

# THE SOLDIER'S HONOUR.

PREACHED TO THE WORTHY COMPANY OF GENTLEMEN THAT EXERCISE  
IN THE ARTILLERY GARDEN,

AND NOW, ON THEIR SECOND REQUEST, PUBLISHED TO FURTHER USE.

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TO THE NOBLE COMPANY OF THE GENTLEMEN EXERCISING ARMS IN THE  
ARTILLERY GARDEN OF LONDON.

We are all soldiers, as we are Christians: some more specially, as they are men. You bear both spiritual arms against the enemies of your salvation, and material arms against the enemies of your country. In both you fight under the colours of our great general, Jesus Christ. By looking a little into this mystical war, you shall the better understand to be *milites cataphracti*, good soldiers in all respects.

Job calls man's life a warfare, and we find, Rev. xii., that 'there was war in heaven: Michael and his angels fought against the dragon; and the dragon fought and his angels.' Where by heaven is meant the church of God upon earth, as interpreters observe generally. For in heaven above there is no warfare, but welfare; no trouble, but peace that passeth all understanding. Now, to this war every Christian is a professed soldier, not only for a spurt for sport, as young gentlemen use for a time to see the fashion of the wars, but our vow runs thus in baptism, that every man undertakes to fight manfully under Christ's banner against sin, the world, and the devil, and to continue his faithful soldier and servant to his life's end. And this battle let us fight with courage, because we are warriors under that general that without question shall conquer. *Nil desperandum Christo duce, et auspice Christo.* 'They overcome by the blood of the Lamb,' Rev. xii. 11. Though they lose some blood, they shall be sure to win the victory.

Bernard supposeth a great war between Christ, the king of Jerusalem, and Satan, the king of Babylon. The watchman on the walls sees a Christian soldier to be surprised by the Babylonian host, and carried captive to their

tents. Hereof he informs the king, who presently chargeth Timorem, the Fear of God, to run and redeem the soldier. Fear comes thundering upon the adversary power, and forceth them trembling to surrender back their prey, which he is now returning home to the king. Hereupon steps up *Spiritus Tristitiæ*, Sadness, and cries, O ye Babylonians, is it not a shame that one man should rescue a prisoner from such a multitude? Well, *ne timeatis a Timore isto*,—Be not afraid of this fellow, Fear; I will give you a stratagem how to reduce him. This must not be done  *Marte sed arte*,—not by force but by fraud. Mark the event.

This spirit of Sadness lies in the way, and falls in with the soldier, colloquing as a friend, as a fiend; *amica sed iniqua collocutione*. Suspectless Fear follows a little off. But Sorrow had brought the soldier to the brink of a deep pit, Desperation, and was even upon the point of thrusting him in. The watchman observes it, and again tells the king, who, quicker than thought, despatcheth a fresh supply of succour, Hope, to his delivery. Hope, mounted upon a swift horse, Desire, comes amain, and with the sword of Gladness puts Sorrow to flight; so quits him from the gulf of Despair. Once again is the citizen of heaven freed. Now Hope sets him, being weary, upon his own horse, Desire: himself leads him with the cord of Promised Mercy: Fear comes after with a switch made of Remembrance of Sins, and so sets him forward to Jerusalem.

Hereupon the king of Babylon calls a council; where some grieve, others rage, all hell roars, that they have lost a prisoner of whom they lately thought themselves so sure. There is not more joy with the angels in heaven than there is sorrow with the devils in hell for this sinner's conversion. But yet all is not well, as the watchman certifies the king of Omnipotence. The soldier is mounted upon Desire, Hope leads him, and Fear drives him amain: but I doubt he comes too fast, because he hath neither bridle nor saddle. Hereon the king, that hath everlasting care of all Christian souls, sends forth two of his grave councillors to him, Temperance and Prudence. Temperance gives him a bridle, that is Discretion; Prudence a saddle, that is Circumspection. This is not all: Fear and Hope give him two spurs—on the left heel, Fear of Punishment; on the right, Expectation of Bliss. Knowledge clears his eye, Diligence opens his ear, Obedience strengthens his hand, Devotion rectifies his foot, Faith encourageth his heart. And if he want anything, Prayer offers him her service, to wait upon him as a faithful messenger, promising that whensoever he sends her to the king with a petition, she will bring him back a benediction.

Thus as in a little tablet you see the whole world; that all of us must be soldiers on earth militant that will be conquerors in heaven triumphant. But are there not enemies in the flesh so well as enemies in the spirit? Is mystical armour only necessary to a Christian, and is there no use of material? No; *Æquum est Deum illis esse propitium, qui sibi non sunt adversarii*,—It is just that God should be a friend to them that are not enemies to themselves. I know prayers are good weapons; and, Exod. xvii., there was more speed made to victory by lifting up of Moses's hands than of Joshua's sword. He that

would overcome his enemies on earth, must first prevail with his best friend in heaven. If the mercy and strength of God be made thine by prayer, fear not the adverse powers; Rom. viii, we shall be conquerors through him that loved us. But is it enough to bend the knee without stirring the hand? Shall war march against us with thundering steps, and shall we only assemble ourselves in the temples, lie prostrate on the pavements, lift up our hands and eyes to heaven, and not our weapons against our enemies? Shall we beat the air with our voices, and not their bosoms with our swords? Only knock our own breasts, and not knock their heads? Sure, a religious conscience never taught a man to neglect his life, his liberty, his estate, his peace. Piety and policy are not opposites: he that taught us to be harmless as doves, bade us also be wise as serpents. Give way to a fiction; fables are not without their useful morals. A boy was molested with a dog; the friar taught him to say a gospel by heart, and warranted this to allay the dog's fury. The mastiff, spying the boy, flies at him; he begins, as it were, to conjure him with his gospel. The dog, not capable of religion, approacheth more violently. A neighbour passing by bids the boy take up a stone; he did so, and throwing at the dog, escaped. The friar demands of the lad how he sped with his charm. 'Sir,' quoth he, 'your gospel was good, but a stone with the gospel did the deed.' The curs of Antichrist are not afraid of our gospel, but of our stones: let us fight and they will fly.

