

# THE FATAL BANQUET.

## (THE FIRST SERMON.)

---

*Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant. But he knoweth not that the dead are there; and that her guests are in the depths of hell.*  
—PROV. IX. 17, 18.

I HAVE here chosen two texts in one, intending to preach of a couple of preachers; one by usurpation, the other by assignation: the world's chaplain, and the Lord's prophet. Where conceive—1. The preachers; 2. Their texts; 3. Their sermons; 4. Their pulpits; 5. Their commissions.

1. The *preachers* are two. The first hath a double name: literally here, the harlot; metaphorically, sin, the mind's harlot; for between them is all spiritual adultery committed. Some understand it more synecdochically, the temptation to sin; but (*omne majus includit minus*) their interpretation is like that short bed, you cannot lay this harlot at her full length in it. Others conceive an antithesis here, and by conferring the 4th verse with the 16th, collect an opposition of two sorts of preachers: the sincere prophets of Wisdom, and the corrupted teachers of traditions, errors, leasings. I cannot subscribe to this sense, as full enough; let it go for a branch, call it not the body of the tree. This first preacher, then, is the delightfulness, Heb. xi. 25, or, if you will, the deceitfulness, Heb. iii. 13, of sin. The second is Solomon, not erring, adulterating, idolatrising Solomon, but converted, confirmed Solomon; a king and a preacher.

2. Their *texts*. (1.) Sin's text is from hell's *Scriptum est*: taken out of the devil's spell; either Lucian's old testament, or Machiavel's new; laws made in the court of damnation, enacted in the vault of darkness, like those under the Parliament-house; gunpowder-laws, fit for the justices of hell. (2.) Solomon's text is the word of eternal truth: with a *Scriptum est, cœlitus inspiratum*,—given from heaven. This is *desuper*, the other *desubter*. This, as 'all Scripture, is given by inspiration from God, profitable,' &c., 2 Tim. iii. 16; the former is the 'delusion of the devil,' 2 Thess. ii. 11, that 'lying spirit in the mouth of Ahab's prophets,' 1 Kings xxii. 22, the divinity of hell.

3. The *sermons* differ as well as the texts. (1.) The harlot's *dixit*, ver. 16, is thus amplified: 'Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is

pleasant.' Tullius, nor Tertullus, nor Hermes, the speaker in the parliament of the heathen gods, never moved so eloquent a tongue. She preaches, according to the palate of her audience, *placencia*; nay, it is *placenta*, a sweet cake, whose flour is sugar, and the humour that tempers it honey, sweet, pleasant. She cannot want auditors for such a sermon; for as it is in fairs, the pedlar and the balladmonger have more throng than the rich merchant: Vanity hath as many customers as she can turn to, when Verity hath but a cold market. (2.) Solomon's sermon is opposed to it with a *but*: 'But he knoweth not that the dead are there, and that her guests are in the depths of hell.' A cross blow, that disarms the devil's fencer; a flat conviction, or *non-plus*, given to the arguments of sin; a little coloquintida put into the sweet pot. That, as I have observed in some beguiling pictures, look on it one way, and it presents to you a beautiful damsel; go on the adverse side, and behold it is a devil, or some misshapen stigmatic: sin shews you a fair picture—'Stolen waters are sweet,' &c., *suave et delicosum*, pleasure and delight; Solomon takes you on the other side, and shews you the ugly visages of death and hell—'The dead are there,' &c. If sin open her shop of delicacies, Solomon shews the trap-door and the vault; if she boast her olives, he points to the prickles; if she discovers the green and gay flowers of *delice*, he cries to the ingredients,\* *Latet anguis in herba*.—The serpent lurks there. *Illam movet, iste monet*,—she charms, and he breaks her spells. As curious and proud as her house is, Solomon is bold to write 'Lord, have mercy on us,' on the doors, and to tell us the plague is there: 'Stolen waters are sweet,' &c.; 'but the dead are there,' &c.

4. Their *pulpits* have local and ceremonial difference. (1.) The harlot's is described ver. 14, 'She sits at the door of her house, on a seat in the high places of the city.' [1.] *Sedet*, 'she sits;' she is got into that enchanted chair, Ps. i.: [2.] 'at her house;' she need not stray far for customers: *in se turba ruunt luxuriosa, proci*,—they come in troops to her: [3.] 'at her door;' she presents herself to the common eye, and would be notable, though not able to answer the show: [4.] 'on a seat;' *novit suum locum*. Vice knows her seat; the devil is not without his rendezvous. What say you to a tavern, a playhouse, a feast, a may-game? that I say not, an ordinary: [5.] 'in the city.' Whoredom scorns to live obscurely in the suburbs. She hath friends to admit her within the walls. [6.] Nay, 'in the high places of the city;' in the largest streets, populous and popular houses: *in excelsis urbis*,—one of the most curious and stately edifices in the city.

Thus sin reads not a highway lecture only, as among thieves; nor a chamber-lecture only, as among courtesans; nor a mass-lecture only, as among Jesuits; nor a vault-lecture only, as among traitors; nor a table-lecture only, as among humorists; nor a tap-house-lecture only, as among drunkards, that fetch authority from the pot, like Augustus Cæsar, to tax all the world: but a city-lecture, such a one as Jezebel read to Israel, 1 Kings xxi. 10; a public preaching, her pulpit being *excelsa civitatis*, top-gallant; filling eminent places with eminent poisons. (2.) Solomon's pulpit is yet transcendent and above it; for it is a throne, a 'throne of ivory, overlaid with gold,' 1 Kings x. 18; such a throne as no kingdom could match it. The preacher is a king, the pulpit a throne; nay, an oracle, 1 Kings iv. 31; *de solio rex oracula fundit*. For God gave him wisdom, yea, such a wisdom that no man but his Antitype, God and man, did ever excel him.

5. Their *commissions*. (1.) The devil gave sin her errand; gilded her tongue, and poisoned her heart; put a cup of damnation into her hand, and

\* That is, *ingredientes*, those going in.—Ed.

the sugar of temptation to sweeten it; allowed her for his city-recorder, or his town-clerk; and sealed her a commission from hell, as Saul had from the high-priest, Acts ix. 1, to bind with snares, *filios terre*, the sons of men. (2.) But God gave Solomon a celestial roll to eat, as to Ezekiel, chap. ii. 9; and 'touched his lips with a coal from his own altar,' as to Isaiah, chap. vi. 6, putting into his mouth *documenta vite*, the ordinances of eternal life.

God hath set this day before you two diverse pulpits, adverse preachers, dissonant texts; declares who speaks by his warrant, who besides it, against it. 'Behold,' as Moses said, 'I have set life and death before you;' take your choice.

The dialogue of both the verses present us with a banquet: *convivium*, or *convitium* rather,—a feast, but a fast were better; a banquet worse than Job's children's, Job i. 19, or the Dagonals of the Philistines, Judges xvi. 30, (like the Bacchanals of the Mænades,) when for the shutting up of their stomachs, the house fell down, and broke their necks. You have offered to your considerations, ver. 17, (supplying but the immediately precedent word, *dixit*.) 1. The *inviter*; 2. The *cheer*. Solomon comes after, as with salt and vinegar, and tells you, 3. The *guests*; and, 4. The *banqueting-house*, ver. 18, 'But the dead are there,' &c.

