

THE SOUL'S SICKNESS:

A DISCOURSE—DIVINE, MORAL, AND PHYSICAL.

The Induction.—The sickness of this world is epidemical, and hath with the invisible poison of a general pestilence infected it to the heart. For vice in manners, as heresy in doctrine, distilleth insensible contagion into the fountain of life; and *dum unum interficit, centum alios inficit*, in killing one, banes many. Whether *ex dæmonis injuria, vel ex hominis incuria*, from the devil's malice or man's secureness, iniquity is grown from a mist to a mystery, 2 Thess. ii. 7, ignorance to arrogance, nescience to negligence, simple imprudence to politic impudence; and, I know not how, too much light hath made men blind. At first they knew not when they sinned, now they would know to justify their sins: they defend that wherein they offend, and buy sickness with as great expense of time, wit, money, as the anguished atheist would health.

Sicknesses in men's souls are bred like diseases in natural, or corruptions in civil bodies; with so insensible a progress, that they are not discerned till they be almost desperate. As the frantic endures not bonds, nor the lethargical noise; or as it was once said of the Romans, that they could neither endure an ill emperor nor obey a good one: so we may say of ourselves, (no less than Livy of that state,) *Nec vitia nostra, nec remedia ferre possumus*.—We can better brook our maladies than our remedies. There is, say physicians, no perfect health in this world; and man, when he is at best, enjoys but a neutrality. But the physicians of the soul complain further, Isa. lxiv. 6, 'That we are all as an unclean thing, and all our righteousnesses are as filthy rags,' &c.; 'And in many things we sin all,' James iii. 2. We may say with the prophet, Isa. i. 5, 6, not so much for our punishments as our sins, 'The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint. From the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in it; but wounds, and bruises, and putrefying sores.'

The Method.—To pursue this argument, I would willingly dispose the tenor of my speech into this method:—I. To describe the disease; II. To ascribe the signs; III. To prescribe the remedy. And whereas physicians begin their medicinal institutions or instructions at the head, as the most noble part of the body, the principal seat of the wits, the beginning of all the organical senses, and the proper house and habitation of the animal virtue, (though philosophy attributes that supereminent dignity to the heart,) and I (for metaphor's sake) without contention suffer myself to be led after

their rule ; behold, I apply to the head first : which if I could cure, I could more easily discern the infirmities of the descending parts. In the head and other corporal parts there are many diseases, which I will not contend to find out ; desiring only to slay, not all, but enough. I will borrow so much timber out of Galen's wood, as shall serve me for a scaffold to build up my moral discourse.

Disease 1 : Headache and Brain-sickness.—Headache is diverse, say physicians, according to the causes : proceeding some of cold, some of hot ; of dryness, of moisture, of blood, of choler, of phlegm, windiness, drunkenness, of an offending stomach. There is a headache called the megrim, *hemisrania*, possessing lightly one side of the head, and distinguished by a seam that runs along in the skull. There is a disease in the soul not unlike this, and they that labour of it are called brain-sick men. They may have some pretty understanding in part of their heads, but the other part is strangely sick of crotchets, singularities, and toyish inventions ; wherein because they frolic themselves, they think all the world fools that admire them not. They are ever troubling themselves with unnecessary thoughtfulness of long or short, white or black, round or square ; confounding their wits with geometrical dimensions, and studying of measure out of measure. A square cap on another man's head puts their head out of square, and they turn their brains into cotton with storming against a garment of linen. New Albutii, to moot the reasons, why if a cup fell down it brake ; if a sponge, it brake not ; why eagles fly, and not elephants. There be such students in the schools of Rome : what shall be done with an ass, if he get into the church, to the font uncovered, and drink the water of baptism. Upon the strange hap of a clerk's negligence, and a thirsty ass's entering the church, which are uncertain, they make themselves asses in certain. Or if a hungry mouse filch the body of our Lord, &c. Brave wits to invent mouse-traps. These curiosities in human, but much more in divine things, prove men brain-sick.

The cause of the megrim is the ascending of many vaporious humours, hot or cold, by the veins or arteries. The cause of this spiritual megrim, or brain-sickness, is the unkindly concurrence of ignorance, arrogance, and affectation, like foggy clouds, obscuring and smothering the true light of their sober judgments ; and bearing their affections like a violent wind upon one only point of the compass, new-fangled opinion. Like the giant's son, they must have six toes on a foot : they hate not to be observed, and had rather be notorious than not notable. Opinion is a foot too much, which spoils the verse. New physic may be better than old, so may new philosophy ; our studies, observation, and experience perfecting theirs ; beginning, not at the Gamoth, as they did, but, as it were, at the Ela :^{*} but hardly new divinity ; not that an ancient error should be brought out against a new truth. A new truth ! Nay, an old newly come to light ; for error cannot wage antiquity with truth. His desire is to be cross to regularity ; and should he be enjoined a hat, a cap would extremely please him ; were he confined to extemporal and enthusiastical labours, he would commend premeditation and study, which now he abhors, because they are put on him. He is unwise in being so bitter against ceremonies ; for therein he is palpably against himself, himself being nothing else but ceremony. He loves not the beaten path ; and because every fool, saith he, enters at the gate, he will climb over the wall. Whiles the door of the church stands open, he

* The lowest and the highest notes respectively in Guido's musical scale. See Hawkins' *History of Music*, vol. i., p. 437.—ED.

contents to creep through the window, John x. 1. The brain-sick are no less than drunk with opinion; and that so strangely, that sleep, which helps other drunkards, doth them no good. Their ambitious singularity is often so violent that if it be not restrained it grows to a kind of frenzy, and so the megrim turns into the staggers. Herein, because we will not credit their positions, nor receive their crotchets in our set music, they reel into the Low Countries.

Physicians say of the megrim-affected, that, in the violent fit of the passion, they can abide—(1.) No noise or loud speech; (2.) Not clear light; (3.) Not to drink wine; (4.) Nor almost to move at all, &c. Our brain-sick novelist is described by such tokens.

(1.) Loud speech he loves not, except from his own lips. All noise is tedious to him but his own; and that is most tedious to the company. He loves to hear himself talk out of measure. He wonders that the senses of all his hearers do not get up into their ears, to watch and catch his mysteries with attention and silence; whenas yet himself is more *non-resident* from his theme than a discontinuer is from his charge.

(2.) The clear light he cannot endure, for his brain is too light already. He presumes that his head contains more knowledge than ten bishops; and wonders that the church was so overseen as to forget him when offices were disposing, or places a-dealing; and because he can get none, rails at all for antichristian. He is the only wise man, if he might teach all men to judge him as he judgeth himself; and no star should shine in our orb without borrowing some of his light. He offers to reform that man that would inform him; and presumes so much of light, that if himself were set, our world would be left without a sun.

(3.) Wine he hates, specially when it is poured into his wounds; as the fathers interpret the Samaritan's wine to the wounded man, to cleanse and purge him. Reproof and he are utter enemies; no man is good enough to chide him: wholesome counsel, which is indeed wine to a weak soul, he accounts vinegar; nothing so pleaseth him as his own lees. Opinion hath brewed him ill, and he is like water scared out of the wits.

(4.) He must not be moved, nor removed, from what he holds: his will is like the Persian law, unalterable. You may move him to choler, not to knowledge; his brain is turned, like a bell rung too deep, and cannot be fetched back again. His own affectation is his pulley; that can move him, no engine else stirs him. A man may like him at first, as one that never heard music doth the tinker's note on his kettle; but after a while, they are both alike tedious. There is no help for his auditory, by any excuses to shift him off; if he have not the patience to endure an impertinent discourse, he must venture censure of his manners, and run away. His discourse is so full of parentheses, as if he were troubled with the rheum, and could not spit. He is ever tying hard knots, and untying them; as if nobody had hired him, and therefore he must find himself work. If he light on the sacred writ, he conceitedly allegorises on the plainest subject, and makes the Scripture no more like itself than Michal's image in the bed upon a pillow of goat's hair was like David. He carries bread at his back, and feeds upon stones. Like a full-fed dog, he leaves the soft meat to lie gnawing upon bones: that we may say of him, This man hath a strong wit, as we say, That dog hath good teeth.

The way to cure the megrim is diverse, according to the cause; either by cutting a vein, purging, revulsive or local remedies. But the sanation of this brain-sick malady is very difficult, insomuch that Solomon saith, 'There

is more hope of a fool than of one wise in his own conceit.' For he imagines the whole world to be sick, and himself only sound. I might prescribe him the opening of a vein which feeds this disease, that is, affectation; the itching blood of singularity let out, would much ease him. Or a good purge of humility to take him down a little, because he stands so high in his own imagination; and full vessels, to prevent their bursting, must have timely vent. Or a little opium of sequestering him from business, and confining him that he might take some sleep, for his brains want rest. Or a little euphorbium of sound admonition and fit reproof dropped into his ear warm. Some euphrasia, or eye-bright, would do well. Uncctions, if lenifying, will do no good; nor any of the former, I doubt, except a strong pill of discipline go with them. The specialest remedy is discipline, as the father said, when he heard his son complain of his head,—‘My head, my head,’—commanded a servant, ‘Carry him to his mother,’ 2 Kings iv. 19: so for these men so troubled with the headache, deliver them to their mother; let the church censure them.

Disease 2: Inconstancy, a kind of Staggers.—There is a disease in the soul called inconstancy, not unfrequently shadowed to us by a bodily infirmity, possessing the superior part of man—*vertigo*, a swimming in the head, a giddiness, or the staggers. The disease in the body is described to be an astonishing and dusking of the eyes and spirits, that the patient thinks all that he seeth to turn round, and is suddenly compassed with darkness. The parallel to it in the soul is inconstancy, a motion without rule, a various aspect, a diversifying intention. The inconstant man is like a Pour-contrell; if he should change his apparel so fast as his thought, how often in a day would he shift himself! He would be a Proteus too, and vary kinds. The reflection of every man's news melts him, whereof he is as soon glutted. As he is a noun, he is only adjective, depending on every novel persuasion; as a verb, he knows only the present tense. To-day he goes to the quay to be shipped for Rome, but before the tide come, his tide is turned. One party think him theirs, the adverse theirs: he is with both, with neither, not an hour with himself. Because the birds and beasts be at controversy, he will be a bat, and get him both wings and teeth. He would come to heaven, but for his halting: two opinions, like two watermen, almost pull him a-pieces, when he resolves to put his judgment into a boat, and go some whither; presently he steps back, and goes with neither. It is a wonder if his affections, being but a little lukewarm water, do not make his religion stomach-sick. Indifference is his ballast, and opinion his sail: he resolves not to resolve. He knows not what he doth hold. He opens his mind to receive motions, as one opens his palm to take a handful of water—he hath very much, if he could hold it. He is sure to die, but not what religion to die in; he demurs like a posed lawyer, as if delay could remove some impediments. He is drunk when he riseth, and reels in a morning fasting. He knows not whether he should say his *Pater noster* in Latin or English, and so leaves it and his prayers unsaid. He makes himself ready for an appointed feast: by the way he hears of a sermon, he turns thitherward; yet betwixt the church gate and church door he thinks of business, and retires home again. In a controverted point he holds with the last reasoner he either heard or read; the next diverts him; and his opinion dwells with him perhaps so long as the teacher of it is in his sight. He will rather take dross for gold, than try it in the furnace. He receives many judgments, retains none, embracing so many faiths that he is little better than an infidel.

They give a double cause of this disease in the body : either the distemperature and evil-affectedness of the brain, or an offence given to it from the mouth of the stomach : vapours, gross and tough humours, or windy exhalations, either lodging in the brain or sent thither from the stomach, turning about the animal spirits ; hence the brain staggers with giddiness. This spiritual inconstancy ariseth from like causes. If it be in religion, it proceeds from cloudy imaginations, fancies, and forced dreams, which keep the mind from a sober and peaceful considerateness. Multitude of opinions, like foggy vapours, mist the intellectual faculty, and, like reverberated blasts, whirl about the spirits. He sees some ceremonial divisions in our church, and therefore dares not steadfastly embrace that truth which both parts, without contention, teach and observe : so leaves the blessing of his mother, because he beholds his brethren quarrelling. Whiles he sees the unreconcilable opposition of Rome and us, which he fondly labours to at-one, he forsakes both, and will now be a church alone. Thus his breast is full of secret combats, contradictions, affirmations, negatives ; and, whiles he refuseth to join with others, he is divided in himself, and yet will rather search excuses for his unsteadiness, than ground for his rest. He loathes manna after two days' feeding, and is almost weary of the sun for perpetual shining. If the temple-pavements be ever worn with his visitant feet, he will run far to a new teacher ; and rather than be bound to his own parish, he will turn recusant. He will admire a new preacher till a quarter of the sand is out ; but if the church doors be not locked up, he cannot stay out the hour. What he promiseth to a collection to-day, he forgets, or at least denies, the next morning. His best dwelling would be his confined chamber, where his irresolution might trouble nothing but his pillow. In human matters, the cause of his variableness is not varied, but the object. He is transformable to all qualities, a tempered lump of wax to receive any form, yet no impression sticks long upon him ; he holds it the quickness of his wit to be voluble.

The signs of this disease in the body are a mist and darkness coming upon every light occasion. If he see a wheel turning round, or a whirlpool, or any such circular motion, he is affected with giddiness. The symptoms of the spiritual staggers are semblable. He turns with those that turn, and is his neighbour's chameleon. He hates staidness as an earthen dullness. He prosecutes a business without fear or wit ; and rejecting the patience to consult, falls upon it with a peremptory heat : but like water once hot, is soonest frozen, and instantly he must shift his time and his place ; neither is he so weary of every place, as every place is weary of him. He affects an object with dotage, and as superstitiously courts it as an idolater his gilded block. But it is a wonder if his passionate love outlive the age of a wonder—nine days. He respects in all things novelty above goodness ; and the child of his own brains within a week he is ready to judge a bastard. He salutes his wits after some invented toy, as a serving-man kisseth his hand ; when instantly on another plot arising, he kicks the former out of doors. He pulls down this day what he builded the other, now disliking the site, now the fashion, and sets men on work to his own undoing. He is in his own house as his thoughts in his own brain—transient guests ; like a haggard, you know not where to take him. He hunts well for a gird, but is soon at a loss. If he gives any profession a winter's entertainment, yet he is whether for a penny the next spring. He is full of business at church, a stranger at home, a sceptic abroad, an observer in the street, everywhere a fool. To conclude, their own unfaithfulness making the inconstant thus sick, there is an accession of the Lord's plague ; he adds dotage as a punishment

of their former wilful dotage : 'The Lord hath mingled a perverse spirit in the midst thereof; and they have caused Egypt to err in every work thereof, as a drunken man staggereth in his vomit,' Isa. xix. 14.