Fight, say you; why, who strikes us? Yield that no enemies do, are we sure that none will do? When our security hath made us weak, and their policy hath made them strong, we shall find them, like that troublesome neighbour, knocking at our door early in the morning, before we are up, when it will be too late for us to say, If we had known of your coming, we would have provided better cheer for you. They thank you, they will take now such as they find, for they purpose to be their own carvers, and the morsels they swallow shall be your hearts. Let us therefore, like good housekeepers, when such unbidden guests come, have always a breakfast ready for them: which if we give them heartily, they shall have small stomach to their dinners.

Be you but ready for war, and I durst warrant your peace. Whilst you are dissolute, they grow resolute. Ludovicus Vives reports, that the young nobles and gallants in a city of Spain were fallen to such levity of carriage, that, instead of marching to the sound of a drum, they were dancing lealtos to a lute in a lady's chamber: their beavers were turned to beaver hats. Every one had his mistress, and spent his time in courting Venus; but Mars was shut out at the back gate. The ancient magistrates observing this, consulted what should become of that country, which these men must govern after they were dead. Hereupon they conferred with the women, their daughters, the ladies; whom they instructed to forbear their wonted favours, to despise the fantastical amorists, and to afford no grace to them that had no grace in themselves. This they obeyed diligently, and it wrought so effectually that the gentlemen soon began to spy some difference betwixt effeminateness and nobleness; and at last in honourable and serviceable de-

signs excelled all their ancestors. If we had in England such ladies, (though I do not wish them from Spain,) we should have such lords. Honour should go by the banner, not by the barn; and reputation be valued by valour, not measured by the acre: there would be no ambition to be carpet-knights.

How necessary the readiness of arms, and of men practised to those arms, hath been to the common good, what nation hath not found, either in the habit\* to their safety, or in the privation to their ruin? Only we bless ourselves in our peace, and say to them that advise us to military preparations, as the devils said to Christ, that we come to torment them before their time. But let them rest that thus will rust; and for yourselves, worthy gentlemen, keep your arms bright, and thereby your names, your virtues, your souls: you shall be honoured in good men's hearts, whilst wanton and effeminate gulls shall weave and wear their own disgraces. *Spernit vos sperni*: there are none that think basely of you whose bosoms are acquainted with other than ignoble thoughts. But I have held you too long in the gates, unless I could promise you the sight of a better city. Yet enter in, and view it with your eyes: it hath already entered your ears; God grant it may enter all your hearts! So yourselves shall be renowned, our peace secured, and the Lord's great name glorified, through Jesus Christ.

Yours to be commanded in all Christian services,

THO. ADAMS.

\* *i. e.*, Having.—ED.

## THE SOLDIER'S HONOUR.

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*They chose new gods; then was war in the gates: was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel? My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.*—JUDGES V. 8, 9.

It was a custom in the heathen world after victory to sing songs of triumph.

This fashion was first observed among the Jews, as we frequently find it. After a great conquest of the Philistines, the people of Israel sung, 'Saul hath slain his thousand, and David his ten thousand.' When Joshua had overthrown those five kings,—at whose prayer the sun stood still, and the day was made longer than ever the world saw before or since,—the people sung, 'The sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon,' Josh. x. 12. When Israel had crossed the Red Sea with dry feet, and the returning waters had drowned their pursuing enemies, Moses and the people sung this song, 'The Lord is a man of war; the Lord is his name,' &c., Exod. xv. 3. Here Deborah having conquered Sisera, with his nine hundred chariots of iron, she sung this triumphant song to the Lord: 'Praise ye the Lord for the avenging of Israel! Hear, O ye kings, I will sing to the Lord.'

I have chosen two strains of this song, from which, as they shall teach me, so I purpose to teach you, to bless the Lord that teacheth us all. So the Psalmist: 'It is the Lord that teacheth our hands to war, and our fingers to fight.' The Lord give me a tongue to sing it, and you ears to hear it, and us all hearts to embrace it!

In all I observe two generals, which express the nature of the two verses. There is great *affliction* and great *affection*.

The affliction: 'They chose new gods; then was war in the gates,' &c. The affection: 'My heart is toward the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.' In the affliction, methinks I find three points of war:—

I. The alarm: 'They chose new gods.'

II. The battle: 'Then was war in the gates.'

III. The forlorn hope: 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?'

Here is, (1.) *superstitio populi*, the apostasy of the people: 'They chose

new gods.' This I call the alarm ; for *impietas ad arma vocat*,—ungodliness calls to war. If we fight against God, we provoke God to fight against us. Then, (2.) *inflictio belli*, a laying on of punishment. God meets their abomination with desolation ; the hand of justice against the hands of unrighteousness : 'Then was war in the gates.' This I call the battle. Then, (3.) *defectus remediū*, a destitution of remedy : 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?' Sin had not only brought war, but taken away defence ; *in prœlia trudit inermes*,—sent them unarmed to fight. And this I call the forlorn hope. You see the particulars : now *ordine quidque suo*.

I. THE ALARM : 'They chose new gods.' Their idolatry may be aggravated by three circumstances or degrees. They are all declining and downwards : there is *malum, pejus, pessimum*,—evil, worse, and worst of all.

1. 'They chose.' Here is *electio, non compulsio*,—a frank choice, no compelling. They voluntarily took to themselves, and betook themselves to, other gods. Naaman begged mercy for a sin, to which he seems enforced, if he would reserve the favour of his king and peace of his estate ; and therefore cried, 'Be merciful to me in this : when I bow with my master in the house of Rimmon, in this the Lord pardon me,' 2 Kings v. 18. But here is *spontanea malitia*, a wilful wickedness : 'they chose.' There is evil, the first degree.

2. 'Gods.' What ! a people trained up in the knowledge of one God : 'Jehovah, I am ; and there is none besides me.' *Unissimus*, saith Bernard, *si non est unus, non est*,—If he be not one, he is none. The bees have but one king, flocks and herds but one leader, the sky but one sun, the world but one God.