1. The *inviter*. It is a woman, 'She saith to him;' but that name is too good, for she hath recovered her credit: a woman, as she brought woe to man, so she brought forth a weal for man: *causa delicti, solatium relict*,—an instrumental cause of transgression, 1 Tim. ii. 14, and no less of salvation, Gal. iv. 4. If you say, she brought forth sin without man, so she brought forth a Saviour without man; as the devil tempted her to the one, Gen. iii. 4, so the Holy Ghost overshadowed her to the other, Luke i. 35. This not a woman then, but a harlot, *meretricia mulier*, a degenerate woman, unwomaned, *et pudore et pudicitia*, of both modesty and chastity.

The feast is like to be good when a harlot is the hostess. And sure the Scriptures found some special parity, if not identity, of these two: not making their names convertible, which had been much; but expressing by one word both of them, which is more, Josh. ii. 1; as if it concluded their professions and conditions, names and natures, all one, which is most of all. *Impleta in nostris hæc est Scriptura diebus*. Experience hath justified this circumstance. A harlot, then, bids, and feasts, and kills; what other success can be looked for? If Delilah invite Samson, ware his locks; she will spoil the Nazarite of his hairs: there are many Delilahs in these days.

I have read of many inviters in the holy writ; some good, many indifferent, most evil, this worst of all. (1.) Good: Matt. xxii. 1, you have the King of heaven a feastmaker; Cant. v. 1, you have the King's Son a feastmaker—Jesus Christ bids, 'Eat, O friends; drink abundantly, O beloved;' Rev. xxii. 17, you have the Spirit of glory a feastmaker, and an inviter too, 'The Spirit and the bride say, Come.' To this feast few come, but those that do come are welcome, Luke xiv. 21: well come in regard of themselves, for there is the best cheer—Rev. xix. 9, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb;' welcome in respect of God, who doth not grudge his mercies. (2.) Many indifferent: Abraham's feast at Isaac's weaning, Gen. xxi. 8; Samson's at his marriage, Judg. xiv. 10; the wedding-feast in Cana, where the King of glory was a guest, and honoured it with a miracle, with the first miracle that ever he wrought there, John ii. 11. (3.) Evil: Nabal's feast at his sheep-shearing, a drunken feast, 1 Sam. xxv. 36; Belshazzar's feast to a thousand of his lords, surfeiting with full carouses from the sacred bowls, a sacrilegious feast, Dan. v. 2; the Philistines' feast to the honour of

Dagon, an idolatrous feast, Judges xvi. 23 ; Herod's birthday-feast, when John Baptist's head was the last course of the service, a bloody feast, Mark vi. 28 ; the rich churl's, a quotidian feast, a voluptuous surfeit, all bad, Luke xxvi. 19. (4.) This yet worst of all, the harlot's feast, where the guests at once *comedunt et comeduntur*, their souls feast on evils, and are a feast to devils ; for whiles men devour sins, sins devour them, as Actæon was eaten up of his own dogs. This is a bloody banquet, where no guest escapes without a wound, if with life ; for if sin keep the revels, lusts are the jun-kets, ebriety drinks the wine, blasphemy says the grace, and blood is the conclusion.

But allegorically sin is here shadowed by the harlot ; voluptuousness, *meretricum meretrix*, the harlot of harlots, whose bawd is Beelzebub, and whose bridewell is broad hell. Wickedness (*feminei generis dicitur*) is compared to a woman, and hath all her senses : lust is her eye to see ; injury, her hands to feel ; sensuality, her palate to taste ; malice, her ears to hear ; petulancy, her nose to smell ; and, because she is of the feminine sex, we will allow her the sixth sense, tittle-tattle is her tongue to talk. This is the common hostess of the world, Satan's housekeeper, whose doors are never shut : *noctes atque dies patet*, &c. There is no man in the world keeps such hospitality, for he searcheth the air, earth, sea, nay, the kitchen of hell, to fit every palate. Vitellius searched far and wide for the rarities of nature, birds, beasts, fishes of inestimable price, which yet brought in, the bodies are scorned, and only the eye of this bird, the tongue of that fish, is taken, that the spoils of many might be sacrifices to one supper. 'The emperor of the low countries—hell—hath delicates of strange variety, curiosity. Doth Judas's stomach stand to treason ? There it is ; he may feed liberally on that dish. Doth Nero thirst for homicides ? The devil drinks to him in bowls of blood. Is Jeroboam hungry of idolatry ? Behold, a couple of calves are set before him, 1 Kings xii. 28. Hath Absalom the court appetite, ambition ? Lo, a whole kingdom is presented him for a mess, a shrewd bait, 2 Sam. xv. : Machiavel's position, 'Faith-breach for kingdoms is no sin.' The devil thought this dish would please Christ himself, and therefore offered him many kingdoms for a morsel, Matt. iv. 9, reserving this to the last, as the strongest argument of his sophistry. Doth Herod affect envy ? Behold, a banquet of revenge, furnished with the murdered corpses of thousands of infants, Matt. ii. 16. Doth the ravening maw of the Pope, Ahab-like, 1 Kings xxi. 4, forbear meat, because he cannot get the vineyard of a kingdom ? Or hath he bound himself with the spells of devilish contestations (like those in the Acts, chap. xxiii. 14) not to eat or drink till he hath killed Paul ? Behold, here is wine set before him in a golden cup, (wine of abomination, Rev. xvii. 4,) wherewith whole nations reel : locusts and vipers, pestilent and serpentine poisons whereof the world laughing dies. Is any courtier proud ? Here are piles of silks. Is any officer troubled with the itch in his hands ? Here is *unguentum aureum* to cure it ; a mess of bribes. Hath any gentleman the hunger-worm of covetousness ? Here is cheer for his diet : usuries, oppressions, exactions, enclosings, rackings, rakings, pleasing gobbets of avarice. Is any tradesman light-fingered and lighter-conscienced ? Here is a whole feast of frauds, a table furnished with tricks, conveyances, glossings, perjuries, cheatings. Hath any Papist a superstitious appetite ? He is set down in the chair of ignorance, and to him are served in, by Sorbonnists, Jesuits, Seminaries, Loyolists, a large and lavish feast of crucifixes, unctions, scrapings, traditions, relics, &c. ; and, as cheese to digest all the rest, yet itself never digested, treason. For your rout of epicures, ruffians, roasters, drunk-

ards, boon companions, you may know the place easily where these kestrels light, even at the carcass-feast. Sin hath invited them, and they scorn to be scornful. Hither they come, and every man hath a dish by himself,—eat whiles he blows again,—except their appetites agree in the choice. You hear the inviter.

Let it not pass us without observation : Satan is not without his factors abroad. He hath spirits enough of his own,—‘ My name is legion,’ Mark v. 9, —but he is not content except he suborn man against man, till *homo* be *homini dæmon*,—man a Judas to his friend, woman an Eve to her husband. I confess he hath many setters of this disposition in a literal sense ; harlots, scattering his stews, like the lice of Egypt, over all the world. But I will not restrain his kingdom to these narrow limits only, which is not bounded but with the earth. He that compasseth it, Job ii. 2, and hath such dealings in all kingdoms, is not without his plotters and intelligencers in every corner.