For the curing of this bodily infirmity many remedies are prescribed : odoriferous smells in weakness, the opening of a vein in better strength, cupping glasses applied to the hinder part of the head, with scarification, gargarisms, and sternutatory things, together with setting the feet in hot baths, &c. To cure this spiritual staggers, let the patient be purged with repentance for his former unsettledness ; let him take an ounce of faith to firm his brains ; let his repose be on the Scriptures, and thence fetch decision of all doubts ; let a skilful physician order him a good minister. Let him stop his ears to rumours, and fix his eyes on heaven, to be kept from distracting objects. Let him keep the continual diet of prayer for the Spirit of illumination ; and thus he may be recovered.

Disease 3 : Madness and Anger.—The next disease I would describe is frenzy or madness. Now though physicians do clearly distinguish betwixt these two, frenzy and madness,—calling frenzy an inflammation of the brain without a fever, or an imposthumation bred and engendered in the pellicles of the brain, or *pia mater* ; and *mania*, or madness, an infection of the former cell of the head, without a fever ; the one abusing the imagination, the other ravishing the memory,—I list not to dispute or to determine. That which serves my intention is to confer either of these passions with a spiritual disease of like nature, anger. *Ira furor brevis*. It is a madness, I am sure ; I am not sure how short. I do not ask for men passionless ; this is *hominem de homine tollere*. Give them leave to be men, not madmen. *Ira optimo loco donum Dei : et magna est ars irasci verbis premeditatis, et tempore opportuno*,*—Anger in the best sense is the gift of God ; and it is no small art to express anger with premeditated terms, and on seasonable occasion. God placed anger amongst the affections engrafted in nature, gave it a seat, fitted it with instruments, ministered it matter whence it might proceed, provided humours whereby it is nourished. It is to the soul as a nerve to the body. The philosopher calls it the whetstone to fortitude, a spur intended to set forward virtue. This is simply rather a propassion than a passion.

But there is a vicious, impetuous, frantic anger, earnest for private and personal grudges ; not like a medicine to clear the eye, but to put it out. This pernicious disease of the soul hath degrees :—It is *inhuman* ; tigers devour not tigers : this rageth against kind and kindred. *Impious* ; it rageth often against God, as that Pope upon a field lost against the Frenchmen. *Sic esto nunc Gallicus*,—So, turn French now, &c. *Mad* ; for it often rageth against unreasonable creatures, as Balaam striking his ass. How much is such a man more irrational and bestial than the beast he maligns ! It is more than mad, striking at insensible things, as Xerxes wrote a defying letter to Athos, a Thracian mountain : 'Mischievous Athos, lifted up to heaven, make thy quarries passable to my travel, or I will cut thee down and cast thee into the sea.' But his revenge was neither understood, feared, nor felt. So the Africans being infested with a north wind, that covered their corn-fields with sand from a mountain, levied an army of men to fight with that wind, but were all buried under the sand. So Darius, because a river had drowned him a white horse, vowed to cut it into so many channels that a woman with child might go over dry-shod. We have some so madly impatient with a storm, wind, &c. ; which might answer them, as Rakshakeh told the Jews, Isa. xxxvi. 10, 'Am I come hither without the Lord ? It is

* Jerom.

he that sent me.' This anger is immediately directed against God ; the heart speaks atheism, only in other words. It is *unnatural* ; for it maligneth a man's self. It is full of consternation and amazement, and never useth violence, without torment to itself. It thinks to offer wrong, and indeed suffers it.

Ipsa sibi est hostis vesania, seque furendo interimit,—As the frantic or drunkard do that intoxicate, which, sober, they would quake to think of ; so these ireful, direful men (or rather beasts) dare in their fits play with serpents, mingle poisons, act massacres, whereat their awaked souls shudder.

The higher the person in whom this frenzy reigns, the greater the fault. The master-bee hath no sting, the rest have ; the greater power, the less passion. It is a state tyranny, in authority to mind nothing but authority. *Posse et nolle, nobile*,—It is noble to may and will not. When a railing wretch followed a heathen peer with obloquies all day, and home to his doors at night, he requited him with commanding his servant to light him home to his house with a torch. Damascene makes three degrees of anger : *bilem, iracundiam, infensionem*,—choler, wrath, heavy displeasure. Some have added a fourth.

The *first* hath a beginning and motion, but presently ceaseth ; we call this choler. Like fire in stubble, soon kindled, and soon out. These are like gunpowder, to which you no sooner give fire but they are in your face. They say these hot men are the best-natured ; but I say, then, the best are naught. These are stung with a nettle, and allayed with a dock.

The *second* is not so soon conceived, but takes deeper hold in the memory. This fire is neither easily kindled nor easily put out ; like fire in iron, which hardly taking, long abideth. These men are like green logs, which once set on combustion continue burning day and night too.

The *third* entertain this fire suddenly, and retain it perpetually, not desisting without revenge. Those are like fire, which bewrayeth not itself without the ruin and waste of that matter wherein it hath caught. This worst.

The *fourth* is a moderate anger, not soon incensed, but quickly appeased ; and this is the best, because likest to the disposition of God, who is 'merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy,' Ps. ciii. 8, ready to forgive.

Frenzy is caused by abundant blood, or choler occupying the brains or the films thereof : the more adust this choler is, the more pernicious the madness. The cause of anger is the giving of passion the dominion over reason. Seneca says, *Causa iracundiæ opinio injuriæ est*,—The cause of anger is the conceit of injury. Such a man gets up on the wild jade, his choler, and spurs him on, having no bridle of moderation to hold him back. His conversation is so full of choleric fits, as a book of tedious parentheses, that they mar the sense of his life. He is like an egg in roasting, hopeful to be good meat, but it grows too hot on a sudden, and flies in your face, not without a great noise. Anger is able to turn Dametas into Hercules *furens*, teaching him that is strong, to fight ; him that is not, to talk. Whiles the lightning of his rage lasts, he thunders out a challenge, but after a little calm meditation, sounds a retreat. He menaceth the throats of his enemies, though they be many, and swears loud he will be their priest ; he means executioner. But if you compare his threatenings and his after-affectations, you would say of them, as that wise man shearing his hogs : Here is a great deal of cry, but a little wool. His enemies are worse feared than hurt, if so they be in person, as he is in sober judgment, a little out of the way.

The frenzy is easily seen, and needs not to be described by signs. Physicians give many; I will say no more but this: if the madness proceed from blood, they are perpetually laughing; if of choler, they rage so furiously, that bands only can restrain them from doing violence. The symptoms of this spiritual madness, rash and furious anger, are many, visible and actual:—

Swelling of mind, so high and so full that there is no room for any good motion to dwell by it. *Ira tumor mentis*, and makes a man like the spider-poisoned toad. In this raging fit, reason, modesty, peace, humanity, &c., run from him, as servants from their mad master, or mice from a barn on fire. *Contumely*, without any distinguishing respect of friend, foe, alien, familiar; he reviles any, *fratremque patremque*. *Violence of hands*, savage and monstrous behaviour: 'Like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,' Isa. lvii. 20; fuming and foaming like a muddy channel; a distorted countenance, sparkling eye, foul language, hasty hands. If the angry man and the drunkard had a glass presented them, how hardly could they be brought again to love their own faces!

To cure this bedlam passion (leaving the other to deeper judgments in that profession) both nature and grace have given rules. *Natural reason*: That an angry man should not undertake any action or speech till he had recited the Greek alphabet, as a pause to cool the heat of choler. That angry men should sing to their passions as nurses to their babes: *Μη σπεῦδες, μὴ βῶα*,—Haste not, cry not. *Maximum remedium est iræ mora*,*—The best remedy for anger is delay. What a man doth in anger he lightly repents in cold blood. That we should keep our corrupt nature from provoking objects, as a man that hath gunpowder in his house keeps it safe from fire. That we should construe all things in the best sense: a good disposition makes a good exposition, where palpableness doth not evince the contrary. That suspicion is a pair of bellows to this mad fire. That jealousy and self-guiltiness are the angry man's eavesdropper and intelligencer. That the earth suffers us living to plough furrows on her back, and dead opens her bowels to receive us; a dead earth convincing a living earth's impatience. *Scripture*: That 'anger resteth in the bosom of fools.' That 'the wrath of man doth not accomplish the righteousness of God.' That 'unadvised anger is culpable of judgment.' Let him take some herb of grace, an ounce of patience, as much of consideration how often he gives God just cause to be angry with him, and no less of meditating how God hath a hand in Shimei's railing, that David may not be angry; mix all these together with faithful confidence that God will dispose all wrongs to thy good: hereof be made a pill to purge choler. To conclude, let reason ever be our judge, though passion sometimes be our solicitor.

'Parit ira furorem;

Turpia verba furor, verbis ex turpibus exit

Ira, ex hac oritur vulnus, de vulnere lethum;—

'Wrath kindles fury, fury sparks foul words,

Those let out wounds and death with flaming swords.'

Disease 4: Envy, a Consumption.—Envy fitly succeeds anger, for it is nothing else but inveterate wrath. The other was a frantic fit, and this is a consumption; a languishing disease in the body, the beginning of dissolution, a broaching of the vessel, not to be stopped till all the liquor of life is run out. What the other tabe is in the body, I list not to define, by reason that this spiritual sickness is a consumption of the flesh also, and a pining away

* Sen. de Ira, lib. i., cap. 28.

of the spirits ; now since they both have relation to the body, their comparison would be confusion. Envy is the consumption I singularly deal withal ; which though I cannot cure, I will hopefully minister to.

The cause of envy is others' prosperity, or rather an evil eye shot upon it. The angry man hath not himself, the envious must have no neighbour. He batters at the maligned's misery ; and if such a man riseth, he falls as if he were planet-struck. I know not whether he could endure to be in paradise with a superior. He hates to be happy with any company. Envy sits in a man's eyes, and wheresoever through those windows it spies a blessing, it is sickness and death unto it. *Invidus petat à Jove privari uno oculo, ut avarus quod privetur ambobus.*—The envious man would have happily one of his eyes put out, as the covetous should lose both. A physician being asked what was the best help to the perspicuity of the eyes, affirmed, Envy ; for that, like a perspective glass, would make good things appear great things.

'Fertilior seges est alienis semper in agris ;
Vicinumque pecus grandius uber habet ;'—

He is even quarrelling with God that his neighbour's field bears better corn, and thinks himself poor if a near dweller be richer. He will dispraise God's greatest blessings if they fall besides himself, and grow sullen, so far as he dares, with the prince that shall promote a better deserver. There is no law perfect, if he was not at the making it. He undertakes a great work, and when he cannot accomplish it, he will give leave to none other. No man shall have that glory which he aspired and missed. An Æsop's dog in the manger ; because he can eat no hay himself, he will starve the horse. Poison is life to a serpent, death to a man ; and that which is life to a man, his humidity and spittle, they say is death to a serpent. The rancorous sustenance which a malicious man lives of is the misery and mischief to a good man ; and a good man's prosperous felicity is the malicious man's death. God hath in justice appointed it to be a plague to itself. Among all mischiefs it is furnished with one profitable quality : the owner of it takes most hurt. *Carpitque et carpitur una : suppliciumque suum, est.*

'Ut Ætna seipsam,
Sic se, non alios, invidus igne coquit.'

The envious is a man of the worst diet, and like a strange cook stews himself ; nay, and conceits pleasure in pining ; so that his body at last hath just cause to sue his soul on an action of dilapidations. He finds fault with all things that himself hath not done. He wakes whiles his enemy takes rest. *Parum est, si ipse sit felix, nisi alter fuerit infelix.* His affections are like lightning, which commonly scorches the highest places : *feriunt summos fulgura montes.* He creeps like a canker to the fairest flowers. By putting in a superfluous syllable he hath corrupted one of the best words, turning *amorem* into *amarorem*, love into bitterness. A philosopher seeing a malicious man dejected, asked him whether some evil had happened to himself, or some good to his neighbour.

The signs of this disease are given by the poet :—*

'Videt intus edentem
Vipereas carnes, vitiorum alimenta suorum.
Pallor in ore sedet, macies in corpore toto ;
Nunquam recta acies ; livent rubigine dentes :
Pectora felle virent ; lingua est suffusa veneno ;'—

A pale face without blood, and a lean body without any juice in it, squint

* Met., ii.

eyes, black teeth, a heart full of gall, a tongue tipped with poison. Amazement makes the face pale, grief drinks up the blood; looking on men's prosperity makes the eyes squint, and cursing, the teeth black. It were well for him on earth that he should dwell alone. It is pity he should come into heaven, for to see 'one star excel another in glory' would put him again out of his wits. I wonder, when he is in hell, whether he would not still desire superiority in anguish, and so sit in the chair, though he receive the more torments. The envious man is so cross to God, that he is sure of punishment; he hath in present one like to the nature of his offence. For his sin; whereas God brings good out of evil, he brings evil out of good. For his punishment; whereas even evil things 'work together to the good of the good,' even good things work together to his evil. 'All the happiness lights on him that is envied; for it goes well with him with whom the malicious thinks it goes too well.

