

THE COSMOPOLITE;

OR,

WORLD'S FAVOURITE.

But God said unto him, Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee: then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?—
LUKE XII. 20.

THIS is the covetous man's scripture; and both (like an unflattering glass) presents his present condition, what he is, and (like a fatal book) premonstrates his future state, what he shall be. And because, as no man would be thought of others, or will think himself, a worldling, so nor apply to himself the terror of this text; therefore this scripture doth both indicate and single him out, with a *Tu es homo*: and when it hath set himself before himself, it tells him how he shall stand before the tribunal of God—with a lost name, with a lost soul, with a lost world, with a lost and never to be recovered heaven.

We shall perceive more plainly the cosmopolite's fearful judgment, if we take a precursory view of the parable's former passages.

First, we have the rich man, ver. 16, prospering in his wealth; not only in the usurious gains which his money, fraud, oppression, or unjust dealing might get, but even in those things which God by the hand of nature did reach forth to him. For 'his ground brought forth plentifully.' So deep a draught have the wicked often drunk in the common cup of blessings! 'Their bull gendereth, and faileth not; their cow calveth, and casteth not. They spend their days in wealth,' Job xxi. 10. Yea, will you hear yet a larger exhibition? 'They are not in trouble as other men, neither are they plagued like others,' Ps. lxxiii. 5. There they have exemption from misery. 'Their eyes stand out for fatness; they have more than heart could wish,' ver. 7. There they have accumulation of felicity.

Secondly, we have him caring what to do, ver. 17. He had so much gain, so much grain, that his rooms could not answer the capacity of his heart. 'What shall I do, because I have no room where to bestow my fruits?' Care is the inseparable companion of abundance. *Una recipiuntur divitiæ et sollicitudo*. They to whom is given most wealth are most given

to carking, sharking, and solicitous thoughtfulness, with a little inversion of our Saviour's meaning: 'Where is much given, there is much,' yea, more, 'required.' Those hearts whom the world hath done most to satisfy, are least of all satisfied; still they require more, and perplex themselves to get it. A reasonable man would think, that they who possess abundant riches should not be possessed with abundant cares. But, 'Care not for to-morrow,' saith Christ. *Cujus enim diei spatium te visurum nescis, quam ob causam illius sollicitudine torqueris?**—Why shouldst thou disquiet thyself with thought of provision for that day whose evening thou art not sure to see?

Thirdly, we have his resolution; which in his purpose hath a double succession (though no success) for their disposed order and places. 'This will I do,' ver. 18. What? 'I will pull down my barns, and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods.' He thinks of no room *in visceribus pauperum*,—in the bowels of the poor; which the Lord hath proposed to him a fit receptacle of his superfluity. He minds not to build an hospital, or to repair a church; either *in cultum Christi*, or *culturam Christiani*,—to the worship of Christ, or education of orphans, or consolations of distressed souls; but only respects *horreum suum*, and *hordeum suum*,—his barn and his barley. The want of room troubles him; his harvest was so great, that he is crop-sick. The stomach of his barn is too little to hold that surfeit of corn he intends it; and therefore in anger he will pull it down, and make it answerable to his own desires. This he takes as granted, and upon the new building of his barn he builds his rest: ver. 19, 'Then I will say to my soul, Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' He dreams his belly full, and now his pipes go; he sings *requiem*, and lullabies his spirit in the cradle of his barn. This sweet news he whispers to his soul. Though he had wearied his body with incessant toils, and made it a galley-slave to his imperious affection; yet his soul had been especially disquieted, and therefore he promiseth his soul some ease. In this indulgent promise, there is a preface and a solace:—

1. The preface assures his soul 'much goods,' and 'many years:' *multas divitias, multos annos*. He knew that a scant and sparing proffer would not satisfy his boundless desires; there must be show of an abundant impletion. It is not enough to have an ample rock or distaff of wealth, unless a longeval time be afforded to spin* it out. Philoxenus's wish coupled with his pleasant viands a long throat, crane-like, to prolong his delight: for shortness doth somewhat abate sweetness. *Rex horæ*, a king of one hour, can scarce warm his throne; it keeps a Christmas-lord flat, that he knows his end. If this man had been his own lord, how excellent an estate would he have assured himself! His farm should have been so large, and his lease so long, that I doubt whether Adam in paradise had a greater lordship, or Methusalem a longer life. The last of his desires is of the longest size: give him much goods and much time, abundance of joys and abundance of days, and you hit or fit the length of his foot.

2. The solace is a dance of four paces: 'Take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry.' The full belly loves an easy-chair; he must needs join with his laborious surfeits the vacation of sleep. He hath taken great pains to bring death upon him; and now standing at his door, it hears him talk of *ease*. He promiseth himself that which he travails to destroy, life; and even now ends what he threatens to begin. So worldlings weary and wear out their lives to hoard wealth; and when wealth comes, and health goes, they would

* Chrysost. in Matt. vi.

give all for life. O fools! in continual quest of riches, to hunt themselves out of breath, and then be glad to restore all at once for recovery. The next pace is, *Eat*: his bones must not only be pleased, but his belly. It is somewhat yet that this man resolves at last no more to pinch his guts; therefore what before he was in their debt, he will pay them with the usury of surfeits. He purposeth to make himself of a thin starveling, a fat epicure; and so to translate *parcum* into *porcum*. The third pace is, *Drink*: where gluttony is bid welcome, there is no shutting out of drunkenness. You shall not take a Nabal, but he plies his goblet as well as his trencher. And this is a ready course to retire himself from his former vexation, to drown his cares in wine. The last pace is a levalto, *Be merry*: when he hath got junkets in his belly, and wines in his brain, what should he do but leap, dance, revel, be merry, be mad! After feasting must follow jesting. Here be all the four passages: he sleeps care away, he eats care away, he drinks care away, and now he sings care away. His pipes be full, and they must needs squeak, though the name of the good, yea, the name of God, be dishonoured. But to such a mad-merry scoffer might well be applied that verse which was sounded in the ear of a great rhymers dying: *Desine ludere temere, nitere propere surgere de pulvere*. Leave playing, and fall to praying: it is but sorry jesting with death. Thus his dance was like Sardanapalus's: *Ede, bibe, lude*,—Eat, drink, and be merry; but there is one thing mars all his sport, the bringing of his soul to judgment. He promiseth a merry life, and a long life; but death says nay to both. He gratifies his soul, and ratifies his state; but cozens himself in all. It may be said of him, as King John of the fat stag dying: 'See how easily he hath lived, yet he never heard mass.' This was the sweet, but the sour follows. *Qui gaudebit cum mundo, non regnabit cum Christo*,*—He rejoiceth with the world, but must not live in glory with Christ.

Thus far the rich man acts; now comes in God's part: which turns the nature of his play from comic purposes to tragic events. He beheights all peace and joy to himself: 'But God said, Thou fool, this night shall thy soul be taken from thee,' &c.

The words contain—1. An *agent*; 2. A *patient*; 3. A *passion*; 4. A *question*.

The agent is God: 'But God said.' The patient is the rich fool. The passion: 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' The question which God puts to him, to let him see his folly: 'Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?'

1. The *agent*, God. The rich man was purposing great matters; but he reckoned without his host: he resolves thus and thus; 'but God said to him.' Hence two observations:—

Obs. 1.—That the purposes of men are abortive, and never come to a happy birth, if God bless not their conception. Man purposeth, and God disposeth. 'The horse is prepared to the battle, but the victory is of the Lord.' It is a holy reservation in all our purposes, *Si Deo placuerit*,—If it shall please the Lord. 'Go to now, ye that say, To-day or to-morrow we will go into such a city, and continue there a year, and buy and sell, and get gain: whereas ye know not what shall be on the morrow. Ye ought to say, If the Lord will,' James iv. 13. For neither tongue can speak, nor foot move, if the Lord shall enervate them: as he did Zacharias's tongue in the temple, Luke i. 22, and Jeroboam's arm, when he would have reached it out against the prophet, 1 Kings xiii. 4. In vain man intends that whereagainst God

* Hieron

contends. Sisera resolves on victory; God crosseth it with overthrow. Yet thinks Sisera, Jael will succour me, 'for there is peace between Jabin king of Hazor and the house of Heber the Kenite,' Judg. iv. 17. No; even there the arm of the Lord is ready to encounter him; a draught of milk shall be his last draught, and the hand of a woman shall kill him that hath escaped the hand of an army of men.