'Immensus Deus est, quia scilicet omnia mensus :  
Innumerabilis est, unus enim Deus est.'

says the Epigrammatist. God is therefore innumerable, because he is but one. It was for the heathen, that had, saith Augustine, *mentes amentes, intoxicante minds and reprobate hearts*, to have *plurimos deos*, a multitude of gods. They had gods of the water, gods of the wind, gods of the corn, gods of the fruits ; *nec omnia commemoro, quia me piget, quod illos non pudet*,—neither do I mention all, because it grieves me to speak what they were not ashamed to do. Prudentius says, they had so many things for their gods as there were things that were good.

'Quicquid humus, pelagus, cœlum mirabile gignunt,  
Id duxere deos, colles, freta, flumina, flammæ.'

Insomuch that *πολυθεΐας ἀθεΐας*. But Israel knew that *unicus Deus*, there was but one God ; that others were *dii titulares*, gods in name : theirs only *Deus tutelaris*, God in power. 'Their rock is not as our Rock, even our enemies themselves being judges,' Deut. xxxii. 31. Do these bring other gods in competition with him ? *Pejus*, this is worse.

3. 'New gods.' Will any nation change their gods ? No ; the Ekronites will keep their god, though it be Beelzebub ; the Ammonites will keep their god, though it be Melchom ; the Syrians will stick to their god, though it be Rimmon ; the Philistines will not part with their god, though it be Dagon. And shall Israel change Jehovah, *viventem Deum*, the living God ? *Pessimum*, this is worst of all.

These be the wretched degrees of Israel's sin : God keep England from such apostasy ! We have one God : let the Romists choose them another ; as the canonists style their Pope, *Dominus Deus noster Papa*,—Our Lord God

the Pope. But we have 'one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in us all,' Eph. iv. 6. We have one God in profession; this God grant that we have but one in affection! But *unum colimus ore, multos corde*,—we worship one with our mouths, many in our hearts. *Tot sunt nostræ deitates, quot cupiditates*,—we have so many gods as we have lusts. Honour is the ambitious man's god; pleasure the voluptuous man's god; riches the covetous man's god. *Hæc tria pro trino numine mundus habet*,—This is the trinity the world worships. These three tyrants, like those three Romans, Cæsar, Crassus, and Pompey, have shared the world between them, and left God least, that owns all.

The people of Israel, when they had turned beast, and calved an idol, cried in triumph, 'These are thy gods, O Israel,' Exod. xxxii. 4. So we may speak it, with horror and amazement of soul, of these three idols: These are thy gods, O England. 'The idols of the heathen were silver and gold,' saith the Psalmist. It is but inverting the sentence: *mutato nomine nos sumus fabula*,—change but the names, and we are the subject of whom the tale is told. Their idols were silver and gold; and silver and gold are our idols. He that railed on Beelzebub, pulled all Ekron about his ears; he that slighted Melchom, provoked the Ammonites. But he that condemns Mammon, speaks against all the world.

But if God be our God, mammon must be our slave; for he that is the servant of God must be the master of his money. If God be our king, he must be our king only; for the bed and the throne brook no rivals. When the soldiers had chosen Valentinian emperor, they were consulting to join with him a partner. To whom Valentinian replied: 'It was in your power to give me the empire when I had it not; now I have it, it is not in your power to give me a partner.' God must be our God alone. *Æquum est deos fingere, ac Deum negare*,—It is all one to choose new gods, and to deny the true God. If therefore we will have *novum deum*, a new god, we shall have *nullum Deum*, no God. No, let the heathen choose new gods; thou, O Father of mercy, and Lord of heaven and earth, be our God for ever!—This is the alarm.

II. We come now to the BATTLE: 'Then was war in the gates.' If Israel give God an alarm of wickedness, God will give them a battle of desolation. Idolatry is an extreme impiety; therefore against it the gate of heaven is barred. 'Know ye not, that no idolater shall inherit the kingdom of God?' 1 Cor. vi. 9. The idolater would thrust God out of his throne, therefore good reason that God should thrust him out of his kingdom. The punishment is also extreme, and hath in it a great portion of misery; though not a proportion answerable to the iniquity, for it deserves not only war and slaughter in the gates of earth, but eternal death in the gates of hell. But not to extend the punishment beyond the proposed limits, let us view it as it is described. And we shall find it aggravated by three circumstances:—

1. *A natura*: 'War.' There is the nature of it.
2. *A tempore*: 'Then.' There is the time of it.
3. *A loco*: 'In the gates.' There is the place of it.

There is *quid, quando, ubi*,—what, when, and where. War, that is the *quid*. Then, that is the *quando*. In the gates, that is the *ubi*. 'Then was war in the gates.'

1. The nature of it; what? 'War.' War is that miserable desolation that finds a land before it like Eden, and leaves it behind it like Sodom and Gomorrah, a desolate and forsaken wilderness. Let it be sowed with the seed of man and beast, as a field with wheat, war will eat it up. *Bellum*,

*quasi minime bellum*; or rather in vicinity to the name, *mos belluarum*. For men, *solummodo justum, quibus necessarium*,—not just, but when it is necessary and cannot well be avoided. Not to be waged by a Christian without observation of St Augustine's rule: *Esto bellando pacificus*,—In war seek peace; though thy hand be bloody, let thy heart be peaceable. *Pacem debet habere voluntas, bellum necessitas*,—Let necessity put war into the hands, religion keep peace in the heart. In itself it is a miserable punishment. This is the nature; what?

2. The time, or *quando*? 'Then.' When was this war? *Tempore idololatricæ*, in the time of idolatry. 'They chose new gods; then.' When we fight against God, we incense him to fight against us. Indeed we have all stricken him; which of us hath not offered blows to that sacred Deity? Our oaths proffer new wounds to the sides of Jesus Christ; and our merciless oppressions persecute him through the bowels of the poor: 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Acts ix. 4. Saul strikes upon earth, Jesus Christ suffers in heaven. Yet if timely repentance step in, we escape his blows, though he hath not escaped ours. He is ready to say, as Cato to the man that hurt him in the bath, (when in sorrow he asked him forgiveness,) *Non memini me percussum*,—I do not remember that I was stricken.

But if Israel's sins strike up alarm, Israel's God will give battle. If they choose new gods, the true God will punish. 'Then was war.'

