionis in alios homines, non propagatione, sed imitatione transisse*,—that the guilt of the first sin was derived to other men, not by propagation, but by imitation; but then could not Adam be said to beget a son in his own image, neither could death have seized on infants, who had not then sinned. But all have sinned: Rom. v. 12, 'As by one man sin entered into the world, and death by sin: so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned.'

This title, then, 'the sons of men,' puts us in mind of our original contamination, whereby we stand guilty before God, and liable to present and eternal judgments. *Dura tremenda refers*. You will say with the disciples, John vi. 60, 'This is a hard saying; who can hear it?'—bear it; nay, be ready to conclude with a sadder inference, as the same disciples, after a particular instance, Matt. xix. 25, 'Who then can be saved?'

I answer, We derive from the first Adam sin and death ; but from the second Adam, grace and life. As we are the sons of men, our state is wretched ; as made the sons of God, blessed. It is a peremptory speech, 1 Cor. xv. 50, 'Flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God ; neither doth corruption inherit incorruption.' It is a reviving comfort in the 6th chapter of the same epistle, ver. 11, 'Such we were ; but we are washed, but we are sanctified, but we are justified, in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God.' The conclusion or inference hereon is most happy : Rom. viii. 1, 'Now therefore there is no condemnation to them which are in Christ Jesus, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit.' We may live in the flesh, but 'if after the flesh, we shall die,' ver. 13,—*si voluntati et voluptati carnis satisfacere conemur*, if our endeavours be wholly armed and aimed to content the flesh ; but if we be 'led by the Spirit,' *cum dilectione, cum delectatione*, with love, with delight, we are of the sons of men made the sons of God, ver. 14.

It is our happiness, not to be born, but to be new-born, John iii. 3. The first birth kills, the second gives life. It is not the seed of man in the womb of our mother, but the seed of grace, 1 Pet. i. 23, in the womb of the church, that makes us blessed. Generation lost us ; it must be regeneration that recovers us. 'As the tree falls, so it lies ;' and lightly it falls to that side which is most laden with fruits and branches. If we abound most with the fruits of obedience, we shall fall to the right hand, life ; if with wicked actions, affections, to the left side, death.

It is not, then, worth the ascription of glory to, what we derive naturally from man. David accepts it as a great dignity to be son-in-law to a king. To descend from potentates, and to fetch our pedigree from princes, is held *mirabile et memorabile decus*, a dignity not to be slighted or forgotten ; but to be a monarch—

'Imperium oceano, famam qui terminat astris,'—*

'Whose fame and empire no less bound controls,
Than the remotest sea, and both the poles'—

oh, this is *celssissima gloria mundi*,—the supremest honour of this world ! Yet 'princes are but men,' saith the Psalmist. Ps. cxlvi. 3, 'Put not your trust in princes, nor in the son of man, in whom there is no help. His breath goeth forth, he returneth to his earth.' They may be high by their calling, 'princes ;' yet they are but low by their nature, 'sons of men.' And merely to be the son of man is to be corrupt and polluted. They are sinful, 'the sons of men ;' weak, 'there is no help in them ;' corruptible, 'their breath goeth forth ;' dying, 'they return to their earth.'

It is registered as an evident praise of Moses's faith, Heb. xi. 24, that, 'for the rebuke of Christ, he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter.' There is no ambition good in the sons of men, but to be adopted the sons of God : under which degree there is no happiness ; above which, no cause of aspiring.

(2.) Our *corruptibleness* is here also demonstrated. A mortal father cannot beget an immortal son. If they that brought us into the world have gone out of the world themselves, we may infallibly conclude our own following. He that may say, I have a man to my father, a woman to my mother, in his life, may in death, with Job, chap. xvii. 14, 'say to corruption, Thou art my father : to the worm, Thou art my mother, and my sister.'

It hath been excepted against the justice of God, that the sin of one man

* Virg. *Æn.*, ii.

is devolved to his posterity; and that for 'the fathers' eating sour grapes, the children's teeth are set on edge,' Ezek. xviii. 2, according to the Jewish proverb, Jer. xxxi. 29. As if we might say to every son of man, as Horace sung to his friend: *Delicta majorum immeritus lues*.—Thou being innocent, dost suffer for thy nocent superiors. This a philosopher objected against the gods; strangely conferring it, as if for the father's disease physic should be ministered to the son.

I answer, Adam is considered as the root of mankind; that corrupt mass, whence can be deduced no pure thing. Can we be born Morians without their black skins? Is it possible to have an Amorite to our father, and a Hittite to our mother, without participation of their corrupted natures? If a man slip a scion from a hawthorn, he will not look to gather from it grapes. There is not, then, a son of man in the cluster of mankind, but *eodem modo et nodo, vinctus et victus*,—is liable to that common and equal law of death.

'Unde superbus homo, natus, satus, ortus ab humo?'—

'Proud man forgets earth was his native womb,
Whence he was born; and dead, the earth's his tomb.'

Morieris, non quia ægrotas, sed quia vivis, saith the philosopher,*—Thou shalt die, O son of man, not because thou art sick, but because the son of man. *Cui nasci contigit, mori restat*,—Who happened to come into the world, must upon necessity go out of the world.

It is no new thing to die, since life itself is nothing else but a journey to death. *Quicquid ad summum pervenit, ad exitum properat*,—He that hath climbed to his highest, is descending to his lowest. All the sons of men die not one death, for time and manner; for the matter and end, one death is infallible to all the sons of men. The corn is sometimes bitten in the spring, often trod down in the blade, never fails to be cut up in the ear, when ripe. *Quisquis queritur hominem mortuum esse, queritur hominem fuisse*,†—Who laments that a man is dead, laments that he was a man.

When Anaxagoras heard that his son was dead, he answered without astonishment, *Scio me genuisse mortalem*,—I know that I begat a mortal man. It was a good speech that fell from that shame of philosophy, Epicetetus: *Non sum æternitas, sed homo: particula universi, ut hora diei: venire igitur oportet ut horam, præterire ut horam*,—I am not eternity, but a man: a little part of the whole, as an hour is of the day: like an hour I came, and I must depart like an hour.

'Mors dominos servis, et sceptrâ ligonibus æquat:
Dissimiles simili conditione ligat;'—

'Death's cold impartial hands are used to strike
Princes and peasants, and make both alike.'

Some fruit is plucked violently from the tree, some drops with ripeness; all must fall, because the sons of men.

This should teach us to arm ourselves with patience and expectation, to encounter death: *Sæpe debemus mori, nec volumus: morimur, nec volumus*,—Often we ought to prepare for death, we will not: at last, we die indeed, and we would not. Adam knew all the beasts, and called them by their names; but his own name he forgot—Adam, of earth. What bad memories have we, that forget our own names and selves, that we are the sons of men, corruptible, mortal! *Incertum est, quo loco te mors expectat; itaque tu illam*

* Sen. Ep. 99 ad Lucil.

† Sen. ibid.

omni loco expecta,—Thou knowest not in what place death looketh for thee ; therefore do thou look for him in every place. Matt. xxiv. 42, ' Watch therefore ; for you know not what hour your Lord doth come.'—Thus for the owners.

2. The *vessel* itself is the *heart*. The heart is man's principal vessel. We desire to have all the implements in our house good ; but the vessel of chiefest honour, principally good. *Quam male de te ipse meruisti*, &c., saith St Augustine,—How mad is that man that would have all his vessels good but his own heart ! We would have a strong nerve, a clear vein, a moderate pulse, a good arm, a good face, a good stomach, only we care not how evil the heart is, the principal of all the rest.

For howsoever the head be called the tower of the mind, the throne of reason, the house of wisdom, the treasure of memory, the capitol of judgment, the shop of affections, yet is the heart the receptacle of life. And *spiritus*, which, they say, is *copula animæ et corporis*, a virtue uniting the soul and the body, if it be in the liver natural, in the head animal, yet is in the heart vital. It is the member that hath first life in man, and it is the last that dies in man, and to all the other members gives vivification.

As man is *microcosmus*, an abridgment of the world, he hath heaven resembling his soul ; earth his heart, placed in the midst as a centre ; the liver is like the sea, whence flow the lively springs of blood ; the brain, like the sun, gives the light of understanding ; and the senses are set round about, like the stars. The heart in man is like the root in a tree : the organ or lung-pipe, that comes of the left cell of the heart, is like the stock of the tree, which divides itself into two parts, and thence spreads abroad, as it were, sprays and boughs into all the body, even to the arteries of the head.

The Egyptians have a conceit that man's growing or declining follows his heart. The heart of man, say they, increaseth still till he come to fifty years old, every year two drams in weight, and then decreaseth every year as much, till he come to a hundred ; and then for want of heart he can live no longer. By which consequence, none could live above a hundred years. But this observation hath often proved false. But it is a vessel, a living vessel, a vessel of life.

It is a vessel properly, because hollow : hollow to keep heat, and for the more facile closing and opening. It is a spiritual vessel, made to contain the holy dews of grace, which make glad the city of God, Ps. xli. 4. It is ever full, either with that precious juice, or with the pernicious liquor of sin. As our Saviour saith, Matt. xv. 19, ' Out of the heart proceed evil thoughts, murders, adulteries, fornications, thefts, false witness, blasphemies.' ' Know ye not,' saith the Apostle, 1 Cor. iii. 16, ' that you are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you ? ' If our *corpus* be *templum Domini*, sure our *cor* is *sanctum sanctorum*. It was the answer of the oracle, to him that would be instructed what was the best sacrifice :—

' Da medium lunæ, solem simul, et canis iram ; '—

' Give the half-moon, the whole sun, and the dog's anger ; '

which three characters make *cor*, the heart. The good heart is a receptacle for the whole Trinity ; and therefore it hath three angles, as if the three Persons of that one Deity would inhabit there. The Father made it, the Son bought it, the Holy Ghost sanctifies it ; therefore they all three claim a right in the heart. It hath three cells for the three Persons, and is but one heart for one God. The world cannot satisfy it : a globe cannot fill a triangle. Only God can sufficiently content the heart.

God is, saith a father, *non corticis, sed cordis Deus*,*—not regarding the rind of the lips, but the root of the heart. Hence Satan directs his malicious strength against the heart. The fox doth gripe the neck, the mastiff flies at the throat, and the ferret nips the liver, but the devil aims at the heart, *inficere, interficere*. The heart he desires, because he knows God desires it; and his ambition still inclines, intends his purposes and plots, to rob God of his delight. The heart is the chief tower of life to the body, and the spiritual citadel to the whole man: always besieged by a domestical enemy, the flesh; by a civil, the world; by a professed, the devil. Every perpetrated sin doth some hurt to the walls; but if the heart be taken, the whole corporation is lost.

How should Christ enter thy house, and ‘sup with thee,’ Rev. iii. 20, when the chamber is taken up wherein he would rest, the heart? All the faculties of man follow the heart, as servants the mistress, wheels the poise, or links the first end of the chain. When the sun riseth, all rise; beasts from their dens, birds from their nests, men from their beds. So the heart leads, directs, moves the parts of the body and powers of the soul; that the mouth speaketh, hand worketh, eye looketh, ear listeneth, foot walketh, all producing good or evil ‘from the good or evil treasure of the heart,’ Luke vi. 45. Therefore the penitent publican beat his heart, as if he would call up that, to call up the rest.

It is conspicuous, then, that the heart is the best vessel whereof any son of man can boast himself possessor; and yet (*proh dolor!*) even this is corrupted. To declare this pollution, the next circumstance doth justly challenge; only one *caveat* to our hearts, of our hearts, ere we leave them. Since the heart is the most precious vessel man hath in all his corporal household, let him have good regard to it. *Omni custodia custodi cor tuum*, —‘Keep thy heart with all diligence,’ saith Solomon. God hath done much for the heart, naturally, spiritually.

For the former; he hath placed it in the midst of the body, as a general in the midst of his army: bulwarked it about with breast, ribs, back. Lest it should be too cold, the liver lies not far off, to give it kindly heat; lest too hot, the lungs lie by it, to blow cool wind upon it. It is the chief, and therefore should wisely temper all other members: by the spleen we are made to laugh, by the gall to be angry, by the brain we feel, by the liver we love, but by the heart we be wise.

Spiritually, he hath done more for the heart, giving the blood of his Son to cleanse it, soften it, sanctify it, when it was full both of hardness and turpitude. By his omnipotent grace he unroosted the devil from it, who had made it a stable of uncleanness; and now requires it, being created new, for his own chamber, for his own bed. The purified heart is God’s sacrary, his sanctuary, his house, his heaven. As St Augustine glosseth the first words of the *Paternoster*, ‘Our Father which art in heaven’—that is, in a heart of a heavenly disposition. *Quam propitia dignatio ista*, that the King of heaven will vouchsafe to dwell in an earthly tabernacle!

The heart, then, being so accepted a vessel, keep it at home; having but one so precious suppellectile or moveable, part not with it upon any terms. There are four busy requirers of the heart, besides he that justly owneth it—beggars, buyers, borrowers, thieves.

(1.) He that *begs* thy heart is the Pope; and this he doth not by word of mouth, but by letters of commendations,—condemnations rather,—his Semi-nary factors. He begs thy heart, and offers thee nothing for it, but crucifixes,

* Ambros.

images, &c.,—mere images or shadows of reward,—or his blessing at Rome ; which, because it is so far distant, as if it lost all the virtue by the way, doth as much good as a candle in a sunshine.

(2.) He that would *buy* this vessel of us is the devil ; as one that distrusts to have it for nothing : and therefore, set what price thou wilt upon it, he will either pay it or promise it. Satan would fain have his jewel-house full of these vessels, and thinks them richer ornaments than the Babylonian ambassadors thought the treasures of Hezekiah, 2 Kings xx. 13. Haman shall have grace with the king, Absalom honour, Jezebel revenge, Amnon his lusts satisfied, Judas money, Demas the world, if they will sell him their hearts. If any man, like Ahab, sell his heart to such a purchaser, let him know that *qui emit, interimit*,—he doth buy it to butcher it.

(3.) The flesh is the *borrower*, and he would have this vessel to use, with promise of restoring. Let him have it a while, and thou shalt have it again ; but as from an ill neighbour, so broken, lacerated, deformed, defaced, that though it went forth rich, like the prodigal, it returns home tattered and torn, and worn, no more like a heart than Michal's image on the pillow was like David. This suitor borrows it of the citizen, till usury hath made him an alderman ; of the courtier, till ambition hath made him noble ; of the officer, till bribery hath made him master ; of the gallant, till riot hath made him a beggar ; of the luxurious, till lust hath filled him with diseases ; of the country churl, till covetise hath swelled his barns ; of the epicure, till he be fatted for death ; and then sends home the heart, like a jade, tired with unreasonable travel. This is that wicked borrower in the psalm, 'which payeth not again.' Thou wouldest not lend thy beast, nor the worst vessel in thy house, to such a neighbour ; and wilt thou trust him with thy heart ? Either not lend it, or look not for it again.

