

THE FOOL AND HIS SPORT.

Fools make a mock at sin.—PROV. XIV. 9.

THE Proverbs of Solomon are so many select aphorisms, or divinely moral sayings, without any mutual dependence one upon another. Therefore to study a coherence, were to force a marriage between unwilling parties. The words read spend themselves on a description of two things—I. The fool; and, II. His sport. The fool is the wicked man; his sport, pastime, or bauble is sin. Mocking is the medium or connexion that brings together the fool and sin. Thus he makes himself merry; they meet in mocking. The 'fool makes a mock at sin.'

I. FOOLS.—The fool is the wicked. An ignorant heart is always a sinful heart, and a man without knowledge is a man without grace. So Tamar to Amnon under his ravishing hands: 2 Sam. xiii. 13, 'Do not this folly;' if thou doest it, 'thou shalt be as one of the fools in Israel.' Ignorance cannot *excusare à toto*; wilful, not *à tanto*. 2 Thess. i. 8, 'Christ shall come in flaming fire, rendering vengeance to them that know not God.' The state of these fools is fearful. Like hooded hawks, they are easily carried by the infernal falconer to hell. Their lights are out, how shall their house scape robbing? These fools have a knowledge, but it is to do evil, Jer. iv. 22. They have also a knowledge of good, but not *scientiam approbationis*,—they know, but they refuse it. So God justly quits them; for though he know them *ad scientiam*, he will not know them *ad approbationem*, but gives them a *Discedite, nescio vos*: Matt. vii. 23, 'I know you not: depart from me, ye workers of iniquity.' A man may be a fool two ways: by knowing too little, or too much.

1. By knowing too little: when he knoweth not those things whereof he cannot be ignorant, and do well. 1 Cor. ii. 2, 'I determined not to know anything among you, save Jesus Christ, and him crucified.' But every man saith he knows Christ. If men knew Christ's love in dying for them, they would love him above all things. How do they know him that love their money above him? *Nemo vere novit Christum, qui non vere amat Christum*,—No man knows Christ truly that loves him not sincerely. If men knew Christ, that he should be judge of quick and dead, durst they live so lewdly? *Non novit Christum qui non odit peccatum*,—He never knew Christ that doth not hate iniquity. Some attribute too much to themselves, as if they would have a share with Christ in their own salvation. *Nesciunt et Christum*

et seipos,—They are ignorant of both Christ and themselves. Others lay too much on Christ, all the burden of their sins; which they can with all possible voracity swallow down, and with blasphemy vomit up again upon him. But they know not Christ who thus seek to divide *aquam à sanguine*,—his blood from his water; and they shall fail of justification in heaven that refuse sanctification upon earth.

2. By knowing too much. When a man presumes to know more than he ought, his knowledge is apt to be pury and gross, and must be kept low. Rom. xii. 16, 'Mind not high things,' saith the Apostle. Festus slandered Paul, Acts xxvi. 24, that 'much learning had made him mad.' Indeed, it might have done, if Paul had been as proud of his learning as Festus was of his honour. This is the 'knowledge that puffeth up,' 1 Cor. viii. 1. It troubles the brain, like undigested meat in the stomach, or like the scum that seethes into the broth. To avoid this folly, Paul forbids us to 'be wise in our own conceits,' Rom. xii. 16: whereof I find two readings, 'Be not wise in yourselves;' and 'Be not wise to yourselves.'

Not *in* yourselves. Conjure not your wit into the circle of your own secret profit. We account the simple, fools; God accounts the crafty, fools. He that thinks himself wise is a fool *ipso facto*. It was a modest speech that fell from the philosopher: * *Si quando fatuo delectari volo, non est mihi longe querendus; me video*. Therefore Christ pronounced his woes to the Pharisees, his doctrines to the people. The first entry to wisdom is *scire quod nescias*,—to know thy ignorance. Sobriety is the measure for knowledge, as the gomer was for manna. Curiosity is the rennet that turns our milk into curds.