It is a fearful thing when God fights. When he took off the chariot-wheels of the Egyptians, they cried, 'Let us flee from the face of Israel, for the Lord fighteth for them against the Egyptians,' Exod. xiv. 25. The heathen gods could not defend their friends, nor subdue their enemies, nor avenge themselves.

'Mars ultor galeam quoque perdidit, et res  
Non potuit servare suas;'

Their stout god of war might lose his helmet, his target, the victory; unable to deliver himself. But God is the Lord of hosts. 'God hath spoken once; twice have I heard this, that power belongeth unto God.' Once, twice, yea, a thousand times, have we heard it, read it, seen it, that God is powerful. That, as Augustine, *Verba toties inculcata, vera sunt, viva sunt, sana sunt, plana sunt*,—Things so often repeated and pressed must needs be plain and peremptory. God hath soldiers in heaven, soldiers on earth, soldiers in hell, that fight under his press. So that he hath *mille nocendi artes*,—a thousand ways to avenge himself.

In heaven he hath armies: of *fire* to burn Sodom; of *floods* to drown a world; of *hailstones* to kill the Amorites; of *stars*, as here Deborah sings: 'They fought from heaven; the stars in their courses fought against Sisera,' ver. 20. And whilst Israel slew their enemies, at their general's prayer 'the sun stood still in Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon,' Josh. xi. Yea, there are heavenly soldiers: Luke ii., 'Suddenly there was with the angel a multitude of the heavenly host.' One of these celestial soldiers slew in one night above a hundred thousand Assyrians, 2 Kings xix. 35.

Below he hath *seas* to drown Pharaoh; *swallows* of the earth to devour Korah. With fierce *lions*, fell *dragons*, hissing *serpents*, crawling *worms*, he can subdue the proudest rebels.

In hell he hath an army of *fiends*, though bound in chains that they shall not hurt the faithful, yet let loose to terrify the wicked. There was an evil spirit to vex Saul; foul spirits in the gospel made some deaf, others dumb, and cast many into fire and into waters.



Thus stands the wicked man environed with enemies. God and man, angels and devils, heaven and earth, birds and beasts, others and himself, maintain this war against himself. God may be patient a long time; but *læsa patientia fit furor*,—patience too much wronged becomes rage; and *furor arma ministrat*,—wrath will quickly afford weapons.

‘Serior esse solet vindicta severior,’—

The sorest vengeance is that which is long in coming; and the fire of indignation burns the hotter, because God hath been cool and tardy in the execution. Impiety and impunity are not sworn sisters; but if wickedness beat the drum, destruction will begin to march. The ruined monuments and monasteries in some provinces seem to tell the passengers, *Hic fuit hostilitas*,—War hath been here. We may also read in those rude heaps, *Hic fuit iniquitas*,—Sin hath been here. It was idolatry rather than war that pulled down those walls. If there had been no enemy to rase them, they should have fallen alone, rather than hide so much superstition and impiety under their guilty roofs. In chap. x. 6 of this book, when the Israelites ‘served Baalim and Ashtaroth, the gods of Syria, and the gods of Zidon, then was the anger of the Lord hot against them; and he sold them into the hands of the Philistines, and into the hands of the children of Ammon.’ Then those enemies destroyed their cities, and depopulated their countries, making them spectacles of cruelty and justice,—cruelty of man, justice of God. This is the time, when.

3. The place, or *ubi*. ‘In the gates.’ This is an extreme progress of war, to come so near as the gates. If it had been *in terra inimicorum*,—in the land of their enemies, a preparation of war a great way off; *sonus hostilitatis*,—the noise of war. As Jer. vi., ‘Behold, a people cometh from the north, a nation shall be raised from the sides of the earth. Their voice roareth like the sea;’ and ‘we have heard the fame thereof.’ Here is war, but coming, raising, roaring; *audivimus tantum*,—we have only heard the noise of it. Yea, if it had come but to the coasts, and invaded the borders, as the Philistines did often forage the skirts of Israel, yet it had been somewhat tolerable, for then *vidimus tantum*,—we have but seen it only. *Ostendisti populo gravia*,—‘Thou hast shewn thy people grievous things,’ Ps. lx. 3; shewed, but not inflicted; shaken the rod, but not scourged us. But here *venit ad limina bellum*,—war is come to their thresholds, yea, to the heart of the land, to defy them in the very gates. And now they more than hear or see it; *sentiant*, they feel it.

The gates in Israel were those places where they sat in justice, as we may frequently read, ‘They gave judgment in the gates.’ They distributed the corn in the gates, where that unbelieving prince was trodden to death, 2 Kings vii. 17. And Absalom sat in the gates, and said to every man that had a controversy, ‘See, thy matters are good and right; but here is no man deputed of the king to hear thee,’ 2 Sam. xv. 3. So that *pacis loca bellum occupat*,—war possesseth the places of peace, and thrusts her out of her wonted residence and presidence, the gates. ‘In the gates’ war is not then in the right *ubi*, as they said of Pope Sixtus, because he delighted in bloody wars, that he ill became the seat of peace, according to that epitaph on him:—

‘Non potuit sævum vis ulla extinguere Sixtum,  
Auditio tandem nomine pacis obit,’—

No war could kill Sixtus; but so soon as ever he heard of peace, he presently died. War is got very far when it possesseth the gates.

You now see the punishment. Happy are we that cannot judge the terrors of war but by report and hearsay! that never saw our towns and cities burning, our houses rifled, our temples spoiled, our wives ravished, our children bleeding dead on the pavements, or sprawling on the merciless pikes! We never heard the groans of our own dying and the clamours of our enemies' insulting confusedly sounding in our distracted ears; the wife breathing out her life in the arms of her husband, the children snatched from the breasts of their mothers, as by the terror of their slaughters to aggravate their own ensuing torments. We have been strangers to this misery in passion, let us not be so in compassion. Let us think we have seen these calamities with our neighbours' eyes, and felt them through their sides.

