

LOVE'S COPY;

OR,

THE BEST PRECEDENT OF CHARITY.

As Christ loved us.—EPH. V. 2.

WE distinguished the whole verse into a *canon* and a *crucifix*. The canon consisted of a precept and a precedent. Love is the subject, and it is both commanded and commended: commanded in the *charge*, which you have heard; commended in the *example*, which you shall hear. I determined my speech with the *precept*: 'Walk in love.' The *precedent* or pattern remains to be propounded and expounded: 'as Christ loved us.' Every word is emphatical; and there be four, signifying four several natures.

Here, 1. *As* is a word of quality; 2. *Christ* is a word of majesty; 3. *Loved* is a word of mercy; 4. *Us* is a word of misery.

Two of these words be *vincula* or *media*, that join and unite other things; *sicut* and *dilexit*, *as* and *loved*. *As* directs our love to God and man, by the exemplified rule of Christ loving us. 'Walk in love' to others, 'as Christ loved us.' *Loved* is that blessed reconciling nature whereby God's good greatness descends to our bad baseness, and the Just gives to the unjust salvation. For what other nature but mercy could reconcile so high majesty and so low misery!

1. *As*, according to Zanchius's observation on this place, is a note of quality, not equality; of similitude, not of comparison. We must love others *as* Christ loved us. *As*, for the manner, not for the measure. 'His love was strong as death,' Cant. viii. 6; for to the death he loved us. It was a bright and clear fire; 'many waters could not quench it;' yea, water and blood could not put it out. 'God so loved the world,' John iii. 16, so freely, so fatherly, so fully, as no tongue can tell, no heart think. 'The love of Christ passeth knowledge,' Eph. iii. 19. To think of equalling this love would be an impossible presumption. Our love is inconstant, weak; a mingled, and often a mingled love, mingled with self-love, and mangled with the wounding affections of the world. Our love is faint, his strong; ours fickle, his constant; ours limited, his infinite. Yet we must follow him so fast as we can, and so far as we may: 'Walking in love, as he loved us.'

His walking in love was strange and admirable; he took large steps—from heaven to earth, and from earth to heaven. As Bernard, on that speech of the church concerning her Beloved, 'Behold, he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills,' Cant. ii. 8. He leaps from heaven to the virgin's womb, from the womb to a manger, from the manger to Egypt, from Egypt to Judah, from thence to the temple, from the temple up to the cross, from the cross down to the grave, from the grave up to the earth, and from the earth up to the highest glory. And he shall yet have another leap, from the right hand of his Father to judge quick and dead.

These were great jumps, and large paces of love: when he made but one stride from the clouds to the cradle, and another from the cradle to the cross, and a third from the cross to the crown. To come from the bosom of his immortal Father to the womb of his mortal mother was a great step. From the lowest hell, or depth of his humiliation, to the highest heaven, or top of his exaltation, was a large pace.

We cannot take such large steps, nor make such strides. These leaps are beyond our agility, our ability. Yet we must follow him in love; stepping so far as we can, and walking so fast as we may. Follow we carefully and cheerfully; though *non passibus æquis*. The father, that takes his young son into the field with bows and shafts, and bids him shoot after him, doth not expect that the child should shoot so far as he, but so far as he can. Though we cannot reach Christ's mark, yet 'if there be a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, not according to that he hath not,' 2 Cor. viii. 12. Now, this particle *as* is not barely similitudinary, but hath a greater latitude; and serves, (1.) To confine the measure; (2.) To define the matter; and, (3.) To refine the manner of our imitation.

(1.) This *sicut* confines our imitation, and limits it to that circumference which the present rule or compass gives it. We may not follow Christ in all things, but in this thing: love, as he loved us. Our imitation hath a limitation, that it may not exorbitantly start out of the circle. There are special works which God reserves to himself, and wherein he did never command or commend man's following; but rather strikes it down as presumption. His power, his majesty, his wisdom, his miracles, cannot without a contumacious ambition be aimed at. When Lucifer aspired to be like God in majesty, he was thrown out of heaven. When Adam contended to be like God in knowledge, he was cast out of paradise. When Nebuchadnezzar arrogated to be like God in power, he was expelled his kingdom. When Simon Magus mounted to be like God in working miracles, and to fly in the air, he was hurled down, and broke his neck. God must not be imitated in his finger, in his arm, in his brain, in his face, but in his bowels. Not in the finger of his miracles, nor in the arm of his power, nor in the brain of his wisdom, nor in the face of his majesty, but in the bowels of his mercy. 'Be ye merciful, as your heavenly Father is merciful,' Luke vi. 36. And saith Paul, 'put on the bowels of mercy,' Col. iii. 12, as Christ put them on: forbear, forgive, walk in love, as he loved us. Neither angel nor man did ever, or shall ever, offend in coveting to be like God, in love, grace, mercy, goodness. So that this *sicut* excludes his miracles, and directs us to his morals. 'Walk in love, as,' &c.