He hath superstitious Seminaries in the country, mercenary in the hall, a long lane for brokers and usurers in the city, and sometimes a dangerous brood of Jesuits in foreign courts, croaking like frogs, even in their Pharaoh’s chambers, Ps. cv. 30 ; whilst himself roves on the sea of this world like a pirate. Cardinals and Jesuits are his mariners, and the Pope sits at the stern. Antichrist is his steward,—strange, he who calls himself Christ’s vicar should be the devil’s steward !—and hath ever been faithful to his kingdom. Many souls have they successively sent to people his low world, whiles their own went also for company. The wickedness of some Popes has been monstrous, and almost forbidding all the officers of Satan to match them : that if a score of the most prodigious reprobates should be mustered out of hell, it is likely enough that nineteen of them would be Popes ; and perhaps, to make up the twentieth, there would be some strife between a Jesuit and a cardinal.

Rome is this harlot’s local seat, her house, styled by the Scripture, ‘ the whore of Babylon.’ Her doctrine is here expressed : ‘ Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant’—waters of heresy, stolen from the cisterns of superstition, Jer. ii. 13 ; the bread of deceit, moulded by error, and baked in the oven of tradition. We have three common enemies : as we are men, the devil ; as Christians, the Turk ; as professors of the gospel, the Pope. The first hath the two last for his factors ; of whom we pray, *aut convertantur, ne pereant ; aut confundantur, ne noceant*,—either for their conversion, to save themselves ; or for their confusion, not to hurt us. Amongst us the Pope doth most present mischief. Peter told Christ, Luke xxii. 38, ‘ Behold, here are two swords :’ Christ told Peter, Matt. xvi. 19, ‘ Behold, here are the keys.’ Peter lays by the swords, and takes the keys ; the Pope now lays by his keys, and falls to the sword. *Oh quantum mutatus hic Petrus ab illo !*—What difference betwixt the true Peter and his false successor ! Yet, as if he were heaven’s porter, men flock to him ; whom let me appose with that of the poet—

‘ Et quæ tanta fuit Romam tibi causa videndi ?’—

‘ What foolish wind blows you to Rome ?’

He hath infinite petty stales, to tempt men to sin, whom he hath officed for bidders to this feast. Will you take a short muster of some of his inviters ?—*organa iniquitatis*, engineers, bidders to this banquet of vanity ; they have all their several stands.

(1.) In the *Court* he hath set *Ambition*, to watch for base minds, that

would stoop to any villany for preferment, and to bring them to this feast. This attempt can tempt none but the base; the noble spirit cannot be so wrought upon. This is a principal bidder.

(2.) In *Foro*, at the hall gates, he sets inviters, that beckon contention to them, and fill the world with broils. I mean neither the reverend judges, nor the worthy councillors, nor the good attorneys; but the libels of law—*Solicitors* indeed, for they are a solicitation to our peace; pettifoggers, Satan's firebrands, and mortal things, which 'he casteth abroad to make himself sport.' But they do more hurt amongst the barley, the commons of this land, than Samson's foxes with the fire at their tails, Judges xv. 5. Oh that they were shipped out for Virginia, or, if they would trouble so good a soil, into some desert, where they might set beasts together by the ears, for they cannot live without making broils!

(3.) *Pride* is another bidder, and keeps a shop in the *City*. You shall find a description of her shop, and take an inventory of her wares, from the prophet, Isa. iii., 'the tinkling ornaments, the caul, and the moon-tires,' &c. She sits upon the stall, and courts the passengers with a *What lack ye?* Nay, besides her person, she hangs out her picture; a picture unlike herself, though she appears not unlike her picture—all paint. Infinite traffic to her, but with the same luck and success that visitant beasts came to the sick lion—*vestigia nulla retrorsum*; or at best, as the runners to Rome, that return with shame and beggary.

(4.) *Engrossing* is another inviter, and hath a large walk; sometimes he watcheth the landing of a ship; sometimes he turns whole loads of corn besides the market. This bidder prevails with many a citizen, gentleman, farmer, and brings in infinite guests; the devil gives him a letter of mark for his piracy.

(5.) *Bribery* is an officious fellow, and a special bidder to this feast. He invites both forward and froward: the forward and yielding, by promises of good cheer, *secunda dies*, that they shall have a fair day of it; the backward honest man, by terrors and menaces that his cause shall else go westward: (indeed, it goes to Westminster!) Yea, with pretence of commiseration and pity, as if the conscience of their right did animate him to their cause. Thus with a show of sanctimony they get a saint's money; but indeed, *argentum fœcundum, argumentum facundum*,—there is no persuasion more pathetic than the purse's. Bribery stands at the stair-foot in the robes of an officer, and helps up injury to the place of audience; thus Judas's bag is drawn with two strings, made of silk and silver, favour and reward.

All officers belong not to one court; their conditions alter with their places. There are some that seem so good that they lament the vices, whereupon they yet inflict but pecuniary punishments. Some of them are like the Israelites, with a sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, with the motto of that old emblem, *In utrumque paratus*; as the one hand daubs up justice, so the other cuts breaches of division. They mourn for truth and equity, as the sons of Jacob for Joseph, when themselves sold it; they exclaim against penal transgressions. So Caius Gracchus defends the treasury from others' violence, whiles himself robbed it; so the poinder chafes and swears to see beasts in the corn, yet will pull up a stake, or cut a tether, to find supply for his pin-fold; so Charles the Fifth was sorry for the Pope's durance, and gave orders of public prayers for his release, yet held him in his own hands prisoner.

(6.) *Faction* keeps the *Church*, and invites some vain-glorious priests to

this feast : schism and separation, like a couple of thorns, prick the church's side, wound our mother till her heart bleeds. All seminaries of sedition are Satan's special factors.

(7.) *Riot* is his inviter in a *tavern*. He sits like a young gallant at the upper end of the table, and drinks so many and so deep healths to the absent, that the present have no health left them. This is a frequented inviting-place, that I say not the feast itself. Covetousness often is the host, Ebriety drinks the liquor, Swearing keeps the reckoning, Lust holds the door, and Beggary pays the shot.

(8.) *Oppression* hath a large circuit, and is a general bidder to this banquet. This factor hath abundance of the devil's work in hand : he untiles the houses of the poor, that whiles the storms of usury beat them out, he may have peaceable entrance ; he joins house to house, as if he was straitened of room : tell him from me, there is room enough for him in hell.

There are infinite swarms of inviters besides, which run like vagabonds on the devil's errand, with *salutems* in their mouths, as Judas to Jesus, 'All hail ;' but it proved a rattling salutation, for death's storm followed it. All these declare to us the banquet's preparation. Infinite among ourselves, Rome offers us more help ; but we answer them, as Octavian did of the crow, *Satis istarum avium habemus domi*,—We have enough of these birds at home. They are messengers of our wreck, porpoises premonishing a tempest ; usurers, brokers, vagrants, ruffians, blasphemers, tipplers, churls, wantons, pedlars of pernicious wares, seminaries, incendiaries, apostates, humorists, seditious troublers of our peace ; you may perceive that our winter is busy by the flying abroad of these wild geese. All are bidders.