(4.) The world is the *thief*, which, like Absalom, 'steals away the heart,' 2 Sam. xv. 6. This cunningly insinuates into thy breast, beguiling the watch or guard, which are thy senses, and corrupting the servants, which are thy affections. The world hath two properties of a thief :—*First*, It comes in the night time, when the lights of reason and understanding are darkened, and security hath gotten the heart into a slumber. This dead sleep, if it doth not find, it brings.

'Sunt quoque quæ faciunt altos medicamina somnos,
Vivæque Lethæa lumina nocte premunt ;'—*

'The world's a potion ; who thereof drinks deep,
Shall yield his soul to a lethargic sleep.'

Secondly, It makes no noise in coming, lest the family of our revived thoughts wake, and our sober knowledge discern his approach. This thief takes us, as it took Demas, napping ; terrifies us not with noise of tumultuous troubles, and alarm of persecutions, but pleasingly gives us the music of gain, and laps us warm in the couch of lusts. This is the most perilous oppugner of our hearts ; neither beggar, buyer, nor borrower could do much without this thief. It is some respect to the world that makes men either give, or sell, or lend the vessel of their heart. *Astus pollutior armis*,—Fraud is more dangerous than force. Let us beware this thief.

First, turn the beggar from thy door ; he is too saucy in asking thy best moveable, whereas beggars should not choose their alms. That Pope was yet a little more reasonable, that shewed himself content with a king of Spain's remuneration : The present you sent me was such as became a king

* Ovid. Amor.

to give, and St Peter to receive. But *da pauperibus*, the Pope is rich enough.

Then reject the buyer; set him no price of thy heart, for he will take it of any reckoning. He is near driven that sells his heart. I have heard of a Jew that would, for security of his lent money, have only assured to him a pound of his Christian debtor's living flesh; a strange forfeit for default of paying a little money. But the devil, in all his covenants, indents for the heart. In other bargains, *caveat emptor*, saith the proverb,—let the buyer take heed; in this, let the seller look to it. Make no mart nor market with Satan.

‘Non bene pro multo libertas venditur auro,’—

‘The heart is ill sold, whatever the price be.’

Thirdly, for the borrower: lend not thy heart in hope of interest, lest thou lose the principal. Lend him not any implement in thy house, any affection in thy heart; but to spare the best vessel to such an abuser is no other than mad charity.

Lastly, ware the thief; and let his subtlety excite thy more provident prevention. Many a man keeps his goods safe enough from beggars, buyers, borrowers, yet is met withal by thieves.

Therefore lock up this vessel with the key of faith, bar it with resolution against sin, guard it with supervising diligence, and repose it in the bosom of thy Saviour. There it is safe from all obsidious or insidious oppugnations, from the reach of fraud or violence. Let it not stray from this home, lest, like Dinah, it be deflowered. If we keep this vessel ourselves, we endanger the loss. Jacob bought Esau's birthright, and Satan stole Adam's paradise, whiles the tenure was in their own hands. An apple beguiled the one, a mess of pottage the other. Trust not thy heart in thine own custody; but lay it up in heaven with thy treasure. Commit it to Him that is the Maker and Preserver of men, who will lap it up with peace, and lay it in a bed of joy, where no adversary power can invade it, nor thief break through to steal it.

3. The *liquor* this vessel holds is *evil*. Evil is double, either of sin or of punishment; the deserving and retribution; the one of man's own affecting, the other of God's just inflicting. The former is *simpliciter malum*, simply evil of its own nature; the latter but *secundum quid*, in respect of the sufferer, being good in regard of God's glory, as an act of his justice. For the evils of our sufferings, as not intended here, I premit. Only, when they come, we learn hence how to entertain them: in our knowledge, as our due rewards; in our patience, as men, as saints; that tribulation may as well produce patience, Rom. v. 3, as sin hath procured tribulation. *Non sentire mala sua non est hominis, et non ferre non est viri*.^{*}—He that feels not his miseries sensibly is not a man; and he that bears them not courageously is not a Christian.

The juice in the heart of the sons of men is evil; all have corrupted their ways. Solomon speaks not here *in individuo*, this or that son of man, but generally, with an universal extent, the sons of men. And leaving the plural with the possessors, by a significant solecism, he names the vessel in the singular,—the heart, not hearts,—as if all mankind had *cor unum in unitate malitiae*, one heart in the unity of sin; the matter of the vessel being of one polluted lump, that every man that hath a heart, hath naturally an evil heart. Adam had no sooner by his one sin slain his posterity, but he begot

^{*} Sen.

a son that slew his brother. Adam was planted by God a good vine, but his apostasy made all his children sour grapes. Our nature was sown good ; behold, we are come up evil. Through whose default ariseth this badness ?

God created this vessel good ; man poisoned it in the seasoning. And being thus distained in the tender newness, *servat odorem testa diu*,—it smells of the old infection, till a new juice be put into it, or rather itself made new. As David prays, Ps. li. 10, ‘Create in me, O Lord, a clean heart, and renew a right spirit within me.’ God made us good, we have marred ourselves, and, behold, we call on him to make us good again. Yea, even the vessel thus recreated is not without a tang of the former corruption. Paul confesseth in himself a ‘body of death,’ Rom. vii., as well as David a native ‘uncleanness,’ Ps. li. The best grain sends forth that chaff, whereof, before the sowing, it was purged by the fan. Our contracted evil had been the less intolerable if we had not been made so perfectly good. He that made heaven and earth, air and fire, sun and moon, all elements, all creatures, good, surely would not make him evil for whom these good things were made. How comes he thus bad ? *Deus hominem fecit, homo se interfecit*. In the words of our royal preacher, Eccles. vii. 29, ‘Lo, this only I have found, that God hath made man upright ; but they have sought out many inventions.’ Man was created happy, but he found out tricks to make himself miserable. And his misery had been less if he had never been so blessed ; the better we were, we are the worse. Like the posterity of some profuse or tainted progenitor, we may tell of the lands, lordships, honours, titles that were once ours, and then sigh out the song, *Fuimus Troes*,—We have been blessed.

If the heart were thus good by creation, or is thus good by redemption, how can it be the continent of such evil liquor, when, by the word of his mouth that never erred, ‘a good tree cannot bring forth bad fruits ?’ Matt. vii. 18. I answer, that saying must be construed *in sensu composito* : a good tree, continuing good, cannot produce evil fruits. The heart born of God, *in quanto renatum est, non peccat*,—‘doth not commit sin,’ 1 John iii. 9, so far as it is born of God. Yet even in this vessel, whiles it walks on earth, are some drops of the first poison. And so—

‘Dat dulces fons unus aquas, qui et præbet amaras ;’—

The same fountain sends forth sweet water and bitter ; though not at the same place, as St James propounds it, chap. iii. 11.

But Solomon speaks here of the heart, as it is generate or degenerate, not as regenerate ; what it is by nature, not by grace ; as it is from the first Adam, not from the second. It is thus a vessel of evil. Sin was brewed in it, and hath brewed it into sin. It is strangely, I know not how truly, reported of a vessel that changeth some kind of liquor put into it into itself, as fire transforms the fuel into fire. But here the content doth change the continent, as some mineral veins do the earth that holds them. This evil juice turns the whole heart into evil, as water poured upon snow turns it to water. ‘The wickedness of man was so great in the earth,’ that it made ‘every imagination of the thoughts of his heart only evil continually,’ Gen. vi. 5.

Here, if we consider the dignity of the vessel, and the filthiness of the evil it holds, or is rather holden of, (for *non tam tenet, quam tenetur*,) the comparison is sufficient to astonish us.

‘Quam male conveniunt vas aureum, atrumque venenum !’

Oh, ingrate, inconsiderate man ! to whom God hath given so good a vessel, and he fills it with so evil sap. 'In a great house there be vessels of honour, and vessels of dishonour,' 2 Tim. ii. 20 ; some for better, some for baser uses. The heart is a vessel of honour, sealed, consecrated for a receptacle, for a habitacle of the graces of God. 1 Cor. vi. 15, 'Shall we take the member of Christ, and make it an harlot's?' the vessel of God, and make it Satan's ? Did God infuse into us so noble a part, and shall we infuse into it such ignoble stuff ? Was fraud, falsehood, malice, mischief, adultery, idolatry, variance, variableness ordained for the heart, or the heart for them ? When the seat of holiness is become the seat of hollowness ; the house of innocence, the house of impudence ; the place of love, the place of lust ; the vessel of piety, the vessel of uncleanness ; the throne of God, the court of Satan, the heart is become rather a jelly than a heart : wherein there is a tumultuous, promiscuous, turbulent throng, heaped and amassed together, like a wine-drawer's stomach, full of Dutch, French, Spanish, Greek, and many country wines ; envy, lust, treason, ambition, avarice, fraud, hypocrisy ob-
 sessing it, and by long tenure pleading prescription : that custom, being a second nature, the heart hath lost the name of heart, and is become the nature of that it holds, a lump of evil.

It is detestable ingratitude in a subject, on whom his sovereign hath conferred a golden cup, to employ it to base uses ; to make that a wash-pot which should receive the best wine he drinketh. Behold, the King of heaven and earth hath given thee a rich vessel, thy heart, wherein, though it be a piece of flesh or clay of itself, he hath placed the chief faculties of thy spirit and his. How adverse to thankfulness and his intent is thy practice, when thou shalt pour into this cup lees, dregs, muddy pollutions, tetrical poisons, the waters of hell, wines which the infernal spirits drink to men ; taking the heart from him that created it, from him that bought it, from him that keeps it, and bequeathing it, in the death of thy soul, to him that infects, afflicts, tempts, and torments it ; making him thy executor which shall be thy executioner, that hath no more right to it than Herod had to the bed of his sister ! What injury, what indignity, is offered to God, when Satan is gratified with his goods, when his best moveable on earth is taken from him and given to his enemy !

The heart is *flos solis*, and should open and shut with the 'Sun of righteousness,' Mal. iv. 2. To him, as the landlord *duplice jure*, it should stand open, not suffering him to knock for entrance till 'his locks be wet with the dew of heaven,' Cant. v. 1. Alas ! how comes it about that he which is the owner can have no admission ? that we open not the doors of our hearts that the King of glory might enter, who will then one day open the doors of heaven that a man of earth may enter ? Did God erect it as a lodging for his own majesty, leaving no window in it for the eye of man so much as to look into it, as if he would keep it under lock and key to himself, as a sacred chalice, whereout he would drink the wine of faith, fear, grace, and obedience, wine which himself had sent before for his own supper, Rev. iii. 20 ; and must he be turned forth by his own steward, and have his chamber let out for an ordinary, where sins and lusts may securely revel ? Will not he that made it one day 'break it with a rod of iron, and dash it in pieces like a potter's vessel ?' Ps. ii. 9.

Shall the great Belshazzar, Dan. v. 2, that tyrant of hell, sit drinking his wines of abomination and wickedness in the sacred bowls of the temple, the vessels of God, the hearts of men, without ruin to those that delightfully suffer him ? Was it a thing detestable in the eyes of God to profane the

vessels of the sanctuary ; and will he brook with impunity the hearts of men to be abused to his dishonour ? Sure, his justice will punish it, if our injustice do it. The very vessels under the law, that had but touched an unclean thing, must be rinsed or broken. What shall become of the vessels under the gospel, ordained to hold the faith of Christ, if they be—more than touched—polluted with uncleanness ? They must either be rinsed with repentance, or broken with vengeance.

I am willingly led to prolixity in this point. Yet in vain the preacher amplifies, except the hearer applies. Shall none of us, in this visitation of hearts, ask his own heart how it doth ? Perhaps security will counterfeit the voice of the heart, as Jacob did Esau's hands, to supplant it of this blessing ; saying, I am well ; and stop the mouth of diligent scrutiny with a presentment of *Omnia bene*. Take heed, the heart of man is deceitful above measure. *Audebit dissimulare, qui audet malefacere*.—He will not stick to dissemble, that dares to do evil. Thou needest not rip up thy breast to see what blood thy heart holds, though thou hast been unkind enough to it in thine iniquities ; behold, the beams of the sun on earth witness his shining in heaven ; and the fruits of the tree declare the goodness or badness. *Non ex foliis, non ex floribus, sed ex fructibus dignoscitur arbor*.

What is lust in thy heart, thou adulterer ? Malice in thine, thou envious ? Usury in thine, thou covetous ? Hypocrisy in yours, ye sons of Gibeon ? Pride in yours, ye daughters of Jezebel ? Falsehood in yours, ye brothers of Joab ? And treachery in yours, ye friends of Judas ? Is this wine fit for the Lord's bowl, or dregs for the devil to carouse of ? Perhaps the sons of Belial will be filthy ; 'let them be filthy still,' Rev. xxii. 11. Who can help them that will not be saved ? Let them perish.

Let me turn to you that seem Christians,—for you are in the temple of Christ, and, I hope, come hither to worship him,—with confidence of better success. What should uncleanness do in the holy city, evil in a heart sanctified to grace, sealed to glory ? The vessel of every heart is by nature tempered of the same mould ; nor is there any (let the proud not triumph) *quorum præcordia Titan de meliore luto finxit*. But though nature knew none, grace hath made difference of hearts ; and the sanctified heart is of a purer metal than the polluted. A little living stone in God's building is worth a whole quarry in the world. 'One poor man's honest heart is better than many rich evil ones. These are dead, that is alive ; and 'a living dog is better than a dead lion.' Solomon's heart was better than Absalom's, Jude's than Judas's, Simon Peter's than Simon Magus's : all of one matter, clay from the earth ; but in regard of qualities and God's acceptance, the richest mine and coarsest mould have not such difference. There is with nature grace, with flesh faith, with humanity Christianity in these hearts.

How ill becomes it such a heart to have hypocrisy, injustice, fraud, covetousness seen in it ! Let these bitter waters remain in heathen cisterns. To the master of malediction, and his ungodly imps, we leave those vices ; our hearts are not vessels for such liquor. If we should entertain them, we give a kind of warrant to others' imitation. Whiles polygamy was restrained within Lamech's doors, it did but moderate harm, Gen. iv. 19 ; but when it once insinuated into Isaac's family, it got strength, and prevailed with great prejudice, Gen. xxvi. 34, 35. The habits of vices, whiles they dwell in the hearts of Belial's children, are merely sins ; but when they have room given them in the hearts of the sons of God, they are sins and examples ; not simply evil deeds, but warrants to evil deeds ; especially with such despisers and despisers of goodness, who, though they love, embrace, and resolve

to practise evil, yet are glad they may do it by patronage, and go to hell by example.

But how can this evil juice in our hearts be perceived? What beams of the sun ever pierced into that abstruse and secret pavilion? The anatomising of the heart remains for the work of that last and great day, Eccles. xii. 14, Rom. ii. 16. As no eye can look into it, so let no reason judge it. But our Saviour answers, 'Out of the heart proceed actual sins;' the water may be close in the fountain, but will be discerned issuing out. The heart cannot so contain the unruly affections, but like headstrong rebels they will burst out into actions; and works are infallible notes of the heart. I say not that works determine a man to damnation or bliss,—the decree of God orders that,—but works distinguish of a good or bad man. The saints have sinned, but the greatest part of their converted life hath been holy.