The Jews may say, 'We will flee away on swift horses.' But God saith, 'Your persecutors shall be swifter.' Sennacherib purposeth to lick up Israel as the ox grass, and though he found the land before him as an Eden, to leave it behind him as Sodom; but God said, He shall go home without his errand; a hook in his nostrils shall rein him back. The king of Babylon says in his heart, 'I will ascend into heaven, I will exalt my throne above the stars of God; and I will be like the Most High,' Isa. xiv. 13, 14. But God said, ver. 15, 'Thou shalt be brought down to hell, to the sides of the pit.' Herod made himself so sure of Christ, that rather than to fail of cutting off the prophesied King, he slays his own son. He might so, but he shall not touch God's Son. With what lavish promises did the Spaniards flatter themselves, when they baptized their navy with the name of *Invincible*! England is their own, they are already grasping it, warm with gore, in their clutches. But God said, Destruction shall inherit their hopes; and the remainder of ruin shall be only left to testify what they would have done.

Men's thoughts promise often to themselves *multa, magna*, many things, great things: they are plotted, contrived, commenced; yet die like Jonah's gourd, when we should expect their refreshing, *quia non fortunavit Deus*,—because God hath not blessed them. Ambition may rear turrets in emulation of heaven, and vain-glory build castles in the air; but the former shall have no roof, as the latter hath no foundation. Philip threatened the Lacedemonians, that if he entered their country, he would utterly extinguish them. They wrote him no other answer but *Si, If*: meaning, it was a condition well put in, for he never was like to come there. *Si SI non esset, perfectum quidlibet esset*. But in the menaces of angry tyrants, and purposes of hasty intenders, there is an *if*, an included condition, that infatuates all. Let our lesson hence be this: That our purposes may be sped with a happy success, let us intend in the Lord, for the Lord:—

First, Let us derive authority of our intentions from this sacred truth, which gives rules not only to live well, and to speak well, but even *ad bene cogitandum*, to think well. It is a wicked purpose to fast till Paul be killed: to wreak malice, to satisfy lust. Inauspicious and without speed are the intents whose beginning is not from God. Let no purpose pass current from thy heart, till God hath set on it his stamp and seal of approbation. Let his word give it a *fiat*. Whatsoever ye do, yea, or intend to do, let both action of hand and thought of heart be all to God's glory.

Secondly, Let us in all our purposes reserve the first place for God's helping hand. 'Without me ye can do nothing,' saith Christ, John xv. 5. But it is objected that Paul spake peremptorily to his Corinthians: 'I will come unto you when I shall pass through Macedonia,' 1 Cor. xvi. 5. And David: 'I will go to the house of the Lord,' Ps. lxxvi. I answer, *Cor tenet, quod lingua tacet*,—They that had so much grace in their hearts wanted not this grace, *et noscere et poscere facultatem Domini*,—to know and desire the Lord's permission. You shall never take men so well affected to good works, that do not implore God's assistance. Though they do not ever express in word, yet they never suppress in thought, that reservation: 'If it please

God,' as Paul doth afterwards in that place, 'If the Lord permit,' 1 Cor. xvi. 7. If any will dare to resolve too confidently, patronising their temerity from such patterns, as if their *voluntates* were *potesates*, let them know that, like tailors, they have measured others, but never took measure of themselves: that there is great difference betwixt a holy prophet or apostle, and a profane publican.

Obs. 2.—Observe that God now speaks so to the covetous that he will be heard. He preacheth another kind of sermon to him than ever he did before; a fatal, final, funeral sermon, a text of judgment: 'This night shall they fetch away thy soul.' For this is God's lecture, himself reads it: 'But God said.' He had preached to the worldling often before; and those sermons were of three sorts:—

(1.) By his word. But cares of the world choke this seed; the 'heart goes after covetousness,' even whiles the flesh sits under the pulpit. This is the devil's three-winged arrow,—wealth, pride, voluptuousness,—whereby he nails the very heart fast to the earth. It is his talent of lead, which he hangs on the feet of the soul, the affections, that keeps her from mounting into heaven. With the painted beauty of this filthy harlot he bewitcheth their minds, steals their desires from Christ, and sends them a-whoring to the hot stews of hell. Thus is God's first sermon quite lost.

(2.) By judgments on others, whose smart should amaze him. For God, when he strikes others, warns thee, *Tua res agitur*, &c. When the next house is on fire, thy cause is in question. God hath smitten Israel, that Judah might fear. 'Though Israel play the harlot, yet let not Judah offend.' 'Ephraim is joined to idols: let him alone,' Hos. iv. 15, 17. When the plague knocks at thy neighbour's door, it tells thee, 'I am not far off.' God's judgment on the Galileans, and men in Siloa, is thus applied by Christ, to draw others to repentance, lest 'they likewise perish,' Luke xiii. 5. But what if thousands fall on the worldling's right hand, and ten thousands about him, he dreams of no danger: his own gold gives him more content than all this terror. The devil hath hoodwinked him with gain, and so carries him quietly (like a hooded hawk) on his fist, without baiting, to hell. This sermon is lost also.

(3.) By crosses on himself; and this sermon comes a little nearer to him, for it concerns his feeling. The first was objected to his ear, the second to his eye, this last to his sense. But as the first sermon he would not hear, the next not see, so this he will not feel: 'He is stricken, but he hath not sorrowed,' Jer. v. 3. He imputes all to his ill luck, that he loseth the game of his worldly desires; he looks no more up to heaven than if there was none. 'God is not in all his thoughts,' Ps. x. 4. All these sermons are lost.

But now God will be heard: 'He said;' he spoke home; a word and a blow. He will be understood, though not stood under. *Vociferat, vulnerat; per dictum, per ictum*. This is such a sermon as shall not pass without consideration. So he preached to Pharaoh by frogs, flies, locusts, murrain, darkness; but when neither by Moses's vocal, nor by these actual lectures he would be melted, the last sermon is a Red Sea, that drowns him and his army. The tree is bared, manured, watered, spared in expectancy of fruits; but when none comes, the last sermon is the axe: it must be 'hewn down and cast into the fire,' Matt. iii. 10. This kind of argument is unanswerable, and cannot be evaded. When 'God gives the word, innumerable are the preachers;' if the lower voices will not be heard, death shall be feared. God knocks long by his prophets, yea, 'stands at the door' himself, Rev. iii.

20; we will not open. But when this preacher comes, he opens the door himself, and will not be denied entrance. 'All the day long have I stretched forth my hands' unto thee, Rom. x. 21: *manum misericordiae*, the hand of his mercy; it is not embraced. Now therefore he stretcheth out *manum justitiae*, the hand of his justice; and this cannot be avoided. All that long day is past, and now the worldling's night comes: 'This night shall they require thy soul.' The rich man must hear this sermon; there is no remedy. 'But God said.'

2. We are come from the doer to the sufferer, or *patient*; and his title is "Ἀφρων, 'Thou fool.' What! if this had come from a poor tenant's mouth, it had been held a petty kind of blasphemy. Is the rich man only held the wise man at all parts; and doth God change his title with such a contradiction? Is the world's gold become dross? the rich idol a fool? It is even a maxim in common acceptation, 'He is wise that is rich.' *Dives* and *sapiens* are *voces convertibiles*,—Rich and wise are convertible terms, imagined to signify one thing. When the rich man speaks, all the people give bareheaded silence and attention. As if no argument could evince such a necessity, as the chief priests to Judas, Matt. xxvi. 14: *Tantum dabo*,—So much will I give thee. *Tantus valor in quatuor syllabis*,—Such force is there in four syllables and but two words. It is not only eloquence, but enchantment; and they that use it prevail like sorcerers, unless perhaps they light upon *multis è millibus unum*,—a Peter: 'Thou and thy money be damned together,' Acts viii. 20. If he that can plead by the strongest arguments be the wisest man, how doth God call the rich man fool? If a man should travel through all conditions of the world, what gates would not open to the rich man's knock?

In the church surely religion should have the strongest force; yet riches thrusts in her head even under religion's arm, and speaks her mind. Money once brought the greatest preacher of the gospel, even the author of the gospel, Christ himself, to be judged before an earthly tribunal. Now, 'the servant is not greater than his Lord.' No wonder if money plays the *rex* still, and disposeth places to men of the greatest worldly, not the best heavenly, gifts. For a gift prospereth which way soever it goeth. It were somewhat tolerable, if money did only hinder us from what we should have; but it wrings from us also what we have.