*Use*.—These instruments of temptation cannot hurt us, except we be enemies to ourselves. They do their worst : *Vertitque in meliora Deus*,—Rom. viii. 28, 'God turns all to our best.' Like wandering planets, they are carried with a double motion, *suo et primo mobili*, with their own and a superior mover. (1.) By their own, which though *non sine errore, tamen sine terrore*,—wandering and stalking with big looks, yet are not so feared as they expect. (2.) By the first and great mover's, which overrules them with a violent hand. Perhaps they exercise us with tentations, as Ashur did Israel, Isa. x. 5, with Isa. xv. 15 ; but the work done, the rod is thrown into the fire. They are but rubbish to scour the vessels of God's house ; apothecaries to minister us bitter drugs, not able to put in one dram more than God our physician prescribes ; shepherd's dogs with their teeth beaten short, to hunt us to the sheepfolds of peace. In all their works, the villany is their own, the virtue God's ; as in Christ's betraying, *opus Dei redemptio, opus Judæ proditio*. If we think they flourish too long, let us satisfy ourselves with Job, chap. xxi. 17–30, and David, Ps. lxxiii. 19, that *subito ad inferos*, 'they go suddenly down into the pit.' So the poet propped up his tottering hesitations with this conclusion—

'Abstulit hunc tandem Ruffini pœna tumultum,  
Absolvitque deos.'

In the end, God clears his justice from any imputation, by turning the workers of wickedness into hell.

2. Do not think, because I have held you long with the bidders, that I mean to forestall you of the banquet. Behold, I have brought you now to the feast, such as it is. 'Stolen waters are sweet, and the bread of secrecies is pleasant.' Thus it is in gross ; to cut it up and serve it in, in several

\* Claudian.

dishes, you have, (1.) a prescription ; (2.) a description ; (3.) an ascription ; —a prescription of their names ; a description of their natures ; an ascription of their qualities. *Quæ, quanta, qualia* :—(1.) The junkets are prescribed, *quæ sint*, of what kind they are ; *waters, bread*. (2.) They are described, *quanta sint*, of what property, virtue, nature ; *stolen, secret*. (3.) They are ascribed to, *qualia sint*, of what operation, relish, or quality ; *sweet, pleasant, stolen waters*, &c. Thus have you their quiddity, their quantity, their quality. This is the banquet, *lautum, lætum*, dainty and cherishing ; cheap, for it is stolen ; delightful, for it is sweet. We will ascend to view this feast, not to feed on it, by the stairs and degrees of my text. You have, (1.) *waters* ; (2.) *stolen* ; (3.) *sweet*. So you have, (1.) *bread* ; (2.) *eaten in secret* ; (3.) *pleasant*. Of them all, first literally and morally, then doctrinally.

(1.) *Waters*. Not the waters that the Spirit moved on at the creation, the first waters, Gen. i. 2 ; nor the waters of regeneration, moved by the same Spirit, sanctifying waters, Isa. xlv. 3 ; nor the waters of Bethesda, stirred by an angel, salutary and medicinal waters, John v. 4 ; nor the 'waters issuing from under the threshold of the sanctuary,' preservative waters, Ezek. xlviii. 1 : but the bitter waters of Marah, Exod. xv. 25, without the sweet wood of grace to season them ; 'waters of trouble,' from which David prays for delivery, Ps. cxliv. 7, tumultuous waters ; waters that turn into blood, bloody waters, Exod. vii. 17 ; waters of tribulation, 2 Sam. xxii. 17, to them that digest it, though waters of titillation to them that taste it : much like our hot waters in these days ; strange chemical extractions, quintessences of distilled natures ; *viscera, ne dicam, mysteria terræ*,—the bowels, nay, the mysteries of earth ; good and happy in their opportune and moderate use, but wretched in our misapplied lusts ; to turn the blood into fire, and to fill the bones with luxury : not to make nature swim in a river of delights, but even to drown it.

Waters : neither succory nor endive, &c. ; no refrigerating waters, to cool the soul's heat, but waters of inflammation : Spain's *rosa solis*, water of Inquisition ; Tyrone's usquebagh, water of rebellion ; Turkey's *aqua fortis*, a violent and bloody water ; Rome's *aqua inferna*, a superstitious water, stilled out of sulphur and brimstone, through the limbeck of heresy. Oh, you wrong it : it is *aqua vitæ* and *aqua celestis* ! Let the operation testify it : it is *aqua fortis, aqua mortis*—*vinum barathri*, the wine of hell : no poisons are so baneful. It tastes like honey, but if Jonathan touch it, he will endanger his life by it, 1 Sam. xiv. 43. These are wretched waters, worse than the moorish and fenny rivers, which, the poets feign, run with a dull and lazy course ; *tranquilla, alta*,—streams still at the top, but boiling like a caldron of molten lead at the bottom. *Phlegeton et Pyriphlegeton, ignita et flammæ undæ*, were mere fables and toys to these waters : they are truculent, virulent, noxious waters, derived by some filthy gutters from the *mare mortuum* of iniquity.

The Pope hath waters not much unlike these of the devil's banquet—holy waters : holy indeed, for they are conjured with a holy exorcism, saith their mass-book. Of wonderful effects ; either sprinkled outwardly, they refresh the receiver, as if his head was wrapped with a wet clout in a cold morning ; or drunk down, they are powerful to cleanse the heart and scour out the devil. Oh, you wrong Rome's holy water, to think it the devil's drink, when the proverb says, the devil loves no holy water. Yes, he will run from it, as a mendicant friar from an alms ! To speak duly of it, it is a special river of deceit, and drowns more than ever did the Red Sea, when it swallowed a whole army of the Egyptians, Exod. xiv. Why, but holy water is a special



ransom to free souls out of purgatory, and digged out of the fountain of Scriptura. Ps. li. 7, *Asperges me, Domine, hyssopo*,—‘Thou shalt sprinkle me, O Lord, with hyssop;’ for so their translation hath it; the sense of which place is, saith the Romist, that the priest must dash the grave with a holy-water sprinkle. You must suppose that David was dead and buried when he spake these words, and his soul in limbo. It is added that Dives desired in hell ‘a drop of water to cool his tongue,’ Luke xvi. 24. Oh, then, how cooling and comfortable are the sprinklings of these waters on the graves of the dead! But if they can speak no better for them, they will prove some of these waters here served in at sin’s banquet; for if Antichrist can make a man drunk with his holy water, he will swallow all the rest of his morsels with the less difficulty.

These then are the *waters*: not the waters of regeneration, wherein our fathers and we have been baptized; nor the waters of consolation, which ‘make glad the city of God;’ nor the waters of sanctification, wherein Christ once, the Spirit of Christ still, washeth the feet, the affections of the saints; not the Hyblæan nectar of heaven, whereof he that drinks ‘shall never thirst again,’ John iv. 14; nor the waters of that ‘pure river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God,’ Rev. xxii. 1; but the lutulent, spumy, maculaturary waters of sin, either squeezed from the spongy clouds of our corrupt natures, or surging from the contagious (veins of hell) springs of temptation.