(2.) This *sicut* defines what our love should be: as Christ's was to us. Now, his love to us had an infinite extension, and is past the skill of men or angels to describe. Yet because this is the perfect copy of our imitation, and the infallible rule whereby we must square our charity, I must, according to my shallow power, wade a little into this infinite and boundless sea.

I will only note four sweet streams of life in his love. It was, [1.] Holy, *sine merito*; [2.] Hearty, *sine modo*; [3.] Kind, *sine despectu*; [4.] Constant, *sine defectu*.

[1.] Holy. The love of Jesus to us was *sancta et sanctificans dilectio*: a love holy *formaliter*, in itself; and holy *effectivè*, in making those holy our whom it was set. He gave himself to us, and for us, and gave us a faith to receive and embrace him; *sine quo nec dilecti, nec diligentes fuissetus*,—without whom we neither could have received love, nor returned love. Now his love did not only extend to our bodies' health, but to our souls' bliss. So he loved us, that he saved us.

Our love should likewise be holy and whole, desiring not only our brother's external welfare, but much more his internal, his eternal blessedness. He that pities not a famished body, deserves justly the name of an unmerciful man; but he that compassionates not an afflicted conscience, hath much more a hard heart. It is a usual speech of compassion to a distressed man, Alas, poor soul! but this same 'Alas, poor soul!' is for the most part mistaken. Neither the pitier nor the pitied imagines the soul pitiable. Very humanity teacheth a man to behold an execution of thieves and traitors with grief; that men, to satisfy their malicious or covetous affections, should cut off their own lives with so infamous a death. But who commiserates the endangered soul, that must then enter into an eternal life or death?

The story of Hagar with her son Ishmael is set down by so heavenly a pen, that a man cannot read it without tears. She is cast out of Abraham's house with her child, that might call her master father, Gen. xxi. 14. Bread and water is put on her shoulder, and she wanders into the wilderness; a poor relief for so long a journey, to which there was set no date of returning. Soon was the water spent in the bottle; the child cries for drink, to her that had it not, and lifts up pitiful eyes, every glance whereof was enough to wound her soul; vents the sighs of a dry and panting heart; but there is no water to be had, except the tears that ran down from a sorrowful mother's eyes could quench its thirst. Down she lays the child under a shrub, and went, as heavy as ever mother parted from her only son, and sat her down upon the earth, as if she desired it for a present receptacle of her grief, of herself; 'a good way off,' saith the text, 'as it were a bow-shot,' that the shrieks, yellings, and dying groans of the child might not reach her ears; crying out, 'Let me not see the death of the child.' Die she knew he must, but as if the beholding it would rend her heart, and wound her soul, she denies those windows so sad a spectacle: 'Let me not see the death of the child. So she lift up her voice and wept.' Never was Hagar so pitiful to her son Ishmael, as the church is to every Christian. If any son of her womb will wander out of Abraham's family, the house of faith, into the wilderness of this world, and prodigally part with his 'own mercy,' Jonah ii. 3, for the gaudy, transient vanities thereof, she follows, with entreaties to him, and to heaven for him. If he will not return, she is loath to see his death; she turns her back upon him, and weeps. He that can with dry eyes and unrelenting heart behold a man's soul ready to perish, hath not so much passion and compassion as that Egyptian bondwoman.

[2.] Hearty. The love of Christ to us was hearty; not consisting of shows and signs, and courtly compliments, but of actual, real, royal bounties. He did not dissemble love to us when he died for us. *Exhibitio operis, probatio amoris*. He pleaded by the truest and most undeniable argument, demonstration. 'I love you.' Wherein? 'I give my life for you.' *Tot ora, quot vulnera; tot verba, quot verbera*. So many wounds, so many words to speak

actually his love; every stripe he bore gave sufficient testimony of his affection. His exceeding rich gift shews his exceeding rich love. This heartiness must be in our love, both to our Creator and to his image.