In the courts of justice, law should rule; yet often money overrules law and court too. It is a lamentable complaint in the prophecy of Isaiah, 'Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth afar off: for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot enter,' Isa. lix. 14. If there must be contention, judgment should go forward; and is it turned backward? Justice should lay a close ear to the cause of the distressed; and must it stand afar off? 'Truth is fallen in the street.' Oh, the mercy of God! in the street? Had it fallen in the wilderness, it had been less strange; but in the street, where everybody passeth by, and nobody takes it up! Miserable iniquity! 'Equity cannot enter.' What! not equity? Are they not called courts of equity, and must that which gives them denomination be kept out? Now all this perversion, eversion of justice, is made by money. This turneth 'judgment to wormwood,' Amos v. 7, poisons a good cause; or at least into vinegar, as wine that stands long becomes sour. And you are beholden to that lawyer that will *restituere rem*, get you your right, though he doth it *cunctando*, by delays. There is many one of whom that old verse may be inverted, *Talis homo nobis cunctando diminuit rem*.

In the wars valour bears a great stroke, yet not so great as money. That

Macedonian monarch was wont to say, he would never fear to surprise that city whose gates were but wide enough for an ass laden with gold to enter. How many forts, castles, cities, kingdoms hath that blown up before ever gunpowder was invented. I need name no more. What quality bears up so brave a head but money gives it the checkmate! It answereth all things, saith Solomon: 'A feast is made for laughter, and wine maketh merry; but money answereth all things,' Eccles. x. 19. By all this it appears that riches is the greatest wisdom; but we must take out a writ, *ad melius inquirendum*.

If wealth be wit, what means Christ here to call the rich man fool? Yes, good reason. 'God hath made foolish the wisdom of this world,' 1 Cor. i. 20. If God calls him so, he gets little to have the world esteem him otherwise. 'Not he that commendeth himself,' nor whom the world commendeth, 'is approved, but whom the Lord commendeth,' 2 Cor. x. 18. An ounce of credit with God is worth a talent of men's praises. *Frustra commendatur in terris, qui condemnatur in celis*.—The world commends, but God condemns; which of these judgments shall stand?

I might here infer doctrinally that all covetous men be fools; and that in his censure that cannot deceive, not be deceived. But I should prevent the issue of this text, to say and shew this now. I therefore content myself to say it now, to shew it anon. It may be cavilled that folly is rather a defect in the understanding, covetousness in the affections; for so they distinguish the soul, into the intellectual and affectionate part. How then is this attribution of fool proper to the worldling? The truth is, that the offence of the will and affections doth mostly proceed from the former error of the mind. Our desire, fear, love, hatred, reflecting on evil objects, arise from the deceived understanding. So there is a double error in the covetous man's mind that makes him a fool:—

(1.) He conceives not the sufficiency of God's help, and therefore leaves him that will never leave his. He thinks God's treasury too empty to content him; he sees not his glory, and therefore will not trust him on bare promises. The good man sweetens his most bitter miseries with this comfort: 'The Lord is the portion of mine inheritance,' Ps. xvi. 5. But all God's wealth cannot satisfy the fool. *O nimis avarus est, cui Deus non sufficit*.—He is immeasurably covetous whom God himself cannot satisfy. Here is one argument of his folly.

(2.) Having left God, who, rested on, would not have left him, he adheres to the world, which cannot help him. The mind of man, like the elephant, must have somewhat to lean upon; and when the olive, fig-tree, vine, are refused, he must put 'his trust under the shadow of the bramble,' Judges ix. 15. When the Israelites had forsaken the King of heaven, they make to themselves a 'queen of heaven,' Jer. vii. 18. Moses is gone: 'Up, make us gods which shall go before us,' Exod. xxxii. 1. *Admiratur mundum, qui rejectit Dominum*.—He falls off from God, and falls in with the world. Here be both the parts of his folly: 'He hath committed two evils; forsaken the fountain of living waters, and hewed himself a broken cistern,' Jer. ii. 13.

3. We see the patient, let us come to the *passion*, or suffering. This is the point of war, which my text sounds like a trumpet, against all worldlings: 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' Favour them in this, and they think all well; but in this of all they must not be favoured. The suffering is aggravated by four circumstances:—(1.) *Quid*, what? the 'soul'; (2.) *A quo*, of whom? 'of thee'; (3.) *Quomodo*, how? 'shall be required'; (4.) *Quando*, when? 'this night.'

(1.) What? The 'soul,' thy soul: not thy barns, nor thy crop; neither the continent, nor content; not thy goods, which thou holdest dear, nor thy body, which thou prizest dearer, but thy soul, which should be to thee dearest of all. Imagine the whole convex of heaven for thy barn, (and that were one large enough,) and all the riches of the world thy grain, (and that were crop sufficient,) yet put all these into one balance, and thy soul into the other, and thy soul outweighs, outvalues the world. 'What is the whole world worth to him that loseth his soul?' The soul is of a precious nature.

One in substance, like the sun, yet of diverse operations. It is confined in the body, not refined by the body, but is often most active when her jailor is most dull. She is a careful housewife, disposing all well at home; conserving all forms, and mustering them to her own serviceable use. The senses discern the outside, the circumstance, the husk of things; she the inside, the virtue, the marrow: resolving effects into causes; compounding, comparing, contemplating things in their highest sublimity. Fire turns coals into fire; the body concocts meat into blood; but the soul converts body into spirits, reducing their purest forms within her dimensive lines. In man's composition there is a shadow of the Trinity. For to make up one man there is an elementary body, a divine soul, and a firmamental spirit. Here is the difference: in God there are three persons in one essence, in us three essences in one person. So in the soul there is a trinity of powers, vegetable, sensitive, rational: the former would only *be*; the second *be, and be well*; the third *be, be well, and be for ever well*. O excellent nature, in whose cabinet ten thousand forms may sit at once; which gives agitation to the body, without whom it would fall down a dead and inanimate lump of clay! This soul shall be required.

'Thy soul,' which understands what delight is, and conceives a tickling pleasure in these covetous desires. But to satisfy thy soul, thou wouldst not be so greedy of abundance; for a little serves the body. If it have food to sustain it, garments to hide it, harbour to shelter it, liberty to refresh it, it is contented. And satiety of these things doth not *reficere, sed interficere*,—comfort, but confound it. Too much meat surfeits the body, too much apparel wearies it, too much wine drowns it; only *quod convenit, conservat*. It is, then, the soul that requires this plenitude, and therefore from this plenitude shall the soul be required.

'Thy soul,' which is not made of a perishing nature, as the body, but of an everlasting substance; and hath by the eternity thereof a capableness of more joy or more sorrow: it must be ever in heaven or ever in hell. This night must this soul receive her doom; 'thy soul shall be required.'

That soul which shall be the body's perpetual companion, saving a short divorce by the hand of death in the grave; but afterwards ordained to an everlasting reunion. Whereas all worldly goods, being once broken off by death, can never again be recovered. The soul shall return to the body, but riches to neither; and this soul must be required.

This is a loss, a cross beyond all that the worldling's imagination can give being to. How differ the wicked's thoughts dying from their thoughts living! In the days of their peace they forget to get for the soul any good. Either it must rest itself on these inferior props, or despair of refuge. The eye is not scant of lustful objects, the ear of melodious sounds, the palate of well-relished viands: but the soul's eye is not fastened on heaven, nor her ears on the word of God; her taste savours not the bread of life; she is neither brought to touch nor to smell on Christ's vesture. *Animas habent,*

quasi inanimata vivunt: regarding their flesh as that pampered Roman did his, and their souls as he esteemed his horse; who being a spruce, neat, and fat epicure, and riding on a lean, scraggy jade, was asked by the censors the reason. His answer was, *Ego curo meipsum, Staius vero equum*,—I look to myself, but my man to my horse. So these worldlings look to their bodies, let who will take care of their souls.

But when this night comes, with what a price would they purchase again their souls, so mortgaged to the devil for a little vanity! Now *curare non volunt*, then *recuperare non valent*. With what studious and artificial cost is the body adorned, whiles the beggarly soul lies in tattered rags! The flesh is pleased with the purest flour of the wheat, and reddest blood of the grape; the soul is famished. The body is allowed liberty, even to licentiousness; the soul is under Satan's lock and key, shackled with the fetters of ignorance and impiety. At this night's terror, to what bondage, hunger, cold, calamity, would they not subject their bodies, to free their souls out of that friendless and endless prison! Why cannot men think of this before it be too late? It will sound harshly in thine ear, O thou riotous or avarous worldling, when this passing-bell rings, 'Thy soul shall be required!' If the prince should confiscate thy goods, which thou lovest so dearly, this news would strike cold to thy heart; but here thy soul is confiscate. The devil prizeth this most: he says, as the king of Sodom to Abraham, *Da mihi animas, cætera sune tibi*,—Give me the soul, take the rest to thyself.