I might here blab to you the enemy’s secrets, and tell you his riddles, his tricks, his policies, in that he calls sins *waters*, and would make his guests believe that they wonderfully refresh; but I reserve it to a fitter place: the sweetness shall carry that note from the waters.\* I will contract all to these four observations, as the sum of that I would write of the waters, not on the waters—*de aquis, non super aquas*: I have better hope of your memories. [1.] The preferment of waters at Satan’s banquet. [2.] The devil’s policy in calling sins by the names of waters. [3.] The similitude of sins to waters. [4.] The plurality and abundance of these waters.

[1.] Water is here preferred to bread; for lightly sin’s guests are better drinkers than eaters; they eat by the *gomer* and drink by the *ephah*. Indeed, a full belly is not of such dexterity for the devil’s employment as a full brain. Gluttony would go sleep, and do neither good nor harm: Ebriety hath some villany in hand, and is then fitted with valour; the drunkard is a *Hercules furens*, he will kill and slay. How many do that in a tavern which they will repent at a Tyburn! You will say, it is not with drinking water; yes, the harlot’s waters, such as is served in at the devil’s banquet, mixed with rage and madness. Water is an element: the sap in the vine, the juice in the grape, the liquid in the ale or beer, is water. Indeed, sometimes Neptune dwells too far off from Bacchus’s door, and the water is mastered with additions; yet it may alienate the property, not annihilate the nature and essence of water: water it is still, though compounded water; compounded in our drinks, but in wines derived, *à primis naturæ per mediâ*, not extinguished in the being, not brought to a nullity of waters. Drink, then, *bibendum aliquid*; though the harlot gives it a modest and cool name, ‘waters’ is the first dish of this fatal banquet. The first entertainment into this *Appii forum*, Acts xxviii. 15, is with the *three taverns*; not so much a drunkenness to the brain as to the conscience. There is a ‘drunkenness, not with wine: there is a staggering, not with strong drink,’ Isa. xxix. 9.

\* That is, he will not speak of these things now, while treating of the *waters*; but afterwards, under the head of *sweetness*.—ED.

The devil begins his feast with a health, as Belshazzar, Dan. v., whatsoever the upshot be. He propounds the water, and he propines it; he will not give them worse than he takes himself; as Jupiter is said to have at his court gate two great tuns, whereof they that enter must first drink, and himself begins to them.

‘Jupiter ambrosia satur est : est nectare plenus.’\*

Intemperance is the first dish to be tasted of: it is, if not *principalis*, yet, *si ita dicam, principalis*,—if not the prime dish, yet the first dish: Satan must first intoxicate the brains, and extinguish the eye of reason; as the thief that would rob the house first puts out the candle. Understanding is first drowned in these waters,—*Acrasia præit, Acrasia sequitur*,—Riot justles, and the wit is turned besides the saddle. The ‘sons of the earth’ would not so dote on the ‘whore of Babylon’ if the ‘wine of her fornication’ had not made them drunk, Rev. xvii. 2. The guests here ‘rise early to the wine,’ Isa. v. 11; it is the first service; and are indeed, as the apostles were slandered, nine-o’clock drunkards, Acts ii. 13, 15. The day would be without his sufficient sorrow, active and passive mischiefs, if the morning wine should not inflame them. They that are daily guests at the devil’s table know the fashions of his court; they must be drunk at the entrance. It is one of his laws, and a physic-bill of hell, that they must not wash till they have drunk. These waters are to be applied inwardly first; and once taken down, they are fitted to swallow any morsel of damnation that shall afterwards be presented them.

[2.] Water was the first drink in the world, and water must be the first drink at the devil’s banquet. There is more in it yet: the devil shews a trick of his wit in this title. Water is a good creature, and many celestial things are shadowed by it. It is the element wherein we were baptized; and dignified to figure the grace of the Holy Spirit, Matt. iii. 11. Yet this very name must be given to sin. Indeed, I know the same things are often accepted in divers senses by the language of heaven. Leaven is oftsoons taken for hypocrisy, as in the Pharisees; for atheism, as in the Sadducees; for profaneness, as in the Herodians; and generally for sin, by Paul, 1 Cor. v. 7; yet by Christ, for grace, Luke xiii. 21. God is compared to a lion, Amos iii. 8; and Christ is called ‘the Lion of the tribe of Judah,’ Apoc. v. 5; and the devil is called a lion, ‘a roaring lion,’ &c., 1 Pet. v. 8. Christ was figured by a serpent, John iii. 14; and to a serpent is Satan compared, 2 Cor. xi. 3. Stones are taken in the worst sense, Matt. iii. 9, ‘God is able of these stones to raise,’ &c.; stones in the best sense, 1 Pet. ii. 5, ‘living stones;’ and Christ himself, ‘the head stone of the corner,’ Ps. cxviii. 22. ‘Be like children,’ saith Paul, and ‘not like children:’ be children in simplicity, not in knowledge. Graces are called waters; so here vices: but the attribute makes the difference. Those are ‘living waters,’ these are the ‘waters of death.’ The devil in this plays the sophister; but I spare to follow this circumstance here, because I shall meet it again in the next branch, ‘bread of secrecies.’

[3.] Sins may in some sense be likened to waters; yea, even to waters in the cup, for to waters in the sea they are most like. The one drowns not more bodies than the other souls. They know the danger of the sea ‘that prosecute their business in great waters,’ Ps. cvii. 23: they might know the hazards of sin that sail in this barge of luxury. I may say of them both with the poet—

\* Pers.

‘Digitis à morte remoti  
Quatuor, aut septem, si sit latissima tæda;’—

They are within four or seven inches of death. How many souls are thus shipwrecked! How many weep out a *De profundis*, that would not ‘sing the songs of Zion’ in the land of the living! They forgot Jerusalem in their mirth, and therefore ‘sit down and howl by the waters of Babel;’ but these here are festival, not marinal waters.

*First*, Water is an enemy to digestion; so is sin, clogging the memory (the soul's stomach) with such crudities of vice, that no sober instructions can be digested in it: especially waters hurt digestion in these cold countries, naturally cold in regard of the climate, but spiritually more cold in devotion, frozen up in the dregs of iniquity. Surely many of our auditors drink too deep of these waters before they come to Jacob's well: our waters of heavenly doctrine will not down with them. The waters of sin so put your mouths out of taste that you cannot relish the waters of life, John iv.; they are Marah to your palates. It seems you have been at that other banquet, and therefore ‘thirst not after righteousness,’ Matt. v. 6. The cup of the old temptation hath filled you; you scorn the cup of the testament. If you had not drunk too hard of these waters, you would ask Christ for his living water, John iv. 10; but Achan hath drunk cursed gold, when he should come before Joshua, Josh. vii.; Gehazi hath drunk bribes, when he should come to Elisha, 2 Kings v. No marvel if you suck no juice from the waters of God, when you are so full and drunken with the waters of Satan.

*Secondly*, Water dulls the brain, and renders the spirits obtuse and heavy. It is an enemy to literature, saith Horace merrily—

‘Who in a rhyme rehearses,  
That water-drinkers never make good verses.’