When Æneas Sylvius reports of the fall of Constantinople, the murdering of children before the parents' eyes, the nobles slaughtered like beasts, the priests torn in pieces, the holy virgins savagely abused, he cries out, *O miseram urbis faciem!*—O wretched face of a city! Many of our neighbours have been whirled about in these bloody tumults; they have heard the dismal cries of cruel adversaries, Kill, kill; the shrieks of women and infants, the thunders of those murdering pieces in their ears, their cities and temples flaming before their eyes, the streets swimming with blood, when

'Permisti cæde virorum  
Semianimes volvuntur equi,'—\*

men and horses confusedly wallowing in their mingled bloods.

Only to us the iron gates of war have been shut up. We sit and sing under our own fig-trees; we drink the wine of our own vineyards. 'There is no breaking in, nor going out; no complaining in our streets,' Ps. cxliv. 14. We have the peace of God; let us be thankful to the God of peace. But it is good to be merry and wise. Let not our peace make us secure. The Jews in their great feast had some malefactor brought forth to them, Matt. xxvii. 15; so let it be one good part of our solemnity to bring forth that malefactor, *Security*, a rust grown over our souls in this time of peace, and send him packing. We have not the blessings of God by entail or by lease, but hold all at the good-will of our landlord; and that is but during our good behaviour. We have not so many blessings but we may easily forfeit them by disobedience. When we most feared war, God sent peace; now we most brag of peace, God prevent war!

Do our sins give an alarm to Heaven, and shall not Heaven denounce war against us? *Nulla pax impiis*,—'There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God,' Isa. xlviii. 22. Joram said, 'Is it peace, Jehu? But he answered, What peace, so long as the whoredoms of thy mother Jezebel and her witchcrafts are so many?' 2 Kings ix. 22. They are our sins that threaten to lose us our best friend, God; and if God be not our friend, we must look for store of enemies. Our great iniquities hearten our adversaries; they profess to build all their wickedness against us upon our wickedness against God. If they did not see us choose new gods, they would never have hope to bring war to our gates. If we could prevail against our own evils, we should prevail against all our enemies. The powers of Rome, the powers of hell, should not hurt us, if we did not hurt ourselves. Let us cast down our Jezebels that bewitch us, those lusts whereby we run a-whoring after other gods, and then peace shall stand sentinel in our turrets. God shall then 'strengthen the bars of our gates, and establish peace in our borders,' Ps. cxlvii. 13. Let us, according to that sweet singer's doctrine, Ps. xxxiv. 14, 'depart from

\* Æneid, xi.

evil, and do good ; then seek peace, and pursue it.' Yea, do well, and thou shalt not need to pursue it ; peace will find thee without seeking. Augustine says, *Fiat justitia, et habebis pacem*,—Live righteously, and live peaceably. Quietness shall find out righteousness, wheresoever he lodgeth. But she abhorreth the house of evil. Peace will not dine where grace hath not first broken her fast. Let us embrace godliness, and 'the peace of God, that passeth all understanding, shall preserve our hearts and minds in Jesus Christ,' Phil. iv. 7. The Lord fix all our hearts upon himself, that neither ourselves, nor our children after us, nor their generations, so long as the sun and moon endureth, may ever see war in the gates of England!—Thus we have run through the battle, and considered the terrors of a bloody war.

III. We now come to the FORLORN HOPE: 'Was there a shield or spear seen among forty thousand in Israel?' Was there? There was not. This question is a plain negative. Here is *defectus remedii*,—the want of help ; great misery, but no remedy ; not a spear to offend, no, not a shield to defend. War, and war in the gates, and yet neither offensive nor defensive weapon! *Miserrima privatio, quæ omnem tollit ad habitum regressum*. It takes away all, both present possession and future possibility ; *rem et spem*,—help and hope.

But suppose that only some one company had wanted, yet if the rest of the forces had been armed, there were some comfort. No, not a shield nor spear among many, among thousands, among many thousands, among forty thousand. A host of men, and not a weapon! Grievous exigent! If it had been any defect but of armour, or in any other time but the time of war, or only in one city of Israel, and not in all. But is there war, and war in the gates, and do many, even thousands, want? What? armour enough? So they might easily. Nay, but one shield, one spear? Miserable calamity!

They were in great distress under the reign of Saul, 1 Sam. xiii. 22, 'The spoilers came out of the camp of the Philistines in three companies,' &c. ; yet 'it came to pass in the day of battle, that there was neither sword nor spear found in the hand of any of the people that were with Saul and Jonathan: but with Saul, and with Jonathan his son, was there found.' Here was a great want ; three bands of the enemies, and but two swords: yet there were then two ; and it so pleased God that those two were enough. As the Apostle said to Christ, Luke xxii. 38, *Ecce duo gladii*,—'Master, here are two swords ; and he answered, It is enough.' But two swords for so many, and against so many ; a word of great misery. But God saith, *Satis est*,—Those two are enough ; a word of great mercy. He can give victory with two swords, with one sword, with no sword ; and so he did here, that convinced Israel might see it was the Lord that fought for them, and so be moved to bless the Lord.

You see now all the parts of the affliction : the alarm in sin, the battle in war, and the forlorn hope in the want of remedy. Two useful observations may hence be deduced :—

1. That war at some times is just and necessary ; indeed, just when it is necessary : as here. For shall it come to the gates, and shall we not meet it? Yea, shall we not meet it before it come near the gates? There is, then, a season when war is good and lawful. St Augustine observes that when the soldiers, among the rest of the people, came to John the Baptist to be catechised, 'What shall we do?' he did not bid them leave off being soldiers, but taught them to be good soldiers. 'Do violence to no man, neither accuse any falsely ; and be content with your wages,' Luke iii. 14. *Militēs instruit, militare non prohibet*,—he directs them to be good men, not forbids them to be warlike men.

God himself is termed 'a man of war,' Exod. xv. 3; and he threatens war: 'The Lord hath sworn that he will have war with Amalek from generation to generation,' Exod. xvii. 16. Many of the Philistines, Canaanites, and Sidonians were left to teach Israel war, Judges iii. 2. *Luxuriant animi rebus plerumque secundis*,—Too much warmth of prosperity hatcheth up luxury. There must be some exercise, lest men's spirits grow rusty.