His cure is hard, even as with a tabe in the body: too much physic makes him worse. Crosses are fitly called God's physic, whereby if God will cure him, he must minister them to those he hates. Strange, that one man should be healed by giving physic to another! Two simples may do him good, if he could be won to take them: a scruple of content, and a dram of charity. If these be given him, well stirred, in a potion of repentant tears, he may be brought to wish himself well, and others no harm, and so be recovered.

Disease 5: Idleness, the Lethargy.—Idleness in the soul is a dangerous disease, as the lethargy in the body. The very name of lethargy speaks the nature, for it is compounded of *λήθη*, forgetfulness, and *ἀργία*, slothful; and so consequently is defined to be a dull oblivion. The idle man is a piece of base heavy earth, and moulded with muddy and standing water. He lies in bed the former half of the day, devising excuses to prevent the afternoon's labour. He cannot endure to do anything by himself that may be done by attorney. He forestalls persuasion inducing him to any work, by forecasting the unprofitableness; he holds business man's cruellest enemy, and a monstrous devourer of time. His body is so swollen with lazy humours, that he moves like a tun upon two pottle pots. He is tempted to covetise, for no other reason but to be able to keep servants; whom he will rather trust than step out to oversee. Neither summer nor winter scape the blame of his laziness; in the one it is too hot, in the other too cold, to work. Summer hath days too long, winter nights too cold; he must needs help the one with a nap at noon, the other with a good fire. He was very fit to be a monk: spare him an early mass, and he will accept it; yet howsoever, he will rather venture the censure than forsake a lazy calling.

The cause of the lethargy is abundant phlegm, overmuch cooling the brain, and thereby provoking sleep; which putrefied in the brain, causeth a fever. The cause of idleness is indulgence to the flesh, a forgetfulness of the end of our creation, a wilful digression from man, for the lazy wretch is a dormouse in a human husk. To man motion is natural, the joints and eyes are made to move; and the mind is never asleep, as if it were set to watch the body. Sleep is the image of death, saith the poet; and therefore the church-sleeper is a dead corpse, set in his pew like a coffin, as if the preacher were to make his funeral sermon. He sings out harvest like the grasshopper; therefore may at Christmas dance for and without his dinner. He riseth at noon to breakfast, which he falls to unwashed, and removes not out of his chair without a sleep. Whilst he sleeps, the enemy over-sows the field of his heart with tares. He is a patient subject for the devil to work on, a cushion for

him to sit on, and take his ease ; his misery is, that ' his damnation sleepeth not.' His bed is his haven, his heaven, and sound sleep his deity.

' The standing water stinks with putrefaction ;
And virtue hath no virtue, but in action.'

If he be detained up late, he lies down in his clothes, to save two labours. Nothing shall make him bustle up in the night, but the house fired about his ears ; which escaping, he lies down in the yard, and lets it burn. He should gather moss, for he is no rolling stone. In this he is a good friend to his country, he desires no innovation ; he would scarce shift ground ten leagues, though from a cottage to a manor. He is so loath to leave the tap-house in winter, that when all leave him, he makes bold with the chimney corner for his parlour. If ever, in a reign, he lights upon a humour to business, it is to game, to cheat, to drink drunk, to steal, &c., and falls from doing nought to do naughtily : so mending the matter as you have heard in the fable the devil mended his dame's leg ; when he should have put it in joint, he brake it quite a-pieces.

Symptoms of the lethargy are a great pulse, beating seldom, as if it were full of water ; a continual proneness to sleep, that they are scarcely compelled to answer a question. You may know a lethargical idle man by a neglected beard, unkembed hair, and unwashed face, foul linen, clothes unbrushed, a nasty hand smelling of the sheet, an eye opening when the ear receives your voice, and presently shut again, as if both the organs were stiff with exertions. He hath a blown cheek, a drawling tongue, a leaden foot, a brazen nose : he gapes and gasps so often, that sometimes he keeps his mouth open still, as if he had forgotten to shut it.

To cure the lethargic, there are required many intentions ; not without frictions, scarifications, sharp odours, and bloodletting, &c. To cure the idle, it should more properly belong to surgery than physic ; for there is no medicine like a good whip, to let out his lazy blood ; and a good diet of daily labour, which some skilful beadle must see him take : put him into the bath at bridewell, to take away the numbness of his joints, and scour off his rust, and so he may be recovered.

' Fac bene, fac tua, fac aliquid, fac utile semper :
Corrumpunt mores otia prava bonos.'

Disease 6 : The Dropsy and Covetousness.—Physicians say that the dropsy is an error in the digestive virtue in the liver, bred of the abundance of salt and waterish phlegm, with the overfeeding of raw and moist meats. It is distinguished into three sorts—*ascites*, *tympanites*, and *anasarca* or *hyposarca*. *Ascites* is when between the film called *peritonæum* (which is the caul that covers the entrails) much watery humour is gathered. *Tympanites* ariseth from windiness and flatuous causes gathered into the foresaid places. *Hyposarca* is when the humours are so dispersed through the whole body, that all the flesh appears moist and spongy. Our spiritual dropsy, covetousness, is a disease bred in the soul, through defect of faith and understanding. It properly resides in the inferior powers of the soul, the affections ; but ariseth from the errors of the superior intellectual faculty : neither conceiving aright of God's all-sufficient help, nor of the world's all-deficient weakness.

The corporal dropsy is easily known by heaviness, swelling, puffing up, immoderate desire of drink, &c. The spiritual likewise, though it leans the carcass, lards the conscience ; at least swells and puffs it up : and as if some

hellish inflammation had scorched the affection, it thirsts for *aurum potabile* without measure. The covetous man is of Renodæus's opinion, that *argentum plurimum valet ad cordis palpitacionem*,—silver is good against the heart-panting. The wise man calls it a disease, an 'evil disease,' Eccles. vi. 2, and almost incurable. The covetous hath drunk the blood of oppression, wrung from the veins of the poor; and behold, like an undigestible receipt, it wambles in his stomach: he shall not feel quietness in his belly. This is an epidemical sickness. *Aurum omnes, victa jam pietate, colunt*,—Religion gives riches, and riches forgets religion.

'Religio dat opus, paupertas religionem :
Divitiæ veniunt, religioque fugit.'

Thus do our affections wheel about with an unconstant motion. Poverty makes us religious, religion rich, and riches irreligious. For as *pauperis est rogare*, so it should be *divitis erogare*. Seneca wittily and truly, *Habes pecuniam? vel teipsum vel pecuniam habeas vilem necesse est*,—Hast thou money? Either thou must esteem thy money vile, or be vile thyself. The covetous man is like a two-legged hog: whiles he lives, he is ever rooting in the earth, and never doth good till he is dead; like a vermin, of no use till uncased. Himself is a monster, his life a riddle; his face (and his heart) is prone to the ground; his delight is to vex himself. It is a question whether he takes more care to get damnation, or to keep it; and so is either a Laban or a Nabal, two infamous churls in the Old Testament, spelling one another's name backward. He keeps his god under lock and key, and sometimes, for the better safety, in his unclean vault. He is very eloquently powerful amongst his poor neighbours; who, for awful fear, listen to Pluto as if he were Plato. He prevails very far when he deals with some officers; as a Pharisee with Christ's steward, *Tantum dabo; tantus valor in quatuor syllabis*,—so powerful are two words. He prevails like a sorcerer, except he light upon a Peter: Acts viii., 'Thou and thy money be damned together.' His heart is like the East Indian ground, where all the mines be so barren, that it bears neither grass, herb, plant, nor tree. The lightness of his purse gives him a heavy heart, which yet filled, doth fill him with more cares. His medicine is his malady; he would quench his avarice with money, and this inflames it, as oil feeds the lamp, and some harish drinks increase thirst. His proctor in the law, and protector against the law, is his money. His alchemy is excellent, he can project much silver, and waste none in smoke. His rhetoric is how to keep him out of the subsidy. His logic is to prove heaven in his chest. His mathematics, *omnia suo commodo, non honestate mensurare*,—to measure the goodness of anything by his own profit. His arithmetic is in addition and multiplication, much in subtraction, nothing in division. His physic is to minister gold to his eye, though he starve his body. His music is *Sol, re, me, fa*: *Sola res me facit*,—That which makes me, makes me merry. Divinity he hath none; idolatry enough to his money. *Sculptura* is his *Scriptura*; and he hath so many gods as images of coin. He is an ill harvest-man, for he is all at the rake, nothing at the pitchfork. The devil is a slave to God, the world to the devil, the covetous man to the world; he is a slave to the devil's slave, so that his servant is like to have a good office. He foolishly buries his soul in his chest of silver, when his body must be buried in the mould of corruption. When the fisher offers to catch him with the net of the gospel, he strikes into the mud of avarice, and will not be taken. The dropsy of his *φιλαργυρία*, 1 Tim. vi. 10, doth *senectute juvenescere*. Cicero calleth it an absurd thing. *Quo minus vis*

*restat, eo plus viatici quærere.** He sells his best grain, and feeds himself on mouldy crusts; he returns from plough, if he remembers that his cupboard was left unlocked. If once in a reign he invites his neighbours to dinner, he whiles the times with frivolous discourses, to hinder feeding; sets away the best dish, affirming it will be better cold; observes how much each guest eateth, and when they are risen and gone, falleth to himself, what for anger and hunger, with a sharp appetite. If he smells of gentility, you shall have at the nether end of his board a great pasty uncut up, for it is filled with bare bones: somewhat for show, but most to keep the nether mess from eating. He hath sworn to die in debt to his belly. He deducts from a servant's wages the price of a halter, which he cut to save his master, when he had hung himself at the fall of the market. He lends nothing, nor returns borrowed, unless it be sent for; which if he cannot deny, he will delay, in hope to have it forgotten. To excuse his base and sordid apparel, he commends the thriftiness of King Henry, how cheap his clothes were. His fist is like the prentice's earthen box, which receives all, but lets out nothing till it be broken. He is in more danger to be sand-blind than a goldsmith. Therefore some call him *avidum, à non videndo*. He must rise in the night with a candle to see his corn, though he stumble in the straw, and fire his barn.† He hath a lease of his wits, during the continuance of his riches: if any cross starts away them, he is mad instantly. He would slay an ass for his skin; and, like Hermocrates dying, bequeath his own goods to himself. His case is worse than the prodigal's; for the prodigal shall have nothing hereafter, but the covetous hath nothing in present: *Prodigus non habebit, sed avarus non habet*.

For his cure much might be prescribed; specially as they give in the corporal dropsy—purge the humour that feeds it. When the covetous hath gotten much, and yet thirsts, a vomit of confiscation would do well, and set him to get more. It was a good moral instruction that fell from that shame of philosophy, Epicurus, 'The course to make a man rich is not to increase his wealth, but to restrain his covetous desires.' The apostle's counsel is to fly it, and all occasions, occupations that may beget or nourish it, Eph. v. 3. Remember, saith a schoolman, that though *homo* be *de terra, et ex terra*, yet *non ad terram, nec propter terram*,—man is *on* the earth, *of* the earth, but not *for* the earth, &c. I have read of one John, patriarch of Alexandria, a sparing and strait-handed man, that, being earnest at his prayers, there appeared to him a virgin with a crown or garland of olive-leaves. He desiring to know her name, she called herself Mercy. Requiring her intent, she requested him to marry her, promising him much prosperity on that condition. He did so, and found himself still the richer for his merciful deeds. She may offer herself long enough in these days ere she be taken. Mercy may live a maid, for no man will marry her. Valerius Maximus speaks of one Gillias, a famous Roman, that besides hospitality to strangers, paid the taxes of many poor, rewarded deserts unsued to, bought out the servitude of captives, and sent them home free. How few such like can an English historiographer write of! I would we had such a Gillias amongst us, so it were not from Rome. Well, then, let the covetous remember his end, and the end of his riches,—how certain, how uncertain they are,—and intend his covetise to a better object. *Quis alius noster est finis, quam pervenire ad regnum cuius nullus est finis!*—What else should be our end, save to come to the kingdom that hath no end! His cure is set down by God; I leave the receipt with him: 1 Tim. vi. 9, 'They that will be rich fall into temp-

* De Senect.

† So did a wretched corn-hoarder.

tation and a snare, and into many foolish and noisome lusts, which drown men in perdition and destruction.' Ver. 10, 'For the love of money is the root of all evil,' &c. Ver. 11, 'But thou, O man of God, flee these things, and follow after righteousness,' &c. Ver. 17, 'Charge them that are rich in this world, that they be not high-minded, nor trust in uncertain riches,' &c., 'but that they be rich in good works,' &c. The place is powerful; let the covetous read, observe, obey, repent, believe, and be saved.

Disease 7: Usury, and Caninus Appetitus, or the Dog-like Appetite.—Next to the dropsy of covetise, I would place the immoderate hunger of usury, for as the one drinks, so the other feeds to satiety; and the former is not more thirsty after his cupping, than the latter is hungry after his devouring. Some have compared usury to the gout, (by reason of that disease's incidency to usurers,) which is an unusual humour flowing to the extreme parts. It is either *arthritis*, an articular disease, which we call a joint-sickness; or *podagra*, a pain invading the joint of the great toe, or the heel, or some inferior parts of the foot: this, like a strong charm, bindeth a man to his chair. Musculus says, that divines shall reform fury, when physicians have cured the gout: the sin and the disease are both incurable. And that will one day rack the conscience, as this the sinews. Herein the merely covetous and the usurer differ: the covetous, to be rich, would undergo any labour; the usurer would be rich, yet undergo no labour; therefore, like the gout-wrung, desires to sit still. I have thought fitter to compare it with the dog-like appetite, which cannot refrain from devouring meat without measure; which the stomach not able to bear, they fall to vomiting like dogs; hence, again, hunger is excited to more meat, and much meat provokes spewing: so that their whole life is nothing else but a vicissitude of devouring and vomiting.