We have no skill in the hymns of the Spirit, no alacrity to praise God, no wisdom to pray to him. Why? We have drunken of these stolen waters. The chilling and killing cold of our indevotion, the morose and raw humours of our uncharitableness, the foggy, dull, stupid heaviness of our invincible ignorance, shew that we have been too busy with these waters; nothing will pass with us but rare and novel matters, *jejunos raro stomachus vulgaria temnit*;<sup>\*</sup> and in these we study to admire the garb, not to admit the profit.

*Thirdly*, We find grace compared to fire, and gracelessness to water. The Spirit came down on the apostles in the likeness of fiery tongues, Acts ii. 3, at the day of Pentecost; and John Baptist testifies of Christ, that he should baptize with the Holy Ghost and with fire, Matt. iii. 11. The spirit of sin falls on the heart like a cold dew. It is implied, Rev. iii. 15, that zeal is hot, wickedness cold, neutrality lukewarm. Fire is hot and dry; water is cold and moist, predominantly, and in regard of their habitual qualities. So zeal is *hot*; no incendiary, no preternatural, but a supernatural heat, equally mixed with love and anger: such was Elias's zeal for the Lord of hosts; he could not be cold in this life that went up in ‘fire to heaven,’ 2 Kings ii. 11. *Dry*; not like Ephraim, ‘a cake baked on the one side,’ but crude and raw on the other: no, the heat of zeal hath dried up the moisture of profaneness. But wickedness is *cold*, a gelid nature, a numbness in the conscience; that, as when the air is hottest, the springs are coldest, so when the Sun of grace warms the whole church, is yet shaking of an ague; nay, and will not creep, like Simon Peter, to the fire. *Moist*; not *succi et sanguinis plenum*, full of juice and sap; but sin runs like a cold rheum over

<sup>\*</sup> Hor. Ser. ii.

the conscience. This metaphor follows St Paul, 1 Thess. v. 19, 'Quench not the Spirit;' wherein he fully justifies this circumstance, forbidding the water of impiety to quench the fire of grace.

Here, then, see the impossibility of uniting the two contrary natures in one conscience, as of reconciling fire and water into the same place, time, and subject. If sin keep court in the conscience, and sit in the throne of the heart, grace will not peep in at the gates, 2 Cor. vi. 14; or if it doth, with cold entertainment. I have heard report of a generation of men that carry fire in the one hand, and water in the other; whose conversation mingles *humectia siccis*, wet and dry together, like the Syriphian frogs in Pliny, whose challenge was, *Mihi terra lacusque*,—I have land and sea for my walk; but, alas! if the water be true water of sin, believe it, the fire is but a false fire, the blaze of hypocrisy. But the hermit turned his guest out of doors for this trick, that he could warm his cold hands with the same breath wherewith he cooled his hot pottage.

*Fourthly*, Water is a baser element, and, I may say, more\* elementary, more mixed, and, as it were, sophisticate with transfusion. Fire is in the highest region, the purest element, and next to heaven. This is the seat of grace, *non inferiora secuta*,—scorning the lower things. Sin is, like water, of a ponderous, crass, gross, stinking, and sinking nature. They that have drunk the 'cup of slumber' had need to be bidden 'awake, and stand up,' Isa. li. 17, for they are sluggish and laid. Grace, though in the orb of sin, yet hath her 'conversation in heaven,' Phil. iii. 20, and *cor repositum, ubi præmium depositum*,—her heart laid up where her love and treasure is. Her motto is, *Non est mortale quod opto*. She hath a holy aspiration, and seeketh to be as near to God as the clog of flesh will let her. Sin is like water, though raging with the surges and swellings, and only bounded in with God's *non ultra*, 'Here I will stay thy proud waves,' Ps. civ. 9, yet *deorsum ruit*, whiles these waters swim in the heart, the heart sinks down like a stone, as Nabal's.

*Fifthly*, Physicians say that water is a binder. You may apply it, that men in these days are terrible water-drinkers, for the times are very restrictive. You may as well wring Hercules's club out of his fist as a penny from Avarice's purse. Men's hearts are costive to part with any thing *in pios usus*; their hands clutched, doors shut, purses not open; nay, the most laxative prodigals, that are lavish and letting-fly to their lusts, are yet heart-bound to the poor. It is a general disease procured by these waters, to be troubled with the griping at the heart. Such were the 'kine of Bashan,' Amos iv. 1: soluble to their own lusts,—'Bring, let us drink,'—bound up and strait-laced to the poor; not refreshing, but oppressing; not helping, but crushing the needy. They 'grieve not for Joseph,' Amos vi. 6; nay, they grieve Joseph. These kine are dead, but their calves are in England, abundantly multiplied. These are not the days of peace, that 'turn swords into sickles;' but the days of pride, wherein the iron is knocked off from the plough, and, by a new kind of alchymistry, converted into plate. The farmer's painfulness runs into the mercer's shop, and the toiling ox is a sacrifice and prey to the cunning fox. All the racked rents in the country will not discharge the books in the city.

Great men are unmerciful to their tenants, that they may be over-merciful to their tenants, that stretch them as fast as they retch the others. The sweat of the labourer's brows is made an ointment to supple the joints of pride. Thus two malignant planets reign at once, and in one heart, costive

\* *Qua*, less!—ED.

covetousness and loose lavishness ; like the serpent Amphisbœna, with a head at each end of the body,\* who, whilst they strive which should be the master-head, afflict the whole carcase : whilst covetise and pride wrestle, the estate catcheth the fall. They eat men alive in the country, and are themselves eaten alive in the city. What they get in the hundred, they lose in the shire. *Sic prædæ patet esca sui*,—They make themselves plump for the prey, for there are that play the rob-thief with them. *Unius compendium, alterius dispendium*,—If there be a winner, there must be a loser. *Serpens serpentem devorando fit draco*,—Many landlords are serpents to devour the poor, but what are they that devour those serpents ? Dragons. You see what monsters, then, usurious citizens are. Thus whilst the gentleman and the citizen shuffle the cards together, they deal the poor commons but a very ill game.—These are the similitudes. I could also fit you with some discrepancies :—

*First*, Waters mundify and cleanse ; these soil and infect. The conscience grows more speckled by them, till men become not only spotted but spots, as Lucan said of the wounded body, *Totum est pro vulnere corpus*,—The whole body was as one wound.

*Secondly*, Add, that waters quench the thirst and cool the heat of the body, but these waters rather fire the heart and inflame the affections, puff the spleen, which swollen, all the other parts pine and languish into a consumption. The heart is so blown with lusts that all the graces of the soul dwindle like blasted imps. These are *aque soporiferæ*, waters of slumber, that cast the soul into a dead sleep, whilst the devil cauteriseth and sears up the conscience.

*Thirdly*, We say of water, It is a good servant, though an ill master ; but we cannot apply it to sin. It is not good at all ; indeed less ill when it serves than when it reigns. If this false Gibeonite will needs dwell with thee, set him to the basest offices. So Israel kept in some Canaanites, 'lest the wild beasts should come in upon them.' Our infirmities and mastered sins have their use thus, to humble us with the sense of our weakness, lest the furious beasts of pride and security break into our freeholds. But sin of itself is good neither in egg nor bird, neither in root nor branch, neither hot nor cold, neither in the fountain nor in the vessel.