Indeed, we are all subject to passions, because men; but let us order our passions well, because Christian men. And as the skilful apothecary makes wholesome potions of noisome poisons, by a wise melling and allaying them; so let us meet with the intended hurt of our corruptions, and turn it to our good. It is not a sufficient commendation of a prince to govern peaceable and loyal subjects, but to subdue or subvert rebels. It is the praise of a Christian to order refractory and wild affections, more than to manage yielding and pliable ones. As therefore it is a provident policy in princes, when they have some in too likely suspicion for some plotted faction, to keep them down and to hold them bare, that though they retain the same minds, they shall not have the same means to execute their mischiefs; so the rebellious spirit's impotency gives most security to his sovereign, whiles he sees afar off what he would do, but knows (near at hand, that is, certainly) he cannot. So let thy heart keep a strait and awful hand over thy passions and affections, *ut, si moveant, non removeant*,—that if they move thee, they may not remove thee from thy rest. A man then sleeps surely, securely, when he knows, not that he will not, but that his enemy cannot hurt him. Violent is the force and fury of passions, overbearing a man to those courses which in his sober and collected sense he would abhor. They have this power, to make him a fool that otherwise is not; and him that is a fool to appear so. If in strength thou canst not keep out passion, yet in wisdom temper it; that if, notwithstanding the former, it comes to whisper in thine ears thine own weakness, yet it may be hindered by the latter from divulging it to thy shame.

Thou seest how excellent and principal a work it is to manage the heart, which indeed manageth all the rest, and is powerful to the carrying away with itself the attendance of all the senses; who be as ready at call, and as speedy to execution, as any servant the centurion had, waiting only for a *Come, Go, Do*, from their leader, the heart. The ear will not hear where the heart minds not, nor the hand relieve where the heart pities not, nor the tongue praise where the heart loves not. All look, listen, attend, stay upon the heart, as a captain, to give the onset. The philosopher saith, It is not the eye that seeth, but the heart; so it is not the ears that hear, but the heart.

Indeed, it sometimes falleth out, that a man hears not a great sound or noise, though it be nigh him. The reason is, his heart is fixed, and busily taken up in some object, serious in his imagination, though perhaps in itself vain; and the ears, like faithful servants, attending their master, the heart, lose the act of that auditive organ by some suspension, till the heart hath done with them and given them leave. Curious and rare sights, able to

ravish some with admiration, affect not others, whiles they stand as open to their view ; because their eyes are following the heart, and doing service about another matter. Hence our feet stumble in a plain path, because our eyes, which should be their guides, are sent some other way on the heart's errand. Be then all clean, if thou canst ; but if that happiness be denied on earth, yet let thy heart be clean ; there is then the more hope of the rest.

4. The *measure* of this vessel's infection—*full*. It hath not aspersion, nor imbution, but impletion. It is not a moderate contamination, which, admitted into comparison with other turpitudes, might be exceeded ; but a transcendent, egregious, superlative matter, to which there can be no accession. The vessel is full, and more than full what can be ? One vessel may hold more than another, but when all are filled, the least is as full as the greatest. Now Solomon, that was no flatterer, because a king himself, without awe of any mortal superior, because servant to the King of kings, and put in trust with the registering of his oracles, tells man plainly that his heart, not some less principal part, is evil, not good, or inclining to goodness ; nay, full of evil, to the utmost dram it contains.

This describes man in a degree further than nature left him, if I may so speak ; for we were born evil, but have made ourselves full of evil. There is time required to this perfecting of sin, and making up the reprobate's damnation. Judgment stays for the Amorites, 'till their wickedness becomes full,' Gen. xv. 16 ; and the Jews are forborne till they have 'fulfilled the measure of their fathers,' Matt. xxiii. 32. Sin loved, delighted, accustomed, habituated, voluntarily, violently perpetrated, brings this impletion. Indeed, man quickly fills this vessel of his own accord ; let him alone, and he needs no help to bring himself to hell. Whiles God's preventing grace doth not forestall, nor his calling grace convert, man runs on to destruction, as the fool laughing to the stocks. He sees evil, he likes it, he dares it, he does it, he lives in it ; and his heart, like a hydropic stomach, is not quiet till it be full.

Whiles the heart, like a cistern, stands perpetually open, and the devil, like a tankard-bearer, never rests fetching water from the conduit of hell to fill it, and there is no vent of repentance to empty it, how can it choose but be full of evil ? The heart is but a little thing ; one would therefore think it might soon be full ; but the heart holds much, therefore is not soon filled. It is a little morsel, not able to give a kite her breakfast ; yet it contains as much in desires as the world doth in her integral parts. Neither, if the whole world were given to the Pellæan monarch, would he yet say, My heart is full, my mind is satisfied.

There must then concur some co-working accidents to this repletion. Satan suggests ; concupiscence hearkens, flatters the heart with some persuasion of profit, pleasure, content ; the heart assents, and sends forth the eye, hand, foot, as instruments of practice ; lastly, sin comes, and that not alone—one is entertained, many press in. *Mala sunt contigua et continua inter se*. Then the more men act, the more they affect ; and the exit of one sin is another's hint of entrance, that the stage of his heart is never empty till the tragedy of his soul be done.

This fulness argues a great height of impiety. Paul amply delivered the wickedness of Elymas, Acts xiii. 10, 'O full of all subtlety and all mischief, thou child of the devil, thou enemy of all righteousness,' &c. ; a wretched impletion. So is the reprobate estate of the heathen described, Rom. i., to be 'filled with all unrighteousness, fornication, covetousness,' &c. The same apostle, in the same epistle, speaking of the wicked in the words of the

psalm, saith, 'Their mouth is full of cursing and bitterness,' Rom. iii. 14. Here the heart is 'full of evil.' The commander being so filled with iniquity, every member as a soldier, in his place, fills itself with the desired corruption. 'The eye is full of adultery and lust,' saith the Apostle, 2 Pet. ii. 14; the 'hand full of blood,' saith the prophet, Isa. i. 15; the foot full of averseness; the tongue full of curses, oaths, dissimulations. Every vessel will be full as well as the heart; full to the brim, nay, running over, as the vessels at the marriage in Cana, though with a contrary liquor. And when all are replenished, the heart is ready to call, as the widow in 2 Kings iv. 6, 'Bring me yet another vessel,' that it may be filled.

This is the precipitation of sin, if God doth not prevent, as Satan doth provoke it; it rests not till it be full. Sinful man is evermore carrying a stick to his pile, a talent to his burden, more foul water to his cistern, more torments to be laid up in his hell: he ceaseth not, without a supernatural interruption, and gracious revocation, till his measure be full.

Thus I have run through these four circumstances of the *comma*, or first point of man: observing—1. From the *owners*, their corruptible fragility; 2. From the *vessel*, the heart's excellency; 3. From the *liquor* contained in it, the pollution of our nature; 4. And lastly, from the *plenitude*, the strength and height of sin. The sum is, 1. the heart, 2. of man, 3. is full, 4. of evil.

I should now conclude, leaving my discourse, and you to the meditation of it, but that you should then say I had failed in one special part of a physician; that having described the malady, I prescribe no remedy. Since it is not only expedient to be made experient of our own estate, but to be taught to help it; give me leave therefore briefly to tell you that some principal intentions to the repair of your hearts' ruins are these:—1. Seeing this vessel is full, to *empty* it. 2. Seeing it is foul, to *wash* it. 3. Since it hath caught an ill tang, to *sweeten* it. 4. And when it is well, so to *preserve* it. With these four uses go in peace.

1. There is, first, a necessity that the heart, which is full of evil by nature, must be *emptied* by conversion, and replenished with grace, or not saved with glory; what scuppet have we then to free the heart of this muddy pollution? Lo, how happily we fall upon repentance: God grant repentance fall upon us! The proper engine, ordained and blessed of God to this purpose, is repentance: a grace without which man can never extricate himself from the bondage of Satan; a grace whereat, when it lights on a sinful soul, the devils murmur and vex themselves in hell, and the good 'angels rejoice in heaven,' Luke xv. This is that blessed engine that lightens the hearts of such a burden, that rocks and mountains and the vast body of the earth, laid on a distressed and desperate sinner, are corks and feathers to it, Rev. vi. 16.

This is that which makes the eternal Wisdom content to admit a forgetfulness, and to remember our iniquities no more than if they had never been. This speaks to mercy to separate our sins from the face of God, to bind them up in heaps and bundles, and drown them in the sea of oblivion. This makes Mary Magdalene, of a sinner a saint; Zaccheus, of an extortioner charitable; and of a persecuting Saul a professing Paul. This is that mourning master that is never without good attendants: tears of contrition, prayers for remission, purpose of amended life. Behold the office of repentance; she stands at the door, and offers her loving service: Entertain me and I will unlade thy heart of that evil poison, and, were it full to the brim, return it thee empty. If you welcome repentance, knocking at your door from God, it shall knock at God's door of mercy for you. It asks of you amendment, of God forgiveness. Receive it.

2. The heart thus emptied of that inveterate corruption, should fitly be *washed* before it be replenished. The old poison sticks so fast in the grain of it, that there is only one thing of validity to make it clean—the blood of Jesus Christ. It is this that hath bathed all hearts that ever were, or shall be, received into God's house of glory. This 'blood cleanseth us from all sin,' 1 John i. 7. Paul seems to infer so much, in joining to 'the spirits of just men made perfect, Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than the blood of Abel,' Heb. xii. 23, 24; as if he would prove that it was this blood which made them just and perfect. In vain were all repentance without this: no tears can wash the heart clean but those bloody ones which the side of Christ and other parts wept, when the spear and nails gave them eyes, while the Son of eternal joy became a mourner for his brethren. Could we mourn like doves, howl like dragons, and lament beyond the wailings in the valley of Hadadrimmon, *quid prosunt lachrymæ*,—what boots it to weep where there is no mercy? and how can there be mercy without the blood of Christ?

This is that ever-running fountain, that sacred 'pool of Bethesda,' which, without the mediation of angels, stands perpetually unforbidden to all faithful visitants. Were our leprosy worse than Naaman's, here is the true water of Jordan, or pool of Siloam: 'Wash, and be clean.' Bring your hearts to this bath, ye corrupted sons of men. Hath God given you so precious a laver, and will you be unclean still? Pray, entreat, beseech, send up to heaven the cries of your tongues and hearts for this blood; call upon the 'preserver of men,' not only to distil some drops, but to wash, bathe, soak your hearts in this blood. Behold, the Son of God himself, that shed this blood, doth entreat God for you; the whole choir of all the angels and saints in heaven are not wanting. Let the meditation of Christ's mediation for you give you encouragement and comfort. Happy son of man, for whom the Son of God supplicates and intercedes! What can he request and not have!

He doth not only pray for you, but even to you, ye sons of men. Behold him with the eyes of a Christian, faith and hope, standing on the battlements of heaven, having that for his pavement which is our ceiling, offering his blood to wash your hearts, which he willingly lost for your hearts; denying it to none but wolves, bears, and goats, and such reprobate, excommunicate, apostate spirits that tread it under their profane and luxurious feet, esteeming that an 'unholy thing wherewith they might have been sanctified,' Heb. x. 29. Come we then, come we, though sinners, if believers, and have our hearts washed.

3. All is not done with this vessel when washed. Shall we empty it, cleanse it, and so leave it? Did not Satan re-enter to the 'house swept and garnished, with seven worse spirits,' Matt. xii. 44, while it was empty? Behold then, when it is emptied, and washed, and sweetened, it must be *filled* again: a vacuity is not allowable. It must be replenished with somewhat, either evil or good. If God be not present, Satan will not be absent. When it is evacuated of the 'works of the flesh,' Gal. v. 24, it must be supplied with the 'fruits of the Spirit.' Humility must take up the room which pride had in the heart; charitableness must step into the seat of avarice; love extrude malice, mildness anger, patience murmuring; sobriety must dry up the floods of drunkenness; continence cool the inflammations of lust; peace must quiet the head from dissensions; honesty pull off hypocrisy's vizor; and religion put profaneness to an irrevocable exile.

Faith is the hand that must take these jewels out of God's treasury to furnish the heart; the pipe to convey the waters of life into these vessels. This infusion of goodness must follow the effusion of evil. God must be let in when Satan is locked out. If our former courses and customs, like turned-away abjects, proffer us their old service, let us not know them, not own them, not give them entertainment, not allow their acquaintance. But in a holy pride, as now made courtiers to the King of heaven, let us disdain the company of our old playfellows, *opera tenebrarum*, 'the works of darkness.' Let us now only frequent the door of mercy, and the fountain of grace; and let faith and a good conscience be never out of our society.—Here is the supply.

4. We have now done, if, when our hearts be thus emptied, cleansed, supplied, we so *keep* them. *Non minor est virtus*, &c.; nay, let me say, *Non minor est gratia*. For it was God's preventing grace that cleansed our hearts, and it is his subsequent grace that so preserves them; that we may truly sing—

'By grace, and grace alone,
All these good works are done.'

Yet have we not herein a patent of security and negligence sealed us, as if God would save us whiles we only stood and looked on; but 'he that hath this hope purgeth himself,' 1 John iii. 3. And we are charged to 'keep and possess our vessel in sanctification and honour,' 1 Thess. iv. 4; and to 'live unspotted of the world,' James i. 27.

Return not to your former abominations, 'lest your latter end be worse than your beginning,' Luke xi. 26. Hath God done so much to make your hearts good, and will you frustrate his labours, annihilate his favours, vilipend his mercies, and reel back to your former turpitudes? God forbid it! and the serious deprecation of your own souls forbid it!

Yea, O Lord, since thou hast dealt so graciously with these frail vessels of flesh,—emptied them, washed them, seasoned them, supplied them,—seal them up with thy Spirit to the day of redemption, and preserve them, that the evil one touch them not. Grant this, O Father Almighty, for thy Christ and our Jesus's sake! Amen.

II. Man's sentence is yet but begun, and you will say a comma doth not make a perfect sense. We are now got to his colon. Having left his heart full of evil, we come to his madness. No marvel if, when the stomach is full of strong wines, the head grow drunken. The heart being so filled with that pernicious liquor, evil, becomes drunk with it. Sobriety, a moral daughter, nay, reason, the mother, is lost; he runs mad, stark mad; this frenzy possessing not some out-room, but the principal seat, the heart.

Neither is it a short madness, that we may say of it, as the poet of anger, *furor brevis est*; but of long continuance, even during life, 'while they live.' Other drunkenness is by sleep expelled, but this is a perpetual lunacy.

Considerable then is, 1. The matter; 2. The men; 3. The time. *Quid, in quo, quando*,—*What, in whom, and how long*. Madness is the matter; the place, the heart; the time, whiles they live. The colon, or medium of man's sentence, spends itself in the description of—1. A tenant, *madness*; 2. A tenement, *the heart*; 3. A tenure, *while they live*.