It is caused through cold distemper of the stomach, or through vicious and sharp humours, which gnaw and suck the mouth of it; or through unmeasurable dissipation of the whole body, which lightly follows the weakness of the retentive virtue. This animal hunger is raised partly from the coldness of the heart, for there is no charity to warm it; partly from corrupt affections, which like vicious humours gnaw and suck the conscience dry of all vividity, whether of grace or humanity; partly through the weak retention of any good instruction, whether from the Scriptures of God, or writings of sober men.

The corporal disease is easily perceived, by insatiate feeding, which yet ministers almost no virtue to the body, but it is rather made lean and wasted therewith; the skin is rarefied, the body made fluid and apt to much egestion, &c. A usurer is known by his very looks often, by his speeches commonly, by his actions ever. He hath a lean cheek, a meagre body, as if he were fed at the devil's allowance. His eyes are almost sunk to the back side of his head with admiration of money. His ears are set to tell the clock, his whole carcase a mere anatomy. Some usurers have fatter carcasses, and can find in their hearts to lard their flesh; but a common meagreness is upon all their consciences. *Fœnus pecuniæ, funus animæ.* Some spin usury into such fine threads of distinction, that they take away all the names whereby it offends; and because *R* is a dogged letter, and they conceive a toothless practice, *interest, usury*, and all terms with *R* in them, shall be put out, and the usurer shall be called only, *one that lives upon his moneys*. All his reaches are at riches; his wit works like a mole, to dig himself through the earth into hell. Plutarch writes strangely of hares, *eodem tempore et parere, et alere, et alios concipere fœtus*,—at one time to bring forth, nourish, and

to conceive. Your usurer makes his money to do all these at once. He drowns the noise of the people's curses with the music of his money, as the Italians in a great thunder ring their bells and shoot off their cannons, by an artificial noise of their own to dead the natural of broken clouds. His practice mocks philosophy, *quod ex nihilo nihil fit*, and teaches of nothing to get something. He is a rank whoremaster with his mistress *Pecunia*, and lives upon the lechery of metals. He doth that office for the devil on earth that his spirits do in hell—whip and torment poor souls. His blows are without fence. Except men, as Strepsiades desired, could pluck the moon out of the sky, his month and day will come.

Nature hath set a pitch or term in all inferior things, when they shall cease to increase. Old cattle breed no longer, doted trees deny fruit, the tired earth becomes barren; only the usurer's money, the longer it breeds, the lustier, and a hundred pounds put out twenty years since, is a great-great-grandmother of two or three hundred children: pretty striplings, able to beget their mother again in a short time.

'Each man to heaven his hands for blessing rears;
Only the usurer need not say his prayers.
Blow the wind east or west, plenty or dearth,
Sickness or health sit on the face of earth,
He cares not: time will bring his money in;
Each day augments his treasure and his sin.
Be the day red or black in calendar,
Common or holy, fits the usurer.
He starves his carcase, and, true money's slave,
Goes with full chests and thin cheeks to his grave.'

He hath not his gold so fast as his gold him. As the covetous takes away the difference betwixt the richest mine and basest mould, use,* so this pawn-proper spoils all with over-using it. It is his ill-luck that the beams of wealth shine so full upon him; for riches, like the sun, fires and inflames objects that are opposed in a diameter, though further removed, but heateth kindly when it shines upon a man laterally, though nearer. He shrinks up his guts with a starving diet, as with knot-grass, and puts his stomach into his purse. He sells time to his customers, his food to his coffer, his body to languishment, his soul to Satan.

His cure is very desperate: his best reprehension is deprehension; and the best purge is to purge him out of the land. *Hiera picra Galeni* is a sovereign confection to clarify him. Let him be fed, as physicians prescribe in the cure of the corporal disease, with fat suppings; and let him drink abundantly, till he forget the date of his bonds. Turn him out from the chimney-corner into some wilderness, that he may have a cold and perspirable air. Give him a good vomit of *stibium* till he hath spewed up his extortions. Let his diet-drink be repentance, his daily exercise restoring to every man his gotten interest. Give him a little opium to rock his cares asleep; and when he is cold, make him a good fire of his bills and bonds. Give him a jalap of the gospel, to beget in him the good blood of faith. If nothing work with him, let him make his will, and hear his sentence, that he shall never 'dwell with the blessed,' Ps. xv.

Disease 8: Pride and the Pleurisy.—The pleurisy is defined to be an inward inflammation of that upper skin which girdeth the sides and the ribs,

* I suppose the meaning to be, that the difference between gold and earth is that the one is more useful than the other; but the miser will not use his gold, and so to him it is of as little value as base mould.—ED.

and therefore is called *dolor lateralis*. Pride is a pury affection of the soul, *lege, modo, ratione carens*,—without law, for it is rebellious; without measure, for it delights in extremes; without reason, for it doth all things with precipitation. The proud man is bitten of the mad dog, the flatterer, and so runs on a garget.

The pleurisy is caused of an abundance of hot blood flowing unnaturally to the foresaid place; or by the engendering of cold, gross, and vicious humours, gathered into the void place of the breast, or into the lungs. This spiritual disease ariseth from a blown opinion of one's self: which opinion is either from ignorance of his own emptiness, and so, like a tumbler full of nothing but air, makes a greater sound than a vessel of precious liquor; or from arrogance of some good, which the owner knows too well. He never looks short of himself, but always beyond the mark, and offers to shoot further than he looks; but ever falls two bows short—humility and discretion.

The symptoms of the pleurisy are difficult breathing, a continual fever, a vehement pricking on the affected side. The proud man is known by his gait, which is peripatetical, strutting like some new churchwarden. He thinks himself singularly wise, but his opinion is singular, and goes alone. In the company of good wits, he fenceth in his ignorance with the hedge of silence, that observation may not climb over to see his follies. He would have his judgment for wearing his apparel pass unmeddled, not uncommended. He shifts his attire on some solemn day, twice at least in twelve hours; but cannot shift himself out of the mercer's books once in twelve months. His greatest envy is the next gentleman's better clothes; which if he cannot better or equalise, he wears his own neglected. His apparel carries him to church without devotion; and he riseth up at the Creed to join with the rest in confession, not of his faith, but his pride; for sitting down hides much of his bravery. He feeds with no cheerful stomach, if he sit not at the upper end of the table and be called young master; where he is content to rise hungry, so the observant company weary him with drinking to: on this condition he gives his obligation for the shot. He loves his lying glass beyond any true friend; and tells his credulous auditors how many gentlemen have run mad for him, when if a base female servant should court him, I dare wager he proves no *Adonis*. If he were to die on the block, as Byron, he would give charge for the composition of his locks.

Pride is of the feminine gender, therefore the more intolerable in a masculine nature. Much civet is unsavoury: *Non bene olet, quæ bene semper olet*. She that breathes perfumes artificially, argues herself to have naturally corrupted lungs. This woman hath neither her own complexion nor proportion, for she is both painted and pointed together. She sits moderator every morning to a disputation betwixt the comb and the glass, and whether concludes best on her beauty carries her love and praise. Howsoever, of men saith the poet, *Forma viros neglecta decet*. Indeed there is no graceful behaviour like humility. This fault is well mended when a man is well minded,—that is, when he esteems of others better than himself. Otherwise a proud man is like the rising earth in mountainous places: this swells up *monte*, as he *mente*; and the more either earth advanceth itself, perpetually they are the more barren. He lives at a high sail, that the puffy praises of his neighbours may blow him into the enchanted island, vainglory. He shines like a glowworm in a dark village, but is a crude thing when he comes to the court. If the plethora swells him in the vein of valour, nothing but well-beating can hold him to a man. If ever he goes drunk into the field, and comes off with a victorious parley, he would swell to a son of Anak.

The pleurisy is cured by drawing out some blood from the vein that hath relation to the affected part. A clyster is very good, together with some fomentations. It is helped much by cupping; I do not mean drinking. God prescribes the cure of pride by precept and pattern. *Precept*: 'Humble yourselves under the mighty hand of God:' the reason is given, 'for God resisteth the proud, and giveth grace to the humble,' 1 Pet. v. 6. *Pattern*: 'Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and you shall find rest unto your souls,' Matt. xi. 29. The Master is worth your hearing, the lesson your learning, the recompense your receiving. The cure hereof is hard, for all vices are against humility; nay, all virtues are against humility, as many are proud of their good deeds; nay, humility hath an opposition against humility, as if she were false to her own person. *Sæpe homo de vanæ gloriæ contemptu vanus gloriatur*; so that often humility, by a prodigious and preposterous birth, brings forth pride. Pride doth make a wise man a fool; continues him a fool that is so, the opinion of his own wisdom excluding all opportune possibility of receiving knowledge. Pour precious juice into a vessel full of base liquor, and it runs besides. That instruction is spilt which you offer to infuse into a soul so full of self-affectation. Many a man had proved wise, if he had not so thought himself. If the air of his pride be enclosed in a baser bubble, at-tire, it is the more vile; for the generation of his sin is produced from the corruption of himself. God made him a man, he hath made himself a beast; and now the tailor (scarce a man himself) must make him a man again; a brave man, a better than ever nature left him. Thus he is like the cinnamon-tree, the bark is better than the body; or some vermin, whose case is better than the carcase.

For his cure, open his pleuritic vein with the sacrificing knife of the law, and tell him that the cause of his pride is the effect of his sin. That wickedness brought shame to nakedness, and apparel hides it; whereof being proud, he glories in his own halter. Strip him of his gaudy clothes, and put him in a charnel-house, where he may read visible lectures of mortality and rottenness.

Disease 9: Palsy and Timorous Suspicion.—The former sick were *tumidi*, these are *timidi*; they were bold to all evil, these are fearful to all good. The palsy is a disease wherein one half of the body is endamaged in both sense and moving. Of that disease which is called paralysis, resolution, or the dead palsy, wherein sometimes sense alone is lost, sometimes motion alone, and sometimes both together perish, I intend not to speak. It is, proportion considered, more dangerous to the body than I would imagine this disease to be to the soul. I would compare it to that corporal infirmity which physicians call *tremorem*, and some vulgarly, the palsy; wherein there is a continual shaking of the extremer parts: somewhat adverse to the dead palsy, for that takes away motion, and this gives too much, though not proper and kindly. This spiritual disease is a cowardly fearfulness, and a distrustful suspicion, both of actions and men. He dares not undertake, for fear of he knows not what; he dares not trust, for suspicion of his own reflection, dishonesty.

This evil in the body is caused generally through the weakness of the sinews, or of the cold temperature of nature, or accidentally of cold drink taken in fevers. Old age and fear are not seldom causes of it. This spiritual palsy ariseth either from the weakness of zeal, and want of that kindly heat to be affected to God's glory; or from consciousness of self-corruption, thereby measuring others. The first is fearfulness, the second distrustfulness.

The signs of the palsy are manifest ; of this not very close and reserved. He conceives what is good to be done, but fancies difficulties and dangers, like to knots in a bulrush, or rubs in a smooth way. He would bowl well at the mark of integrity, if he durst venture it. He hath no journey to go, but either there are bugs, or he imagines them. Had he a pardon for his brother, (being in danger of death,) and a hare should cross him in the way, he would no further, though his brother hanged for it. He owes God some good-will, but he dares not shew it. When a poor plaintiff calls him for a witness, he dares not reveal the truth, lest he offend the great adversary. He is a new Nicodemus, and would steal to heaven if nobody might see him. He makes a good motion bad by his fearfulness and doubting ; and he calls his trembling by the name of conscience. He is like that collier, that passing through Smithfield, and seeing some on the one side hanging, he demands the cause ; answer was made, for denying the supremacy to King Henry : on the other side some burning, he asks the cause ; answered, for denying the real presence in the sacrament : Some, quoth he, hanged for Papistry, and some burned for Protestancy ? Then hoit on, a God's name ; I'll be neither. His religion is primarily his prince's, subordinately his landlord's. Neither deliberates he more to take a new religion, to rise by it, than he fears to keep his old, lest he fall by it. All his care is for a *ne noceat*. He is a busy inquirer of all Parliament acts, and quakes as they are read, lest he be found guilty. He is sick, and afraid to die, yet holds the potion in a trembling hand, and quakes to drink his recovery. His thoughts are an ill balance, and will never be equally poised. He is a light vessel, and every great man's puff is ready to overturn him. Whiles Christ stands on the battlements of heaven, and beckons him thither by his word, his heart answers, I would fain be there, but that some troubles stand in my way. He would ill with Peter walk to him on the pavement of the sea, or thrust out his hand with Moses, to take up a crawling serpent, or hazard the loss of himself to find his Saviour. His mind is ever in suspicion, in suspension, and dares not give a confident determination either way. Resolution and his heart are utter enemies ; and all his philosophy is to be a sceptic. Whether is worse, to do an evil action with resolution that it is good, or a good action with dubitation that it is evil, somebody tell me. I am sure neither is well, for an evil deed is evil, whatsoever the agent think ; and for the other, 'Whatsoever is not of faith is sin.' Negatively, this rule is certain and infallible : 'It is good to forbear the doing of that which we are not sure is lawful to be done.' Affirmatively, the work being good, labour thy understanding so to think it.

Fear rather than profit hath made him a flatterer ; and you may read the statutes, and his landlord's disposition, in the characters of his countenance. A soldier, a husbandman, and a merchant, should be venturous. He would be God's husbandman, and sow the seeds of obedience, but for 'observing the wind and weather' of great men's frowns, Eccles. xi. 4. He would be God's factor, but that he fears to lose by his talent, and therefore buries it, Luke xi. 13. He would be God's soldier, but that the world and the devil are two such shrewd and sore enemies, 2 Tim. ii. 3. He once began to prosecute a deed of charity, and because the event crossed him, he makes it a rule to do no more good.