First, To God; so he challengeth thy love to be conditioned: with thy heart, with all thy heart. And this, saith Christ, is *primum et maximum mandatum*,—‘the first and the greatest commandment,’ Matt. xxiii. 38. The first, *quasi virtualiter continens reliqua*,*—as mainly comprehending all the rest. For he that loves God with all his heart, will neither idolatrise, nor blaspheme, nor profane his Sabbaths; no, nor wrong his creatures. The greatest, as requiring the greatest perfection of our love.† This then must be a hearty love,—not slow, not idle; but must shew itself, *et properando et operando*,—in ready diligence, in fruitful and working obedience. There are many content to love God a little, because he blesseth them much. So Saul loved him for his kingdom. These love God *pro seipsis*, not *pro seipsis*,—for themselves, not before themselves. They will give him homage, but not fealty; the calves of their lips, but not the calves of their stalls. If they feast him with venison, part of their emparked riches, which is dear to them, yet it shall be but rascal deer, the trash of their substance; they will not feast him with the heart, that is the best deer in their park.‡

Secondly, To man, whom thou art bound to love as thyself; where, say some, *as* is but a *tan*, not a *tantum*: *as* thyself, not *as much as* thyself; *as* for the manner, not for the measure. But this is certain, true love begins at home, and he cannot love another soundly, that primarily loves not himself. And he that loves himself with a good heart, with the same heart will love his brother. *In quo seipsum, et propter quod seipsum*,§—in that manner, and for that cause, that he loves himself. This, then, commands the same love, if not the same degree of love, to thy brother, that thou bearest to thyself.

This hearty love is hardly found. More is protested now than in former times, but less done. It is wittily observed, that the old manner of saluting was to take and shake one another by the hand. Now we lock arms, and join breasts, but not hearts. That old handful was better than this new armful. Our cringes and complimentary bowings promise great humility, but the smothered vermin of pride lies within. We have low looks and lofty thoughts. There are enough of those ‘which speak peace to their neighbours, but mischief is in their hearts,’ Ps. xxviii. 3; whose smooth habits do so palliate and ornamentally cover their poison, as if they did preserve mud in crystal. The Romans usually painted Friendship with her hand on her heart, as if she promised to send no messenger out of the gate of her lips, but him that goes on the heart’s errand. Now we have studied both textures of words, and pretextures of manners, to shroud dishonesty. But one ounce of real charity is worth a whole talent of verbal. He loves us best that does for us most. Many politicians (and the whole world now runs on the wheels of policy) use their lovers as ladders, their friends as scaffolds. When a house is to be erected, they first set up scaffolds, by which they build it up; the house finished, down pull they the scaffolds, and throw them into the fire. When the covetous or ambitious man hath his turn served by others, either for his advancing or advantaging, for gain or glory, he puts them off with neglect and contempt. The house is built, what care

* Marlorat.

† Arctius.

‡ There is here a play upon the words ‘dear’ and ‘deer,’ ‘heart’ and ‘hart,’ which our modern spelling fortunately does not allow us to exhibit.—Ed.

§ Jacob, de Vorag. in Luc. x., Serm. 2.

they for the scaffold? The feat is wrought, let the wise and honest helpers be prisoned or poisoned, sink or swim, stand or perish. Nay, it is well if they help not those down that helped them up.

[3.] Kind. The Apostle makes kindness one essential part of our love, Col. iii. 12; deriving it from Christ's example, who was kind to us, both in giving us much good and forgiving us much evil. And God commendeth, yea, commandeth, the inseparable neighbourhood of godliness and brotherly kindness. 'Add to your godliness brotherly kindness,' 2 Pet. i. 7. For there is no piety towards God, where there is no kindness to our brother. Now, Christ's kindness to us consisted in two excellent effects, *corrigeno* et *porrigeno*.

First, In correcting our errors, directing and amending our lives. *Non minima pars dilectionis est, reprehendere dilectum*,—It is no small part of kindness, to reprove him thou lovest. Therefore God saith, 'Thou shalt reprove thy brother, and not hate him in thy heart.' A loving man will chide his erring friend; and he that does not, hates him in his heart. *Sic vigilet tolerantia, ut non dormiat disciplina*,*—So let patience watch, that discipline sleep not. This was David's desire, 'Let the righteous smite me, it shall be a kindness; and let him reprove me, it shall be an excellent oil, which shall not break my head,' Ps. cxli. 5. Our Saviour took this course, but he was pitiful in it; not 'breaking the bruised reed, nor quenching the smoking flax,' Matt. xii. 20. He was not transported with passion, but moved with tender compassion and merciful affection: 'He was moved with compassion toward the people, seeing them as sheep without a shepherd,' Mark vi. 34. 'As a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear him,' Ps. ciii. 13. And children are *viscera parentum*, saith Jerome,†—the very bowels of the parents. Therefore his bowels yearned within him when he saw the weakly blind led by the wilfully blind, and he instructed them. It is no small mercy in a father to correct his erring child.