[4.] The plurality of these waters prolongs and determines my speech. Their nature is not more pernicious than their number numerous : *indefinita locutio, infinita turba*,—an undefined word, an unconfined number. If there were but one cup alone, it would cloy, and satiate, and procure loathing, as even manna did to Israel ; therefore Satan doth diversify his drinks, to keep the wicked man's appetite fresh and sharp. If he be weary of one sin, behold, another stands at his elbow. Hath Dives dined ? He may walk up to his study, and tell his money, his bags, his idols ; or call for the key of his wardrobe, to feed his proud eye with his silks : for *divitiæ et deliciæ*, riches and pleasure, serve one another's turn. If Nabal be weary of counting his flocks, or laying up their fleeces, he may go and make himself drunk with his sheep-shearers. Hence it is that *ex malis moribus oriuntur plurimæ leges*,†—to meet with the multiplicity of sins there is required a multitude of laws ; as, when physicians grow rich, it is an evident sign of an infected commonwealth. Sin stood not single in God's view, when he threatens so fearful a punishment, as the whole book again cannot match it, Hos. iv. 3, 'Therefore the land shall mourn, and every one that dwelleth therein shall languish, with the beasts of the field, with the fowls of heaven ; yea, the fish

\* Plin.

† Plato.

of the sea also shall be taken away,'—a universal vastation. But as, first, privatively, there was no truth, yet if there had been mercy; nay, no mercy; somewhat yet, if knowledge had stood constant; no knowledge in the land: so, secondly, positively, there was swearing. Can swearing be without lying? No; lying too. Is the tongue alone set on fire at the devil's forge? James iii. No; the hand is also a firebrand of hell. Killing, stealing, adultery, join their forces; and to give testimony against their singularity, 'blood toucheth blood.' How should reprobates else 'fill up the measure of their sins?' Thus when the ungodly have eaten and drunk, they may 'rise up to play,' 1 Cor. x. 7.

Will you descend to personal instances? Lo, some Judas is new come from this banquet; give him a vomit, and what lies on his stomach? Strange waters, and abundance of them. Behold, the Spanish waters of pride, the Romish waters of treason, the Italian waters of murder, the Jewish of hypocrisy, the Turkish of thievery, the Grecian of all villany. Ask Mary Magdalene what variety was at this banquet; she will tell you of seven vials, seven devils. You may hear another tell his name, Legion. Bid Absalom give you a tavern-bill or short inventory of these waters, and he will read you: *In primis*, the swelling waters of pride. *Item*, the surfeiting waters of luxury. *Item*, the scalding waters of adultery. *Item*, the red waters of bloodiness. *Item*, the black waters of treason. And for the shot, ask him the total sum of the bill, and he will tell you, damnation. If sins be thus familiarly linked in one man, how do they tune in a concert? How agree they in company? Nothing better; not a broker and a pawn, not a dear year and a cormorant. Hence Christ calls the way to perdition 'the broad way,' Matt. vii. 13. You cannot stir a foot in the great road to the city of hell, Pluto's court, but you meet sins in throngs. Vanity is the largest and most beaten thoroughfare in the world. Some double in their companies, some treble, some troop, none go single. *Væ soli*; if one sin were alone, it would be easily vanquished. The devil knows that *vis unita fortior*, collected strengths are unconquerable, Eccles. iv. 10; and therefore drives his waters so that *undæ super advenit unda*, one wave seconds the former. Sometimes they go, like beasts, by couples: Rom. xiii. 13, 'riot and drunkenness, chambering and wantonness, strife and envy;' Jer. xxiii. 10, 'Adultery and oaths;' and Jer. ii. 13, 'My people have committed two evils,' &c. Sometimes they dance in triads, by threes: Phil. iii. 19, 'gluttony, pride, covetousness;' Gal. v. 26, 'vain-glory, provocation, malice;' Amos i. 3-6, 'For three transgressions and for four,' &c.; if there be not rather a great number meant. St John abridgeth all the vanity of the world into a triplicity: 1 John ii. 16, 'All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eyes, the pride of life.' This is the trinity the world doth worship: *Hæc tria pro trino numine mundus habet*. Sometimes they come by whole herds and droves, like the host of the Aramites. Gal. v. 19, you may read them mustered up: 'Adultery,' &c.

Thus I have shewed you the multiplicity of these waters; what remains but that the same fire of God's altar, that hath enlightened your understandings, do a little also warm your consciences? I should prevent the method of my text, if I should yet shew you the direful, dismal operation of these waters; yet somewhat I must say to make you loathe them. As captains provoke their soldiers *per verbum vocale, per semivocale, per mutum*,—by vocal speeches, semivocal drams and trumpets, mute ensigns; so God dissuades you from these waters—1. By his words; *viva et vivifica voce*,—a living and enlivening word: either in the thunders of Sinai or songs of Zion, which

the Word incarnate hath spoken. 2. Or by his semivocal writings; for at the beginning God talked with man himself, but after, finding him estranged from his Creator, he sent him his mind in writing;\* and this he makes sounding by his ministers. 3. Or by his dumb ensigns—wonders, terrors, judgments, upon the lovers of these waters.

*Use 1.*—Trust not too much to these waters; they are not so virtual as the described inviters, the devil's prophets, tell you. Satan had long since his water-prophets; such were the oracles Colophonium and Branchidicum,† wherein one by drinking of waters, the other by receiving the fume of waters, foretold future things. Porphyry observes that antiquity called them *μαντιαν*, madness; but the error and impudence of succeeding ages *μαντιαν*, divinations. These are the priests of Bacchus, welcome to the world, as those would have been to Israel, that 'prophesy of wine and strong drink,' Micah ii. 11. Men hear of strange fountains, famed for wondrous cures, and run straight thither. The devil is a juggler, and would make men believe that if they drink at his fountain of idolatry, they shall have good luck after it; he blushed not to lay this battery of temptation to the Son of God, Matt. iv. 9. As good luck as Samson had, when he drank out of the ass's tooth, and presently after lost his eyes, Judges xv.; or rather, as he that, to find his horse, must, by the mass-priest's direction, drink at St Bride's well, and accordingly found his horse, and riding home thereon broke his neck. Yield it a fable, the moral shall yield us this: That we trust nothing which hath not God's word for warrant. Charms, spells, conjurations, are all vanities, 'lying vanities; he that trusts thereto forsakes his own mercy,' Jonah ii. 8.

*Use 2.*—Fear these waters, for they are dangerous. Sin is not more cool in the taste than it is fiery in the operation. Affliction is hot to the relish, ('You cannot drink of my cup,' Matt. xx. 22,) but cool, easeful in the digestion; but these waters are *mel in ore, fel in corde*,—sweet in the palate, bitter in the stomach. The oracle gave it: *Ninum prius capi non posse, quam fluvius ei fiat hostis*,‡—Nineveh should not be taken before the waters became her enemy. She feared no inundation, the sea was too remote; yet in the third year of her siege, the waters of the clouds broke loose, and with abundant rain overwhelmed the walls,—*muros dejecit ad stadia viginti*,—to twenty furlongs. We live secure, and devour these waters of iniquity as fishes the water of the sea; but when God shall make our sins compass us at the heels, Ps. xlix. 5, and raise up these floods against us, we shall cry, as the drowning world, 'Woe unto us, the waters are become our enemies!' the floods of our sins overwhelm us. So the drunkard drinks a river into his belly, that drowns his vital spirits with a dropsy.