'The standing water turns to putrefaction,  
And virtue is no virtue but in action,'

sings the divine poet. Idleness doth neither get nor save, but lose. If exercise be good, those are best which tend to most good. The exercises of war step in here to challenge their deserved praise. As with wooden wasters men learn to play at the sharp; so practice in times of peace makes ready for the time of war. It is good to be doing, that when Satan comes, *inveniat occupatum*,—he may find thee honestly busied. The bird so long as she is upon wing, flying in the air, is safe from the fowler; but when she sits lazy on a tree, pruning her feathers, a little shot quickly fetcheth her down. So long as we are well exercised, the devil hath not so fair a mark of us; but idle, we lie prostrate objects to all the shot of his temptations. Now there are two cautions observable in the justness of wars:—  
(1.) That they be undertaken *justa causa*, upon just and warrantable cause.  
(2.) That they be prosecuted *bono animo*, with an honest mind.

(1.) The cause must be just. For,—

'Frangit et attollit vires in milite causa,'—

The cause doth either encourage or discourage the soldier; indeed, it makes or mars all. This just cause is threefold; well comprised in that verse—

'Pax populi, patriæque salus, et gloria regni,'—

The peace of the people, the health of the country, and the glory of the kingdom.

[1.] The peace of the people; for we must aim by war to make way for peace. We must not desire truce to this end, that we may gather force for an unjust war; but we desire a just war that we may settle a true peace. So Joab heartened his brother Abishai, and the choice men of Israel, against the Syrians: 'Be of good courage, and let us play the men for our people, and for the cities of our God,' 2 Sam. x. 12.

[2.] The health and safety of our country: *periclitantur aliqui, ne pereant omnes*,—some must be endangered that all may not be destroyed. And I would here that the dull and heavy spirits of our rotten worldlings would consider *quorum causa*, for whose sake these worthy men spare neither their pains nor their purses in this noble exercise. Even for theirs; theirs, and their children's, that so contemptibly judge of them.

If war should be in the gates, whither would you run for defence, where shroud yourselves, but under their colours which you have despised? Who should keep the usurer's money from pillaging? all his obligations, mortgages, and statutes from burning? Who should keep the foggy epicure in his soft chair after a full meal fast asleep? Who should maintain the nice lady in her carriage whirling through the popular streets? Who should reserve those delicate parlours and adorned chambers from fire and flames? Who should save virgins from ravishment, children from famishment, mothers from astonishment, city and country, temples and palaces, traffics and markets, ships and shops, Westminster Hall and the Exchange, two of

the richest acres of ground in England, from ploughing up ; from having it said, *Jam seges ubi Troja fuit*,—Corn groweth where London stood,—all from ruin ? Who but the soldier under God ? ‘The sword of God, and the sword of Gideon,’ Judges vii. 18.

[3.] The glory of the kingdom ; and that is *evangelium Christi*, the gospel of Jesus Christ. Wars for God are called God's battles. The destruction of their cities that revolt from God to idols, and the whole spoil, is for the Lord ; it is the Lord's battle and the Lord's spoil, Deut. xiii. 16. Saul thus encourageth David to war, ‘Be thou valiant for me, and fight the Lord's battles,’ 1 Sam. xviii. 17. The most and best warriors were called the sons of God. So Abraham, Moses, David, Joshua, Gideon. And that century was a man of war whose praise Christ so sounded forth in the gospel, ‘I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel,’ Matt. viii. 10. And the best wars are for God ; so Christians bear in their ensigns the cross, to shew that they fight for the honour of Jesus Christ.

When, therefore, there is hazard to lose the peace of the people, the safety of the country, the glory of all, the gospel of our Saviour Christ, here is just cause of war. They that go forth to fight upon these terms shall conquer.

‘Causa jubet melior superos sperare secundos,’—

A good cause gives assurance of victory. God shall marshal that army ; yea, himself will fight for them.

(2.) The next caution, after a good ingression, is to be sure of a good prosecution. We say of the chirurgeon, that he should have a lady's hand and a lion's heart ; but the Christian soldier should have a lady's heart and a lion's hand. I mean, though he deal valiant blows, yet not destroy without compassion. *Fortitudo virtus bellica, mansuetudo virtus bella*,—Though manfulness be a warlike virtue, yet gentleness is a Christian virtue. The sword should not be bloodied but in the heat of battle. And after victory, when a soldier looks on the dead bodies of his enemies, pity should sit in his eyes rather than insultation. He should not strike the yielding, nor prey upon prostrate fortunes.

I know that divers aspersions are cast upon men of this rank. They think that many take arms, *non ut serviant, sed ut sevant*,—not to serve for their country, but to rage and forage ; making their coat-armour a defence for drinking, whoring, swearing, dicing, and such disorders. As if it were impossible that a tender conscience should dwell in one bosom with a valiant heart. *Olim castra quasi casta dicebantur ; quia castratur in vis libido*,—The camp seemed to take the denomination, saith he, from chastity ; because in the wars lust was beaten down. But now Venus is gotten into the arms of Mars.

‘Militat omnis amans, et habet sua castra Cupido,’—

Cupid hath displayed his colours, and pitched his tent in the midst of the army ; as if it were the only bravery of a soldier to drink valiant healths to his mistress. One writes of the Turks, that though they are the most monstrous beasts at home in peace, and sin even against nature, yet in wars *cauté et castè vivunt*,—they live charily and chastely. Not as the friars say, *cauté si non castè*. The Turks are better than the friars in this. *Vitia sua domi deponunt*, saith he,—they leave all their naughtiness behind them at home. But he adds withal, to our reproach, *Christianus assumit*,—the Christians there take up those vices, as if they found them sown in a pitched field. That there is often, saith he, *gravior turba meretricum, quam mili-*

tum,—it is hard to judge whether the number of soldiers or of harlots be greater. Hence it is said that

‘Rara fides pietasque viris, qui castra sequuntur,’—

There is so little fidelity and pity in men that follow the wars. These be the common invectives against soldiers.

But now do not many tax them, that are worse themselves? Who can endure to hear a usurer tax a pillager? an epicure find fault with a drinker? a man-eating oppressor with a gaming soldier?