Not to yourselves. 'Let thy fountain be dispersed abroad,' saith the wisest king, Prov. v. 16; communicate thy knowledge. Matt. v. 15, Christians must be like lights, that waste themselves for the good of those in God's house. *Scire tuum nihil est, nisi te scire hoc sciat alter*,—He that will be wise only to himself takes the ready way to turn fool. *Non licet habere privatam, ne privemur ea*,—The closer we keep our knowledge, the likelier we are to lose it. Standing water soon puddles; the gifts of the mind, if they be not employed, will be impaired. Every wicked man is a fool; by comparing their properties:—

(1.) It is a fool's property *futura non prospicere*, to have no foresight of future things. So he may have from hand to mouth, he sings care away. So the grasshopper sings in harvest when the ant labours; and begs at Christmas when the ant sings. The wicked takes as little care what shall become of his soul, as the natural fool what shall become of his body. *Modo potiar*, saith the epicure,—Let me have pleasure now; 'It is better to a living dog than to a dead lion,' Eccles. ix. 4. They do not in fair weather repair their house against storms; nor in time of peace provide spiritual armour against the day of war. They watch not; therefore 'the day of the Lord shall come upon them as a thief in the night,' and spoil them of all their pleasures. The main business of their soul is not thought of; nor dream they of an audit, till they be called by death away to their reckoning.

(2.) It is a fool's property to affect things hurtful to himself. *Ludit cum spinis*,—he loves to be playing with thorns. Neither yet *quod nocuit, docuit*, hath that which hurt him taught him caution, but he more desperately desires his own mischief. The wicked do strongly appropriate to themselves this quality. *Cum illis ludunt, quæ illos lædunt*,—They hover to dally with their own vexation who else would dote on the world; and hover like

* Sen., Ep. xiii.

wasps about the gallipot, till for one lick of honey they be drowned in it. What is your ambition, O ye world-affecters, saith Augustine, but to be affected of the world? What do you seek, but *per multa pericula pervenire ad plura? per plurima ad pessima?**—but through many dangers to find more? through easier to find the worst of all? Like that dotting Venetian, for one kiss of that painted harlot, to live her perpetual slave. The world was therefore called the fool's paradise; there he thinks to find heaven, and there he sells it to the devil. *Noxia querunt improbi,*—'They haste as a bird to the snare,' Prov. vii. 23. The devil doth but hold vanity as a sharp weapon against them, and they run full breast upon it. They need no enemies; let them alone, and they will kill themselves. So the envious pines away his own marrow; the adulterer poisons his own blood; the prodigal lavisheth his own estate; the drunkard drowns his own vital spirit. Wicked men make war upon themselves with the engines of death.

(3.) It is a fool's property to prefer trifles and toys before matters of worth and weight. The fool will not give his bauble for the king's exchequer. The wicked prefer bodies of dust and ashes to their soul of eternal substance; this sin-corrupted and time-spent world, to the perfect and permanent joys of heaven; short pleasures to everlasting happiness; a puff of fame before a solid weight of glory. What folly can be more pitiable, than to forsake corn for acorns; a state of immortality for an apple, as Adam did; a birthright, with all the privileges, for a mess of pottage, belly-cheer, as Esau did; a kingdom on earth, yea, in heaven too, for asses, as Saul did; all portion in Christ, for bacon, as the Gergesites did, Matt. xxii.; a royalty in heaven for a poor farm on earth, as the bidden guest did! This is the worldling's folly: *villa, boves, uxor, &c.*—

'Mundus, cura, caro, cœlum clausere vocatis;'

To esteem grace and glory less than farms, oxen, wives; manna than onions; mercy than vanity; God than idols. They may be fitly paralleled with the prodigal, Luke xv. He forsook, [1.] His father's house for a strange country: these the church, God's house, a place wherein they should be strangers, and wherein, I am sure, they shall not be long dwellers. [2.] His father's inheritance for a bag of money: so these will not tarry for their heritage in heaven, but take the bags which Mammon thrusts into their hands on the present. Who but a fool will refuse the assured reversion of some great lordship, though expectant on the expiration of three lives, for a ready sum of money not enough to buy the least stick on the ground? This is the worldling's folly, rather to take a piece of slip-coin in hand than to trust God for the invaluable mass of glory. [3.] He forsakes his loving friends for harlots, creatures of spoil and rapine: so these the company of saints for the sons of Belial; those that sing praises, for those that roar blasphemies. [4.] Lastly, the bread in his father's house for husks of beans: so these leave Christ, the true bread of life, for the draff which the swine of this world puddle in. Here is their folly, to fasten on transient delights, and to neglect the 'pleasures at the right hand of God for evermore,' Ps. xvi. 11.

(4.) It is a fool's property to run on his course with precipitation. Yet can he not outrun the wicked, whose 'driving is like Jehu's, the son or Nimshi,' 2 Kings ix. 20: he driveth as if he were mad; as if he had received that commission, 'Salute no man by the way.' 'The wise man seeth the plague, and hideth himself; but the fool runneth on, and is punished,'

* Confess., lib. iii.