This is one office of love almost quite forgotten in the world. Our eyes and ears are conscious of many horrid sins, whereof we make also our souls guilty by our silence. Like chameleons, we turn to the colour of our company. Oppressions, that draw blood of the commonwealth, move us not. Oaths, that totter the battlements of heaven, wake us not. Oh, where is our kindness! Whilst we do not reprove, we approve these iniquities. He is conscious of secret guiltiness that forbeareth to resist open iniquity.‡ Thou sayest it is for love's sake thou sparest reprehension. Why, if thou love thy friend, thou wilt gently rebuke his faults. If thou love thy friend never so dearly, yet thou oughtest to love truth more dearly. Let not, then, the truth of love prejudice the love of truth.

Secondly, In *porrigeno*, reaching forth to us his ample mercies: 'Giving us richly all things to enjoy,' 1 Tim. vi. 17. Where the Apostle describes God's bounty,—that he gives freely, fully, universally, effectually.

First, Freely. He gives without exchange; he receives nothing for that he gives. Ungodly men have honour, wealth, health, peace, plenty; their bellies are filled with his treasure, and they do not so much as return him thanks. His sun shines, his rain falls on the unjust and ungrateful man's ground. Man when he gives, *et respicit et recipit gratitudinem*, both expects and accepts thanks and a return of love. God hath not so much as thanks. For the good, they are indeed grateful; but this *gratia grati* is *gratia gratificantis*. God gives them this grace to be thankful, and they may bless him, that he stirs them up to bless him.

* Aug. de Verbis Apost., Serm. 22.

† In Epist. Paul ad Philem.

‡ Greg.

Secondly, Fully and richly, as becomes the greatest king. A duke, at the wedding-feast of his daughter, caused to be brought in thirty courses, and at every course gave so many gifts to each guest at the table as were dishes in the course. And I have read of a queen that feasted her guests with wines brewed with dissolved precious stones, that every draught was valued at a hundred crowns. Here was royal entertainment; but this was but one feast. Such bounty continued would quickly consume the finite means of any earthly prince. Only God is 'rich in mercy,' Eph. ii. 4. His treasury fills all the world, without emptying, yea, impairing or abating itself.

Thirdly, Universally; all things. The king hath his crown, the great man his honour, the mighty his strength, the rich his wealth, the learned his knowledge, the mean man his peace; all at his gift. He opens his hand wide, he sparseth abroad his blessings, and fills all things living with his plenteousness.

Fourthly, Effectually; he settles these gifts upon us. As he gave them without others, so others without him shall never be able to take them away. As he created, so he conserveth the virtues,—strength in bread, and warmth in clothes,—and gives wine and oil their effective cheerfulness.

Be thou so kind as this holy and heavenly pattern, not aiming at the measure, which is inimitable, but levelling at the manner, which is charitable. Like Job, who used not to 'eat his morsels alone,' chap. xxxi. 17; neither to deny his 'bread to the hungry,' nor the 'fleece of his flock' to the cold and naked. Let thy stock of kindness be liberal, though thy stock of wealth be stinted. Give *omni petenti*, though not *omnia petenti*; as that father excellently.

[4.] Constant. For with Christ is no variableness, 'no shadow of change,' James i. 17; but 'whom he once loves, he loves for ever,' John xiii. 1. Fickleness is for a Laban, whose 'countenance will turn away from Jacob,' Gen. xxxi. 2, and his affection fall off with his profit. I have read of two entire friends, well deserving for their virtues, that when the one was promoted to great wealth and dignity, the other neglected in obscurity; the preferred, though he could not divide his honour, yet shared his wealth to his old companion. Things so altered, that this honoured friend was falsely accused of treachery, and by the blow of suspicion, thrown down to misery; and the other, for his now observed goodness, raised up to a high place; where now he requites his dejected friend with the same courtesy, as if their minds had consented and contended to make that equal which their states made different. Oh for one dram of this immutable love in the world! Honours change manners; and we will not know those in the court who often fed us in the country; or if we vouchsafe to acknowledge them as friends, we will not as suitors. Hereon was the verse made:—

'Quisquis in hoc mundo cunctis vult gratus haberi:
Det, capiat, quarat, plurima, pauca, nihil;'

'He that would be of worldly men well thought,
Must always give, take, beg, much, little, nought.'