‘Quis tulerit Gracchum de seditione loquentem?’—

Who can abide to hear Gracchus declaim against sedition? or the fox preach innocency to the geese? Say that some are faulty, must therefore the whole profession be scandalised? Will you despise the word of God because some that preach it are wicked men? No—

‘Dent ocuis omnes,  
Quas meruere pati, sic stet sententia, poenas,’—

Lay the fault where it should lie; be they only blamed that deserve it. Some persons may be reproveable, but the profession is honourable.

The martialist may be a good Christian; in all likelihood should be the best Christian. *Mors semper in oculo*, therefore should be *semper in animo*. How should death be out of that man's mind that hath it always in his eye? His very calling teacheth him to expound St Paul, who calls the Christian's life a warfare. His continual dangers, to the good soldier, are as it were so many meditations of death. If he die in peace, he falls breast to breast with virtue. If in war, yet he dies more calmly than many a usurer doth in his chamber. Though he be conquered, yet he is a conqueror; he may lose the day in an earthly field, but he wins the day against sin, Satan, and hell; and sings with Paul, like a dying swan, ‘I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; now there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness,’ 2 Tim. iv. 7.

2. The other inference that may hence be deduced is this, that munition and arms should at all times be in readiness. How grievous was it, when Jabin had such a host, and not a ‘shield or spear among forty thousand in Israel!’ For ourselves, we have not our peace by patent, we know not how long it will continue; let us provide for war, in training some up to military practices. If war do come, it is a labour well spent; if war do not come, it is a labour very well lost. Wise men in fair weather repair their houses against winter storms; the ant labours in harvest that she may feast at Christmas. *Diu apparandum est bellum, ut vincas celerius,\**—Be long in preparing for war, that thou mayest overcome with more speed. *Longa belli præparatio celerem facit victoriam*,—A long preparation makes a short and quick victory.

Tut, we say, if that day comes, we shall have soldiers enough; we will all fight. *O dulce bellum inexpertis*,—They that never tried it, think it a pleasure to fight. We shall fight strangely if we have no weapons, and use our weapons more strangely if we have no skill. *Non de pugna, sed de fuga cogitant, qui nudi in acie exponuntur ad vulnera*,—Their minds are not so much on fighting as on flying, that are exposed to the fury of war without weapons; neither will all be soldiers that dare talk of war. *Non dat tot pugna socios, quot dat mensa convivas*,—All that are your fellow-guests at the table will not be your fellow-soldiers in the field.

Could any tongue forbear to tax the rich men of this honourable city, if

\* Sen.

their houses be altogether furnished with plate, hangings, and carpets, and not at all with weapons and armour to defend the commonwealth? How fondly do they love their riches that will not lay out a little to secure the rest! When the Turk invaded the Greek empire, before the siege was laid to Constantinople, the metropolitan city, the emperor solicits the subjects to contribute somewhat to the repair of the walls, and such military provision and prevention; but the subjects drew back and pleaded want. Hereupon the Turk enters and conquers: and in ransacking the city, when he found such abundance of wealth in private houses, he lift up his hands to heaven, and blessed himself that they had so much riches, and would suffer themselves to be taken for not using them.

So if ever London should be surpris'd by her enemies,—which the wonted mercies of our God defend for ever!—would they not wonder to find such infinite treasures in your private houses, when yet you spent none of them to provide shield or spear, munition to defend yourselves? What scope can you imagine, or propound to your own hearts, wherein your riches may do you service? You can tell me; nay, I can tell you. You reserve one bag for pride, another for belly-cheer, another for lust, yet another for contention and suits in law. Oh the madness of us Englishmen! We care not what we spend in civil jars, that yet will spend nothing to avoid foreign wars. They say the Jew will spend all on his paschs, the barbarian on his nuptials, and the Christian on his quarrels or lawsuits. We need not make ourselves enemies by our riches, we have enough made to our hands. Christ says, 'Make you friends of the mammon of unrighteousness,'—make to yourselves friends by your charity, not adversaries by your litigation. 'Seek peace,' saith the prophet, 'and pursue it,'—seek peace, war will come fast enough. And if it do come, it will hardly be made welcome. The Spaniards have often threatened, often assaulted, ever been prevented, ever infatuated. Take we heed, if they do prevail, they will be revenged once for all. God grant we never try their mercy. Whether they come like lions *rampant*, or like foxes *passant*, or like dogs *couchant*, they intend nothing but our ruin and desolation.

O Lord, if we must fall by reason of our monstrous sins, let thine own hand cast us down, not theirs; for there is mercy in thy blows. When that woful offer was made to David of three things, 'Choose thee one of them, that I may do it unto thee,'—either seven years' famine, or three months' persecution, or three days' plague,—he answered unto God, and by him unto God, 'I am in a wonderful strait;' but suddenly resolves, 'Let us now fall into the hands of the Lord, for his mercies are great; and let me not fall into the hands of man,' 2 Sam. xxiv. 14. If it be thy will, O Lord, to plague us, take the rod into thine own hands; do thou strike us.

'Liceat perituro viribus ignis,  
Igne perire tuo; clademque authore levare.'

Why shouldst thou sell us into the hands of those idolatrous Romists, that will give thine honour to stocks and stones, bless this or that saint, and not be thankful to thy majesty, that gives them the victory. For thine own sake, be merciful to us; yea, thou hast been merciful, therefore we praise thee, and sing with thy apostle, 'Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ our Lord,' 1 Cor. xv. 57.

I have held you long in the battle; it is now high time to sound a retreat. But as I have spoken much of Israel's affliction, so give me leave to speak one word of the prophetess's affection, and of this only by way of exhorta-

tion : 'My heart is set on the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people. Bless ye the Lord.' Here is considerable both the *subjectum in quo* and the *objectum in quod*,—the subject in which this affection resides, and the object on which this affection reflects.

The subject wherein it abides is *cor*, the heart,—a great zeal of love. Not only *affectio cordis*, but *cor affectionis*; not only the affection of the heart, but the heart of affection : 'My heart is set.'

The object on which it reflects is double, man and God ; the excellent creature, and the most excellent Creator ; the men of God, and the God of men. Upon men : 'My heart is towards the governors of Israel, that offered themselves willingly among the people.' Upon God : 'Bless ye the Lord.'