As he is fearful of himself, so distrustful of others, carrying his heart in his eyes, his eyes in his hands : as she in the comedy, *Oculatæ mihi sunt manus, credunt quod vident*. He knows nothing by himself but evil, and according to that rule measures others. He would fain be a usurer, but

that he dares not trust the law with wax and paper. He swears damnably to the truth of that he affirms, as fearing otherwise not to be believed, because without that oath he will credit none himself. The bastardy of swearing lays on him the true fatherhood. He will trust neither man nor God without a pawn; not so much as his tailor with the stuff to make his clothes: he must be a broker, or no neighbour. He hath no faith, for he believes nothing but what he knows; and knowledge nullifies belief. If others laugh, he imagines himself their ridiculous object; if there be any whispering, *consciis ipse sibi*, &c., it must be of him without question. If he goes to law, he is the advocate's sprite, and haunts him worse than his own *malus genius*. He is his own caterer, his own receiver, his own secretary; and takes such pains, as if necessity forced him, because all servants he thinks thieves. He dares not trust his money above-ground, for fear of men; nor under-ground, for fear of rust. When he throws his censures at actions, his luck is still to go out; and so whiles he playeth with other men's credits, he cozens himself of his own. His opinion lights upon the worst sense still; as the fly that passeth the sound parts to fasten on a scab, or a dor that ends his flight in a dunghill. Without a *subpoena* these timorous cowherds dare not to London, for fear lest the city air should conspire to poison them; where they are ever crying, 'Lord, have mercy on us,' whereas 'Lord, have mercy on us' is the special thing they feared. The ringing of bells tunes their heart into melancholy; and the very sight of a corpse is almost enough to turn them into corpses. On the Thames they dare not come, because they have heard some there drowned; nor near the Parliament-house, because it was once in danger of blowing up. Home this emblem of diffidence comes, and there lives with distrust of others, and dies in distrust of himself; only finding death a certain thing to trust to.

The cure of this bodily shaking is much at one with that of the palsy; specially if it be caused of cold and gross humours. To help a man of this spiritual trembling, these intentions must be respected:—First, to purge his heart by repentance from those foul and feculent corruptions wherewith it is infected; and being clean himself, he will more charitably censure of others. Then teach him to lay the heaviest load on himself, and to spare others. 'True wisdom from above is without judging, without hypocrisy,' James iii. 17. The wisest men are the least censurers; they have so much ado to mend all at home, that their neighbours live quietly enough by them. Get him a good affection, and he will have a good construction. Minister to his soul a draught of charity, which will cleanse him of suspicion, for 'charity thinks no evil,' 1 Cor. xiii. 5. None? It thinks no evil, unless it perceive it apparently. To credit all were silliness; to credit none, sullenness. Against his timorousness he hath an excellent receipt, set down by God himself: 'Fear not the fear of the wicked;' but 'sanctify the Lord of hosts himself: let him be your fear, let him be your dread,' Isa. viii. 12, 13. The way for him to fear nothing as he doth, is to fear one thing as he should. Awful reverence to God doth rather bolden than terrify a man. 'They that trust in the Lord shall be as mount Zion, which cannot be removed, but abideth for ever,' Ps. cxxv. 1. They may be moved, they cannot be removed, from what is good, from what is their good, their God. This course may cure his paralytic soul, only if it shall please God to be his physician.

Disease 10: Immoderate Thirst and Ambition.—There is a disease in the body called immoderate thirst; which is after much drinking, desired and answered, a still sensible dryness. By this I would (I suppose, not unfitly) express that spiritual disease, ambition,—a proud soul's thirst, when a

draught of honour causeth a drought of honour ; and like Tully's strange soil, much rain of promotion falling from his heaven, the court, makes him still as dry as dust. He is a most rank churl, for he drinks often, and yet would have no man pledge him.

The disease is caused in the body through abundant heat drying up moisture ; and this is done by hot, choleric, or salt humours engendered in the stomach, or through fevers burning or hectic.

The signs of the disease are best discerned by the patient's words. The cause of ambition is a strong opinion of honour ; how well he could become a high place, or a high place him. It is a proud covetousness, a glorious and court madness. The head of his reason caught a bruise on the right side, his understanding ; and ever since he follows affection as his principal guide. He professeth a new quality, called the art of climbing ; wherein he teacheth others by pattern, not so much to aspire, as to break their necks. No stair pleaseth him if there be a higher ; and yet, ascended to the top, he complains of lowness. He is not so soon laid in his bed of honour but he dreams of a higher preferment, and would not sit on a seat long enough to make it warm. His advancement gives him a fresh provocation, and he now treads on that with a disdainful foot, which erewhile he would have kissed to obtain. He climbs falling towers, and the hope to scale them swallows all fear of toppling down. He is himself an intelligencer to greatness, yet not without under-officers of the same rank. You shall see him narrow-eyed with watching, affable and open-breasted like Absalom, full of insinuation so long as he is at the stair-foot ; but when authority hath once spoken kindly to him, with ' Friend, sit up higher,' he looks rougher than Hercules ; so big as if the river of his blood would not be banked within his veins. His tongue is *flabellum diaboli*, and *flagellum justi*,—bent to scourge some, flatter others, infect, infest all. Agrippina, Nero's mother, being told by an astrologer that her son should be emperor, but to her sorrow, answered, ' Let my sorrow be what it will, so my son may get the empire.' He hath high desires, low deserts. As Tully for his Pindinessus,* he spends much money about a little preferment ; and with greater cost than the captain bought his burgess-ship, he purchaseth incorporeal fame, which passeth away as swift as time doth follow motion, and whose weight is nothing but in her name : whereas a lower place, well managed, leaves behind it a deathless memory. Like a great wind, he blows down all friends that stand in his way to rising. Policy is his post-horse, and he rides all upon the spur, till he come to None-such. His greatest plague is a rival.

'Nec quemquam jam ferre potest Cæsare priorem,
Pompeiusve parem.'†

'Tolluntur in altum, ut lapsu graviore ruant.'

He is a child in his gaudy desires, and great titles are his rattles, which still his crying till he see a new toy. He kisses his wits, as a courtier his hand, when any wished fortune salutes him ; and it tickles him that he hath stolen to promotion without God's knowledge. *Ambitio ambientium cruz*,—Ambition is the rack whereon he tortureth himself. The court is the sea wherein he desires to fish ; but the net of his wit and hope breaks, and there he drowns himself. An old courtier being asked what he did at court, answered, ' I do nothing but undo myself.'

For the bodily disease, caused of heat and dryness, physicians prescribe

* A village in Cilicia, which Cicero took after a twenty-five days' siege.—Ed.

† Lucan, lib. i.

oxycratum, a drink made of vinegar and water sodden together ; a chief intention in them is to procure sleep, &c. To cure the immoderate thirst of ambition, let him take from God this prescript : ' He that exalteth himself shall be brought low ; but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.' That he who sets himself down in the lower room hears the master of the feast's invitation, ' Friend, sit up higher.' That a glorious angel by ambition became a devil ; and a Lucifer of his sons, ' the king of Babylon, that said, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God, is brought down to hell, and to the sides of the pit,' Isa. xiv. 14. That the first step to heaven's court is humility : Matt. v. 3, ' Blessed are the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.' That he who walks on plain ground is in little danger to fall ; if he do fall, he riseth with small hurt ; but he that climbs high is in more danger of falling, and if he fall, of killing. That the great blasts of powerful envy overthrow oaks and cedars, that oppose their huge bodies, and pass through hollow willows, or over little shrubs, that grow under the wall. That the higher state is the fairer mark for misfortune to shoot at : that which way soever the ambitious man looks, he finds matter of dejection. Above him, behold a God casting an ambitious angel out of heaven, an ambitious king from the society of men, but so ' respecting the lowliness of his handmaiden, that all generations call her blessed,' Luke i. 48. Below him, behold the earth, the womb that he came from, and the tomb that must receive him. About him, behold others transcending him in his best qualities. Within him, a mortal nature that must die, though he were clad in gold ; and perhaps an evil conscience stinging him, whose wounds are no more eased by promotion than a broken bone is kept by a tissue-coat from aching. That there is a higher reckoning to be made of a higher place. That like city-houses, that on small foundations carry spacious roofs, his own top-heavy weight is ready to tumble him down. That he mounts up like a seeled* dove ; and wanting eyes of discretion, he may easily light in a puddle. That he is but a stone tossed up into the air by fortune's sling, to receive the greater fall. That for want of other malignant engines, he begets on himself destruction. That Tiberius complained of fortune, that having set him up in so high a monarchy, she did not vouchsafe him a ladder to come down again. That the honours of this world have no satisfactory validity in them. The poor labourer would be a farmer ; the farmer, after two or three dear years, aspires to a yeoman ; the yeoman's son must be a gentleman. The gentleman's ambition flies justice-height. He is out of square with being a squire, and shoots at knighthood. Once knighted, his dignity is nothing, except worth a noble title. This is not enough, the world must count him a count, or he is not satisfied. He is weary of his earldom, if there be a duke in the land. That granted, he thinks it base to be a subject ; nothing now contents him but a crown. Crowned, he vilifies his own kingdom for narrow bounds, whiles he hath greater neighbours ; he must be Cæsared to a universal monarch. Let it be granted, is he yet content ? No ; then the earth is a molehill, too narrow for his mind, and he is angry for lack of elbow-room.

' Unus Pellæo Juveni non sufficit orbis :
Æstuat infelix angusto limine mundi.'

Last, to be king of men is idle, he must be deified ; and now Alexander conceits his immortality, and causeth temples and altars to be built to his name. And yet, being thus adored, is not pleased, because he cannot command hea-

* Blinded ; a term in falconry.—Ed.

ven and control nature. Rome robbed the world, Sylla Rome, and yet again Sylla himself, not content till then. When advancement hath set him up as a butt, he cannot be without the quiver of fears. Thus the largest draught of honour this world can give him doth not quench, but inflame his ambitious thirst. Well, let repentant humiliation prick the bladder of his blown hopes, and let out the windy vapours of self-love. And now let him 'hunger and thirst after righteousness,' and on my life 'he shall be satisfied,' Matt. v. 6.

Disease 11: Inflammation of the Reins, or Lustfulness.—Among many diseases incident to the reins, as the *diabetes*, ulcers, the stone there, and the emission of bloody urine, there is one called inflammation of the reins. To this not unfitly, by comparing the causes, symptoms, and cure of either, I do liken lust. The Scripture calls it by a general name—uncleanliness. Covetousness is commonly the disease of old age, ambition of middle age, lust of youth; and it extends further, it portends less help.

The causes of the bodily disease are given to be: first, corrupt humours; secondly, drinking of many medicines; thirdly, vehement ridings. Consider these in our comparison, and tell me if they sound not a similitude. *Provocatur libido, ubi deficit; revocatur, ubi desinit.* Medicines are invented, not to qualify, but to calefy, as if they intended to keep alive their concupiscence, though they dead their conscience.

The signs are many. There is a beating pain about the first joint of the back, a little above the bastard ribs, &c., with others, which modesty bids cover with the cloak of silence. The lustful man is a monster, as one that useth—

'Humano capiti cervicem jungere equinam.'

He affects Popery for nothing else but the patronage of fornication and frankness of indulgence. He cites Harding frequently, that common courtizans in hot countries are a necessary evil; which he believes, against God's express prohibition, in a hotter climate than Italy, 'There shall be no whore of the daughters of Israel,' Deut. xxiii. 17; then certainly no whoremaster. He thinks it, if a sin, yet *peccadillo*, a little sin; and that the venereal faults are venial, at least venal. Thus he would be a bawd to the sin, if not to the sinners. He is careless of his own name, of his own soul: injurious to his own minion, whom he corrupts; to his bastard, whom he brings up like himself. He increaseth mankind, not for love to the end, but to the means. His soul is wrapped in the truss of his senses, and a whore is the *communis terminus* where they all meet. He hath no command over his own affections, though over countries; as our modern epigrammatist of Hercules—

'Lenam non potuit, potuit superare lenam;
Quem fera non valuit vincere, vicit hera.'

His practice is, as it is said of some tobaccoists, to dry up his purse, that he may dry up his blood, and the radical moisture.

'Nil nisi turpe juvat, curte est sua cuique voluptas;
Hæc quoque ab alterius grata dolore venit.'

The delight of his wickedness is the indulgence of the present, for it endures but the doing. He never rests so contentedly as on a forbidden bed. He is a felonious picklock of virginities, and his language corrupts more innocent truth than a bad lawyer's. He is an almanac from eighteen to eight-and-twenty, if he escapes the fire so long. He can never call his hairs

and his sins equal, for as his sins increase his hairs fall. He buys admission of the chambermaid with his first-fruits. He lives like a salamander in the flames of lust, and quencheth his heat with fire, and continues his days under *zona torrida*. He spends his forenoon with apothecaries, the afternoon of his days with surgeons; the former beget his misery, the latter should cure it. Every rare female, like a wandering planet, strikes him; hence he grows amazed. His eyes are the trap-doors to his heart, and his lascivious hopes suck poison from the fairest flower. He drowns himself in a woman's beauty, which is God's good creation, as a melancholy distracted man in a crystal river. When conscience plucks him by the sleeve, and would now, after much importunacy, speak with him, he bids her meet him at fifty; he chargeth repentance to attend him at Master Doctor's. When his life's sun is ready to set, he marries, and is then knocked with his own weapon; his own disableness and his wife's youthfulness, like bells, ringing all in. Now his common theme is to brag of his young sins, and if you credit his discourse, it shall make him far worse than he was. At last, he is but kept above-ground by the art of chirurgery.

For his cure, let him blood with the law of God: 'Thou shalt not commit adultery.' That 'the righteous God trieth the heart and the reins,' Ps. vii. 9, even the place where his disease lieth. That

'Si renum cupis incolumem servare salutem,
Sirenium cantus effuge, sanus eris.'

That *brevis est voluptas fornicationis, perpetua poena fornicatoris*,—the pleasure of the sin is short, the punishment of the sin eternal. That

'Nuda Venus picta est, nudi pinguntur amores:
Nam, quos nuda capit, nudos amittat oportet.'

That his desired cure is his deserved poison. Age and sleep are his infalliblest physicians. Disease is the mortifier of his sin, and cures it with an issue. That no black shield of the darkest night, no subtle arts, can hide or defend from God's impulsive sight. That, as a modern poet of ours—

'Joy graven in sense, like snow in water wastes:
Without conserve of virtue nothing lasts.'