Men cannot brook poor friends. This inconstant charity is hateful, as our English phrase premonisheth: 'Love me little, and love me long.'

(3.) This *sicut* refines our love. 'Walk in love, as Christ loved us;' where *as* is not only similitudinary, but causal: 'Love, because Christ loved us,' 1 John iv. 19; for this cause, as after this manner. Which serves to purify our love, to purge it from corruption, and to make it perfect. *Dilectio Dei nos facit et diligibiles et diligentes*,—Both such as God can love, and

such as can love God. For it is the love of Christ to us that works a love to Christ in us. A man will ever love that medicine that hath freed him from some desperate disease. Christ's love hath healed us of all our sores and sins; let us honour and love this medicine, compounded of so precious simples, water and blood. And let us not only affectionately embrace it ourselves, but let us invite others to it: 'Come and hearken, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul,' Ps. lxxvi. 16.

2. *Christ*.—I have been so punctual in this word of quality, that I can but mention the rest. The word of majesty is Christ, who being Almighty God, coequal and coeternal with the Father and the Spirit, took on him our nature, and was *factus homo, ut pro homine pacaret Deum*,—God was made man, that for man he might appease God. Thus did so great a majesty stoop low for our love; *non exuendo quod habuit, sed induendo quod non habuit*,—not by losing what he had, but by accepting what he had not, our miserable nature. *Ipsè dilexit nos, et tantus et tantum, et gratis tantillos et tales*,*—He that was so great, loved, so greatly, us that were so poor and unworthy, freely.

3. *Loved* is that word of mercy that reconciles so glorious a God to so ungracious sinners. The cause which moved Christ to undertake for us was no merit in us, but mere mercy in him. He loved us, because he loved us: in our creation, when we could not love him; in our redemption, when we would not love him. Loved us, not but that he loveth us still. But the Apostle speaks in this time, to distinguish the love wherewith he now loveth thus, from that whereby he once loved us. 'For if, when we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by his death; much more, being reconciled, we shall be saved by his life,' Rom. v. 10. Though it be also true, that 'from everlasting he loved us,' Jer. xxxi. 3.

4. *Us* is the word of misery; us he loved that were so wretched. The word is indefinite: us, all us. Us, be we never so unworthy; all us, be we never so many.

(1.) Us that were unworthy of his love, from whom he expected no correspondence. That he loved the blessed angels was no wonder, because they with winged obedience execute his hests, 'and do his word,' Ps. ciii. 20. Yea, that he loved his very reasonless and insensible creatures is not strange; for 'fire and hail, snow and vapour, stormy wind and tempest, fulfil his word,' Ps. cxlviii. 8. But to love us, that were 'weak, ungodly, sinners, enemies,' Rom. v.: weak, no strength to deserve; ungodly, no piety to procure; sinners, no righteousness to satisfy; enemies, no peace to atone, for we hated him, and all his;—'Ye shall be hated of all men for my name's sake,' Matt. x. 22;—to love such *us*, was an unexpectable, a most merciful love. He that wanted nothing, loved us that had nothing; immortal eternity loved mortal dust and ashes. Oh, if a man had *ora mille fluentia melle*, yea, the tongues of angels, he could not sufficiently express this love. 'So God loved the world,' John iii. 16; *mundum immundum*, the unclean world, that not only not 'received him,' John i. 11, but even crucified and killed him.

(2.) All of us, without exception of persons. This is the 'Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world,' John i. 29. The gospel proclaims a universal *Si quis*: 'Whosoever believes, and is baptized, shall be saved.' *Qui seipsum excipit, seipsum decipit*,—He that excepts himself, beguiles his own soul. Hence I find three inferences observable, which I will commend to your consciences, and your consciences to God:—*First, Dilecti diligamus; Secondly, Dilectos diligamus; Thirdly, Diligentes diligamus.*

* Bern. Tract. de Diligendo Deo.