(2.) Of whom? 'Of thee,' that hadst so provided for thy soul in another place; for though earth be a dungeon in regard to heaven, yet is it a paradise in respect of hell. This world was his selected and affected home, and from thence shall death pluck him out by the ears.

If this news of the soul's requiring had come to a faithful Christian, he would have welcomed it, and judged it only the voice of the Feastmaker, finding him in the humble room of this base earth, 'Friend, sit up higher,' Luke xiv. 10; or that voice of heaven that spake to John, 'Come up hither,' Rev. iv. 1: Sit no longer in the vale of tears, but ascend the mountain of glory;—a trumpet calling him to Mount Tabor, where he shall be transfigured for ever. This time would be to him the *non ultra* of his joys and desires: he fought all his combat for this, that he might 'receive the end of his faith, the salvation of his soul,' 1 Pet. i. 9. He is content to live here till God call him; but his 'desire is to be dissolved, and to be with Christ,' Phil. i. 23. *Bonus vitam habet in patientia, mortem in desiderio*,—He is patient to live, but willing to die. To him, 'the day of death is better than the day of his birth,' Eccles. vii. 1. Job 'cursed the day of his birth,' chap. iii. 3; and Jeremiah saith, 'Let not the day wherein my mother bare me be blessed,' chap. xx. 14. But blessed is the hour of death: 'So saith the Spirit; Blessed are they that die in the Lord, for they rest from their labours,' Rev. xiv. 13. Both philosophers and poets could so commend the happiness of this time, that they thought no good man truly happy till it saluted him.

'Dicique beatus

Ante obitum nemo, supremaque funera debet.'

The ethnics, ignorant of a better life future, honoured this with great solemnities, and kept prodigal feasts on their birthdays; as Herod, when he was served with the Baptist's head for his second course, Matt. xiv. 6. But the Christians were wont to celebrate the funerals of the martyrs, as if we did then only begin truly to live when we die. For though the soul is gotten when man is made, yet it is, as it were, born when he dies: his body

being the womb, and death the midwife that delivers it to glorious perfection. The good man may then well say, *Mors mihi munus erit*, with a poet;* or rather, 'Death shall be my advantage,' with an apostle, Phil. i. 21. His happiest hour is when *In manus tuas Domine*, he can say, 'Into thy hands, Lord, I commend my soul.' For *anima non amittitur, sed præmittitur*.

But this *of thee* is terrible. Thou that never preparedst for death; wert 'at a league with hell,' securely rocked asleep in the cradle of thy barn; that didst 'put far away from thee the evil day,' and give it a charge *de non instando*; thou that criedst, 'Peace, peace,' on thee shall come 'sudden destruction'; thou that saidst, 'Soul, be merry,' to sorrow shall thy soul be required. Thou that never esteemedst thy soul so dear as thy wealth, but didst set that after thy stables which might have been equal to angels—'thy soul.' Thou that wert loath to hear of death, as having no hope of future bliss; that wouldest not give thy possession on earth for thy expectation in heaven: as that French cardinal, that said he would not give his part in Paris for his part in paradise: 'of thee' shall a soul be required. This point is sharp, and makes up his misery.

(3.) *How?* 'Required.' The original is ἀπαιτοῦσαν, 'They shall require it.' This is such a requiring as cannot be withstood. God requires thy obedience, thou deniest it; the poor require thy charity, thou deniest it; the world requires thy equity, thou deniest it. But when thy soul shall be required, there must be no denying of that; it cannot be withheld. Who shall require this soul?

Not God. He required it in thy life, to sanctify it and save it: thou wouldest not hearken to him; now he will none of it. What should God do with a drunken, profane, covetous, polluted, sensual soul? He offered it the gospel, it would not believe; the blood of Christ, it would not wash and be clean: it is foul and nasty, God requires it not. Or if he require it, it is to judge and condemn it, not to reserve and keep it. *Recusabit Deus jam oblatum, quod non redditur, quando erat requisitum*,—God will refuse thy soul now offered, which thou deniedst him whiles he desired.

Not heaven. Those crystalline walks are not for muddy feet, nor shall lust-infected eyes look within those holy doors: 'In no wise shall enter into that city anything that defileth, or worketh abomination,' Rev. xxi. 27. There is a room without for such, chap. xxii. 15; a black room for black works. What should a worldling do in heaven? His heart, so full of envy and covetise, would not brook another's felicity. If there be no gold there, he cares not for coming at it. But he shall be fitted; for as he requires not heaven, so heaven requires not him. It will spare him no place; not that it wants room to receive him, but because his heart wants room to desire it. 'The unrighteous shall not inherit the kingdom of God,' 1 Cor. vi. 9. But because this general menace doth not terrify him, read his particular name in the bill of indictment: ver. 10, 'nor the covetous.' Heaven is for men of a 'heavenly conversation,' Phil. iii. 20. It was but Nebuchadnezzar's dream, Dan. ii.: God will not set a golden head upon earthen feet; give the glory of heaven to him that loves nothing but the baseness of this world.

The angels require it not. Those celestial porters, that carry the souls of the saints, as they did the soul of Lazarus, into the bosom of Abraham, have no commission for this man's soul. This rich man might be wheeled and whirled in a coach, or perhaps, Pope-like, be borne on men's shoulders; but the poor beggar, whose hope is in heaven though his body on earth, that

* Ovid. Trist., i, Eleg. 21.

could neither stand, go, nor sit, is now carried in the highest state by the very angels; when the other dying, hath no better attendance than devils.

And so if you ask, who then require his soul, sith neither God, nor heaven, nor the blessed angels will receive it: why, devils—they that have right to it by God's just decree for his unjust obedience. God's justice so appoints it, for his sins have so caused it; Satan challengeth his due, his officers require it. Thou hast offended, O miserable cosmopolite, against thy great Sovereign's law, crown, and majesty; now all thou hast is confiscate—thy goods, thy body, thy soul. Thou, whose whole desires were set to scrape all together, shalt now find all scattered asunder; thy close congestion meets with a wide dispersion. Every one claims his own: the world thy riches, the worms thy carcase, the devil thy soul. Lust hath transported thine eyes, blasphemy thy tongue, pride thy foot, oppression thy hand, covetousness thy heart; now Satan requires thy soul. Not to give it ease, rest, or supply to the defects of thy insatiate desires; no, *dabit in cruciatum*, he shall deliver it over to torment. This requiring is a fetching with some kind of violence. The good man resigns or surrenders up his soul, as Christ gave up the ghost; but the worldling's soul must be plucked from him by force.

(4.) *When?* 'This night.' In this dark *quando* lie hid two fearful extremities—sadness and suddenness. It is not only said in the 'night,' but in 'this night.'

[1.] In the 'night;' this aggravates the horror of his judgment. The night is a sad and uncomfortable time; therefore misery is compared to the night, and joy said to come in the morning. 'Pray that your flight be not in the night,' saith Christ to the Jews; as if the dismal time would make desperate their sorrow. The night presents to the fantasy, which then lies most patient of such impressions, many deceiving and affrightful imaginations. Well, then, may a true, not fantasied, terror work strongly on this wretch's heart, whiles the night helps it forward. All sickness is generally stronger by night than by day; this very circumstance of season then aggravates his misery, making at once his grief stronger, himself weaker.

But what if we look further than the literal sense, and conceive by this night the darkness of his soul. Such a blindness he brings on himself, though the day of the gospel be broke round about him. The cause of night to a man is the interposition of the earth betwixt him and the sun. This worldling hath placed the earth, the thick and gross body of riches, between his eyes and the Sun of righteousness. And so, shine the sun never so clear, it is still night with him. There is light enough without him, but there is darkness too much within him. And then darkness must to darkness; inward to outward, as Christ calls it, 'outer darkness.' He would not see whiles he might, he shall not see when he would. Though he shall for ever have fire enough, yet it shall give him no light, except it be a little glimmering, to shew him the torments of others, and others the torments of himself.