1. *Madness*, 2. holds the heart, 3. during life. It is pity, 1. so bad a tenant, 2. hath so long time, 3. in so good a house.

1. The TENANT, *madness*. There is a double madness, corporal and spiritual. The object of the former is reason; of the latter, religion. That obsesseth the brain, this the heart. That expects the help of the natural

physician, this of the mystical. The difference is, this spiritual madness may *insanire cum ratione, cum religione nunquam*. The morally frantic may be mad with reason, never with religion.

Physicians have put a difference betwixt frenzy and madness, imagining madness to be only an infection and perturbation of the foremost cell of the head, whereby imagination is hurt; but the frenzy to extend further, even to offend the reason and memory, and is never without a fever. Galen calls it an inflammation of the brains, or films thereof, mixed with a sharp fever. My purpose needs not to be curious of this distinction.

To understand the force of madness, we must conceive in the brain three ventricles, as houses assigned by physicians for three dwellers—imagination, reason, and memory. According to these three internal senses or faculties, there be three kinds of frenzies or madness:—

(1.) There are some mad that can rightly judge of the things they see, as touching imagination and fantasy; but for cogitation and reason, they swerve from natural judgment.

(2.) Some being mad are not deceived so much in common cogitation and reason; but they err in fantasy and imagination.

(3.) There are some that be hurt in both imagination and reason, and they necessarily therewithal do lose their memories. That whereas in perfect, sober, and well-composed men, imagination first conceives the forms of things, and presents them to the reason to judge, and reason discerning them, commits them to memory to retain; in madmen nothing is conceived aright, therefore nothing derived, nothing retained.

For spiritual relation, we may conceive in the soul, understanding, reason, will. The understanding apprehendeth things according to their right natures. The reason discusseth them, arguing their fitness or inconvenience, validity or vanity; and examines their desert of probation or disallowance, their worthiness either to be received or rejected. The will hath her particular working, and embraceth or refuseth the objects which the understanding hath propounded, and the reason discoursed.

Spiritual madness is a depravation, or almost deprivation of all these faculties, *quoad celestia*,—so far as they extend to heavenly things. For understanding; the Apostle saith, 1 Cor. ii. 14, 'The natural man perceives not spiritual things, because they are spiritually discerned.' And the very 'minds of unbelievers are blinded by the god of this world,' 2 Cor. iv. 4. For reason; it judgeth vanities more worthy of prosecution when they are absent, of embracing when they salute us: Mal. iii. 14, 'It is in vain to serve the Lord; and what profit is it that we have kept his ordinance, and walked mournfully before him?' This is the voice of distracted cogitation, and of reason out of the wits. Ver. 15, 'We call the proud happy; and the workers of wickedness are set up: yea, they that tempt God are delivered.' For will; it hath lost the propenseness to good, and freedom of disposing itself to well-doing; neither hath it any power of its own to stop and retard the precipitation to evil.

Now, whereas they distinguish the soul *in vegetabilem*, that giveth life; *in sensibilem*, that giveth feeling; *in rationalem*, that giveth reason: the first desiring *esse*, to be; the second *bene esse*, to be well; the third *optime esse*, to be blest, so not resting till it be with God: behold, this spiritual madness enervates this last action of the soul, as the corporal endeavours to extinguish the two former.

They attribute to the soul five powers:—(1.) Feeling, whereby the soul is moved to desire convenient things, and to eschew hurtful. (2.) Wit, whereby

she knoweth sensible and present things. (3.) Imagination, whereby she beholdeth the likeness of bodily things, though absent. And these three virtues, say philosophers, be common to men with beasts. (4.) *Ratio*, whereby she judgeth between good and evil, truth and falsehood. (5.) *Intellectus*, whereby she comprehends things, not only visible, but intelligible, as God, angels, &c. And these two last are peculiar to man, abiding with the soul, living in the flesh, and after death. It beholdeth still the higher things *per intellectum*, and the lower *per rationem*.

As corporal madness draws a thick obfuscation over these lights, so spiritual corrupts and perverts them; that as they are strangers to heaven, *quoad intellectum*, so at last they become fools in natural things, *quoad rationem*. As the Apostle plainly, Rom. i. 28, 'Even as they did not like to retain God in their knowledge, so God gave them over to a reprobate mind, to do those things that are not convenient.' They that forget God shall forget nature. Hence ensue both these frenzies, and with them a dissimilitude to men, to Christian men. It is reckoned up among the curses that wait on the heels of disobedience: Deut. xxviii. 28, 'The Lord shall smite thee with madness, blindness, and astonishment of heart.' But it is a fearful accumulation of God's judgments and our miseries, when spiritual frenzy shall possess the soul, and scatter the powers of the inner man, evacuating not only imagination, but knowledge; not reason, but faith; not sense, but conscience: when the opinion of the world shall repute men sober and wise, and the scrutiny of God shall find them madmen.

To draw yet nearer to the point of our compass, and to discover this spiritual madness; let us conceive in man's heart, for therein this frenzy consists, in answerable reference to those three faculties in the brain and powers of the soul before manifested, these three virtues, knowledge, faith, affections. The defect of grace, and destitution of integrity, to the corrupting of these three, cause madness. We will not inquire further into the causes of corporal frenzy; the madness which I would minister to is thus caused: a defective knowledge, a faith not well informed, affections not well reformed. Ignorance, unfaithfulness, and refractory desires make a man mad.

(1.) *Ignorance* as a cause of this madness; nay, it is madness itself,—*supplicii causa est, suppliciumque sui*. How mad are they then, that settling their corrupted souls on the lees of an affected ignorance, imagine it an excusatory mitigation of their sinfulness! But so it befalls them as it doth the frantic: *hi dementiam, illi ignorantiam suam ignorant*,—these are ignorant of their own ignorance, as those of their madness: *ἀνοια* and *ἀνομία* are inseparable companions. Wickedness is folly; and ignorance of celestial things is either madness, or the efficient cause, or rather deficient, whereupon madness ensueth. Ps. xiv. 4, 'All the workers of iniquity have no knowledge.' The wicked, in the day of their confusion, shall confess that the madness of their exorbitant courses, and their wildness, 'erring from the way of truth,' arose from their ignorance of the way of the Lord: 'Therefore have we erred from the way of truth, and the light of righteousness hath not shined upon us,' Wisd. v. 6. Will you hear their acknowledged reason? 'For the way of the Lord we have not known.' So, Wisd. xiii. 1, from the absent knowledge of the true God, and for want of understanding, and confessing by the works the workmaster, the madness of idolatry is hatched. Ver. 18, 'For health, he calleth upon that which is weak: for life, he prayeth to that which is dead: and for a good journey, he asketh of that which cannot set a foot forward.' Through this error, they were so mad as to ascribe, first, to stocks and stones, insensible creatures; secondly, to men,

dust and ashes; thirdly, to wicked men, the worst of those that had a reasonable soul; fourthly, to devils, the malicious enemies of God and men, 'that incomparable name of God,' Wisd. xiv. 21.

Beyond exception, without question, the authority, patronage, and original fatherhood of spiritual madness is the nescience of God. No marvel if 'the people do err in their very heart,' saith the Psalmist, the local seat of this madness, when 'they have not known the ways of the Lord,' Ps. xcv. 10. The true object of divine knowledge is God; and the book wherein we learn him is his word. How shall they scape the rocks that sail without this compass? When the frenzy hath turned the edge of common sense, frustrated the power of reason, and captivated the regent-house of understanding, a man dreads not fire, mocks the thunder, plays at the holes of asps, and thrusts his hand into the mouths of lions: *ignoti nec timor, nec amor*; he knows not the danger.

So, whilst the supreme justice is not known, nor the avenger of wickedness understood, the ungodly are so mad as to 'mock at sin,' Prov. xiv. 9, to play at the brinks of the infernal pit, and to dally with those asps and crocodiles, the stinging and tormenting spirits; to precipitate themselves into that unquenched fire, to fillip the darts of thunder back again to the sender, and with a thirsty voracity to swallow down the dregs of the wrathful vial. *Quid in causa nisi ignorantia?*—What hath thus distempered the heart, and put it into this wildness, that, without fear or wit, men run into the evident danger of vengeance, if not ignorance? Prov. xxii. 3, 'A prudent man foreseeth the plague, and hideth himself, but the foolish run madly on, and are punished.'

If the Romists were not madmen, or worse, they would never set up ignorance as a lamp to light men to heaven; assuring it for the dam to produce, and nurse with her cherishing milk to batten devotion; when it is indeed an original cause of madness, the mother of error and wildness, making man's way to bliss more uncertain than Hannibal's on the Alps, or a lark's in the air. The truth is, know to know, and be wise; know to obey, and be happy. 'This is eternal life, to know God, and his Son whom he hath sent, Jesus Christ.' Labour to understand the Bible, lest thou undergo the curses of it. *Lege historiam, ne fias historia.* St Paul, after the recitation of many fearful judgments, concludes: 'Now all these things happened unto them for ensamples, and are written for our admonition,' &c., 1 Cor. x. 11. If we will not be admonished by these ensamples, we may become ensamples ourselves, histories of madness to future generations. Let the Papists call ignorance by never so tolerable and gentle names, it is ignorance still, still cause of madness. If madness may bring to heaven, there is hope for these wilfully ignorant.

(2.) *Unfaithfulness* is a sufficient cause of madness. Faith is the Christian man's reason. Now on the privation of reason must needs follow the position of madness. For shall the Creator of heaven and earth, the eternal Justice, and infallible Truth affirm? Shall he swear, will you put him to his oath, and that by 'two immutable things,' the best in heaven and the best on earth? Will you have him set his hand to it, and write it with his own finger? Dare you not yet trust him without a seal? Must he seal it with that bloody wax in the impression of death on his Son? Must you have witnesses, three on earth and as many in heaven, when the King of kings might well write, *Teste meipso*? And will you not yet believe him? Is there no credit from your hearts to all these promises, attestations, protestations, signs, seals? Will not these, all these, signify, certify, satisfy your souls of

that unchangeable truth? Surely you are mad, haplessly, hopelessly mad, unmeasurably out of your spiritual wits. Were you as deeply gone in a corporal frenzy, I would sigh out your desperate case:—

‘Hei mihi, quod nullis ratio est medicabilis herbis!’

Shall the Lord threaten judgments? Woe to him that trembles not! *Non sapient, sentient tamen.* Hell was not made for nothing. The vanguard of that accursed departing rabble, the ringleaders of the crew that dance to hell, are unbelievers, Rev. xxi. 8. An unsettled heart, accompanied with incredulity: ‘If ye will not believe, surely ye shall not be established,’ Isa. vii. 9. Neither are they that believe not gathered within the pale and fold of the church, but wander like straggling goats and wild beasts on the mountains and forests of this world. Hereupon through the improvident and incircumspect courses that mad infidelity keeps, the soul stumbles at the rock, and is broken by that which might have been her eternal safety, 1 Pet. ii. 7, 8. They that wander from the mounds and bounds of faith, madly invite dangers to salute them. *Sub clypeo fidei, et subsidio virtutis vir tutus.*—But where faith is not our proctor, nor is providence our protector, what shall shield us in the absence of faith? Not Solon, not Solomon, a wise man among the Gentiles, a wiser among the Christians; but grow mad in the deficiency of faith.

Men see by unanswerable arguments that the hand of God is too strong for sinners; that the least touch of his finger staggers their lives, their souls; that he sends his executioner, death, to call the wicked away, and that in a more horrid shape than to others; arming him with plague, murder, distraction, destruction, and that often with suddenness. They behold that *cadit corpus, inde cadaver; sepelitur, seponitur*,—the body dies and turns to rottenness. They know their own building to be made of the same loam and dust, and therefore liable to that common and equal law. Frequent examples of God’s immediate vengeance are added to the ancient trophies and monuments of his former desolations; spectacles set up in the vast theatre of this world, whereof, *quocunque sub axe*, whithersoever thou turnest thine eyes, thou must needs be a spectator. Shall we still think that *solummodo pereunt, ut pereant, vel ut pereundo alios deterreant*,—they only perish to perish, and not to terrify others, threatening the like wretchedness to the like wickedness? Surely the judgments of God should be like his thunders: *pœna ad paucos, terror ad omnes*,—whilst some fall, others should fear. They that will not take example by others shall give example to others.

But we see those that are as ripe in lewdness draw long and peaceable breaths; neither is it the disposition of a singular power, but the contingency of natural causes that thus worketh. Take heed; it is not the levity but the lenity of God, not the weakness of his arm, but the mercy of his patience, that thus forbeareth thee. ‘The Lord is not slack, as some count slackness; but is long-suffering to us-ward,’ &c., 2 Pet. iii. 9. If this gentle physic make thee madder, he hath a dark chamber to put thee in,—a dungeon is more lightsome and delightsome,—the grave; bands of darkness to restrain thy outrages, and potions of brimstone to tame and weaken thy perverseness. Then will he demonstrate actually, *Nemo me impune lacessit*,—No man shall provoke me unpunished.

Infidelity of God’s judgment is madness; unbelief of his mercies hath never been counted less. What is it else to refuse the offer of that ‘Lamb which takes away the sins of the world,’ John i. 29, and to cut off ourselves from that universal promise? *Moritur Christus pro indigenis, pro indignis;*

and spreads out his arms on the cross to embrace both Jew and Gentile. Why does not God give faith? I answer with that father,* *Non ideo non habes fidem quia Deus non dat, sed quia tu non accipis*,—Thou dost not therefore lack faith because God doth not offer it, but because thou wilt not accept it.

The name of Jesus Christ is, saith St Augustine, *nomen, sub quo nemini desperandum est*,—a name able to defend us from desperation. But there are many implacable threatenings against our guiltiness. There are none implacable to faith; none without reservation of mercy to repentance. Every conditional proposition hath two parts: the former suspendeth the sentence, and is called the antecedent; the latter concludeth the sentence, and is called the consequent. The first, *nil ponit in esse*, as a conditional promise inferreth nothing, but deriveth all force and virtue from the connexion, whereof it dependeth. So in menaces, there is either some presupposed cause or after concession, wherein it inferreth a consequence: *If thou hast sinned; if thou dost not repent*. There is place for remission with God, if there be place for repentance in thy own heart.

If, then, distrust of God's mercy be not madness, what is? when it causeth a man to break that league of kindness which he oweth to his own flesh, and offers to his hand engines of his own destruction, evermore presenting his mind with halters, swords, poisons, pistols, ponds; disquieting the heart with such turbulent and distracting cogitations, till it hath adjured the hands to imbrue themselves in their own blood, to the incurring of a sorer execution from the justice of God? Is he not mad that will give credit to the father of lies rather than to the God of truth? When God promiseth to penitence the wiping away her tears, the binding up her wounds, and healing her sores; and the devil denieth it, giving it for impossible to have the justice of God satisfied, and thy sins pardoned; behold, darkness is believed rather than light, and falsehood is preferred to truth.