First, We are loved ourselves ; therefore let us love. He that bids us love, loved us first. 'This is my commandment, that ye love one another.' Why? 'As I loved you,' John xv. 12. *Non aliud jussit, quam gessit*,—He chargeth us with nothing in precept which he performed not in practice. Therefore, *si tardi sumus ad amandum, non tardi simus ad redamandum*,—though we have not been forward to love first, let us not be backward to return love. *Dilecti diligite*. 'If God so loved us, we ought also to love one another,' 1 John v. 11. *Magnus amoris amor* ; and the sole requital which God requires for his rich love is our poor love : that only may love him, but have nothing to give him that is not his.

Secondly, They are beloved whom thou art charged to love. He that bids us love others, loves them himself. It is fit we should love those whom Christ loves. If thou love Christ, thou art bound to love others, because he loves them ; yea, with that very same love wherewith he loves thee. Therefore *dilectos diligamus*.

Thirdly, They also love God, whom God commands thee to love. The love of Christ is so shed abroad into all Christians' hearts, that they unfeignedly affect Jesus their Saviour. They love him whom thou lovest, therefore love them. It is fit we should love them highly that love God heartily. Therefore *diligentes diligamus*.

Thus you have heard Love's walk, or race ; now, then, saith Paul, 'So run that you may obtain.' I will end with an apologue, an epilogue, a parable. Charity, and certain other rivals, or indeed enemies, would run a race together. The prize they all ran for was felicity ; which was held up at the goal's end by a bountiful lady, called Eternity. The runners were Pride, Prodigality, Envy, Covetousness, Lust, Hypocrisy, and Love. All the rest were either diverse or adverse, neighbours or enemies to Charity. I will, herald-like, shew you their several equipage, how they begin the race and end it.

Pride, you know, must be foremost ; and that comes out like a Spaniard, with daring look, and a tongue thundering out braves, mounted on a spiritly jennet, named Insolence. His plumes and perfumes amaze the beholders' eyes and nostrils. He runs as if he would overthrow giants and dragons,—yea, even the great Red Dragon, if he encountered him,—and with his lance burst open heaven-gates. But his jennet stumbles, and down comes Pride. You know how wise a king hath read his destiny : 'Pride will have a fall.'

The next is Prodigality ; and because he takes himself for the true Charity, he must be second at least. This is a young gallant, and the horse he rides on is Luxury. He goes a thundering pace, that you would not think it possible to overtake him ; but before he is got a quarter of the way, he is spent, all spent, ready to beg of those that begged of him.

Envy will be next, a lean meagre thing, full of malicious mettle, but hath almost no flesh. The horse he rides on is Malecontent. He would in his journey first cut some thousand throats, or powder a whole kingdom, blow up a state, and then set on to heaven. But the hangman sets up a gallows in his way, whereat he runs full butt, and breaks his neck.

Then comes sneaking out Covetousness, a hunger-starved usurer, that sells wheat, and eats beans : many men are in his debt, and he is most in his own debt ; for he never paid his belly and back a quarter of their dues. He rides on a thin hobbling jade called Unconscionableness, which, for want of a worse stable, he lodgeth in his own heart. He promiseth his soul to bring her to heaven ; but tarrying to enlarge his barns, he lost opportunity and the prize of salvation, and so fell two bows short—faith and repentance.

Lust hath gotten on Love's cloak, and will venture to run. A leprous wretch, and riding on a trotting beast, a he-goat, was almost shaken to pieces. Diseases do so cramp him, that he is fain to sit down with *Væ misero!* and without the help of a good doctor or a surgeon, he is like never to see a comfortable end of his journey.

Hypocrisy is glad that he is next to Charity; and persuades that they two are brother and sister. He is horsed on a halting hackney—for he does but borrow him—called Dissimulation. As he goes, he is offering every man his hand, but it is still empty. He leans on Charity's shoulder, and protests great love to her; but when she tries him to borrow a little money of him for some merciful purpose, he pleads he hath not enough to serve him to his journey's end. He goes forward like an angel, but his trusted horse throws him, and discovers him a devil.

The last named, but first and only that comes to the prize at the goal's end, is Charity. She is a humble virtue, not mounted as other racers, but goes on foot. She spares from her own belly, to relieve those poor pilgrims that travel with her to heaven. She hath two virgins that bear her company—Innocence and Patience. She does no hurt to others, she suffers much of others; yet was she never heard to curse. Her language is blessing, and she shall for ever inherit it. Three celestial graces, Glory, Immortality, and Eternity, hold out a crown to her. And when Faith and Hope have lifted her up to heaven, they take their leave of her; and the bosom of everlasting Mercy receives her.