Prov. xxvii. 12. He goes, he runs, he flies; as if God, that rides upon the wings of the wind, should not overtake him. He may pass apace, for he is benefited by the way; which is smooth, without rubs, and down a hill, for hell is a bottom, Prov. xv. 24. *Facilis descensus Averni*. Haste might be good, if the way were good, and good speed added to it. But this is *cursus celerrimus præter viam*. He needs not run fast; for *nunquam sero ad id venit, à quo nunquam receditur*,—the fool may come soon enough to that place from whence he must never return. Thus you see the correspondency of the spiritual to the natural fool in their qualities. Truly the wicked man is a fool. So Solomon expounds the one by the other: Eccles. vii. 17, 'Be not overmuch wicked, neither be thou foolish; why shouldst thou die before thy time?'

Fools.—Observe, this is plurally and indefinitely spoken. The number is not small; *stultorum plena sunt omnia*. Christ's 'flock is little,' but Satan's kingdom is of large bounds. *Plurima pessima*,—vile things are ever most plentiful. Wisdom flies, like the rail, alone; but fools, like partridges, by whole coveys. There is but one truth, but innumerable errors; which should teach us—

1. Not to 'follow a multitude in evil' In civil actions it is good to do as the most; in religious, to do as the best. It shall be but poor comfort in hell, *socios habuisse doloris*. Thou pleadest to the judge, I have done as others; the judge answers, And thou shalt speed as others.

2. To bless God that we are none of the many; as much for our grace, whereby we differ from the fools of the world, as for our reason, whereby we differ from the fools of nature.

Now as these fools are many, so of many kinds. There is the sad fool and the glad fool; the haughty fool, and the naughty fool:—

1. The *sad* or melancholy fool is the envious, that repines at his brother's good. An enemy to all God's favours, if they fall besides himself. A man of the worst diet; for he consumes himself, and delights in pining, in re-pining. He is ready to quarrel with God because his neighbour's flock scape the rot. He cannot endure to be happy, if with company. Therefore envy is called by Prosper,* *de bono alterius tabescentis animi cruciatus*,—the vexation of a languishing mind, arising from another's welfare. *Tantos invidus habet justæ pœnæ tortores, quantos invidiosus habuit laudatores*,—So many as the envied hath praisers, hath the envious tormentors.

2. The *glad* fool—I might say the *mad* fool—is the dissolute; who, rather than he will want sport, makes goodness itself his minstrel. His mirth is to sully every virtue with some slander, and with a jest to laugh it out of fashion. His usual discourse is filled up with boasting parentheses of his old sins; and though he cannot make himself merry with their act, he will with their report: as if he roved at this mark, to make himself worse than he is. If repentance do but proffer him her service, he kicks her out of doors; his mind is perpetually drunk; and his body lightly dies, like Anacreon, with a grape in his throat. He is stung of that serpent, whereof he dies laughing.

3. The *haughty* fool is the ambitious; who is ever climbing high towers, and never forecasting how to come down. Up he will, though he fall down headlong. He is weary of peace in the country, and therefore comes to seek trouble at court, where he haunts great men, as his great spirit haurts him. When he receives many disappointments, he flatters himself still with success. His own fancy persuades him, as men do fools, to shoot away another arrow, thereby to find the first; so he loseth both. And, lastly, because his pride will admit of no other punisher, he becomes his own torment; and

* Lib. iii. de Virtut. et Vitiis.

having at first lost his honesty, he will now also lose his wits : so truly becomes a fool.

4. The *naughty* fool is the covetous. This is the folly that Solomon 'saw under the sun.' You heard before of a *merry* fool, but the *very* fool of all is the avarous ; for he will lose his friends, starve his body, damn his soul, and have no pleasure for it. So saith the prophet, Jer. xvii. 11, 'He shall leave his riches in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool.' He wastes himself to keep his goods from waste ; he eats the worst meat, and keeps his stomach ever chiding. He longs, like a fool, for everything he sees ; and at last may *habere quod voluit, non quod vult*,—have what he desired, never what he desires. He fears not the day of judgment, except for preventing the date of some great obligation. You would think it were petty treason to call a rich man *fool* ; but He doth so that dares justify it : Luke xii. 20, 'Thou fool, this night shall they fetch away thy soul from thee ; then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided ?'