Be not thus lion-like in your houses and frantic in your hearts, mad in your desperate follies; to shut up heaven when the Lord hath opened it; to renew that score which he hath wiped; and when he hath pulled you out of the fire, to run into it again: like tigers, to tear and devour your own souls, which that blood of eternal merit hath freed from the dragon of hell. It is not a light and inferior degree of madness, but a desperate, when the physician (even he of heaven) shall promise help to a sore, and apply plasters of his own blood to it, the patient shall thrust his nails into it, and answer, Nay, it shall not be healed. This sin is like that fourth beast, in the 7th of Daniel, without distinction of name or kind: 'dreadful, terrible, exceedingly strong; and it had great iron teeth,' &c. The lion, bear, leopard are tame and gentle in regard of this beast. It is desperate madness; that grinds the poor with his iron teeth, and stamps his own heart under his malignant feet, and dasheth against God himself with his horns of blasphemy.

It is, then, clearer than the day that the darkness of infidelity is frenzy, whether (as it hath been instanced) it be presumptuous against God's justice, or desperate against his mercy. For who but a madman would hope for impunity to his wilfully-continued sins, where he visibly perceives that *peccatum peccantem necessitat morti*,—that iniquity gives soul and body liable to condemnation, and objects them to the unappeasable wrath of God? And yet who but a madman, having sinned, will despair of forgiveness, when the mercy of God hath allowed a place to repentance? 'Turn and live,' saith the Lord; 'for I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth,' Ezek. xviii. 32.

* Aug.

(3.) Refractory and perverse *affections* make a man frantic. This is a speeding cause, and fails not to distemper the soul whereof it hath gotten mastery. There may be, first, a sober knowledge, that the patient may say, *Video meliora*, I see better things; and, secondly, a faith, (but such as is incident to devils,) *Proboque*, I allow of them; but, thirdly, where the whole man is tyrannised over by the regent-house of irrefragable affects, *Deteriora sequor*, he concludes his course with, I follow the worse. Observe the Philistines crying, 1 Sam. iv. 7, 'God is come into the camp; woe unto us!' &c. Yet they settle, hearten, harden themselves to fight against him. Ver. 8, 'Woe unto us! who shall deliver us out of the hand of these mighty Gods?' Yet, ver. 9, 'Be strong, and quit yourselves like men, O ye Philistines: quit yourselves like men, and fight.' Twice they behold their Dagon 'fallen down before the ark,' chap. v., yet Dagon must be their god still, and the ark is only revered for a *ne nocent*.

How many run mad of this cause, inordinate and furious lusts! If men could send their understandings, like spies, down into the well of their hearts, to see what obstructions of sin have stopped their veins, those springs that erst derived health and comfort to them, they should find that *male afficiuntur, quia male afficiuntur*,—their mad affects have bad effects; and the evil-disposedness of their souls ariseth from the want of composedness in their affections. The prophet Jeremiah, chap. ii. 24, compareth Israel to 'a swift dromedary, traversing her ways,' and to a 'wild ass used to the wilderness, that snuffeth up the wind at her pleasure.' 'Be ye not,' saith the Psalmographer, 'as the horse and mule, which have no understanding; whose mouth must be held in with bit and bridle,' Ps. xxxii. 9. Men have understanding, not beasts; yet when the frenzy of lust overwhelmeth their senses, we may take up the word of the prophet and pour it on them: 'Every man is a beast by his own knowledge.' And therefore man that is in 'honour, and understandeth not, is like unto beasts that perish,' Ps. xlix. 20. Did not the bridle of God's overruling providence restrain their madness, they would cast off the saddle of reason, and kick nature itself in the face.

This is that which Solomon calls the wickedness of folly, foolishness, and madness, Eccles. vii. 25; a continual deviation from the way of righteousness; a practical frenzy; a roving, wandering, vagrant, extravagant course, which knows not which way to fly, nor where to light, except like a dor* in a dunghill; an opinion without ground, a going without a path, a purpose to do it knows not what, a getting and losing, bending and breaking, building up and pulling down; conceiving a multitude of thoughts with much anxiety, and with a sudden neglect scattering them. As that woman who, being long barren, by studying and practising physick, became pregnant to the bearing of many children; upon whom she afterward exercising the same skill, brought them all to an untimely grave: so

'Per eandem redditur artem
Hæc Medæa ferox, quæ medicæa fuit.'

So madly do these fanatics spend their time and strengths, by doing and undoing, tying hard knots and untying them, affecting the issue of their own brains not a day together, and destroying much seed in the birth of their thoughts, because the conception now pleaseth them not. The proverb saith, that the most wild are in least danger to be stark mad; but here, wildness is madness, and indefatigable frenzy; an erring star reserved for the black darkness; a rolling stone that never gathers any moss to stay it; an

* I suppose, a dormouse.—Ed.

incessant and impetuous fury, that never ceaseth roving and raving till it come to the centre, hell.

Thus I have endeavoured to demonstrate madness, in the true definition, form, and colours. But as a man cannot so well judge of a sum while it lies in the heap, as when it is told and numbered out; if this united and contracted presentation of madness be not so palpable in your conceits as you would desire it, behold, to your further satisfaction, I come to particulars. The whole denominates the parts: as all of water is water; all of flesh, flesh; so every wilful sin is madness. Doubtless, when we come to this precise distribution and narrow scrutiny, to the singling out of frenzies, you will bless yourselves that there are so few bedlam-houses, and yet so many out of their wits.

Stultorum plena omnia,—It were no hard matter to bring all the world into the compass of a fool's cap. I dare not go so far; only *magna est plenitudo hominum, magna solitudo sapientum*,—there is great plenty of men, and no scarcity of madmen. *Plurima pessima*,—The most are not the best. *Pretiosa non numerosa*,—Vile things breed as plentifully as mountain-mice. Goodness, like the rail, flies alone; but madmen, like partridges, by coveys. Nay, we may say, *Magna solitudo hominum*, if it be true that Lactantius says: *Nemo potest jure dici homo, nisi qui sapiens est*,—He is not a man that is a madman. The fool is but *imago hominis*,—the shadow or resemblance of a man. The world is full of madmen, and the madder it is, the less it is sensible of its own distraction. *Semel insanivimus omnes*,—We have been all once mad, is too true a saying; some in youth, others in age. The first is more obvious and common, wildness is incident to youth; the latter more perilous, and of less hope to be reclaimed. If we must be mad, better young than old; but better not to be born than be mad at all, if the mercy of God and grace of Jesus Christ recollect us not. In the words of a poet—

‘All are once mad; this holds for too strong truth:
Blest man, whose madness comes and goes in youth!’

I promised to particularise and set open the gates of bedlam, to leave madness as naked as ever sin left the first propagators of it and mankind. The epicure shall lead the ring, as the foreman of this mad morisco:—

(1.) THE EPICURE.—I would fain speak not only of him, but with him. Can you tend it, belly-god? The first question of my catechism shall be, ‘What is your name?’ ‘Epicure.’ ‘Epicure! what is that? Speak not so philosophically, but tell us, in plain dealing, what are you?’ ‘“A lover of pleasure more than of God,” 2 Tim. iii. 4,—φιλήδωνι μᾶλλον ἢ φιλόθεω. One that makes much of myself; born to live, and living to take mine ease. One that would make my belly my executor, and bequeath all my goods to consumption, for the consummation of my own delights.’ ‘Ho! a good fellow, a merry man, a madman! What is your *summum bonum*?’ ‘Pleasure.’ ‘Wherein consists it? Rehearse the articles of your belief.’ ‘I believe that delicacies, junkets, quotidian feasts, suckets, and marmalades are very delectable. I believe that sweet wines and strong drinks—the best blood of the grape, or sweat of the corn—are fittest for the belly. I believe that midnight revels, perfumed chambers, soft beds, close curtains, and a Delilah in mine arms, are very comfortable. I believe that glittering silks and sparkling jewels, a purse full of golden charms, a house neatly decked, gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, parks, warrens, and whatsoever may yield pleasurable stuffing to the corpse, is a very heaven upon earth. I believe that to sleep till dinner, and play till supper, and quaff till midnight, and to dally till

morning, except there be some intermission to toss some painted papers, or to whirl about squared bones, with as many oaths and curses, vomited out in an hour, as would serve the devil himself for a legacy or stock to bequeath to any of his children : this is the most absolute and perfect end of man's life.'

Now a deft creed, fit to stand in the devil's catechism. Is not this madness, stark and staring madness? What is the flesh which thou pamperest with such indulgence? As thou feedest beasts to feed on them, doest thou not fat thy flesh to fat the worms? Go, Heliogabalus, to thy prepared muniments, the monuments of thy folly and madness; thy tower is polished with precious stones and gold, but to break thy neck from the top of it, if need be; thy halters enwoven with pearl, but to hang thyself, if need be; thy sword enamelled, hatched with gold, and embossed with margarites, but to kill thyself, if need be. Yet, for all this, death prevents thy preparation, and thou must fall into thine enemy's hands.

Thou imaginest felicity to consist in liberty, and liberty to be nothing else but *potestas vivendi ut velis*,—a power to live as thou list. Alas, how mad art thou! Thou wilt not live as thou shouldst, thou canst not live as thou wouldst; thy life and death is a slavery to sin and hell. Tut, *post mortem nulla voluptas*; and here, ver. 4, 'It is better to be a living dog than a dead lion.' Thou art mad; for, 'for all these things thou must come unto judgment.'

How many of these madmen ramble about this city!—that lavish out their short times in this confused distribution of playing, dicing, drinking, feasting, beasting; a cupping-house, a vaulting-house, a gaming-house, share their means, lives, souls. They watch, but they pray not; they fast when they have no money, and steal when they have no credit: and revelling the whole week, day and night, only the Sunday is reserved for sleep, and for no other cause respected. Be not mad, as the Apostle saith: Eph. v. 6, 'Be not deceived: for because of these things cometh the wrath of God on the children of disobedience.' Are not these madmen, that buy the merry madness of an hour with the eternal agonies of a tormented conscience?

(2.) The PROUD is the next madman I would have you take view of in this bedlam. The proud man, or rather the proud woman, or rather *hæc aquila*, both he and she: for if they had no more evident distinction of sex than they have of shape, they would be all man, or rather all woman; for the Amazons bear away the bell: as one wittily, *hic mulier* will shortly be good Latin, if this transmigration hold; for whether on horseback or on foot, there is no great difference, but not discernible out of a coach. If you praise their beauty, you raise their glory; if you commend them, command them. Admiration is a poison that swells them till they burst,—

'Laudatas extendit avis Junonia pennas.'

Is not this madness? *De ignorantia tui, venit in te superbia*,*—Self-ignorance is the original of pride. Is not he mad that knows not himself? *Quanto quis humilior, tanto Christo similior*,—Humility is Christ's resemblance, pride the devil's physiognomy. Is he not mad that would rather be like Satan than God? Humility is begun by the information of Christ, wrought by the reformation of the Spirit, manifested in conformation to obedience. But pride, saith Augustine, *ubi mentem possederit, erigendo deificat, inflammando evacuat, et domum destruit, quam inhabitat*,—Pride casteth down by lifting up, by filling emptieth, and destroys the house where it inhabiteth.

* Bern.

If *superbire* be *supra regulam ire*, then is pride extravagancy and madness : a pernicious, perilous sin, that entraps even good works; *quod bonis operibus insidiatur*.*

Do you think there is no pride, no madness in the land? Ask the silk-men, the mercers, the tirowomen, the complexion-sellers, the coachmakers, the apothecaries, the embroiderers, the featherers, the perfumers, and, above all, as witnesses beyond exception, the tailors. If you cast up the debt-books of the others, and the fearful bills of the last, you shall find the total sum, pride and madness. Powders, liquors, unguents, tinctures, odours, ornaments derived from the living, from the dead,—palpable instances and demonstrative indigitations of pride and madness. Such translations and borrowing of forms, that a silly countryman walking the city can scarce say, There goes a man, or, There a woman. Woman, as she was a human creature, bore the image of God; as she was a woman, the image of man; now she bears the image of man indeed, but in a cross and mad fashion, almost to the quite defacing of the image of God. Howsoever, that sex will be the finer, the prouder, the madder; for pride and madness are of the feminine gender. They have reason for it. Man was made but of earth; woman of refined earth, being taken out of man, who was taken out of the earth; therefore she arrogates the costlier ornaments, as being the purer dust. Alas, how incongruous a connexion is fine dust, proud clay! The attribute is too good for the subject.

A certain man desired to see Constantine the Great; whom intently beholding, he cried out, I thought Constantine had been some greater thing, but now I see he is nothing but a man. To whom Constantine answered with thanks, *Tu solus es, qui in me oculos apertos habuisti*,—Thou only hast looked on me with open and true-judging eyes. *O nobiles magis quam felices pannos*, may many great men say of their stately robes; nay, *O honoranda, magis quam honesta, vestimenta*, may proud creatures say of theirs. What is a silken coat to hide aches, fevers, imposthumes, swellings, the merited poisons of lust, when we may say of the body and the disease, as of man and wife, for their incorporation of one to the other, *Duo sunt in carne una*,—They are two in one flesh!

There is mortality in that flesh thou so deapest, and that skin which is so bepainted with artificial complexion shall lose the beauty and itself. *Detrahetur novissimum velamentum cutis*. You that sail betwixt heaven and earth in your four-sailed vessels, as if the ground were not good enough to be the pavement to the soles of your feet, know that the earth shall one day set her foot on your necks, and the slime of it shall defile your sulphured bodies. Dust shall fill up the wrinkled furrows which age makes and paint supplies. Your bodies were not made of the substance whereof the angels, nor of the nature of stars, nor of the matter whereof the fire, air, water, and inferior creatures. Remember your tribe, and your father's poor house, and the pit whereout you were hewn. Hannibal is at the gates, death stands at your doors; be not proud, be not mad—you must die.

(3.) The LUSTFUL is not to be missed in this catalogue. The poet calls *amantes, amantes*; taking, or rather mistaking, love for lust. Indeed it is *insana libido*, a witch that with her powerful charms intoxicates the heart. A father contemplating in his meditations how it came to pass that our forefathers in the infancy of the world had so many wives at once, answers himself, *Certe cum fuit consuetudo, non fuit culpa*,—Whiles it was a custom, it was scarce held a fault. We may say no less of our days. Lasciviousness

* August.

is so wonted a companion for our gallants, that in their sense it hath lost the name of being a sin. They call it *magnatum ludum*, and so derive to themselves authority of imitation.