[2.] 'This night;' the sadness is yet increased by the suddenness. It will be fearful, not only to be surprised in the night, but in that night when he doth not dream of any such matter; when there is no fear nor suspicion of apprehension. His case is as with a man that having rested with a pleasing slumber, and been fed with a golden dream, suddenly waking finds his house flaming about his ears, his wife and children dying in the fire, robbers ransacking his coffers and transporting his goods, all lovers forsaking, no friend pitying, when the very thrusting in of an arm might deliver him. This rich man was long asleep, and had been delighted with pretty wanton dreams, of enlarged barns and plentiful harvests, (as all worldly pleasures

are but waking dreams;) now he starts up, on the hearing of this soul-knell, and perceives all was but a dream, and that indeed he is everlastingly wretched.

The suddenness increaseth the misery. The rich man hath no time to dispose his goods; how shall he do with his soul? If in his health, wealth, peace, strength, succoured with all the helps of nature, of opportunity, preaching of the gospel, counsel of ministers, comfort of friends, he would not work out his salvation, what shall he do when extreme pangs deny capability to receive them, and shortness of his time prevents their approaching to him? He hath a huge bottom of sin to unravel by repentance, which he hath been many years winding up by disobedience; now a great work and a little time do not well agree. This sudden call is fearful: 'This night shall thy soul be required.' Yet before I part from this point, let me give you two notes:—

First, There is mercy in God that it is *hac nocte*, this *night*; not this *hour*, not this *moment*. *Hac nocte* was sudden, but *hoc momento* had been more sudden; and that this larger exhibition of time is allowed was God's mere mercy against the worldling's merit. He that spared Nineveh many forties of years will yet allow her forty days, Jonah iii. 4. He that forbore this wretch many days, receiving no fruit worth his expectation, will yet add a few hours. God, in the midst of justice, remembers mercy: much time he had received and abused, yet he shall have a little more. When the Lord's hand is lifted up to strike him, yet he gives him some *lucida intervalla monitionis*,—warning before he lets it down. But let not the worldling presume on this; sometimes not an hour, not a minute is granted. Sword, palsy, apoplexy, imposthume, make quick despatch, and there is no space given to cry for mercy. But what if a paucity of hours be permitted? Ancient wounds are not cured in haste; the plaster must lie long upon them. There was one man so saved, to take away desperation; and but one so saved, to bar presumption: *Unus latro in fine penituit: unus quidem ut nullus desperet; solus autem, ut nullus præsumat*.^{*} Conversion at the eleventh hour is a wonder, at the twelfth a miracle. All thieves do not go from the gallows to glory because one did, no more than all asses speak because God opened the mouth of one. Flatter not thyself with hope of time. *Nemo sibi promittat, quod non promittit evangelium*,—Let no man promise himself a larger patent than the gospel hath sealed to him.

Secondly, The day of the wicked turns at last to a night. After the day of vanity comes the night of judgment. Now is the time when the rich man's sun sets; his light and his delight is taken from him. His last sand is run out; the clock hath ended his latest minute, his night is come. His day of pleasure was short; his night of sorrow is everlasting. *Extremum gaudii luctus occupat*. Vexation treads on the heels of vanity. Man's life is compared to a day.

This day to some may be distinguished into twelve hours. The first gives us nativity: even in this hour there is sin; an original pravity, indisposition to good, proneness to evil. Secondly, infancy: God now protects the cradle. Thirdly, childhood: and now we learn to speak and to swear together; the sap of iniquity begins to put out. Fourthly, tender age: wherein toys and gauds fill up our scene. Fifthly, youth: this is a madding, a gadding time. 'Remember not the sins' of this time, prays David, Ps. xxv. 7; their 'remembrance is bitter,' says Job, chap. xiii. 26. Sixthly, our high noon: God, that could not be heard before for the loud noise of vanity, now looks for audi-

^{*} Aug.

ence, for obedience. Seventhly, this is full of cares and crosses: the dugs of the world taste bitter; it is full time that this hour should wean us. The eighth brings us to a sense of mortality: we feel our blood decaying. Ninthly, our bodies go crooked and stooping, to put us in mind that they are going to their original earth. Tenthly, we are even as dying: we do die by degrees; our senses first fail us, our eyes are dim, like old Isaac's, our ears deaf, our tastes dull, our grinders are done, our stilts unable to support us. Eleventhly, we are a burden to ourselves, to our friends: we long for death, if any hope of a better life hath possessed our hearts. The twelfth hour it comes. Which of these hours pass over us without God's mercies, without our voluntary unthankfulness, unless those first hours wherein our ignorance is incapable of such observance? 'All *thy* day long have I stretched out my hands unto thee,' saith God, Rom. x. 21. If none of these hours reclaim us, our day is spent, and the night comes; that night 'wherein no man can work,' John ix. 4; actively to comfort, though passively he works for ever in torment. I know that God cuts many one short of most of these hours, and often shuts up his daylight before he comes to his noon. But howsoever man pass from infancy to childhood, from childhood to youth, from youth to age, yet *senectutem nemo excedit*,—none can be more than old. Though *tam senex nemo, quin putet se annum posse vivere*,*—no man is so old but still he thinks he may live another year. And therefore lightly the older, the more covetous; and *quo minus vice restat, eo plus viatici queritur*,—the less journey men have, the more provision they make.

God allows this liberal time to some; but what enemies are we to ourselves, that of all these twelve hours allow ourselves not one! Many post off their conversion from day to day, sending religion before them to thirty; and then putting it off to forty; and not pleased yet to overtake it, promise it entertainment at threescore: at last death comes, and allows not one hour. In youth, men resolve to allow themselves the time of age to serve God; in age, they shuffle it off to sickness; when sickness comes, care to dispose their goods, loathness to die, hope to escape, martyrs that good thought; and their resolution still keeps before them the length of 'Gracious Street' at least. If we have but the lease of a farm for twenty years, we make use of the time and gather profit. But in this precious farm of time we are so ill husbands, that our lease comes out before we are one pennyworth of grace the richer by it. Take heed; it is dangerous trifling out thy good day, lest thou hear this message in the evening, 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.'

4. 'Then whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' This is the *question*. It were somewhat if thou mightest perpetually enjoy them thyself, if thou couldst fetch down eternity to them: as those in the 49th Psalm, 'whose inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling-places to all generations: they call their lands after their own names.' But there is a *quandiu* and a *quousque*. How long? Hab. ii. 6, 'How long? thou that loadest thyself with thick clay!' How far? Isa. xiv. 16, 'How far? thou that madest the earth to tremble, and didst shake the kingdoms!' Here is a *non ultra* to both: thy power is confined, thy time is limited; both thy latitude and extension are briefed up; here is the period; a full stop in the midst of the sentence. *Tū īoras*, 'Whose shall those things be which thou hast provided?' He that should read thy history, being ignorant of thy destiny, and find so plentiful a happiness in the first page of the book;—grounds so fertile, cattle so prospering, house so furnished, possibilities stroking thy hopes, hopes milking thy desires, desires dancing

* Cicero de Senectute.

to the tune of thy pleasures; promises of larger barns, more opulent fruits; and all this with ease, yea, with heart's-ease: 'Soul, be merry;'—and coming now to the end of the page, but not of the sentence, turning over a new leaf, thinking there to read the maturity and perfection of all, should find a blank, an abrupt period, an unlooked-for stop, would surely imagine that either destiny was mistaken, or else some leaves were torn out of the book. Such a *Cujus erunt hæc omnia* would be a terrible dash in a story of happiness so fairly written, and promising so good an epilogue. But here is his end, you must read him no further: 'He whom you have seen this day, you shall see him again no more for ever,' Exod. xiv. 13. 'Whose shall these things be,' O worldling? Were thy grounds as Eden, and thy house like the court of Jehoiakim, yet 'dost thou think to reign, because thou closest thyself in cedar?' Jer. xxii. 15. No; *Advenit finis tuus*,—Thy end is come; 'whose shall these things be?'