II. We have anatomised the fool ; let us behold his sport : 'He maketh a mock at sin.'

The fathers call this *infimum gradum*, and *limen inferni*,—the lowest degree of sin, and the very threshold of hell. It is *sedes pestilentie*,—'the scorner's chair,' Pa. i. 1, wherein the ungodly sits, blaspheming God and all goodness. *Nemo fit repente pessimus*,—No man becomes worst at first. This is no sudden evil. Men are born sinful ; they make themselves profane. Through many degrees they climb to that height of impiety. This is an extreme progress, and almost the journey's end of wickedness. *Improbo latari affectu*. Thus Abner calls fighting a sport : 2 Sam. ii. 14, 'Let the young men arise and play before us.' 'They glory in their shame,' saith the Apostle, Phil. iii. 19 ; as if a condemned malefactor should boast of his halter. 'Fools make a mock at sin.'

We shall the more clearly see, and more strongly detest, this senseless iniquity, if we consider the object of the fool's sport—*sin*.

1. *Sin*, which is so contrary to goodness ; and though to man's corrupt nature pleasing, yet even abhorred of those sparks and cinders which the rust of sin hath not quite eaten out of our nature as the creation left it. The lewdest man, that loves wickedness as heartily as the devil loves him, yet hath some objurgations of his own heart ; and because he will not condemn his sin, his heart shall condemn him. The most reprobate wretch doth commit some contraconscient iniquities, and hath the contradiction of his own soul, by the remnants of reason left in it. If a lewd man had the choice to be one of those two emperors, Nero or Constantine ; who would not rather be a Constantine than a Nero ? The most violent oppressor that is cruel to others, yet had rather that others should be kind to him than cruel. The bloodiest murderer desires that others should use him gently, rather than strike, kill, or butcher him. Nature itself prefers light to darkness ; and the mouth of a sorceress is driven to confess, *Video meliora, proboque*. The most rigid usurer, if he should come before a severe judge, would be glad of mercy, though himself will shew none to his poor bondmen.

'In bene vivendo requiem natura fateri
Cogitur.'

It is then first a contranatural thing to 'make a mock at sin.'

2. *Sin*, which sensibly brings on present judgments. 'Thou art made whole : sin no more, lest a worse thing come unto thee,' John v. 14. Sin procured the former, and that was grievous—thirty-eight years bedrid : sin

is able to draw on a greater punishment; 'Lest a worse thing come unto thee.' If I should turn this holy book from one end to the other; if I should search all fathers, yea, all writers, whether divine or human, I should evince this conclusion, that sin hales on judgment. *Pedissequus sceleris supplicium.* If there be no fear of impiety, there is no hope of impunity. Our Machiavellian politicians have a position, that *summa scelera incipiuntur cum periculo, peraguntur cum præmio*,—the greatest wickedness is begun with danger, gone through with reward. Let the philosopher stop their mouths: *Scelus aliquis tutum, nemo securum tulit*,—Some guilty men have been safe, none ever secure.

This every eye must see. Let adultery plead that nature is the encourager and director of it, and that she is unjust to give him an affection, and to bar him the action; yet we see it plagued, to teach us that the sin is of a greater latitude than some imagine it: unclean, fœdifragous, perjured. Broad impudence, contemplated bawdery, an eye full of whores, are things but jested at: the committers at last find them no jest, when God pours vengeance on the body, and wrath on the naked conscience.

Let drunkenness stagger in the robes of good-fellowship, and shroud itself under the wings of merriment, yet we see it have the punishment, even in this life. It corrupts the blood, drowns the spirits, beggars the purse, and enricheth the carcase with surfeits: a present judgment waits upon it. He that is a thief to others is at last a thief also to himself, and steals away his own life. God doth not ever forbear sin to the last day, nor shall the bloody ruffian still escape; but his own blood shall answer some in present, Ps. lv. 23, and his soul the rest eternally. Let the Seminary pretend a warrant from the Pope to betray and murder princes, and build his damnation on their tetrical grounds, which have *parum rationis, minus honestatis, religionis nihil*,—little reason, less honesty, no religion; yet we see God reveals their malicious stratagems, and buries them in their own pit. Percy's* head now stands sentinel where he was once a pioneer.

If a whole land flow with wickedness, it escapes not a deluge of vengeance. For England, have not her bowels groaned under the heavy pestilence? If the plague be so common in our mouths, how should it not be common in our streets? With that plague wherewith we curse others, the just God curseth us. We shall find in that imperial state of Rome, that till Constantine's time almost every emperor died by treason or massacre; after the receiving of the gospel, none except that revolter Julian. Let not sin then be made a sport or jest, which God will not forbear to punish even in this life.