But still, *Quæ te dementia cepit?* Thou art mad whiles incontinent. Is it not *malum sui diffusivum*,—a saucy sin, a costly disease? Yet, were it cheap to the purse, is it not the price of blood? Can all your provocatives, enlivenings, and fomenting preservatives prevent the wasting of your marrows? Chamber-work will dry the bones. ‘If my heart,’ saith Job, ‘hath been deceived by a woman, it is a fire that consumeth to destruction, and would root out all mine increase,’ chap. xxxi. 9, 12. *Luxuriam sequitur dissipatio omnis*,—Luxury is attended on by a general consumption:—First, of substance, Prov. vi. 26, ‘By means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread.’ Secondly, of body. *Tremores pedum, et articularum generat deprivationem*,—It weakens the limbs and unties the joints, those knots whereby the body is trussed together. St Paul calls it a ‘sin against a man’s own body,’ 1 Cor. vi. 18. Thirdly, of name. ‘A wound and dishonour will he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away,’ Prov. vi. 33. Even when he shall depart his place, the world, he leaves an evil memorial, a bad savour, behind him.

I would mention the loss of his soul too; but that he cares not for: the other he would seem to love, then how mad is he to endanger them? If thou be not mad, away with these *fomenta luxuriæ*; feed nature, not appetite. *Naturæ nihil parum, appetitui nihil satis. Qui minus tradit corpori, quam debet corpori, civem necat: qui tradit plus corpori, quam debet corpori, hostem nutrit*,—As he that allows less to his body than he owes to his body, kills his own friend; so he that gives more to his body than he owes to his body, nourisheth his enemy. Thou complainest of original evil in thy flesh, yet nourishest what thou complainest against. *Caro non est mala, si malo careat*. But Christ was more favourable to the adulteress, and sent her away with impunity; yet not in allowance to the vice of the accused, but to convince the wickedness of the accusers, John viii. 7–11. *Putavit lapidandam, non à lapidandis. Noluist talem, noluist à talibus*;—He might think her worthy to die, but not by them that were worthy to die. He would not have her polluted, nor yet to perish by so polluted hands. I conclude the madness of these men with the poet—

‘Ludit amor sensus, oculos perstringit, et aufert
Libertatem animi, et mira nos fascinat arte.
Credo, aliquis dæmon subiens præcordia flammam
Concitat, et raptam tollit de cardine mentem.
Amor est et amarus et error.’

‘Lust blinds the senses, and with witching art
Brings into fatal servitude the heart.
A subtle fiend, the cause and plague of badness,
Poisons the blood, and fills the brain with madness.’

If they will not see this yet, (as what frantic man perceives his own madness?) they shall feel it under the hands of an ill surgeon on earth, or a worse in hell.

(4.) The HYPOCRITE plays the madman under covert and concealment. He is proud under the shadow of humility. But he cannot say with David, Ps. cxxx. 1, ‘Mine heart is not haughty, nor mine eyes lofty:’ *Cor et oculi, fons et rivuli*. The tongue that brags of humility deserves little credit. *Frons, vultus, oculi sæpe mentiuntur; lingua vero sæpissime*,—The forehead, eyes, and countenance do often deceive, the tongue most commonly. The

worst inn hath sometimes the bravest sign, and the baser metal the loudest sound. *Turpiora sunt vitia cum virtutum specie celantur*,*—Vices are then more ugly when they have put on the robes of virtues. *Hypocrita solus vult omnibus videri melior, et solus est omnibus pejor*,†—The hypocrite would seem better than any man, and is indeed the worst of all men. His respect is not to the reward of virtue, but regard of men; as if virtue were not *sibi met pulcherrima merces*,—a sufficient compensation to itself. Being the son of a handmaid, and a bramble indeed, as Jotham spake of Abimelech, Judges ix., he brags as much of his shadow as either vine, olive, fig-tree, or the tallest cedar in Lebanon.

He mourns for his sins, as a hasty heir at the death of his father. *Hæredis luctus sub larva, risus est*,—He is at once a close mourner and a close rejoicer. When the wicked man counterfeits himself good, he is then worst of all. Dissembled sanctity is double iniquity, *quia et iniquitas est et simulatio*,—because it is both sin and simulation. Hypocrites are like jugglers, that shew tricks of legerdemain, seeming to do the tricks they do not, by casting a mist before men's eyes. Howsoever it was once said, *Stultitiam simulare loco, prudentia summa est*; I think it not so intolerable as the speech of Protagoras in Plato, somewhat agreeing to Machiavel: He is a madman that cannot counterfeit justice and dissemble integrity. I am here rather occasioned to say, He is a madman that doth counterfeit good things, because he doth but counterfeit. And in that great epiphany and manifestation of the secrets of all hearts, he shall be found a madman. Meantime, he is a frantic too, for he incurs the world's displeasure in making a shew of godliness, God's double displeasure in making but a shew. He that would purchase the hatred both of God and man, is he less than mad?

(5.) The **AVAROUS** is a principal in this bedlam. Soft! if it were granted that the covetous were mad, the world itself would run of a garget; for who is not bitten with this mad dog? It is the great cannon of the devil, charged with chain-shot, that hath killed charity in almost all hearts. A poison of three sad ingredients, whereof who hath not (to speak sparingly) tasted? Insatiability, rapacity, tenacity. *In concupiscendo, acquirendo, retinendo*. Covetousness hath three properties, saith Ambrose, *Concupiscere aliena, cupita invadere, celare quod invadit*,—to covet not her own, to get what she covets, and to keep what she gets. And yet, O Avarous! why art thou so mad after money? *Non habentes inficit, habentes non reficit*,—it hurts them that it possesseth, and helps not them that possess it. The brood that covetousness hatcheth is an offspring intricated with cares terrestrial, infected with desires carnal, blinded with passions, subjected to affections, infirmed by tentations, informed by lusts, enfolded in errors, in ambiguities difficult, obnoxious to suspicions. Is he not mad that will foster in his bosom a dam with such a damned litter?

Tria retia habet diabolus in mundum extensa: ut quicquid evaserit de retibus gulæ, incidat in retia inanis gloriæ; et quicquid evaserit his, callidius capiatur retibus avaritiæ. De his nullus perfecte evasit; ‡—The devil's three nets are riot, vain-glory, covetousness. The second catcheth them that scape the first; and the last miseth not to apprehend them that are delivered from both the former: 'He that flies from the lion, the bear meets him,' Amos v. 19; and those that escape both these, the serpent (covetousness) bites: not unlike the prediction of God to Elias, 1 Kings xix. 17, concerning Hazeel, Jehu, and Elisha, whom he was commanded to anoint: 'It

* Jerom. ad Celant.

† Hugo de vita claustrali.

‡ Chrys. Hom. 5 in Math.

shall come to pass, that he that escapeth the sword of Hazael shall Jehu slay; and him that scapeth from the sword of Jehu shall Elisha slay.'

If this be madness, who are well in their wits? And yet madness it is, and infatuate frenzy. What is it else, to forsake Paradise for Sodom, heaven for earth, God for Mammon, whenas (by most irreconcilable enmity) they cannot be embraced at once? Howsoever, you will say, those things you covet are good creatures, and call them goods; yet no good man will account those goods good for him that cannot command his affections to their sober usage. He that shall prefer profit to virtue, his body to his soul, his purse to his body, his eye to his purse, time to eternity, let him go for a madman.

The epicure feeds one fowl a hundred times, that it may feed him but once; the covetous feeds his purse a thousand times, and starves himself. He cares not to destroy his soul to please his lust, yet for the salvation of his soul will not hold his purse short of the smallest gain. To conclude: the god whom he serves cannot help him; the God whom he should serve will not help him, because he hath forsaken him. There is no other help or hope to reclaim the avarous, but 'Lord, have mercy on them, for they are lunatic and sore vexed;' as that father spake of his possessed son, Matt. xvii. 15. 'Lunatic' they are perpetually, and not at some fits by the moon, as that word seems to intimate. 'Sore vexed,' with the implacable, insatiable, turbulent distraction of their own spirits; not without accession of all those solicitations which the infernal spirits can suggest; all for gain. 'Oft-times they fall into the fire, and oft into the water:' their epileptic courses now drive them into the fire of malice and dissension, now plunge and drown them in the floods of oppression, till the inundation of their cruelty have spoiled the whole country, and themselves at last are suffocated in their own deluge. They may be 'brought to the disciples,' the ministers of Christ, but 'they cannot cure them,' ver. 16. Alas! this frenzy is hard to heal. Though they be neither faithless nor perverse, negatively; though they strive by fasting and prayer, affirmatively, ver. 17; avoid they evil impediments, or use they good means; this kind of devil will not out, covetousness will not be expelled. Only 'Lord, have mercy on them,' ver. 21; convince them, convert them, for they are madmen.

(6.) The USURER would laugh to hear himself brought into the number of madmen. He sits close, and is quiet at home, whiles madness rambles abroad. He holds others in bonds, is in no bonds himself; he stands so much upon law, you cannot judge him lawless. He would not come near a tavern door, where madness roars; he keeps a succinct course, and walks in an even pace to hell. Slander him not for one of bedlam; yet he is mad, raving, roaring mad; and that by the verdict of God in the pen of Solomon: Eccles. vii. 7, 'Surely oppression maketh a man mad.'

It is indeed a thriving occupation. Usury is like that Persian tree, that at the same time buds, blossoms, and bears fruit. The moneys of interest are evermore, some ripe for the trunk, others drawing to maturity, the rest in the flower approaching, all in the bud of hope. But he is mad; for his sin at once buds, blossoms, and brings forth the fruit of vengeance. Every bond he takes of others enters him into a new obligation to Satan; as he hopes his debtors will keep day with him, the devil expects no less of himself. Every forfeit he takes scores up a new debt to Lucifer; and every mortgaged land he seizeth on enlargeth his dominions in hell.

But why do you call this benefit made of our money usury and madness? It is but usance, and husbanding of our stock. So by a new name given to your old sins, you will think to escape the censure of madmen. Thus I have

read of the people of Bengala, who are so much afraid of tigers that they dare not call them tigers, but give them other gentle names: as some physicians, that will not call their impatient patients' disease madness, but melancholy. But let the Bengalans call them what they will, they are tigers still; and give usury what name you please, (for what usurer is not ashamed to be called so?) it is mere madness. He is mad that 'calls evil good,' and sour sweet, Isa. v. 20; but he is no slanderer that calls usury madness. It is no less, when the eternal God in his word shall condemn usury to hell, still to prosecute it with hope of heaven.

But many learned men are patrons and patterns for it. They are as mad as you; and learn you by their madness to become sober. *Aliquid auxilii est, aliena insania frui*,—There is some benefit usefully to be made by another man's exemplary madness. Were it more questionable, yet he is no less mad, that will venturously do what he is not sure is safe to be done, than he that, having a whole field to walk in, will yet go on a deep river's dangerous bank. He is in more danger to topple in, and therefore a madman. It were good for the commonwealth if all these madmen, the usurers, were as safe and fast bound in a local, as they are in spiritual bedlam.

(7.) The AMBITIOUS MAN must be also thrust into this bedlam, though his port be high, and he thinks himself indivisible from the court. Whiles he beholds the stars, with Thales, he forgets the ditch; and yawning so wide for preferment, contempt is easily thrown into his mouth. I have read of Menecrates a physician, that would needs be counted a god, and took no other fee of his patients but their vow to worship him. Dionysius Syracusanus hearing of this, invited him to a banquet; and to honour him according to his desire, set before him nothing but a censer of frankincense; with the smoke whereof he was feasted till he starved, whiles others fed on good meat. This shewed the great naturalist a natural fool, a madman. Sapor, a Persian king, wrote himself, *Rex regum, frater solis et lunæ, particeps siderum*, &c.,—King of kings, brother to the sun and moon, and partner with the stars. Yet, alas! he was a man; therefore a madman, in the arrogation of his style.

Let the Roman canonists turn their Pope into a new nature, which is neither God nor man; they are mad that give it him, and he is mad to accept it. Let Edom exalt herself as the eagle, and set her nest among the stars, Obad. 4; yet, saith God, the pride of thine heart hath deceived thee. Let the prince of Tyrus imagine himself to sit in the seat of God, Ezek. xxviii. 2; 'Wilt thou yet say before him that killeth thee, I am God? but thou shalt be a man, and no God, before him that slayeth thee,' ver. 9. Let Sennacherib think to dry up rivers with the sole of his foot; and Antiochus to sail on the mountains—

'Quid sibi fert tanto dignum promissor hiatu?'—

What events have answered their grand intendments but madness?

Eusebius reports of Simon Magus, that he would be honoured as a god, and had an altar with this inscription, To Simon the holy god; which it seemed his harlot Helena did instigate. But when, by the power of the devil, he presumed to fly up to heaven, at the command of St Peter, the unclean spirit brake his neck. He climbed high, but he came down with a vengeance. His miserable end shewed him an ambitious man, a madman. Soar not too high, ye sons of Anak; strive not to attain heaven by multiplying of earth, like Babel-builders: *Ferunt summos fulgura montes*. Though you aspire in glory, you shall expire in ignominy. If you were not frantic, you would *sistere gradum*, keep your stations, know when you are well, and

give a *fiat* to his will that hath placed you in a site happiest for you. You are mad to outrun him.

(8.) The DRUNKARD will, sure, wrangle with me that his name comes so late in this catalogue, that deserved to be in the front or vanguard of madmen. *Demens ebrietas* is an attribute given him by a heathen. It is a voluntary madness, and makes a man so like a beast, that whereas a beast hath no reason, he hath the use of no reason; and, the power or faculty of reason suspended, gives way to madness. Nay, he is in some respect worse than a beast; for few beasts will drink more than they need, whereas mad drunkards drink when they have no need, till they have need again.

‘Quæris, quis sit homo ebriosus? atqui
Nullus est homo, Mævole, ebriosus;—

‘Shew me a drunken man, thou bid’st. I can
Not do’t; for he that’s drunken is no man.’

To prove himself a madman, he dares quarrel with every man, fight with any man; nay, with posts and walls, imagining them to be men. *Bacchus ad arma vocat*,*—Wine makes them bold, without fear or wit; hazarding themselves into dangers, which sober, they would tremble to think of. *Nec enim hæc faceret sobrius unquam*.† Are not these mad? If you should see them, like so many superstitious idolaters, drinking healths on their bare knees to their fair mistress,—which, may be, is but a foul strumpet,—swearing against him that will not pledge it, or not pledge it off to a drop; would you in your right wits take these for other than madmen? No; let them go among the rest to bedlam.

(9.) The IDLE man, you will say, is not mad; for madmen can hardly be kept in, and he can hardly be got out. You need not bind him to a post of patience, the love of ease is strong fetters to him. Perhaps he knows his own madness, and keeps his chamber; both that sleep may quiet his frenzy, and that the light may not distract him. He lives by the sweat of other men’s brows, and will not disquiet the temples of his head. If this be his wit, it is madness; for by this means his field is covered with nettles and thorns, his body overgrown with infirmities, his soul with vices; his conscience shall want a good witness to itself, and his heart be destitute of that hope which in the time of calamity might have rejoiced it.

Seneca could say, *Malo mihi male esse, quam molliter*,—I had rather be sick than idle. And, indeed, to the slothful, ease is a disease; but these men had rather be sick than work. These are mad; for they would not be poor, nor want means to give allowance to their sluggishness; yet by their refusal of pains, they call on themselves a voluntary and inevitable want. Oh that the want of grace thus procured were not more heavy to their souls than the other to their carcasses! Complain they of want? Justly may they, should they, shall they; for the want of diligence hath brought them to the want of sustenance. Thus their quiet is frenzy, their idleness madness.