*Use 3.*—Let us pump out these waters of sin which we have devoured. It is the only course we have left to keep our ship from sinking: *Evomite, quos bibistis, fluvios*. Cast them out by repentance,—this is a saving vomit,—or else God will give you a vomit of sulphur, and 'shameful spewing shall be for your glory.' We have all drunk liberally of these waters; too prodigally at sin's fountain, *quando volumus et quantum valuimus*; when we would, as much as we were able; not only to drunkenness, but even to surfeit and madness: if we keep them in our stomachs, they will poison us. Oh, fetch them up again with buckets of sighs, and pump them out in rivers of tears, for your sins! Make your 'heads waters, and your eyes fountains,' Jer. ix. 1; weep your consciences empty and dry again of those waters. Repentance only can lade them out. They that have dry eyes have waterish

\* Chrys. Serm. de Jejuniiis.

† Alexius, lib. v., cap. 2.

‡ Diodor. Sicul.

hearts, Ps. cxix. 136 ; and the proverb is too true for many, ' No man comes to heaven with dry eyes : ' let your eyes gush out tears, not only in compassion for others, but in compunction for yourselves, ' that have not kept God's law.' Weep out your sullen waters of discontent at God's doings, your garish waters of pride, freezing obduracy, burning malice, foggy intemperance, base covetise. Oh, think how you have despised the waters of life, turned Jesus Christ out of your inn into a beastly stable, whiles pride sits uppermost at your table, malice usurps the best chamber in your minds, lust possesseth your eyes, oaths employ your tongue, ebriety bespeaks your tastes, theft and injury enthrone themselves in your hands, mammon ob-sesseth your affections. Sick, sick all over ! You may cry with the Shunam-mite's son, 2 Kings iv. 19, *Caput dolet*,—' My head, my head ! ' and with Jerusalem, Jer. iv. 19, ' My bowels, my bowels ! ' Oh, let faith and repentance make way, that the blood of our Saviour may heal you !

We are not only guilty of averseness from God, but of adverseness against God. Oh, where is our reverting to God. The waters of lusts are *aque rîs âvoias*, the waters of folly and madness ; but our tears are *aque rîs meta-vôias*, the waters of change of mind and repentance ! *Pœnitentia est quasi pœnæ tenentia*,—Repentance is a taking punishment of ourselves. Oh, take this holy punishment on your souls ! Weep, weep, weep for your vanities. Achan cannot drink up his execrable gold, nor Gehazi devour his bribes, nor Ahab make but a draught of a vineyard mingled with blood, nor Judas swallow down his cozenage and treason, without being called to a reckoning. *Nos quare non credimus, quod omnes astabimus ante tribunal ?*\*—Why account we not of our future standing before a judgment-seat ? *Omnium aures pulso*. All we whom these walls compass have been drunken with these waters : some, that hate swearing, with dissembling ; some, that abhor idolatry, with profaneness ; some, that avoid notoriousness, with hypocrisy ; many, that pretend ill-will to all the rest, with those *laræ et lemures*, household gods, or rather household goblins and devils, which almost no house is free from—fraud and covetousness. We know, or at least should know, our own diseases, and the special dish whereon we have surfeited. Oh, why break we not forth into ululations, mournings, and loud mournings for our sins ? Cease not till you have pumped out the sins of your souls at your eyes, and emptied your consciences of these waters.

*Use 4.*—And then, behold other, behold better, behold blessed waters, John iv. 14. You taste of them in this life, and they fill your bones with marrow and your hearts with joy ; they alone satisfy your thirst, Matt. v. 6 ; without which, though you could with Xerxes' army drink whole rivers dry, your burning heat could not be quenched. Here drink, Cant. ii. 4, *Bibite et inebriamini*,—Drink and be drunken in this wine-cellar ; only, having drunk hearty draughts of these waters of life, retain them constantly. Be not queasy-stomached, Demas-like, to cast them up again : the token of a cold stomach not yet heated by the Spirit ; for as the loathing of repast is a token that nature draws towards her end, so when these holy waters prove fastidious, it is an argument of a soul near her death. Take then and digest this water. *Recipitur aure, retinetur corde, perficitur opere*,—The ear receives, the heart retains, the life digests it. But, alas ! we retain these waters no longer than the finger of the Holy Ghost keeps them in us ; like the garden-pot, that holds water but whiles the thumb is upon it.

Leave then, beloved, the devil's wine-cellar, as venerable Beda calls it, *ubi nos dulcedo delectationis invitavit ad bibendum*,†—where the sweet

\* Orig. Hom. v. in Levit.

† Bed. Exhorat. 139.



waters of delight tempt us to drink. But David, though he longed for it, would not drink 'the water of the well of Bethlehem,' which his three worthies fetched, because it was 'the water of blood,' 1 Chron. xi. 19, brought with the danger of life. And shall we drink the waters of this fatal banquet, the venture of blood, with the hazard of our dearest souls? No, come we to this *aqua celestis*, be we poor or rich, have we money or none, all that come are welcome, Isa. lv. 1. And know, that having drunk liberally at the fountain of grace, you shall have yet a large and pleasant draught at the fountain of glory; that 'river of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and the Lamb,' Rev. xxii. 1, to which the 'Spirit and the bride' are inviters, and 'say, Come.' It is a delightful banquet we enjoy here: 'The kingdom of heaven is righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' Rom. xiv. 17. None know the sweetness of these joys but they that feel them. But the supper of joy, the banquet of glory, the waters of blessedness, are such as 'no eye hath seen,' &c., 1 Cor. ii. 9. *Illic beata vita in fonte*,\*—There is the spring-head of happiness: they cannot want water that dwell by the fountain.

'Nam licet allata gratus sit sapor in unda,  
Dulcius ex ipso fonte bibuntur aquæ;'

That which is derived to us in pipes is pleasant; oh, what is the delight at the well-head! The devil, like an ordinary host, 'sets forth his best wine first, and when the guests have well drunk, worse;' but thou, O Lord, 'hast kept the best wine till the last,' John ii. 10. They are sweet we taste here, but *medio de fonte leporum surgit amari aliquid*. There are some persecutions, crosses to embitter them, the sweet meat of the passover is not eaten without sour herbs; but 'in thy presence, O Lord, is the fulness of joy; at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore,' Ps. xvi. 11. There is no bitterness in those waters; they are the same that God himself and his holy angels drink of: so that, as for Christ's sake we have drunk the bitter cup of persecution, so we shall receive at Christ's hands the cup of salvation, and shall bless the name of the Lord. To whom, three Persons, one only true and eternal God, be all praise, glory, and obedience, now and for ever! Amen.

\* August.