3. But if it bring not present judgment, it is the more fearful. The less punishment wickedness receives here, the more is behind. God strikes those here whom he means to spare hereafter; and corrects that son which he purposeth to save. But he scarce meddles with them at all whom he intends to beat once for all. The almond-tree is forborne them who are bequeathed to the boiling pot. There is no rod to scourge such in present, so they go with whole sides to hell. The purse and the flesh scapes, but the soul pays for it. This is *miser cordia puniens*, a grievous mercy, when men are spared for a while that they may be spilled for ever. This made

* Thomas Percy, cousin of the Earl of Northumberland, was the chief conspirator in the Gunpowder Plot. It was he who rented the cellar under the Parliament-house, procured the powder from Holland, and was engaged to kill the young Duke of York as soon as the explosion should take place. On the failure of the project, he and some of his accomplices fled to Holbeach, in Staffordshire, where he was killed after a desperate defence. It would appear from the text that his head was placed in front of the Parliament-house, though I do not find this mentioned in the histories.—Ed.

that good saint cry, Lord, here afflict, cut, burn, torture me, *ut in cœternum parcas*,*—so that for ever thou wilt save me. No sorrow troubles the wicked, no disturbance embitters their pleasures; but ‘remember,’ saith Abraham to the merry-lived rich man, ‘thou wert delighted, but thou art tormented,’ Luke xvi. 25. *Tarditas supplicii gravitate pensatur*; and he will strike with iron hands that came to strike with leaden feet. *Tuli, nunquid semper feram?* No; their hell-fire shall be so much the hotter, as God hath been cool and tardy in the execution of his vengeance. This is a judgment for sin that comes invisible to the world, insensible to him on whom it lights: to be ‘given over to a reprobate mind, to a hard and impenitent heart,’ Rom. i. 28, ii. 5. If anything be vengeance, this is it. I have read of plagues, famine, death, come tempered with love and mercy: this never but in anger. Many taken with this spiritual lethargy, sing in taverns, that should howl with dragons; and sleep out Sabbaths and sermons, whose awaked souls would rend their hearts with anguish. ‘Fools,’ then, only ‘make a mock at sin.’

4. *Sin*, that shall at last be laid heavy on the conscience: the lighter the burden was at first, it shall be at last the more ponderous. The wicked conscience may for a while lie asleep; but *tranquillitas ista tempestas est*,†—this calm is the greatest storm. The mortalest enemies are not evermore in pitched fields, one against the other; the guilty may have a seeming truce, true peace they cannot have. A man’s debt is not paid by slumbering; even while thou sleepest, thy arrearages run on. If thy conscience be quiet without good cause, remember that *cedat injustissima pax justissimo bello*,—a just war is better than unjust peace. The conscience is like a fire under a pile of green wood—long ere it burn, but once kindled, it flames beyond quenching. It is not pacifiable whiles sin is within to vex it; the hand will not cease throbbing so long as the thorn is within the flesh. In vain he striveth to feast away cares, sleep out thoughts, drink down sorrows, that hath his tormentor within him. When one violently offers to stop a source of blood at the nostril, it finds a way down the throat, not without hazard of suffocation. The stricken deer runs into the thicket, and there breaks off the arrow; but the head sticks still within him, and rankles to death. Flitting and shifting ground gives way to further anguish. The unappeased conscience will not leave him till it hath shewed him hell; nor then neither. Let then this fool know, that his now seared conscience shall be quickened; his deathbed shall smart for this; and his amazed heart shall rue his old wilful adjournings of repentance. How many have there raved on the thought of their old sins, which in the days of their hot lust they would not think sins! Let not, then, the ‘fool make a mock at sin.’

5. *Sin*, which hath another direful effect of greater latitude, and comprehensive of all the rest: *divinam incitat iram*,—it provokes God to anger. The ‘wrath of a king is a messenger of death;’ what is the wrath of the King of kings! ‘For our God is a consuming fire,’ Heb. xii. 29. If the fire of his anger be once thoroughly incensed, all the rivers in the south are not able to quench it. What pillar of the earth, or foundation of heaven, can stand when he will shake them? He that in his wrath can open the jaws of earth to swallow thee, sluice out floods from the sea to drown thee, rain down fire from heaven to consume thee. Sodom, the old world, Korah, drank of these wrathful vials. Or, to go no further, he can set at jar the elements within thee, by whose peace thy spirits are held together; drown thee with a dropsy bred in thy own flesh; burn thee with a pestilence begotten

* Aug.