It were something yet if thy children might enjoy these riches. But there is a man that 'hath no child, yet is there no end of his labour; neither is his eye satisfied with wealth; and he saith not, For whom do I travail, and bereave my soul of this good?' Eccles. iv. 8. The prodigal would be his own heir and executor; but this covetous man bequeaths neither legacy to himself, nor to any known inheritor. The other desires to see an end of all his substance; this man to see only the beginning. He hunts the world full cry, yet hath no purpose to overtake it; he lives behind his wealth, as the other lives beyond it. But suppose he hath children, and then though he famish himself to feed them fat; though he be damned, yet if his son be made a gentleman, there is some satisfaction. But this *Cujus erunt* is a scattering word, and of great uncertainty. 'Whose shall they be?' Perhaps not thy children's. They say, 'Happy is that son whose father goes to the devil,' but thou mayest go to the devil, and yet not make thy son happy. For men make heritages, but God makes heirs. He will wash away the unholy seed, and cut off the generation of the wicked. Solomon had a thousand wives and concubines, and consequently many children; yet at last he wants one of his 'seed to sit upon the throne of David, or to bear rule in Judah;' and St Luke derives Christ from Nathan the younger brother, Luke iii. 31. For thus saith God of Jechoniah, whom he calls Coniah,* cutting short at once his name, his life, his hope of posterity: 'Write this man childless,' Jer. xxii. 30. It often so falls out, that to a man exceeding wealthy is denied a successor of his own loins. Let him have children, he is not sure those children shall possess his riches. 'But those riches perish by evil travail; and he begetteth a son, and there is nothing in his hand,' Eccles. v. 14. A scatterer succeeds a gatherer: *avari hæres dissipans*; the father loved the world too well, and the son cares not for it. The sire was all for the rake, and the son is all for the pitchfork. So, 'whose shall all these be?' Even his that will one day pity the poor. He will love the poor so well, that he will not rest till he be poor with them for company. 'This is the portion of the wicked, and the heritage which the oppressors shall receive of the Almighty. If their children be multiplied, it is for the sword; and their offspring shall not be satisfied with bread,' Job xxvii. 13, 14.

Children are a great plea for covetousness, for oppression. Art thou covetous because thou hast children? Remember to make Christ one of thy children. If thou hast one, make him the second; if two, make him the third; if three, the fourth: how many soever thou hast, let Christ be one; let the poor have a child's part. This is the way to get a blessing to all the

* See Vol. I., p. 295.—ED.

rest. When Christ is made a brother to thy children, and hath a legacy bequeathed him, he will bless the portions of the other. 'The seed of the righteous shall not beg their bread,' Ps. xxxvii. 26. It is a sweet verse of the psalm, worthy of observation, as it is full of comfort: 'The good man is ever merciful, and lendeth, and his seed is blessed.' The world thinks the more a man giveth away, the less should be left to his children; but the Lord witnesseth otherwise: let a man lend to the borrower, give to the beggar, be merciful to the distressed, and this is the way to make his seed blessed. Charitable works do not hinder the children's wealth, but further it: what thou givest to the poor, will be a sure undecaying portion to thy posterity. *Duplicatum erit filiis justi, quod justus dedit filiis Dei*,—God will double that to thy children which thou hast given to his children. Men flatter themselves, and cozen their consciences, with a tolerableness of usury, when moneys be put out for their children's stocks. Alas! saith a man, I can leave my children but a little; but by that they come to age of discretion to use it, it will be jollily increased. I may be quickly gone, and when I am dead, they have no skill to employ it; I will therefore safe-bind it for them, by good bonds with allowance of interest.

God often in the Scriptures hath promised to be a father of the fatherless, and to provide for those whom the parents' faith have left to his protection. By this promise did Christ commend himself to his disciples: 'I will not leave you orphans,' John xiv. 18; we translate it, 'comfortless,' the original is 'orphans,' or fatherless children. 'The Lord relieveth the fatherless, and the widow,' Ps. cxlvi. 9. You may read, 2 Kings iv., that God would work a miracle rather than a poor widow, with her two fatherless children, should want. Hath God made himself their guardian, and must their means be secured by usurious contracts? Surely God hath just reason to take this the most unkindly of all the rest. Leave not thy children the inheritance of thy sin, turn not the providence of God from them by iniquity, who hath promised to protect them, if committed to him. Lo the wit of a worldly man! He takes thought to make his children rich, and yet takes the only course to undo them. No casualty shall fall upon their stocks, (so they plot,) by any act of God or man; but here certain loss falls presently upon their souls, and a final ruin shall impartially at last consume their estates. For God will blast the stocks and branches, that are planted in the moorish and muddy ground of usury. The dependence on God is abandoned, and how justly may the Lord forsake them that forsake him! Neither is this sin only damnable to the parents, but also dangerous to the children; who are by this means dyed in the very wool of their youth with the scarlet wickedness of usury.

There was a devil whom the disciples of Christ could not cast out; and when Christ expelled him, the spirit 'tare the man, and he fell on the ground wallowing and foaming,' Mark ix. 21. Christ then asked, 'How long is it ago since this came unto him?' To which the father answered, 'Of a child.' If usury be hardly thrown out of the affections, the wonder is little, seeing that devil hath possessed him 'of a child.' The new mortar, wherein garlic hath been stamped, will not a great while lose the smell. It is a fearful advantage that thou givest Satan over thy children, when thou bringest them up in the trade of oppression.

Thy depopulations pull down the country, that thou mayest build up thy posterity. Which way canst thou turn thine eyes from beholding the infatuation of such hopes? One generation is thus raised up high, and the next comes down as low, even to contempt and beggary.

But perhaps if thou hast no children, yet thou hast a brother. 'There is one alone, and there is not a second; yea, he hath neither child nor brother: yet is there no end of his labour,' Eccles. iv. 8. Say thou hast a brother, yet is not Christ, thy brother in heaven, dearer to thee than any son of thy mother? Is not he that hath adopted thee co-heir to his eternal purchase, an inheritance of glory, worthy of some part of thy earthly possessions? Never brother did so much for thee as he hath done. Nature made a man thy brother in thy parents' blood; he made thee his brother by his own blood. Remember then his needy brethren, and in him thine. He is nearest in blood that is dearest in good; but if thou hast any faith, none did thee ever so much good as Christ. And to take away all plea from the heart of uncharitableness, Christ calls the poor his brethren, affirms their relievers blessed, and invites them to an everlasting kingdom: 'Inasmuch as ye have done it to the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me,' Matt. xxv. 40. But thou hast a brother in the flesh! Wilt thou therefore covet, extort, oppress, and so go to hell for thy brother? It is ill done in any to divert *amorem fratris, in odium sui*,—the love of his brother into hate against himself. Yet is not this all; but when thou hast purposed most for thy brother, God shall disappoint him of all. 'Whose shall these things be?' No, not thy brother's. 'To the sinner the Lord gives travail, to gather and to heap up,' Eccles. ii. 26; but at last he bestows that heap of treasure upon 'him that is good before God.' Thou bequeatest it to thy brother, but God disposeth it to his children. But thou hast no brother, yet thou hast kindred and friends; and to help thy cousins to wealth, thou wilt cozen thy own soul! Alas! it is a mystery of knowledge to discern friends. 'Wealth maketh many friends,' Prov. xix. 4; they are friends to the wealth, not to the wealthy. They regard not *qualis sis*, but *quantus*,—not how good thou art, but how great. They admire thee to thy face, but inwardly consider thee only as a necessary evil, yea, a necessary devil; and when thou diest, are ready to sing thy soul a *Dirige* to hell. If thine eyes be ever opened, thou wilt hate such suborners of bastard thoughts to thy heart; as a recovered man, having drunk a loathsome potion in his sickness, doth ever after hate the very cruse it was brought him in. But say thy friends stick truer to thee, and one holds thy aching head, another runs for physic, a third, by helping thee to change sides, seeks to mitigate thy pains; yet still thou complainest of unremedied torments. Oh, then, hadst thou not better make the God of comfort thy friend, who would neither be wanting in his presence, nor scanting in his consolations?

Worldly friends are but like hot water, that when cold weather comes, are soonest frozen. Like cuckoos, all summer they will sing a scurvy note to thee, but they are gone in July at furthest: sure enough before the fall. They flatter a rich man, as we feed beasts, till he be fat, and then feed on him. A true friend reproves thee erring, though perhaps not suddenly. Iron is first heated, then beaten: first let him be heated with due and deserved praise for his good, then cool and work him with reprehension for his evil; as nurses, when their children are fallen, first take them up, and speak them fair, and chide or correct them afterwards. These friends love not thy soul's good, but thy body's goods; let them not carry away thy heart from Christ. But if thou so resolvest that these friends shall enjoy thy riches, yet God saith, *Cupus erunt*, 'Whose shall they be?' Thy kindred or friends shall not eat the grapes of thy planted vineyard; no, 'a stranger shall eat thereof.' 'God giveth not thee power to eat thereof;' no, nor him thou desirest; 'but a stranger eateth it,' Eccles. vi. 2. *Dabitur digniori*, it shall be given to

one good in God's sight: perhaps to such a man's posterity whom thou now scornest. The 'wicked heap up silver as the dust, and prepare raiment as the clay. They may prepare it, but the just shall put it on, and the innocent shall divide the silver,' Job xxvii. 17.