That he walks the highway to the devil; and winds down the blind stairs to hell. That as it is called a noble sin, it shall have a noble punishment. That he hath taken a voyage to the kingdom of darkness; and is now at his journey's end when lust leaves him ere he discharge it. Let him observe St Paul's medicine: 1 Cor. vi. 18, 'Flee fornication: every sin that a man doth is without the body; but he that committeth fornication sinneth against his own body.' And, 'This is the will of God, even your sanctification, and that ye should abstain from fornication,' 1 Thess. iv. 3. Let him shun opportunity as his bawd, and occasion as his pander. Let him often drink that potion that Augustine did at his conversion: * 'Let us walk honestly, as in the day-time; not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness,' &c. 'But put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof,' Rom. xiii. 13, 14. Physicians prescribe, for the reins' inflammation, cooling things, cataplasms, baths, &c. A special intention to cure this burning concupiscence is to cure it with the tears of penitence. Weep for thy sins; and if the disease grow still strong upon thee, take the antidote God hath prescribed, marriage:

* Confes., lib. viii., cap. 12.

'It is better to marry than to burn,' 1 Cor. vii. 'Marriage is honourable in all, and the bed undefiled: but whoremongers and adulterers God will judge,' Heb. xiii. 4. Much exercise doth well to the cure of this inflammation. When our affections refuse to sit on the nest of lust and to keep it warm, the brood of actual follies will not be hatched. How Ægistus (not without company) became an adulterer;—*in promptu causa est, desidiosus erat*: for *Otia si tollas, perire Cupidinis arcus*,—Cupid shoots in a slug, and still hits the sluggish. This intemperate fire is well abated by withdrawing the fuel. Delicates to excite lust are spurs to post a man to hell. It is fasting spittle that must kill his tetter. Uncleanliness is the bastard begot of gluttony and drunkenness. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus*. When the mouth is made a tunnel, and the belly a barrel, there is no contentment without a bed and a bedfellow.

Disease 12: The Rotten Fever, or Hypocrisy.—Amongst almost innumerable kinds of fevers, there is one called *ovoxos*, or *febris putrida*, the rotten fever; which is a fever of one fit, continuing many days without any great mutation. Hereunto I have likened a rotten disease in the soul, called hypocrisy; which is nothing else but vice in virtue's apparel.

This corporal disease is caused when the humours do putrefy and rot equally within the vessels. It is not engendered in those that be lean and slender, or of a thin and rare state of body, or of a cold temper; but in those that be hot and abound with blood, fleshy, gross, and thick-bodied. Methinks this malady smells very like hypocrisy; which is a rotten heart, festered and putrefied with habituated sins, there with great delight and indulgence reserved: not incident to those that have a weak, thin, and slender opinion of themselves, that through humility have a lean and spare construction of their own deserts; no, nor to them that be of a cold temper and disposition to religion, not caring either to be good or to seem so; but to those that have a gross and blown conceit of themselves, swelling into an incomprehensible ostentation, and implacably hot in the persecution of that they inwardly affect not.

For the signs of this putrid fever, they be not externally discerned, except you feel the pulse, which beats thick, quick, and vehement. The hypocrite is exceedingly rotten at core, like a Sodom apple, though an ignorant passenger may take him for sound. He looks squint-eyed, aiming at two things at once: the satisfying his own lusts, and that the world may not be aware of it. *Bonus videri, non esse; malus esse, non videri, cupit*. They would seem good, that they might be evil alone: not seem evil, lest they might not then be evil so much. *Oves visu, vulpes astu, actu*: having much angel without, more devil within; a villanous host dwelling at the sign of *Friend*.

'Tuta frequensque via est, per amici fallere nomen.
Tuta frequensque licet ait via, crimen habet.'

Which one thus wittily Englisheth:—

'A safe and common thing it is,
Through friendship to deceive:
As safe and common as it is,
'Tis knavery, by your leave.'

He is on Sunday like the Rubric, or Sunday-letter, **zealously red**; but all the week you may write his deeds in black. He fries in words, freezeth in works; speaks by ells, doth good by inches. He is a rotten tinder, shining in the night; an *ignis fatuus*, looking like a fixed star; a 'painted sepulchre,'

that conceals much rottenness; a crude glowworm shining in the dark; a stinking dunghill covered over with snow; a fellow of a bad course, and good discourse; a loose-hung mill, that keeps great clacking, but grinds no grist; a lying hen, that cackles when she hath not laid. He is like some tap-house that hath upon the painted walls written, 'Fear God, be sober, watch and pray,' &c., when there is nothing but swearing and drunkenness in the house. His tongue is hot as if he had eaten pepper, which works coldly at the heart. He burns in the show of forward profession; but it is a poor fire of zeal, that will not make the pot of charity seethe. He is in company holy and demure, but alone demurs of the matter; so shuts out the devil at the gate, and lets him in at the postern.

His words are precise, his deeds concise; he prays so long in the church, that he may with less suspicion prey on the church; which he doth the more peremptorily, if his power be answerable. If his place will afford it, his grace will without question. He bears an earnest affection to the temple, as a hungry man to his meat, only to devour it. 'They say, Come, let us take to ourselves the houses of God in possession,' Ps. lxxxiii. 12. We pray for their conversion; but if there be no hope, we must use the next words of the psalm: 'O my God, make them as a wheel; like the stubble before the wind,' ver. 13. They can abide no point of Popery, but only this, church-robbing. Everything the Papists used but this is superstition. Some are so charitable, that having got the tithe-corn from the church, they reserve from the presented incumbent their petty tithes also; like monstrous thieves, that having stole the whole piece, ask for the remnants. Nay, it is not enough that they devour our parsonages, but they also devour our persons with their contumelious slanders. Advantage can make his religion play at fast and loose, for he only so long grows full of devotion, as he may grow full by devotion. His arguments are weak or strong, according to his cheer; and he discourses best after dinner. Self-conceit swells him, and popular applause bursts him. He never gives the law good words but when it hath him upon the hip. Like a kind hen, he feeds his chickens fat, starves himself. He forceth formal preciseness, like a porter, to hold the door, whilst devils dance within. He gives God nothing but show, as if he would pay him his reckoning with chalk; which increaseth the debt. If ever his alms smell of bounty, he gives them in public. He that desires more to be seen of men than of God, commend me to his conscience by this token, he is a hypocrite. He covers his ravenous extortions, and covetous oppressions, with the show of small beneficences; and so may, for his charity, go to the devil. Indeed, *gentilem agit vitam sub nomine Christiano*,—he lives Turk under the name of Christian. He is false in his friendship, heartless in his zeal, proud in his humility. He rails against interludes, yet is himself never off the stage; and condemns a mask, when his whole life is nothing else. He sends a beggar from his gate bountifully feasted with Scripture sentences; and (though he likes them not) so much of the statutes as will serve to save his money. But if every one were of his profession, charity's hand would no longer hold up poverty's head. What his tongue spoke, his hands recant; and he weeps when he talks of his youth, not that it was wicked, but that it is not. His tongue is his dissimulation's lacquey, and runs continually on that errand: he is the stranger's saint, his neighbour's sycophant, his own politician; his whole life being nothing else but a continual scribbling after the set copy of hypocrisy.

For his cure, there is more difficulty than of the rotten fever. In this, two special intentions are used: bloodletting, and drinking of cool water,

&c. But, alas! what medicine should a man give to him whom he knows not to be sick? His heart is rotten, his husks fair and slightly. The core of his disease lies in his conscience, and, like an onion, is covered with so many peels that you would not suspect it. Their best physic is that God gives to Israel: 'Cleanse thy heart from iniquity, O Jerusalem, that thou mayest be saved: how long shall thy vain thoughts remain within thee?' Jer. iv. 14. If this serve not, let them read Christ's bill, his denunciation against them, so often menaced, 'Woe unto you, hypocrites!' I would tell them, that *simulata sanctitas, duplex iniquitas*; and their life is so much the more abominable as they have played the better part.

Disease 13 : Flux and Prodigality.—There be divers fluxes according to physicians: *hienteria*, a smoothness of the bowels, suffering the meat to slide away not perfectly digested; *dysenteria*, which is an exulceration of the bowels, whereof also they make four sorts; *tenesmus*, which is a continual provocation to siege, that the patient can neither defer nor eschew, yet vents nothing but slime. The flux *diarrhœa* is the general, as being without exulceration or inflammation. To this I compare prodigality, which is a continual running out.

The corporal disease is caused either, *first*, by debility of the instruments that serve to digestion; or *secondly*, through abundance of nourishment, moist and viscous, soon corrupted; or *thirdly*, through weakness of the retentive faculty. The similitude holds well in the causes of prodigality. There is, first, a weakness of his understanding and brain, to digest that which his friends left him. Secondly, abundance of goods have made him wanton; and the most part being slimy and ill-gotten, it wastes like snow, faster than it was gathered. Thirdly, the debility of his retentive virtue is a special cause. For prodigality is pictured with the eyes shut and the hands open; lavishly throwing out, and blindly not looking where.

The symptoms of this disease are manifest. He is an out-lier, and never keeps within the pale. He runs after liberality, and beyond it. He is diametrically opposite to the covetous; and the difference is in transposing of one adverb. The one, *dat non rogatus*; the other, *non dat rogatus*. One hand is his receiver, but, like Briareus, he hath a hundred hands to lay out. He would bear *dissipatoris, non dispensatoris officium*. His father went to hell one way, and he will follow him another; and because he hath chosen the smoother way, he makes the more haste. Parasites are his tenter-hooks, and they stretch him till he bursts, and then leave him hanging in the rain. You may put his heart in your pocket, if you talk to him bare-headed, with many parentheses of 'Your worship;' there is no upstart buys his titles at a dearer rate. He loves a well-furnished table; so he may have three *P's* to his guests—*parasites, panders, and players*; the fourth he cannot abide, *preachers*. He will be applauded for a while, though he want almost pity when he wants. Like an hour-glass turned up, he never leaves running till all be out. He never looks to the bottom of his patrimony till it be quite unravelled; and then, too late, complains that the stock of his wealth ran course at the fag-end. His father had too good opinion of the world, and he too much disdains it. Herein he speeds, as he thinks, a little better; and those that barked at his sire like curs, fawn upon him, and lick his hand like spaniels. He vies vanities with the slothful, and it is hard to say who wins the game; yet give him the bucklers, for idleness is the coach to bring a man to Needdom, prodigality the post-horse. His father was no man's friend but his own; and he, saith the proverb, is no man's foe

else. Of what age soever, he is under the years of discretion ; for if providence do not take him ward, his heirs shall never be sought after. His vessel hath three leaks—a lascivious eye, a gaming hand, a deified belly ; and to content these, he can neither rule his heart nor his purse. When the shot comes to be paid, to draw in his company is a quarrel. When he feels want, for till then he never feels it, he complains of greatness for ingratitude, that he was not thought of when promotions were a-dealing. When his last acre lies in his purse, he projects strange things, and builds houses in the air, having sold those on the ground ; he turns malecontent, and shifts that he never had, religion. If he have not learned those tricks that undid him, flattery and cheating, he must needs press himself to the wars. He never before considered *ad posse*, but *ad velle*, and now he forgets *velle*, and looks only to *posse*. Take him at first putting forth into the sea of wealth and profuseness, and his fulness gives him—

‘Languentis stomachum, quem nulla ciborum,
Blandimenta movent, quem nulla invitat orexis ;’—

His stomach so rasping since his last meal, that it grows too cowardly to fight with a chicken : then he calls for sport, like sauce to excite appetite ; and when all fails, thinks of sleep, lies down to find it, and misseeth it. In the connivance of his security, harlots and sycophants rifle his estate, and then send him to rob the hogs of their provender, Jove’s nuts, acorns. In short time he is dismounted from his coach, disquantified of his train, distasted of his familiars, distressed of his riches, distracted of his wits, and never proves his own man till he hath no other. At last, after his hovering flight, he drops to a centre, which is a room in the alms-house that his father built.

For his cure, (I will not meddle with his estate, I know not how to cure that ; but for his soul,) let him first take a pill of repentance ; for howsoever he hath scoured his estate, he hath clogged his conscience, and it must be purged. Bind up his unruly hands, so lavish and letting fly. Pull off from his eyes that film of error, that he may distinguish his reproving friends from his flattering enemies. Cool his luxurious heat with Solomon’s after-course, the banquet of his pleasures being done : ‘that for all these things God will bring him to judgment,’ Eccles. xi. 9. That beggary is the heir-apparent of riot, as the younger son in the gospel, Luke xv. 13 ; we have too many such younger brothers. That his answer to those that admonish his frugality is built upon a false ground : ‘My goods are my own,’ as the parasites said of their tongues, Ps. xii. 4 ; whereas he is not a lord but a steward, and must one day *reddere rationem dispensationis*, Luke xvi. 2. The bill of his reckoning will be fearful : *Item*, for so many oaths. *Item*, for so many lies. *Item*, for drunkenness. *Item*, for lusts, &c. Nay, and *item* for causing so many tavern *items*, which were worse than physic bills to his estate. To conclude, if death find him as bankrupt of spiritual as of worldly goods, it will send him to an eternal prison.

Disease 14 : The Jaundice and Profaneness.—*Icterus*, or the jaundice, is a spreading of yellow choler or melancholy all over the body. To this I compare profaneness, which is an epidemical and universal spreading of wickedness throughout all powers of the soul.

The jaundice is caused sometimes accidentally, when the blood is corrupted by some outward occasion without a fever ; or through inflammation and change of the natural temperament of the liver ; or through obstruction of the passages which go to the bowels, &c. The causes of profaneness are an

affected ignorance, a dead heart, a sensual disposition, an intoxicate reason, an habituated delight in sin, without sense, without science, without conscience.