Among men two sorts are objected to this love : superiors in the first place, inferiors in the latter. To the commanders primarily, but not only ; for if they offered themselves willingly among the people, as we read it, then certainly the people also willingly offered themselves, as the other translations read it, 'Those that were willing amongst the people.' You see here is a foundation laid for a great and ample building of discourse ; but I know you look to the glass, therefore promise nothing but application. And that—

1. To the governors of our Israel ; that they offer for themselves willingly to these military designs, not on compulsion. *Quoniam probitate coacta, gloria nulla venit*,—His brows deserve no wreathed coronet that is enforced. Come with a willing mind. In every good work there must be *sollicitudo in effectu*, and *fervor in affectu*,—cheerfulness in the affection, and carefulness in the action. God loves a cheerful giver ; so thou gainest no small thing by it, but even the love of God. Whatsoever good thing thou doest, saith Augustine, do it cheerfully and willingly, and thou doest it well. *Si autem cum tristitia facis, de te fit, non tu facis*,—If thou doest it heavily and grudgingly, it is wrought upon thee, not by thee : thou art rather the patient than the agent in it. God could never endure a lukewarm affection, Rev. iii. 16. No man was admitted to offer to the building of the tabernacle that did it grudgingly : 'Of every man that giveth it willingly with his heart ye shall take my offering,' Exod. xxv. 2. In all thy gifts shew a cheerful countenance, saith the wise man ; in all, whether to God or man. St Chrysostom gives the reason : *Cum tali vultu respicit Deus, cum quali tu facis*,—God respects it with such a countenance as thou performest it. God's service is *libera servitus*, where not necessity but charity serves. *Non complaceat Deo famulatus coactus*,—God could never endure forced service. Do all then with willingness of heart.

Think with a reverend courage of your noble ancestors ; how their prowess renowned themselves and this whole nation. Shew yourselves the legitimate and true-born children of such fathers. The fame of Alexander gave heart to Julius Cæsar to be the more noble a warrior. Let the consideration of their valour teach you to shake off cowardice. They fought the battles that you might enjoy the peace. You hold it an honour to bear arms in your scutcheons ; and is it a dishonour to bear arms in the field ? The time hath been when all honour in England came a *Marte* or *Mercurio* ; from learning or chivalry, from the pen or the pike, from priesthood or knighthood.

It would be an unknown encouragement to goodness if honour still might not be dealt but upon those terms. Then should many worthy spirits get up the highgate of preferment ; and idle drones should not come nearer than the Dunstable highway of obscurity. It was a monstrous story that Nicippus's sheep did bring forth a lion ; but it is too true that many of our



English lions have brought forth sheep. Among birds you shall never see a pigeon hatched in an eagle's nest: among men you shall often see noble progenitors bring forth ignoble cowards.

But let virtue be renowned, rewarded, wheresoever she dwells. Though Bion was the son of a courtesan, I hope no man will censure him with *partus sequitur ventrem*. *Non genus sed genitus; non gens sed mens*. Never speak of thy blood, but of thy good; not of thy nobility, thou art beholden to thy friends for it, but of thy virtue. Even the duke fetcheth the honour of his name from the wars, and is but *dux*, a captain. And it seems the difference was so small between a knight and a common soldier among the Romans that they had but one word, *miles*, to express both their names.

You that have the places of government in this honourable city, offer willingly your hands, your purses, yourselves, to this noble exercise. Your good example shall hearten others. Be not ashamed to be seen among the people: upon such did Deborah set her heart. Alexander would usually call his meanest soldiers, friends and companions. Tully writes of Cæsar, that he was never heard speaking to his soldiers, *Ite illuc*, Go thither; but *Venite huc*, Come hither: I will go with you. The inferior thinks that labour much easier which he sees his captain take before him. *Malus miles qui imperatorem gemens sequitur*,—He is an ill soldier that follows a good leader with a dull pace. So Gideon to his soldiers, Judges vii. 17, 'Look on me, and do likewise: when I come to the outside of the camp, it shall be that as I do, so shall ye do.' So Abimelech to his men of arms, Judges ix. 48, 'What ye have seen me do, make haste, and do as I have done.' The good captain is first in giving the charge, and last in retiring his foot. He endures equal toil with the common soldiers: from his example they all take fire, as one torch lighteth many.—And so much for the governors.

2. Now for you that are the materials of all this, let me say to you without flattery, Go forth with courage in the fear of God, and the Lord be with you. Preserve unity among yourselves, lest as in a town on fire, whilst all good hands are helping to quench it, thieves are most busy to steal booties; so whilst you contend, murmur, or repine one at the honour of another, that subtle thief Satan, through the crack of your divisions, step in, and steal away your peace.

Offer yourselves willingly; and being offered, step not back. Remember that *turpe est militem fugere*,—it is base for a soldier to fly. When Bias was environed with his enemies, and his soldiers asked him, What shall we do? he replied, Go ye and tell the living that I die fighting, and I will tell the dead that you did scape flying. Our chronicles report, that when William the Conqueror landed at Pemsey, near to Hastings in Sussex, he commanded all his ships to be sunk, that all hope of returning back might be frustrate. You have begun well; go on, be perfect, be blessed.

And remember always the burden of this song, which everything that hath breath must sing, 'Bless ye the Lord.' Those heavenly soldiers that waited on the nativity of Jesus Christ sung this song: 'Glory be to God on high,' Luke ii. 14. Upon this Lord the heart of Deborah, of Israel, of us all, should be set. It is he that teacheth us to fight, and fighteth for us.

To conclude with an observation of a reverend divine: England was said to have a warlike saint, George; but Bellarmine snibs Jacobus de Voragine for his leaden legend of our English George. And others have inveighed against the authentic truth of that story. Sure it is their malice that have robbed England of her saint. St James is for Spain, St Denis for France, St Patrick for Ireland; other saints are allotted and allowed for other

countries ; only poor England is bereaved of her George : they leave none but God to revenge our quarrels. I think it is a favour and an honour, and we are bound to thank them for it. Let them take their saints, give us the Lord ! ' Bless ye the Lord.' So let us pray with our church, ' Give peace in our time, O Lord ; for there is none that fighteth for us \*but thou, O God.' To this merciful God be all glory, obedience, and thanksgiving, now and for ever ! Amen.