(10.) The SWEARER is ravingly mad: his own lips so pronounce him; as if he would be revenged on his Maker for giving him a tongue. It is so blistered with his hot breath that he spits fire at every sentence. He swears away all part of that blood which was shed for his redemption; and esteems the wounds of his Saviour but only a complement of his speech, wherein he doth his best to give him new ones. He never mentions God but in his oaths, and vilipends his great name as if he heard him not.

* Virg.

† ‘In prælia trudit inermem.’—Hor.

What frenzy exceeds his? for he calls his bread, his drink, his clothes, the day, sun, stars, plants, and stones, to testify his truth; indeed he calls them to testify against him. How shall the name of that God do him good which he so either disallows or dishallows? God will not give him that blessing which he is so mad to vilify. And for a full exemplification of his madness, by oaths he thinks to get credit, and by oaths he loseth it.

(11.) The LIAR is in the same predicament with the swearer; let them go together for a couple of madmen. As he now is excluded out of all human faith, so he shall at last out of God's kingdom, Rev. xxi. 27. Lies have been often distinguished; the latest and shortest reduction is into a merry lie and a very lie: either is a lie, though of different degree; for the malicious lie exceeds the officious lie. The proverb gives the liar the inseparable society of another sin: *Da mihi mendacem, et ego ostendam tibi furem*,*—Shew me a liar, and I will shew thee a thief. He is mad, for, Wisd. i. 11, 'the mouth that speaketh lies slayeth his own soul.' This is not all; he gives God just cause to destroy him further. Ps. v. 6, 'Thou shalt destroy them that speak lies.' This is his madness. He kills at least three at once. The thief doth only send one to the devil; the adulterer, two; the slanderer hurteth three—himself, the person of whom, the person to whom he tells the lie. Lie not in earnest, lie not in jest; if thou dost accustom it, get thee into bedlam.

(12.) The BUSYBODY all will confess a madman; for he fisks up and down, like a nettled horse, and will stand on no ground. He hath a charge of his own properly distinguished; yet he must needs trouble his head with alien and unnecessary affairs. He admits all men's businesses into his brain but his own; and comes not home for his own till he hath set all his neighbours' ploughs a-going. He hurries up and down, like Jehu the son of Nimshi in his chariot, or as a gallant in his new caroch, driving as if he were mad.

He loves not to sleep in his own doors; and hinders the commonwealth with frivolous questions. He is a universal solicitor for every man's suit, and would talk a lawyer himself mad. There is not a boat wherein he hath not an oar, nor a wheel wherein he will not challenge a spoke. He lives a perpetual affliction to himself and others, and dies without pity, save that they say, It is pity he died no sooner. He is his neighbours' *malus genius*, and a plague to melancholy. He is the common supervisor to all the wills made in his parish; and when he may not be a counsellor, he will be an intelligencer. If you let him not in to interrupt, he will stand without to eavesdrop. He is a very madman; for he takes great pains without thanks, without recompense, of God or man, or his own conscience. He is luxurious of business that concerns him not. Lay hands on him, shackle him; there are some less mad in bedlam. I will be rid of him with this distich—

'He cleaves to those he meddles with like pitch;
He's quicksilver, good only for men's itch.'

(13.) The FLATTERER is a madman: Prov. xxvi. 18, 19, 'As a madman who casteth firebrands, arrows, and death, so is the man that deceiveth his neighbour, and saith, Am I not in sport?' He displeaseth his conscience to please his concupiscence; and to curry a temporary favour he incurreth everlasting hatred. For his great one, once awaked from his lethargical slumber, will say of him, as Achish did of David, counterfeiting himself distracted, 1 Sam. xxi. 15, 'Have I need of madmen, that you have brought

* Erasm.

this fellow to play the madman in my presence? Shall this fellow come into my house?'

(14.) INGRATITUDE is madness; for the unthankful man both makes himself unworthy of received favours and prevents the hope of future. For every man can say, *Quod facis ingrato, perit*,—What you do to a madman is lost. But if he be unthankful to God, he turneth his former blessings into curses, and shuts up heaven against his own soul. *Cessat cursus gratiarum, ubi non fuerit recursus*,—The course of grace, where it hath no recourse, is soon stopped. All waters come secretly from the sea, but return openly thither: though favours have a secret and invisible derivation from God, they must return openly to him in praises, and in a thankful acknowledgment. Thou art mad, O elate and puffed spirit, that usest, abusest, takest, swallowest the blessings of heaven without gratitude. *Non es dignus pane, quo vesceris*: for, *non est dignus dandis, qui non agit gratias de datis*,—He is unworthy of more benefits, that is unthankful for those he hath. The ingrateful man must needs be one of this number, and salute bedlam.

(15.) The ANGRY man none will deny to be a madman, but they that are either mad or angry. The Scripture hath so condemned him, nature so censured him; therefore he cannot shift this bedlam. 'Anger resteth in the bosom of fools;' it is all one, of madmen. *Ira furor*, though but *brevis*; the longer it lasts, the madder it is. 'Be angry,' there is the reins; but 'sin not,' there is the bridle. 'Let not the sun go down on your wrath,' if you must needs be angry; 'neither give place to the devil,' Eph. iv. 26, 27. If he suffer the sun to set on his wrath, the sun of mercy may set on his soul; and when he hath given the devil place, the devil at last will give him place, even 'his own place,' Acts i. 52, which his mad fury had voluntarily accepted. He is stark mad, for he spares not to wound himself; and with a violent fire, which himself kindles, he burns up his own blood.

(16.) The ENVIOUS man is more closely, but more dangerously, mad, 'Envy is the consumption of the bones,' saith Solomon. He doth make much of that which will make nothing of him; he whets a knife to cut his own throat. The glutton feeds beasts to feed on; but the envious, like a witch, nourisheth a devil with his own blood. He keeps a disease fat which will ever keep him lean; and is indulgent to a serpent that gnaws his entrails. He punisheth and revengeth the wrongs on himself which his adversary doth him. Is not this a madman? Others strike him, and like a strangely penitential monk, as if their blows were not sufficient, he strikes himself. That physicians may not beg him when he is dead, he makes himself an anatomy living. Sure, he gives cause to think that all the old fables of walking ghosts were meant of him, and but for a little starved flesh, he demonstratively expounds them. If it were not for his soul, the devil could scarce tell what to do with his body. He would do much mischief, if he lives to it; but there is great hope that he will kill himself beforehand. If you miss him in a stationer's shop jeering at books, or at a sermon cavilling at doctrines, or amongst his neighbour's cattle grudging at their full udders, or in the shambles plotting massacres, yet thou shalt be sure to find him in bedlam.

(17.) The CONTENTIOUS man is as frantic as any. Hear him speak, his words are incendiary; observe his feet, they run nimbly to broils, not knowing the 'way of peace.' Look upon his eyes, they sparkle fire; mark his hands, they are ever sowing debate. He will strike a neighbour in the dark, and lay it on his enemy; all to make work. Search his pockets, and they are stuffed with libels, invectives, detractions. He hates all men, and the

Lord him, being that 'seventh abomination that his soul abhorreth, one that soweth discord among brethren,' Prov. vi. 19. There is a witness against him beyond exception : Prov. xxvi. 18, 'The debateful man is madder,' &c. Ver. 22, 'The words of a talebearer are as wounds; and they go down into the innermost parts of the belly,' &c. ; ver. 25, 'When he speaks fair, believe him not : for there are seven abominations in his heart.' He comes to a mart or market to breed quarrels, as if he were hired by some surgeon. He neither sees nor hears of a discord but he must make one ; but ever covertly, cowardly, out of the reach of weapons. Ver. 17, 'He that passeth by, and meddleth with strife belonging not to him, is like one that taketh a dog by the ears :' he will be soon weary of holding him ; and if he let him go, he is sure to be bitten. He is utterly mad ; for having incensed, encouraged party against party,—as one claps on unwilling mastiffs,—when perceiving his villany, they become friends, both shall fall upon him. So he makes work for lawyers, work for cutlers, work for surgeons, work for the devil, work for his own destruction. To bedlam with him.

(18.) The IMPATIENT is a madman ; for when the ties of softer afflictions will not hold him, he must be manacled with the chains of judgments. *Patienter ferendum, quod non festinanter auferendum*,—He makes his yoke more troublesome than it would be ; and by his struggling, forceth his gyves to make prints in his flesh. He is mad, for he longs for ease, and denies it himself. It hath been said among men, Bear not wrong, and provoke greater ; but I say, Bear one affliction from God well, and prevent greater. He is mad that is angry with God, that cares not for his anger, that will plague his anger. How ill had it gone with God before this, if such a man could have wrought his teen* upon him ! Meantime, God is at peace, out of his reach, and he is plagued for his madness. Teach him patience in bedlam.

(19.) The VAIN-GLORIOUS is a mere madman, whether he boast of his good deeds or his ill. If of his virtues, they are generally more suspicious ; if of his vices, he is the more despicable ; if of his wealth, his hearers the less trust him, this noise prevents him from being a debtor ;† if of his valour, he is the more infallibly held a coward. In what strain soever his mountebank-ostentation insults, he loseth that he would find, by seeking it the wrong way. He is mad ; for when he would be accounted virtuous, honourable, rich, valiant, in favour with greatness, and the world takes not ample notice of it, he sounds it with his own trumpet ; then at once they hear it, and deride it. By seeking fame he loseth it, and runs mad upon it. Put him into bedlam.

(20.) Lastly, to omit our schismatics and separatists,—who are truly called Protestants out of their wits, liable to the imputation of frenzy,—the PAPISTS are certainly madmen, dangerous madmen ; mad in themselves, dangerous to us ; and would happily be confined to some local bedlam, lest their spiritual lunacy do us some hurt.

Mad in themselves ; for who but madmen would 'forsake the fountain of living water,' Jer. ii. 13, the word of truth, and pin their faith and salvation on the Pope's sleeve?—a prelate, a Pilate, that 'mingles their own blood with their sacrifices,' Luke xiii. 1. Think how that enchanting cup of fornication prevails over their besotted souls ; and you will say they are not less than mad. Come you into their temples, and behold their pageants, and

* Intention.—Ed.

† Because through his boasting of his wealth, his hearers distrust him, and will not lend him.—Ed.

histrionical gestures, bowings, mowings, windings, and turnings, together with their service in an unknown language, and, like a deaf man that sees men dancing when he hears no music, you would judge them mad. Behold the mass-priest, with his baked god, towzing, tossing, and dandling it to and fro, upward and downward, backward and forward, till at last, the jest turning into earnest, he chops it into his mouth at one bite, whiles all stand gaping with admiration; *spectatum admissi, risum teneatis amici*?—would you not think them ridiculously mad? But no wonder if they run mad that have drunk that poison. Many volumes have been spent in the discovery of their madness; I do but touch it, lest I seem to write Iliads after our learned Homers.

Surely madmen are dangerous without restraint. Papists are ready instruments of commotion, perversion, treason. These are a sickness—

‘immedicabile vulnus
Ense recidendum, ne pars sincera trahatur.’

Our land cannot be at ease so long as these lie on her stomach. They prick and wound her sides, not with praying against her,—for their imprecations, we hope, are *irrita vota*,—but with preying upon her; and when all stratagems fail, they are ready to fetch arguments from the shambles, and conclude *in ferio*.* Whose religion is politic; learning, bloody; affections, malicious, ambitious, devilish. The Inquisition is their grammar, fire and fagot their rhetoric, Fleet and fetters their logic, the cannon's roar their music, and poisoning is their physic: whose priests have such almighty power, that they can make their Maker; that whereas in their ‘Sacrament of Order,’ as they term it, God makes an impotent creature a priest, now in their ‘Sacrament of the Altar,’ the priest shall make Almighty God; yea, as he made them with a word, and put them in their mother's womb, so they can make him with a word, and put him in a box. They that thus blaspheme their Creator, shall we trust them with their fellow-creature?

It was an ingenuous answer of a Spanish nobleman, commanded by Charles V. to lodge the Duke of Bourbon at his house in Madrid: ‘I will obey thee; but set my house on fire so soon as the duke is out of it. My predecessors never built it to harbour traitors.’ Did he think that a conspirator would poison his house, and shall we think that such are no infection to our land? David did counterfeit himself mad when he was not, for his own security; these are mad, and dissemble it, till by one frantic act they can bring us all to ruin. If they were foreign, public, and professed enemies, we would not blame, nor fear them. While kingdoms stand in hostility, hostile actions are just: but these are domestical, intestine, secret adversaries, bred and fed in the same country; therefore the more intolerable, as the more pernicious.

Tut, they can satisfy their consciences by distinguishing of treasons. Indeed, all their religion is a religion of distinctions; such as that is, that an excommunicate prince may be dethroned, and being once uncrowned, may, on his penitent submission, be restored to the church: *quoad animam, non quoad regnum*. Thus they leave positive, textual, school-divinity, and fall to crown-divinity. Antichrist pleads, their religion is maintained by the

* Those readers who have not studied formal logic will not understand the play upon words here. For their benefit, it may be explained that the word *ferio*, as containing the three vowels, *e*, *i*, and *o*, is employed by logicians to designate a particular form of argument or syllogism, in which the first premiss is a universal negative proposition, the second a particular affirmative, and the conclusion a particular negative. But the meaning of *ferio* is, ‘I strike;’ hence to reason *in ferio*, is to substitute force for argument.—ED.

fathers. Did ever any father allow of treason? Shame they not to aver it? If any abused, wrested, falsified writing of the fathers did seem to consent to their errors, yet we know that *audiendi patres, non ut iudices, sed ut testes*,—the fathers are to be heard as witnesses, not as judges. It is God's *scriptum est*, not their *traditum est*, that must give decision of all doubts.

They object, that those are birds of our own hatching that thus pollute their nest. Perhaps our country gave them breath and birth; but they drank this poison from the enchanting cup of Rome. They are ever extravagant persons, that like rotten arms or legs have dropped from the body; men *sine sede, sine fide, sine re, sine spe*. They are desperate men, and destitute of fidelity, that seek Rome, where their former learning and the better learning of their conscience is perverted, poisoned; that, forgetting to speak the language of Canaan, enigmatical, epicene, spurious, and abortive equivocation is the main accent of their speeches: an ambiguous, ambagious, cozening voice, which Cranmer, Latimer, Ridley never knew, never practised to save their bloods. A strange, stigmatic, misshapen, half-born, half-unborn child, I know not where bred, nor by what pope, cardinal, or Jesuit gotten; but this I am sure, whosoever was the father, Rome keeps the bastard, and nurseth it with her best indulgence. So that now—

‘Jurat? crede minus: non jurat? credere noli:
Jurat, non jurat? hostis ab hoste cave;’—

‘Their words are false, their oaths worse—neither just;
Swear they, or swear they not, give them no trust.’