The symptoms of both the jaundice and profaneness need no description : their external appearance discolouring, the one the skin, the other the life, save both physicians much labour, if it be true that the knowledge of the disease is half the cure. He hath 'sold himself to wickedness,' for the price of a little vanity, like Ahab ; or let a lease, not to expire without his life. At first sight you would take him for a man ; but he will presently make you change that opinion, for Circe's cup hath transformed him. His eyes are the casements, that stand continually open, for the admission of lusts to the unclean nest of his heart. His mouth is the devil's trumpet, and sounds nothing but the music of hell. His hand is besmeared with aspersions of blood, lust, rapine, theft ; as if all the infernal serpents had disgorged their poisons on it. He loves Satan extremely, and either swims to him in blood, or sails in a vessel of wine. His heaven is a tavern, whence he never departs till he hath cast up the reckoning. He is ready to swear there is no God, though he swears perpetually by him. Religion is his footstool, and policy his horse, appetite his huntsman, pleasure his game, and his dogs are his senses. He endeavours by the continuance of his sports to make his pleasures circular, and the flame of his delight round, as the moon at full, and full as bright. The point of his heart is touched with the loadstone of this world, and he is not quiet but toward the north, the scope of his wickedness. He hath bowed his soul at the mark of sensuality, and runs to hell to overtake it. If the devil can maintain him a stock of thoughts, let him alone for execution, though to bastard his own children, and water on his father's grave. To conclude, he is but a specialty of hell antedated, and strives to be damned before his time.

His physic, as in some jaundices, must be strong of operation ; for the dryness of the one's stomach, of the other's conscience, doth enervate the force of medicines. The special intentions of his cure are strong purgations and bloodletting. If the law of God doth not purge out this corruption from his heart, let him bleed by the hand of man ; manacle his hands, shackle his feet, dispute upon him with arguments of iron and steel ; let him smart for his blasphemies, slanders, quarrels, whoredoms ; and because he is no allowed chirurgeon, restrain him from letting blood. Muzzle the wolf, let him have his chain and his clog, bind him to the good behaviour ; and if these courses will not learn him continence, sobriety, peace, try what a Newgate and a grate will do. If nothing, let us lament his doom : ' Their end is damnation, whose god is their belly, and whose glory is in their shame, who mind earthly things,' Phil. iii. 19.

Disease 15 : Apoplexy and Security.—The apoplexy is a disease wherein the fountain and original of all the sinews being affected, every part of the body loseth both moving and sense ; all voluntary functions hindered, as the wheels of a clock when the poise is down. To this I liken security, which though it be not sudden to the soul, as the other is to the body, yet is almost as deadly. There may be some difference in the strength or length of obsession ; all similitudes run not like coaches on four wheels : they agree in this, they both lie fast asleep ; the eyes of the one's body, of the other's reason shut, and they are both within two groans of death.

The cause of the apoplexy is a phlegmatic humour, cold, gross, and tough, which abundantly fills the ventricles of the brain. The cause of security is a dusking and clouding of the understanding with the black humours and

dark mists of self-ignorance ; a want of calling himself to a reckoning, till he be nonsuited.

The signs of the corporal are more palpable than of the spiritual sickness. The parish of his affections is extremely out of order : because Reason, his ordinary, doth not visit ; nor Memory, his churchwarden, present (or if it does, *Omnia bene.*) Neither doth Understanding, the judge, censure and determine. He keeps the chamber of his heart locked, that meditation enter not ; and though it be sluttish with dust and cobwebs, will not suffer repentance to sweep it. He loseth the fruit of all crosses ; and is so far from breaking his heart at a little affliction, that a sharp twitch stirs him not. Whereas a melting heart bleeds at the least blow, he feels not the sword drinking up his blood. Most men sleep nigh half their time, he is never awake : though the sun shines, he lives in sempiternal night. His soul lies at ease, like the rich man's, Luke xii., and is loath to rise. Custom hath rocked him asleep in the cradle of his sins, and he slumbers without starting. His security is like Popery, a thick curtain ever drawn to keep out the light. The element he lives in is *mare mortuum*. He is a foolish governor, and with much clemency and indulgence nurseth rebellion ; neither dare he chide his affections though they conspire his death. He is the antitype to the fabulous legend of the seven sleepers. Policy may use him as a block, cannot as an engine. He is not dangerous in a commonwealth ; for if you let him alone, he troubles nobody.

The cure of the apoplexy is almost desperate. If there be any help, it is by opening both the cephalic veins ; and this course speeds the patient one way. Security, if it sleeps not to death, must be rung awake. There are five bells that must ring this peal :—

First, Conscience is the treble, and this troubles him a little : when this bell strikes, he drowns the noise of it with good-fellowship. But it sounds so shrill, that at last it will be heard ; especially if God pulls it.

Secondly, Preaching is the stint or the certen to all the rest. This is Aaron's bell, and it must be rung loud to wake him : for lightly he begins his nap with the sermon ; and when the parish is gone home, he is left in his seat fast asleep : yet this may at last stir him.

Thirdly, Another bell in this ring is the death of others round about him ; whom he accompanies to the church with a deader heart than the corpse ; knows he is gone to judgment, yet provides not for his own accounts at that audit. It may be, this spectacle, and a mourning cloak, may bring him to weep.

Fourthly, The oppressed poor is a counter-tenor, and rings loud knells of moans, groans, and supplications either to him for his pity, or against him for his injury. If this bell, so heavily tolling, do not waken him, it will waken God against him. 'Their cry is come up into the ears of the Lord of hosts,' James v. 4.

Fifthly, The tenor or bow-bell is the abused creatures : the rust of the gold, the 'stone out of the wall' crying against the oppressor ; the corn, wine, oil, against the epicure.

Happily this peal may wake him. If not, there is yet another goad : affliction on himself—God cutting short his horns, that he may not gore his neighbours ; and letting him bleed in his riches, lest being too rank, he should grow into a surfeit ; or casting him down on his bed of sickness, and there taking sleep from his body, because his soul hath had too much. If neither the peal nor the goad can waken him, God will shoot an ordnance against him—death. And if yet he dies sleeping, the archangel's trump shall

not fail to rouse him. 'Awake then, thou that sleepest, and arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light,' Eph. v. 14.

Disease 16: Windiness in the Stomach, and Vainglory.—Inflation in the stomach hath some correspondence with vainglory in the soul; a disease in either part of man full of ventosity, where all the humour riseth up into froth.

Windiness is engendered through phlegmatic humours in the stomach, or through meats dissolved into vapours by deficiency of kindly heat. The cause of vainglory is a vaporous windy opinion of some rare quality in a man's self; which though it be but an atom, he would blow, like an alchemist, to a great mass. But at last, it either settles in a narrow room, or vanisheth into foam.

Symptoms of the corporal disease are a swelling of the stomach, empty belchings, much rumbling of wind in the bowels, which offering to descend, is turned back again. You shall easily know a vainglorious man: his own commendation rumbles within him, till he hath bulked it out; and the air of it is unsavoury. In the field, he is touching heaven with a lance; in the street, his eye is still cast over his shoulder. He stands so pertly, that you may know he is not laden with fruit. If you would drink of his wisdom, knock by a sober question at the barrel, and you shall find by the sound his wits are empty. In all companies, like chaff, he will be uppermost; he is some surfeit in nature's stomach, and cannot be kept down. A goodly cypress tree, fertile only of leaves. He drinks to none beneath the salt; and it is his grammar-rule without exception, not to confer with an inferior in public. His impudence will overrule his ignorance to talk of learned principles, which come from him like a treble part in a bass voice, too big for it. Living in some under-stair office, when he would visit the country, he borrows some gallant's cast suit of his servant, and therein, player-like, acts that part among his besotted neighbours. When he rides his master's great horse out of ken, he vaunts of him as his own, and brags how much he cost him. He feeds upon others' courtesy, others' meat; and (whether more?) either fats him. At his inn he calls for chickens at spring, and such things as cannot be had; whereat angry, he sups, according to his purse, with a red herring. Far enough from knowledge, he talks of his castle, (which is either in the air, or enchanted,) of his lands, which are some pastures in the fairy-ground, invisible, nowhere. He offers to purchase lordships, but wants money for the earnest. He makes others' praises as introductions to his own, which must transcend; and calls for wine, that he may make known his rare vessel of deal at home: not forgetting to you, that a Dutch merchant sent it him for some extraordinary desert. He is a wonder everywhere: among fools for his bravery, among wise men for his folly. He loves a herald for a new coat, and hires him to lie upon his pedigree. All nobility, that is ancient, is of his alliance; and the great man is but of the first head, that doth not call him cousin. When his beams are weakest, like the rising and setting sun, he makes the longest shadows: whereas bright knowledge, like the sun at highest, makes none at all; though then it hath most resultance of heat and reflection of light. He takes great pains to make himself ridiculous; yet (without suspecting it) both his speech and silence cries, Behold me. He discommends earned worth with a shrug, and lisps his enforced approbation. He loves humility in all men but himself, as if he did wish well to all souls but his own.

There is no matter of consequence that policy begets, but he will be gossip to it, and give it a name; and knows the intention of all projects before they be full hatched. He hath somewhat in him, which would be better for

himself and all men if he could keep it in. In his hall, you shall see an old rusty sword hung up, which he swears killed Glendower in the hands of his grandsire. He fathers upon himself some villanies, because they are in fashion; and so vilifies his credit to advance it. If a new famous courtezán be mentioned, he deeply knows her; whom indeed he never saw. He will be ignorant of nothing, though it be a shame to know it. His barrel hath a continual spigot, but no tunnel; and like an unthrift, he spends more than he gets. His speech of himself is ever historical, histrionical. He is indeed admiration's creature, and a circumstantial mountebank.

For the cure of the corporal disease, you must give the patient such medicines as divide and purge phlegm, with an extenuating diet. To cure this windy humour of vainglory, St Paul hath a sharp medicine: that 'his glory is in his shame,' Phil. iii. 19. Prescribe him, that the free giving all glory to God is the resultance of the best glory to man. The counsel of both law and gospel meets in this. 'Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, nor the strong in his strength, nor the rich in his wealth; but let him that glorieth glory in the Lord,' Jer. ix. 23. That 'he hath nothing'—which is good—'that he hath not received,' 1 Cor. x. 17; and it is a shame for the cistern not to acknowledge the fountain. That the praise of good deserts is lost by want of humility. That there is none arrogant but the ignorant; and that if he understood himself, his conceived sea is but a puddle, which every judicious observer's plummet finds shallow and muddy. That trafficking for the freight of men's praises for his good worth, he suffers shipwreck in the haven; and loseth his reward there, where he should receive it.

Disease 17: The Itch, or the Busybody.—The itch is a scurvy disease; a man would not think the soul had any infirmity to sample it. You shall find the humour of a busybody, a contentious intermeddler, very like it. The itch is a corrupt humour between the skin and the flesh, running with a serpedinous course, till it hath defiled the whole body. Thus caused:—

Nature being too strong for the evil humours in the body, packs them away to utter parts, to preserve the inner. If the humours be more rare and subtle, they are avoided by fumosities and sweat; if thicker, they turn to a scabious matter in the skin: some make this the effect of an inflamed liver, &c.

If this itching curiosity take him in the cephalic vein, and possess the understanding part, he moots more questions in an hour than the seven wise men could resolve in seven years. There is a kind of down or curdle on his wit, which is like a gentlewoman's train, more than needs. He would sing well, but that he is so full of crotchets. His questions are like a plume of feathers, which fools would give anything for, wise men nothing. He hath a greater desire to know where hell is, than to scape it: to know what God did before he made the world, than what he will do with him when it is ended. For want of correcting the garden of his inventions, the weeds choke the herbs, and he suffers the scum of his brain to boil into the broth. He is a dangerous prognosticator, and propounds desperate riddles; which he gathers from the conjunction of planets, Saturn and Jupiter; from doubtful oracles out of the hollow vaults and predictions of Merlin. He dreams of a cruel dragon, whose head must be in England and tail in Ireland; of a headless cross, of a Popish curse.

'And Our Lord lights in our lady's lap,
And therefore England must have a clap.'

But they have broken day with their creditors, and the planets have proved

honester than their reports gave them. Thus, as Bion said of astronomers, he sees not the fishes swimming by him in the water, yet sees perfectly those shining in the zodiac. Thus if the itch hold him in the theoretical part. If in the practical;—

His actions are polypragmatical, his feet peripatetical. Erasmus pictures him to the life: 'He knows what every merchant got in his voyage, what plots are at Rome, what stratagems with the Turk, &c. He knows strangers' troubles, not the tumultuous fightings in his own bosom,' &c. His neighbours' estate he knows to a penny; and wherein he fails, he supplies by intelligence from their flattered servants: he would serve well for an informer to the subsidy-book. He delays every passenger with inquiry of news; and because the country cannot satiate him, he travels every term to London for it: whence returning without his full load, himself makes it up by the way. He buys letters from the great city with capons; which he wears out in three days, with perpetual opening them to his companions. If he hears but a word of some state act, he professeth to know it and the intention, as if he had been of the council. He hears a lie in private, and hastes to publish it; so one knave gulls him, he innumerable fools, with the 'strange fish at Yarmouth,' or the 'serpent in Sussex.' He can keep no secret in, without the hazard of his buttons. He loves no man a moment longer than either he will tell him, or hear of him, news. If the spirit of his tongue be once raised, all the company cannot conjure it down. He teaches his neighbour to work unsent for, and tells him of some dangers without thanks. He comments upon every action, and answers a question ere it be half propounded. Alcibiades having purchased a dog at an unreasonable price, cut off his tail, and let him run about Athens; while every man wondered at his intent, he answered that his intent was their wonder, for he did it only to be talked of. The same author* reports the like of a gawish traveller that came to Sparta, who standing in the presence of Lacon a long time upon one leg, that he might be observed and admired, cried at the last, 'O Lacon, thou canst not stand so long upon one leg.' 'True,' said Lacon; 'but every goose can.'