† Jerom.

in thy own blood; or bury thee in the earthly grave of thine own melancholy. Oh, it is a fearful thing 'to fall into the hands of the living God!' It is then wretchedly done, thou fool, to jest at sin that angers God, who is able to anger all the veins of thy heart for it.

6. *Sin*, which was punished even in heaven. *Angeli detruduntur propter peccatum*,—2 Pet. ii. 4, 'God spared not the angels that sinned, but cast them down to hell.' It could bring down angels from heaven to hell; how much more men from earth to hell? If it could corrupt such glorious natures, what power hath it against dust and ashes? Art thou better or dearer than the angels were? Doest thou flout at that which condemned them? Go thy ways, make thyself merry with thy sins; mock at that which threw down angels. Unless God give thee repentance, and another mind, thou shalt speed as the lost angels did; for God may as easily cast thee from the earth as he did them from heaven.

7. *Sin*, which God so loathed that he could not save his own elect because of it, but by killing his own Son. It is such a disease that nothing but the blood of the Son of God could cure it. He cured us by taking the receipts himself which we should have taken. He is first cast into a sweat; such a sweat as never man but he felt, when the bubbles were drops of blood. Would not sweating serve? He comes to incision; they pierce his hands, his feet, his side, and set life itself abroad. He must take a potion too, as bitter as their malice could make it, compounded of vinegar and gall. And lastly, he must take a stranger and stronger medicine than all the rest—he must die for our sins. Behold his harmless hands pierced for the sins our harmful hands had committed! his undefiled feet, that never stood in the ways of evil, nailed for the errors of our paths! He is spitted on, to purge away our uncleanness; clad in scornful robes, to cover our nakedness; whipped, that we might escape everlasting scourges. He would thirst, that our souls might be satisfied; the Eternal would die, that we might not die eternally. He is content to bear all his Father's wrath, that no piece of that burden might be imposed upon us; and seem as forsaken a while, that we by him might be received for ever. Behold his side become bloody, his heart dry, his face pale, his arms stiff, after that the stream of blood had run down to his wounded feet. Oh, think if ever man felt sorrow like him, or if he felt any sorrow but for sin!

Now, is that sin to be laughed at that cost so much torment? Did the pressure of it lie so heavy on the Son of God, and doth a son of man make light of it? Did it wring from him sweat, and blood, and tears, and unconceivable groans of an afflicted spirit; and dost thou, O fool, jest at it? Alas! that which put our infinite Redeemer, God and man, so hard to it, must needs swallow up and confound thee, poor sinful wretch! It pressed him so far that he cried out, to the amazement of earth and heaven, 'My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?' Shall he cry for them, and shall we laugh at them? Thou mockest at thy oppressions, oaths, sacrileges, lusts, frauds; for these he groaned. Thou scornest his gospel preached; he wept for thy scorn. Thou knowest not, O fool, the price of sin; thou must do, if thy Saviour did not for thee. If he suffered not this for thee, thou must suffer it for thyself. *Passio aeterna erit in te, si passio Aeterni non erat pro te*,—An eternal passion shall be upon thee, if the Eternal's passion were not for thee. Look on thy Saviour, and make not 'a mock at sin.'

8. Lastly, *Sin* shall be punished with death. You know what death is the wages of it, Rom. vi. 23; not only the first, but 'the second death,' Rev. xx. 6. Inexpressible are those torments, when a reprobate would give all

the pleasures that he ever enjoyed for one drop of water to cool his tongue: where there shall be unquenchable fire to burn, not to give light, save a glimmering; *ad aggravationem, ut videant unde doleant: non ad consolationem, ne videant unde gaudeant,**—to shew them the torments of others, and others the torments of themselves.

But I cease urging this terror; and had rather win you by the love of God than by his wrath and justice. Neither need I a stronger argument to dissuade you from sin than by his passion that died for us being enemies. For if the agony, anguish, and heart-blood of Jesus Christ, shed for our sins, will not move us to repentance, we are in a desperate case. Now, therefore, I fitly leave Paul's adjuration, so sweetly tempered, in your bosoms; commending that to your consciences, and your consciences to God: Rom. xii. 1, 'I beseech you, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy and acceptable unto God.'

* Isid. lib. i. de Sum. Bon.