How else could it be, but to the sophisticating of true substances must be an access of false qualities?

These are those critical, hypocritical cannibals, that make dainty at some seasons to eat the flesh of beasts, but forbear at no time to drink the blood of men. As the Pharisees, that stuck not to buy Christ's death—and their own withal—with money, yet would not admit that money into their treasury, fearing to pollute the material temple, not the spiritual of their souls: the Romans make conscience in their fasting seasons to eat any flesh but bull's flesh, (I mean that which the Pope's bulls have made holy; for that which St Paul saith doth sanctify it, 1 Tim. iv. 5, is neglected;) but to cut throats, murder kings, blow up states, is not *inter opera mala*, no, nor *adiaphora*, but *inter meritoria*,—is not evil, nor indifferent, but a work of merit.

They say (and we, forsooth, must grant that improved, but never proved, assertion,) that they derive their chair from Peter; and what? Do they derive his doctrine too? St Peter exhorts to patience, 1 Pet. ii. 13, 14, 17, not to carving their own revenge. Neither are their murderous inventions and intentions of the lowest rank, but of kings, princes, senates, whole states; and that without any respect, as of their own conscience, so of the persons' goodness they strike at; aiming at the life of a king, a gracious king, under whom they enjoyed their lives, and that in abundant wealth and peace. So the conspiracy of Parry* is aggravated:—

‘Quod regina scelus, scelus est quod virgo petatur,
Quod pia virgo scelus, quod tibi grata scelus.
Cum virgo, regina, pia, et tibi grata petatur;
Proh scelus! est, superat quod scelus omne, scelus.’

* William Parry was executed on the 2d of March 1585, on his own confession of having been engaged in a plot to murder Queen Elizabeth; to which he said that he was instigated by the reading of Cardinal Allen's book, wherein he maintained it to be not only lawful, but honourable, to kill excommunicated princes.—Ed.

Which may be thus rendered :—

‘It’s treason that a queen should ruin’d be ;
 That a maid, ill ;
 That she was good, yet worse ; that good to thee,
 More wicked still.
 But when a queen, a maid, good, and thy friend,
 Thou wouldst despatch,
 The treason that thy black heart doth intend
 Dare hell to match !’

Neither is it wonder that they exercise thus upon us who have no mercy to their own bowels. The short lives of the popes, as it was once of the emperors in that seat, manifest that by treason the chair is got, by treason lost. It would then be a good degree toward our health if these dangerous madmen were shut up in some strong bedlam.

There are many other madmen, whom, though I particularly name not in this catalogue, you shall find in bedlam. I desire not to say all, but enough. All are not taken into that taming-house in a day ; it is filled at times. If this muster can work any reformation on these frantic patients, another discovery will not be lost labour.

You conceive the nature of the tenant ; you may a little better understand his vileness, if you consider—

(1.) That he is a usurper, intruding himself into God’s freehold, which, both by creation and re-creation, he may challenge for his own inheritance. If God should ask Madness, as he did that unbidden guest in the gospel, that came to the marriage without his wedding garment, ‘Friend, how camest thou hither ?’ Matt. xxii. 12, either, like that wretch, he would be mute, or else answer, Man let me into his heart. What a traitor is man, to let into his landlord’s house his landlord’s enemy !

(2.) That he doth not pay the rent of God’s house. God, rich in mercies, lends, and, as it were, lets to farm divers possessions : as the graces of the Spirit, the virtues of the mind, gifts of the body, goods of the world ; and for all these requires no rent, but thanksgiving : that we praise him in heart, tongue, and conversation. But so long as madness is in any of these tenements, God cannot have this little rent of his farm. They are mad that think they may enjoy God’s blessings without rent, or due payment of an accountant tribute.

(3.) That he doth suffer God’s tenement to decay ; he doth ruinate where he dwells. For the outhouses of our bodies, madness doth strive either to burn them with lust, or to drown them with drunkenness, or to starve them with covetousness. For the spiritual and inward building, the foundation of God’s tenement in our soul is faith, the walls hope, the roof charity. Now madness continually endeavours to rase our foundation, to dig through our walls, to uncover our roof ; that having neither faith in God nor love to men, our soul may be without hope, exposed to the tempests of the devil. Shall not madness account for these dilapidations ?

(4.) That he doth employ the house to base uses. It is ill done in a tenant to a fair house to make the best rooms stables for his horses, stalls for his oxen, or sties for his hogs. But madness makes the memory a stable for malice and revenge ; the understanding, a dungeon for blindness and ignorance ; the will, a vault for hypocrisy and disobedience. So the body, which is the temple of God, is made a den of thieves.

This is the tenant, madness : a sorry inhabitant, and unworthy of so good a lodging, as by the next point appears ; which is—

2. The TENEMENT, *the heart*. The heart is a mansion for God, not for madness. God made it, and meant to reserve it to himself: he never placed such a tenant in it as the frenzy of sin. Christ is said to have a fourfold house—anagogical, allegorical, corporal, moral.

(1.) The first is the church triumphant, that glorious and everlasting habitation of his deity.

(2.) The second is the church militant, wherein he dwells sacramentally by his holy ministry.

(3.) The third is corporal, that consecrated womb of the virgin, wherein he dwelt nine months.

(4.) The last is man's heart, wherein he hath a mystical and spiritual abode. Christ doth dwell in our hearts by faith and by love. As he loves the gates of Sion more than all the dwellings of Jacob, so he delighteth in the heart of man more than in all palaces and pavilions of princes. When an adversary tyrant hath taken the chief fort in a country, and driven out their just and merciful governor; fear, sorrow, and expectation of ruin possesseth the inhabitants. It can go no better with the little nation of man when Jesus Christ is expelled his habitation, the heart, and so savage a tyrant is admitted to tenure as madness: a strong man, that will fortify the castle, and scorns to lose it, except strength itself, the irresistible grace of Christ, lays battery to it. But this theme is scarce cold since I last handled it. I must be forced to leave the tenement a while in the unmerciful hands of madness, and inquire, if perhaps with any comfort, how long this tenure lasteth.

3. The TENURE, *while they live*. Alas! what gain we by searching further into this evidence? The more we look into it, the worse we like it. 'While they live.' The tenure of madness in the heart is for term of life. Too long a time for so bad a tenant. But you will say unto me, as the disciples to Christ, 'Who then can be saved?' *Nunquid daturus est Deus regnum cœlorum stultis?**—Will God give the kingdom of heaven to madmen? Fear not; all are not madmen that have madness a tenant in their hearts, but they that have it for their landlord. It is not my distinction, but St Paul's: Rom. vii. 17, sin may dwell, nay, sin will dwell, in your hearts, let it not reign there, saith the Apostle. It will be a household servant, it must not be a king. *Aliud est habere insaniam, aliud haberi ab insania*,—It is one thing to have madness, another thing for madness to have thee. Since it will dwell in thee, whiles thou dwellest in the flesh, make it a servant, a slave, a drudge. Set the Gibeonites to draw water,—let it make thine eyes lave thy body with repentant tears; and to cleave wood,—let it rend thy heart with sorrow. Keep that subtle deceiver, with whom thou ignorantly struckest the hand of covenant, under bit and bridle: *velle, revelle*, turn, restrain, command, control it at thy pleasure. Let it never be thy captain, thy landlord, thy king.

Though sin, the devil's mad dog, hath bitten thee, and thou at first beginnest to run frantic, yet apply the plaster of the blood of Christ to thy sores. This shall draw out the venom, and grace shall get the mastery of madness. Be of good comfort, thou shalt not die frantic. Encourage thyself with a holy violence against thy fleshly lusts; intend, contend to enfeeble, and at length to extinguish the force of thy depraved nature. Kill madness, lest madness kill thee. Be sensible of the bane that lies in this spiritual frenzy, and do not laughing die. Madness is at first *inimicus blandus*, a fleeing enemy; in the midst, *dulce venenum*, sweet poison; at last, the epithets of *blandum* and *dulce* being lost, it is *scorpio pungens*, a stinging

* Aug.

serpent. Well, yet let it sting thee here, that it may not sting thee hereafter. Happy is he that learns to be sober by his own madness, and concludes from *I have sinned, I will not sin!* Madness may be in his heart, like a tenant; it shall never be like a tyrant. Innocent Adam was naked, and knew it not; sinful Adam was naked, and knew it. Then comes God, hearing his excuse of concealing himself deduced from his nakedness, Gen. iii. 11, 'Who told thee that thou wast naked?' Sure his guilt told him. We have been mad, and are now come to ourselves, to know our own madness. If it be asked, Who told us that we were mad? I answer, Even the same grace of God's Spirit that reclaimed us from madness. For the wicked, since they love madness, be it unto them; and when they will never be recollected, let them be mad still. But blessed be that God that helped us; praised be his holy name that hath recalled us! He hath in this life freed us from madness as a tyrant, and shall hereafter free us from it as a tenant.

Thus have you the mystery of this spiritual bedlam detected, and a crew of madmen let out to your view, whose house is the world, whose bonds are iniquities, whose delight is darkness, whose master is the devil: for those whom he keeps in this metaphorical bedlam, (without reclaiming by the power of the gospel,) he hath ready provided another material, local, infernal bedlam, a dungeon, not shallower than hell; wherein there is no light of sun or stars, no food but speckled serpents, no liberty to straggle, but the patients are bound with everlasting chains, and himself, with his same-suffering spirits, do eternally whip them with rods of burning steel and iron. One hour in this bedlam will tame the most savage madmen that were ever nursed among wolves, or sucked the breasts of inhumanity.

I hear them talk of some irrefragable 'roarers;' creatures, not men, whom no limits of reason can tether up: let them take heed, lest they become at that day roarers indeed, and roar for the very anguish of their hearts; howling like dragons, that have lived like tigers. Think of this bedlam, ye madmen. Eccles. xi. 9, 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth,' &c. 'Rejoice;' nay, it were somewhat well, if no more than joy, be mad: 'in thy youth,' *tempore insaniendi*, a time of illimited desires. 'Let thy heart cheer thee,' and do thou cheer thy heart,—that thee with lusts, thou that with wine and junks,—'and walk,' frantically, inordinately, 'in thy ways,' by-ways and wry-ways, for the way of truth thou wilt not know; 'and in the sight of thine eyes,' such tempting and lust-provoking objects as those two sentinels of the body can light upon; or if thou canst not yet be madder, extend thy desires to find out experimental madness: 'but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,'—remember, that there is an infernal bedlam, whereunto they that live and die spiritually madmen must be eternally confined.

He that should now tell the covetous, the ambitious, the voluptuous, &c., they are madmen, should appear to them mad in saying so. They rather think us mad; as Festus, though mad himself, without learning, could tell Paul that 'much learning had made him mad,' Acts xxvi. 24. But we may answer for ourselves, as Augustine of David's madness, 1 Sam. xxi. 13: *Insanire videbatur, sed regi Achish insanire videbatur*,—David seemed mad but to King Achish. We are judged madmen of none but madmen. Because 'we run not with them to the same excess of riot,' 1 Pet. iv. 4; because we cut short our affections of their vain delights, and drown not ourselves in the whirlpool of their luxuries, but gird repentance to our loins with resolution; they imagine us frantic. They think us madmen, we know them so. And they shall at last despairingly confess in this lower bedlam: 'We fools ac-

counted the godly man's life madness, and his end to be without honour : now is he numbered among the children of God, and his lot is among the saints,' Wisd. v. 4, 5. Be wise then in time, ye sons of men ; trust not spiritual madness, lest it bring you to eternal bedlam, from whose jaws, when you are once entered, be you never so tame, you cannot be delivered.

III. THE PERIOD.—We have ended man's comma and his colon, but not his sentence ; the period continues and concludes it. We found his heart full of evil ; we left it full of madness. Let us observe at the shutting up what will become of it : ' After that, they go to the dead.' Here is the end of man's progress ; now he betakes himself to his standing-house, his grave. The period is delivered—

1. Consequently, *After that* ; 2. Dissessively, *they go* ; 3. Descensively, *down to the dead*.

The sum is, 'Death is the wages of sin,' Rom. vi. 23. 1. *After that* they have nourished evil and madness in their hearts, this is the successive, not successful, event and consequence : 2. *They go*, they shall travel a new journey, take an unwilling walk ; not to their meadows, gardens, taverns, banqueting-houses : but, 3. *To the dead* ; a dismal place, the habitation of darkness and discontent, where fineness shall be turned to filthiness, lustre to obscurity, beauty and strength to putrefaction and rottenness.

If a man looks into what life itself is, he cannot but find, both by experience of the past and proof of the present age, that he must die. As soon as we are born, we begin to draw to our end. Life itself is nothing but a journey to death. There is no day but hath his night, no sentence but hath his period, no life on earth but hath the death. Examine the scope of thy desires, and thou shalt perceive how they hasten to the grave, as if death were the goal, prize, or principal end which the vanity of human endeavours runs at. Be a man in honour, in wealth, in government, he still, ambitiously blind, languisheth for the time to come ; the one in hope to enlarge his greatness, the other his riches, the last his dominions. Thus they covet the running on of time and age, and rest not till they have concluded their sentence, and attained their period ; *gone to the dead*.

All men, yea, all inferior things, must be freed by an end : and as the philosopher answered to the news of his son's death, *Scio me genuisse mortalem* ; so God, the Father of all, may say of every man living, *Scio me creasse mortalem*,—I have made a man that hath made himself mortal. Man is a little world, the world a great man ; if the great man must die, how shall the little one scape ? He is made of more brittle and fragile matter than the sun and stars ; of a less substance than the earth, water, &c. Let him make what show he can with his glorious adornations ; let rich apparel disguise him living ; cere-cloths, spices, balms enwrap him, lead and stone immure him, dead ; his original mother will at last own him again for her natural child, and triumph over him with this insultation, He is in my bowels : Ps. cxlvi. 4, 'He returneth to his earth.' His body returneth not immediately to heaven, but to earth ; nor to earth as a stranger to him, or an unknown place, but to *his* earth, as one of his most familiar friends, and of oldest acquaintance. To conclude :—

If we be sinful, we must die ; if we be full of evil, and cherish madness in our hearts, we must to the dead. We have sins enough to bring us all to the grave ; God grant they be not so violent, and full of ominous precipitation, that they portend our more sudden ruin ! Yea, they do portend it ; but *Oh nullum sit in omine pondus !*

But I have been so prolix in the former parts of the sentence, that I must

not dwell upon the period. He needs not be tedious that reads a lecture of mortality. How many in the world, since this sermon began, have made an experimental proof of this truth ! This sentence is but the moral of those spectacles, and those spectacles the examples of this sentence. They are come to their period before my speech ; my speech, myself, and all that hear me, all that breathe this air, must follow them. It hath been said, We live to die ; let me a little invert it : Let us live to live ; live the life of grace, that we may live the life of glory. Then, though we must go to the dead, we shall rise from the dead, and live with our God, out of the reach of death for ever. Amen.