Now see thy folly, O covetous churl, whose desires were all set on a *nunquam satis*: 'Whose shall those things be?' Not whom thou chooseth, but whom God appointeth. Thy children are God's charge, if thou wilt faithfully trust him with them: otherwise, couldst thou bind thy lands, and bequeath thy goods; settle thy whole estate so sure as either strength of law or wit of lawyers can devise; yet *Cujus erunt*,—'Whose shall these things be?' Lo, now thou hast enough; thy head aches, thy conscience pricks, death requires thy body, Satan thy soul. Couldst thou not wish that thy barns had been less, and thy charity more? that as God blessed thy store, so thou hadst returned some liberal testimony of thankfulness to his church and poor again? Especially, when neither thyself nor thy assignees shall enjoy these things. 'Whose shall they be?'

All these particulars surveyed give the covetous cosmopolite three brands. He is branded in his soul, in his riches, in his good name. In his soul: 'Thy soul shall be fetched away.' In his riches: 'Whose shall these things be which thou hast provided?' In his name: 'Thou fool.' Whereupon we may justly infer this conclusion as the sum of all: that abundant wealth can bring no good either to soul, body, or name. Man is said to have three lives: spiritual, corporal, and civil, as the lawyers call it—the life of his good name. Neither to this, nor to the life of his soul or body, can multitude of riches confer any good. This text shall prove it in all the particulars:—

1. To the *soul* can opulency procure no benefit. All Christians know that good for the soul is the passion and merits of Christ: faith to apprehend these; repentance to mortify sins; sanctification to give us celestial lives; and salvation to glorify our persons. But can any of these be bought with money? 'Thou and thy money perish together, that thinkest the gifts of God may be purchased with money,' Acts viii. 20. God will not barter away his graces (as the Indians their gold) for thy gauds and rattles. He will not take the mortgage of a lordship for the debt thou owest him. The smoke of thy sacrifice smells never the sweeter because thou art clothed in silks, or canst sit down to tell thy Michaelmas thousands. Thy adulteries cannot be commuted for in heaven, nor thy usuries be answered by a fine before the tribunal of the Highest. Thou mayest as soon and easily mount up to heaven with wings of lead as by feathers of wealth. Indeed, they can do a man as much good in distress of conscience, as to have his head bound with a wet cloth in a cold morning can cure the headache. If wealth could keep a man from hell, how few rich men would be damned! But he is not *sanctior qui ditior*; nor is salvation vendible to a full purse. The doctrine of Rome may affirm it; but the decree of God will not afford it. This cosmopolite had barns and bars, but these cannot hedge in his soul; that is 'required.'

2. To the *body* perhaps there is some more expectation of good, but no more success. Thou art anguished: will thy wealth purchase health? Sleep is denied thy senses, and after many changed sides and places, thou canst find no rest: go now, empty thy coffers, and try what slumber the charms and chimes of gold can ring thee. Thy stomach loathes meat: all thy riches are not sufficient sauce to get thee an appetite. Couldst thou drink Cleopatra's draught, it will not ease thy headache. The physician will take thy

money, and give thee physic; but what physic will give thee infallible health?

But the rich man hath a fire, when the poor sits cold; the rich a harbour, attendance, and delicate provision, when the poor wants both house and home, meat and money, garments and company. For though riches gather many friends, 'the poor is separated from his neighbours,' Prov. xix. 4. No part of my sermon hath denied but the competency of these earthly things is a blessing; neither dare I infer that the want of these is a curse; for the best have wanted them, not the Saviour of men himself excepted. But what is this to abundance? Is not he as warm that goes in russet as another that rustles and ruffles in his silks? Hath not the poor labourer as sound a sleep on his flock-bed or pad of straw as the epicure on his down-bed, with his rich curtains and coverings? Doth not quiet lie oftener in cottages than in glorious manors? 'The sleep of a labouring man is sweet, whether he eat little or much; but the abundance of the rich will not suffer him to sleep,' Eccles. v. 12. And for a good appetite, we see the toiling servant feed savourily of one homely dish, when his surfeited master looks loathingly on his far-fetched and dearly-bought dainties: sitting down to his second meal in a quandary whether he should eat of his best dish or nothing; his stomach being such a coward, that it dares not fight with a chicken. This gentleman envies the happiness of his poor hind, and would be content to change states with him, upon condition he might change stomachs. It is not then the plenitude, but competency of these things, that affords even the rich content. So that a man's estate should be like his garment, rather fit than long; for too much troubles him, and the satiety of these earthly riches doth rather kill than conserve the body.

3. The *name* perhaps hath some hope of luxurious share in this abundance, and thinks to be swelled into a *Colossus*, over-straddling the world. Indeed, here is the centre; for, I persuade myself, few worldlings can propound to themselves any well-grounded expectation of good to their souls, or help to their bodies, by their accumulation of treasures. Only in his *nomen potius quam omen queritur*,—there is more hope of a great name than of good content. And now for the name; what is the event? Come his riches ill; his credit is the commons' curse. *Populus sibilat*, the world rails at him living; and when he dies, no man says, It is pity; but, It is pity he died no sooner. 'They shall not lament for him with, Ah lord! or, Ah his glory!' Jer. xxii. 18; but 'he shall be buried with the burial of an ass,' ver. 19, that hath lived the life of a wolf. His glorious tomb, erected by his enriched heir, shall be saluted with execrations; and the passengers by will say, 'Here lies the devil's promoter.' Come his wealth well; yet what is credit, or how may we define a good name? Is it to have a pageant of cringes and faces acted to a taffety jacket? To be followed by a world of hang-byes, and hooted at by the reeling multitude, like a bird of paradise, stuck full of pied feathers? To be daubed over with court-mortar, flattery; and set up as a butt for whores, panders, drunkards, cheaters, to shoot their commendations at? To be licked with a sycophant's rankling tongue; and to have poor men crouch to him, as little dogs use to a great mastiff? Is this a good name? Is this credit? Indeed these things may give him a great sound: as the clapper doth to a bell, makes it have a great sound, but the bell is hollow. They are empty gulls, whose credit is nothing else but a great noise, forced by these lewd clappers. A rich worldling is like a great cannon, and flatterers' praises are the powder that charge him; whereupon he takes fire, and makes a great report; but instantly goes off, goes out in

stench. He may think himself the better ; but no wise man, no good man doth ; and the fame that is derived from fools is infamy.

That which I take to be a good name is this : *Laudari à laude dignis* ; * to be well esteemed of in Christian hearts ; to find reverence in good men's souls. *Bonum est laudari, sed præstat esse laudabilem*,—It is a good thing to be praised, but it is a better to be praiseworthy. It is well that good men commend thee in their consciences, but it is better when thy good conscience can commend thee in itself. Happy is he whose 'own heart doth not condemn him,' 1 John iii. 21. This credit wealth cannot procure, but grace ; not goods, but goodness. The poorest man serving God with a faithful heart, finds this approbation in sanctified affections, when golden asses go without it. I confess, many rich men have had this credit, but they will never thank their riches for it. Their greatness never helped them to this name, but their goodness. They have honoured the Lord, and those the Lord hath promised that he will honour. So that all the reputation which wealth can procure a man in God's judgment is but 'Thou fool.' In that parabolical history, Luke xvi., mention is made of a 'rich man,' but none of his name ; as if it were unworthy to stand in the Lord's book. Here is all the credit of the wicked : their 'very memory shall rot,' and their great name shall either not be remembered, or remembered with detestation.

Lo now the benefit of worldly wealth, and the brands which disfigure the soul, body, name, of covetous men. For his reputation, folly challengeth it ; for his riches, uncertainty devours it ; for his soul, Satan claims it. He is gone in all respects ; and now there is nothing left of him, but his infamy in the thoughts of men, his goods in the keeping of the world, his body in the prison of the grave, and his soul in the hand of hell. *Abiit*, he is gone : a tempest hath stole him away in the night. Saith Job, 'The rich man shall lie down, but he shall not be gathered : he openeth his eyes, and he is not,' chap. xxvii. 19. Therefore it is said, Luke xvi. 19, 'There was a certain rich man : ' *Erat, non est*,† 'There was,' there is not, he is now gone. 'I have seen the wicked in great power, and spreading himself like a green bay tree. Yet he passed away, and, lo, he is not : yea, I sought him, but he could not be found,' Ps. xxxvii. 36.