His state, belike, is too little to find him work; hence he busieth himself in other men's commonwealths: as if he were town-taster, he scalds his lips in every neighbour's pottage. If this itch proceed from some inflammation, his bleach is the breaking out of contention. Then he hath *humorem in cerebro, in corde tumorem, rumorem in lingua*,—his brain is full of humour, his heart of tumour, his tongue of rumour. He spits fire at every word, and doth what he can to set the whole world in combustion. He whispers in his neighbour's ear how such a man slandered him; and returns to the accused party (with like security) the other's invective. He is hated of all, as being indeed a friend to none, but lawyers and the devil.

For his cure; if his itch proceed from a moon-sick head, the chief intention is to settle his brains, lest 'too much learning make him mad,' as Paul was wronged, Acts xxvi. 24. Give him this electuary: That 'secret things belong to the Lord, and revealed to us and our children for ever,' Deut. xxix. 29. That the judgments of God are *sæpe secreta, semper justa*; and therefore it is better *mirari, quam rimari*. That in seeking to know more than he ought, he knows not what he should. That gazing at the stars, he is like to fall into the lowest pit.

If his itch be in his fingers, and that he grows like a meddler in everybody's orchard, let him apply this unction: That he meddle with his own business. That he recall his prodigal eyes, like wandering Dinah's, home; and teach

* Laert.

them another while to look inward. That he be busy in repairing his own heart ; for of other meddling comes no rest.

If this disease proceed from a greater inflation or inflammation, thus sharply scarify him : That sowing discord among brethren is that seventh abomination to the Lord, Prov. vi. 19. That as troublesome men seek faction, they shall meet with fraction ; and as they have a brotherhood in evil, so 'they shall be divided in Jacob, and scattered in Israel,' Gen. xlix. 7. That *cum pare contendere, anceps est ; cum superiore, furiosum : cum inferiore, sordidum*,*—if thy enemy be equal, yet the victory is doubtful ; if low, *parce illi*, it is no credit to conquer him ; if great, *parce tibi*, favour thyself, contend not. *Serva pacem domi, pacem Domini*.—Love peace, and the God of peace shall give thee 'the peace of God, which passeth all understanding.'

Disease 18 : Stinking Breath, and Flattery.—The flatterer hath a disease very odious,—*fœtorem oris*, a stinking breath. The corporal disease is caused, first, sometimes through putrefaction of the gums ; secondly, sometimes through hot distemper of the mouth ; thirdly, sometimes through corrupt and rotten humours in the mouth of the stomach ; fourthly, and not seldom, through the exulceration of the lungs. The main cause of flattery is a kind of self-love ; for he only commends others to mend himself. The *communis terminus*, where all his frauds, dissimulations, false phrases and praises, his admirations and superlative titles, meet, is his purse. His tongue serves two masters, his great one's ear, his own avarice.

If the cause of this stench be in the mouth, it is discerned ; if in the vicious stomach, or ulcerate lungs, it is allayed by eating, and not so forcible after meats as before. So the flatterer's stomach is well laid after dinner ; and till he grow hungry again, his adulatory pipes go not so hotly. His means come by observance, and though he waits not at table, he serves for a fool. He is after the nature of a barber ; and first trims the head of his master's humour, and then sprinkles it with court-water. He scrapes out his diet in courtesies ; and cringeth to his glorious object, as a little cur to a mastiff, licking his hand, not with a healing, but poisoning tongue. Riches make many friends : truly, they are friends to the riches, not to the rich man. A great proud man, because he is admired of a number of hang-byes, thinks he hath many friends. So the ass that carried the goddess thought all the knees bowed to her, when they revered her burden. They play like flies in his beams, whiles his wealth warms them. Whilst, like some great oak, he stands high and spreads far in the forest, innumerable beasts shelter themselves under him, feeding like hogs on his acorns ; but when the axe of distress begins to fell him, there is not one left to hinder the blow. Like burrs, they stick no longer on his coat than there is a nap on it. These kites would not flock to him, but that he is a fat carcase. Sejanus, whom the Romans worship in the morning as a semigod, before night they tear a-pieces. Even now stoops, and presently strokes. You may be sure he is but a gallipot, full of honey, that these wasps hover about ; and when they have fed themselves at his cost, they give him a sting for his kindness.

The flatterer is young gallants' schoolmaster, and enters them into book learning. Your cheating tradesman can no more be without such a factor than a usurer without a broker. The fox in the fable, seeing the crow highly perched, with a good morsel in his mouth, flattered him that he sung well, with no scant commendations of his voice ; whereof the crow proud, began to make a noise, and let the meat fall : the foolish bird seeing now himself deceived, soon left singing, and the fox fell to eating. I need not

* Senec. de Ira, lib. ii, cap. 34.

moral it. The instrument, his tongue, is tuned to another's ear; but, like a common fiddler, he dares not sing an honest song. He lifts up his patron at the tongue's end, and sets him in a superlative height; like a Pharos, or the eye of the country, when he is indeed the eye-sore. He swears to him that his commending any man is above a justice of peace's letter, and that the eyes of the parish wait upon him for his grace. He insinuates his praise, most from others' report; wherein, very rankly, he wrongs three at once: he belies the named commender; the person to whom this commendation is sent; and most of all himself, the messenger. Whilst he supplies a man with the oil of flattery, he wounds his heart; like thunder, which breaks the bone without scratching the skin. He seldom speaks so pompously of his friend, except he be sure of porters to carry it him. He is the proud man's earwig, and having once gotten in, imposthumes his head. A continent man will easily find him; as knowing that it is as evil *laudari à turpibus*, as *ob turpia*. One being asked which was the worst of beasts, answered, Of wild beasts the tyrant, of tame beasts the flatterer. Like an ill painter, because he cannot draw a beautiful picture, he is ever limning deformities and devils; so the flatterer, ignorant of goodness, lays fair colours upon foul iniquities. This cunning wrestler stoops low, to give the greater fall; and wisheth to his object, as a whore to her lover, abundance of all goods, except only sober wits. He studies all the week for preventions to keep his patron on the Sunday from church: a sermon and he are antipodes. Lest his observed one should take him into the light, and look on him, he keeps him perpetually hoodwinked with the opinion of his own knowledge; admiring his deeds for sanctimonious, and his words for oracles. Sometimes conscience is his rival advocate, and pleads against him in his patron's heart; but because the judge is partial on his side, and his perjurious tale runs so smooth with the grain of his affections, he gives conscience the check-mate. In short, he is, at last, one way a pander, cozenage's factor, sin's magician, and a pleasing murderer, that with ardent applauses tickles a man to death.

To cure this stinking breath of adulation, give him a vomit, 'He that saith to the wicked, Thou art righteous, him shall the people curse; nations shall abhor him: but to them that rebuke him shall be delight, and a good blessing shall come upon them,' Prov. xxiv. 24, 25. As, 'not serving our Lord Jesus Christ, but his own belly, by good words and fair speeches he hath deceived the hearts of the simple,' Rom. xvi. 18; so he hath most deceived himself, and been no less his own fool than others' knave. Tell him that his beginning is hateful to God, his end to men also. His great friend did no more love him in his dream than he will hate him waking; as a sick man, after the receipt of a loathsome potion, hates the very cruse whereout he drank it. And lightly, what he hath got by flattering fools, he spends on knaves, or worse; and dies full of nothing but sins and diseases. Let him soundly repent, reform himself, and others, whom he hath perverted. Repentance and obedience can only make his breath sweet.

Disease 19: Short-windedness, and Weariness of doing well.—The asthma is caused by abundance of gross and clammy humours, gathered into the glistles or lappets of the lungs; or through some distillations, wherewith the *trachea arteria*, or windpipe, is replete.

The causes of this spiritual short-windedness are—(1.) Want of faith, which is the true life-blood of courage against all difficulties; (2.) Want of patience, to hold out in the working up of salvation; (3.) A feeble hope, not supposing the recompense to be worth their labours.

The signs of both the diseases are palpable: the physician may easily judge of his patient, the patient of himself. He prays, for a brunt, very zealously, but like a hasty shower, soon over. You shall have him the first man at church on a Sabbath morning, and the first man out. He lays the foundation of an alms-house, and so leaves it. He shoots up, like Jonah's gourd, in a night, and next day withers. He is in religious practices like the spring in that windy month, March; many forwards. He riseth fair as a summer sun, but is soon clouded; no man rides faster at first putting forth, nor is sooner weary of his journey. A little onwards to heaven, he quanders whether to go forward to God, or, with Demas, to turn back to the world. The light of his devotion is ever and anon in the eclipse, and his whole life rings the changes—hot and cold, in and out, off and on, to and fro: he is peremptory in nothing but in vicissitudes. He is early up, and never the nearer; saluting Christ in the morning, but none of those that stayed with him; therefore losing his reward, because he will not tarry working in the vineyard till night, Matt. xv. 32. He purposeth to go to God, and in the fit of his devotion tells him so, but still breaks promise. One told Socrates that he would fain travel to Olympus, but he feared his ability to hold out the journey. Socrates answered him, 'I know you walk every day a little; put that together in a continuing straightness, and you shall come whither you desire.' This man rows, as we all should do, against the stream; and whiles he neglects two or three strokes, he is carried down further in an hour than he can recover in a day. He loves, like a horse, short journeys; and walks on so warily, wearily, timorously, that he tells his steps and his stops, and reckons every impediment, to a rub and a thorn.

For his cure. *Pro ratione victus*, as they prescribe for the asthma, which is a disease in the body, to avoid perturbations of the mind; so let this orthopnic,* for the help of his mind, avoid needless perturbations of the body. He is troubled, like Martha, about many things, but forgets the better part. Give him some juice of *bulapathum*, which is the herb patience. 'For he hath need of patience, that after he hath done the will of God, he might receive the promise,' Heb. x. 36. He considers not that heaven is up a hill,—like Olympus with the heathen, Mount Zion with the Christian,—and therefore thinks to get thither *per saltum*, not *per scansum*. Assure him that 'salvation must be wrought up,' Phil. ii. 12, and 'election made sure by diligence,' 2 Pet. i. 10. That *vincenti dabitur*,—not to him that flies, nor to him that knocks a bout or two, nor to him that faints and yields, but 'to him that overcomes,' Rev. ii, iii. That 'who continues to the end shall be saved,' Matt. xxiv. 13. That it was a shame to see Lot incestuous with his daughters in the mount, that lived chaste in Sodom; to see Noah mocked of his son for drunkenness, by whose righteousness his son scaped. That he hath many encouragements,—Christ calling, the Father blessing, the Spirit working, the angels comforting, the word directing, the crown inviting,—all tuning him this one lesson, 'Be not weary of well-doing,' 2 Thess. iii. 13; for 'in due season we shall reap, if we faint not,' Gal. vi. 9, and after our weary labour find rest, Isa. xxviii. 12.

Conclusion.—Innumerable are the body's infirmities: *introitus unus, innumeri exitus*, there being but one means of coming into the world, infinite of going out; and sickness is death's liege ambassador. But they are few and scant, if compared to the soul's, which being a better piece of timber, hath the more teredines breeding in it; as the fairest flower hath the most cantharides attending on it. The devil loves the soul as the jewel, the body as the rind

* I suppose, from *ὀρθος* and *πνιγω*; one who is choked with the right.—Ed.

or husk, as if it were without the other a dead commodity, and would stink in his hands. He cries, as the king of Sodom to Abraham, *Da mihi animas, cætera cape tibi*. If he can corrupt this, he knows the other will fall to corruption of itself; for the soul works by motion, the body but by action, being the soul's servant. Now, Satan was ever ambitious, and will not care for the waiting-maid if he may get the mistress; or useth the other but for his better conveyance and insinuation to this. And because it bears the narrow portraiture and image of that Creator he emulates, this he seeks the more violently to deface. Let the body enjoy the light and warmth of the sun, so he can enwrap this in the cold clouds of dark night. A dark night indeed, wherein many souls do live, having the little windows or loopholes of reason shadowed by the curtains of fleshly lusts. Night is a sad, heavy, and uncomfortable time to the unresting body,—a nurse of anguished thoughts, at whose dugs sorrows and dreams lie continually sucking,—thinking every hour an Olympiad till the sun ariseth: so is the soul's darkness, if security had not rocked her asleep, and custom (which is the apoplexy of bedrid nature and wicked life) obstupefied her,—an unquiet, turbulent, and peaceless time; with such hurrying tempests within, that the body tumbles upon a soft bed, and after many experienced shiftings, finds no ease.

There be three things, say physicians, that grieve the body:—First, the cause of sickness, a contranatural distemper, which lightly men bring on themselves, though the sediments rest in our sin-corrupted nature. Secondly, sickness itself. Thirdly, the coincidents that either fellow it or follow it. In the soul there be three grievances:—First, original pravity, a natural *aversion*—proclivity to evil, contradiction to good. Secondly, actual sin, the main sickness. Thirdly, the concomitant effects, which are punishments corporal and spiritual, temporal and eternal. For all sin makes work, either for Christ or Satan: for Christ, to expiate by his blood, and the efficacy of that once-performed, ever available passion; or for the devil, as God's executioner to plague. Many remedies are given for many diseases; the sum is this—the best physician is Christ Jesus, the best physic the Scriptures. Ply the one, fly to the other. Let this teach thee, he must cure thee: that 'express image of his Father's person, and brightness of his glory,' Heb. i. 3, in whom the graces of God shine without measure. Oft have you seen in one heaven many stars; behold in this sun, as in one star, many heavens; for 'in him dwelleth all fulness,' Col. i. 19. Let us fly by our faithful prayers to this physician, and entreat him for that medicine that issued out of his side, 'water and blood,' to cure all our spiritual maladies. *Fusus est sanguis medici, ut fiat medicamentum cegroti*. And when in mercy he hath cured us, let our diet be a conversation led after the canon of his sacred truth; that whatsoever become of this frail vessel, our flesh, floating on the waves of this world, the passenger, our soul, may be saved in the day of the Lord Jesus. Amen.

END OF VOL. I.