To conclude : it may be yet objected, that though much wealth can procure to soul, body, or name, no good ; yet it may be an antidote to prevent some evil, or a medicine to rid them all of some malady. The insufficiency of such a promise in riches is punctually also confuted in this text. For neither the rich man's soul, body, nor estate is secured by his abundance. Infernal spirits fetch his soul ; temporal men possess his wealth ; eternal censures blast his good name ; and the worms prey upon his carcase. What evil then can riches either prevent or remove from man ?

1. Not from the soul ; all evil to this is either *pœnæ* or *culpæ* ; of sin, or of punishment for sin.

For sin. What vice is evacuated by riches ? Is the wealthy man humbled by his abundance. No, he is rather swelled into a frothy pride ; conceiting himself more than he is, or at least imagining that he is either *ric* or *is*, the man or somebody. And as pride is *radix omnis peccati*, the root of all sin, so riches is the root of pride. *Divitiarum vermis superbia*, saith St Augustine. When the sun of prosperity heats the dunghill of riches, there is engendered the snake of pride. Wealth is but a quill, to blow up the bladder of high-mindedness. St Paul knew this inseparable consequence, when he charged Timothy to 'charge them that are rich in this world, that

* Sen. Ep. 102.

† Chrysost.

they be not high-minded,' 1 Tim. vi. 17. And do we think that the heat of malice will be slaked by riches? No, it is fired rather into combustion; and now bursts forth into a flame, what before was forced to lie suppressed in the embers of the heart. Is any man the more continent for his abundance? No; *Stat quævis multo meretrix mercabilis auro*,—Whores are led to hell with golden threads. Riches is a warm nest, where lust securely sits to hatch all her unclean brood. From fulness of bread, the Sodomites fall to unnatural wantonness. *Ceres et Liber pinguefaciunt Venerem*. Oppression is not abated by multiplication of riches; but rather *longiorem et magis strenuam reddit manum*,—gives it a longer and stronger arm. For as the poor cannot withstand, so the rich will not restrain, the tyranny of great oppressors. 'They covet fields, and take them by violence,' Micah ii. 2. How? 'Because their hand hath power.'

For punishment. What security is in money. Doth the devil balk a lordly house, as if he were afraid to come in? Dares he not tempt a rich man to lewdness? Let experience witness whether he dares not bring the highest gallant both to sin and shame. Let his food be never so delicate, he will be a guest at his table; and perhaps thrust in one dish to his feast—drunkenness. Be his attendance never so complete, yet Satan will wait on him too. Wealth is no charm to conjure away the devil; such an amulet and the Pope's holy-water are both of a force. Inward vexations forbear not their stings in awe of riches. An evil conscience dares perplex a Saul in his throne, and a Judas with his purse full of money. Can a silken sleeve keep a broken arm from aching? Then may full barns keep an evil conscience from vexing. And doth hell-fire favour the rich man's limbs more than the poor's? Hath he any servant there to fan cold air upon his tormented joints? Nay, the nameless Dives goes from soft linen to sheets of fire; from purple robes to flames of the same colour, purple flames; from delicate morsels to want a drop of water. Herod, though a king on earth, when he comes to that smoky vault, hath not a cushion to sit on, more than the meanest parasite in his court. So poor a defence are they for an oppressed soul.

2. Nor from the body can riches remove any plague. The lightning from heaven may consume us, though we be clad in gold; the vapours of earth choke us, though perfumes are still in our nostrils; and poison burst us, though we have the most virtual antidotes. What judgment is the poor subject to, from which the rich is exempted? Their feet do as soon stumble, and their bones are as quickly broken. Consumptions, fevers, gouts, dropsies, pleurisies, palsies, surfeits, are household guests in rich men's families, and but mere strangers in cottages. They are the effects of superfluous fare and idleness; and keep their ordinary at rich men's tables. Anguish lies oftener on a down-bed than on a pallet; diseases wait upon luxury as close as luxury upon wealth. These frogs dare leap into King Pharaoh's chamber, and forbear not the most sumptuous palace. But money can buy medicines: yet, what sick man would not wish that he had no money, on condition that he had no malady! Labour and moderate diet are the poor man's friends, and preserve him from the acquaintance of Master Doctor, or the surfeited bills of his apothecary. Though our worldling here promiseth out of his abundance, meat, drink, and mirth; yet his body grows sick, and his soul sad: he was before careless, and he is now cureless; all his wealth cannot retain his health, when God will take it away.

3. But what shall we say to the estate? Evils to that are poverty, hunger,

thirst, weariness, servility. We hope wealth can stop the invasion of these miseries. Nothing less : it rather mounts a man, as a wrestler does his combatant, that it may give him the greater fall. Riches are but a shield of wax against a sword of power. The larger state, the fairest mark for misfortune to shoot at. Eagles catch not after flies ; nor will the Hercules of ambition lift up his club but against these giants. There is not in poverty that matter for a great man's covetous fire to work upon. If Naboth had had no vineyard to prejudice the command of Ahab's lordship, he had saved both his peace and life. Violent winds blow through a hollow willow, or over a poor shrub, and let them stand, whiles they rend a-pieces oaks and great cedars, that oppose their great bodies to the furious blasts. The tempests of oppressing power meddle not with the contemptible quiet of poor labourers, but shake up rich men by the very roots ; that their blasted fortunes may be fit timber for their own building. Who stands so like an eyesore in the tyrannous sight of ambition as the wealthy ? Imprisonment, restraint, banishment, confiscation, fining, and confining are greatness's intelligencers ; instruments and stairs to climb up by into rich men's possessions. Superabundant wealth hath four hindrances from doing good to the estate :—

(1.) God usually punisheth our over-loving of riches with their loss. He thinks them unworthy to be rivals with himself ; for all height and strength of love is his due. So that the ready way to lose wealth is to love it. *Et delectatio perdet.*

(2.) The greatness of state, or of affection to it, opens the way to ruin. A full and large sail gives vantage to a tempest : this pulled down, the danger of the gust, and of shipwreck by it, is eluded ; and it passeth by with only waves roaring, as if it was angry for being thus prevented. He that walks on plain ground either doth not fall, or riseth again with little hurt. He that climbs high towers is more in danger of falling, and if he fall, of breaking his neck.

(3.) We see the most rich worldlings live the most miserably, slaved to that wealth whereof they keep the key under their girdles. *Esuriunt in popina*, as we say,—they starve in a cook's shop. A man would think, that if wealth could do any good, it could surely do this good, keep the owner from want, hunger, sorrow, care. No, even these evils riches do not avoid, but rather force on him. Whereof is a man covetous but of riches ? When these riches come, you think he is cured of his covetousness : no, he is more covetous ; though the desires of his mind be granted, yet this precludes not the access of new desires to his mind. So a man might strive to extinguish the lamp by putting oil into it, but this makes it burn more. And as it is with some, that thirstily drink harish and ill-brewed drinks, have not their heat hereby allayed, but inflamed ; so this worldling's hot eagerness of riches is not cooled, but fired by his abundance.

(4.) That which makes a man easy to hit, makes also his wound grievous. The poet* tells us, that when Codrus's house burns, (a little cottage in the forest,) he stands by and warms himself at the flame : he knows that a few sticks, straw, and clay, with a little labour, can rebuild him as good a tabernacle. But if this accident light upon the usurer's house, distraction seizeth him withal : he cries out of this chamber, and that chest, of his closet and cabinet, of his bonds and mortgages, money and plate ; and is so much the more impatient as he had more to lose.

In a word, here is all the difference betwixt the rich and the poor : the poor

* Juve., Sat. 4.

man would be rich whiles he lives, and the rich would be poor when he dies. For it is small grief to leave hunger, cold, distress, bondage, hard lodging, and harder fare ; but to forsake full barns, full purses, music, wine, junkets, soft beds, beauteous women, and these lust-tickling delights, and to go with death to the land of forgetfulness, this is the terror. I end, then, as Paul concludes his counsel to rich men : ‘Lay up for yourselves a good foundation against the time to come, that you may lay hold on eternal life,’ 1 Tim. vi. 19.