

## THE SPIRITUAL NAVIGATOR BOUND FOR THE HOLY LAND.

*Before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.*—REV. IV. 6.

of application  
to the throne

I HAVE chosen a member of the epistle appointed by our church to be read in the celebration of this feast to the most Sacred Trinity. There is One sitting on the throne, which is God the Father; on his right hand the Lamb which was slain, only worthy to unseal the book, which is God the Son; and seven lamps of fire burning before the throne, the seven-fold Spirit, which is God the Holy Ghost. *Unus potentialiter, trinus personaliter.* Which blessed Trinity in Unity, and Unity in Trinity, inspire me to speak, and you to hear! Amen. 'Before the throne,' &c.

The Revelation is a book of great depth, containing *tot sacramenta, quot verba*;\* as many wonders as words, mysteries as sentences. There are other books of the gospel; but Bullinger calls this *Librum evangelicissimum*,† the most gospel-like book, a book of most happy consolation: delivering those eventual comforts, which shall successively and successfully accompany the church unto the end of the world. It presents, as in a perspective glass, the Lamb of God guarding and regarding his saints; and giving them triumphant victory over all his and their enemies. The writings of St John, as I have read it observed, are of three sorts. He teacheth in his Gospel especially faith; in his Epistles love; hope in his Revelation.

This last (as of great consolation, so) is of great difficulty. There is manna in the ark, but who shall open it to us? Within the *Sanctum Sanctorum* there is the mercy-seat; but who shall draw the curtain for us, pull away the veil? Our Saviour lies here (not dead, but living); but who shall roll away the stone for us? open a passage to our understanding? The impediment is not *in objecto percipiendo*, but *in organo percipiendi*; not in the object to be seen, but in our organ or instrument of seeing it: not in the sun, but in the dim thickness of our sight. God must say unto us, as the man of God spake to Eli in the name of Jehovah, 1 Sam. ii. *Revelando revelavi*, &c. 'I have plainly appeared unto the house of thy father.'

For my own part, I purpose not to plunge to the depth with the elephant; but to wade with the lamb in the shallows: not to be over-venturous in the Apocalypse, as if I could reveal the Revelation: but briefly to report

\* Hieron Ep. Paulin.

† In Apoc. Con. 61.

what expositions others have given of this branch; and then gather some fruit from it, for our own instruction and comfort. Being bold to say with St Augustine, whosoever hears me, *ubi pariter certus est, pergat mecum; ubi pariter hæsitat, querat mecum; ubi errorem suum cognoscit, redeat ad me; ubi meum, revocet me.\** If he be certain with me, let him go on with me: if he doubt with me, let him seek with me: if he find out his own error, let him come unto me; if mine, let him recall me.

use of latin:  
translation

With purpose of avoiding prolixity, I have limited myself to this member of ver. 6, 'And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.' I find hereof seven several expositions. I will lightly touch them, and present them only to your view; then build upon the soundest.

1. Some expound this glassy and crystal-like sea, of contemplative man: so Emanuel Sa. But I find this foundation so weak, that I dare not set any frame of discourse on it.

searches for  
foundation  
for discourse

2. Some conceive it to be an abundant understanding of the truth; a happy and excellent knowledge, given to the saints; and that in a wonderful plenitude: so Ambrose. *Per mare historica, per vitrum moralis, per crystallinum spiritualis intelligentia.* By sea: is intended an historical knowledge; by glass a moral; a spiritual and supernatural by crystal.

3. Some understand by this glassy sea like crystal, the fulness of all those gifts and graces, which the church derives from Christ. In him dwells all fulness: yea so abundant is his oil of gladness, that it runs (as it were) over the verges of his human nature, unto the 'skirts of his clothing,' plentifully blessing his whole church. Thus it is conceived by Brightman. As if this *mare vitreum* were an antitype to that *mare fusum*: spoken of 1 Kings vii. 23, this 'glassy sea,' to that 'molten sea.' Among other admirable works of that heaven-inspired king, ver. 23, 'He made a molten sea, ten cubits from the one brim to the other: it was round all about, and its height was five cubits: and a line of thirty cubits did compass it round about,' &c.; ver. 26, 'It contained two thousand baths.' The end why it was made, and use for which it served, you shall find, 'The sea was for the priests to wash in,' 2 Chron. iv. Now this might well seem to prefigure some great plenitude. For otherwise, for Aaron and his sons to wash in, *Exiguus aliquis urceolus vel guttulus suffecisset*: some cruet, bason, or laver might sufficiently have served.

4. Some intend this glassy sea, like to crystal, to signify caelum crystallinum, the crystalline heaven: which they affirm to be next under that heaven of heavens, where the eternal God keeps his court, and sits in his throne. And somewhat to hearten the probability of this opinion, it is said here, this 'sea is before the throne.'

5. Some expositions give this sea for the gospel. And their opinion is probably deduced from the two attributes, glassy and crystalline.

(1.) The first expresseth *perlucidam materiem*, a bright and clear matter. Which sets a difference betwixt that legal, and this evangelical sea. That was *ex are conflatum*, which is *densa et opaca materies*: of molten brass, which was a thick, dusky, and shadowy matter; not penetrable to the sight. This is *mare vitreum*, a sea of glass; more clear, perspicable, and transparent. That was a sea of brass, this of glass. In which disparity this latter far transcends the former. So that if David said, Ps. lxxiv., 'How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord of Hosts! My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the Lord:' speaking but of that 'legal sanctuary,' Heb. ix. 1, which was adorned with those Levitical ordinances,

\* Lib. 1, de Trin., cap. 3.

and typical sacrifices; how much more cause have we to rejoice with Peter and those two brethren, Matt. xvii. 1, to see Jesus Christ transfigured in the gospel, 'his face shining as the sun, and his raiment white as the light'? Being not come to the mount of terror, 'full of blackness, and darkness, and tempest,' Heb. xii. 18; whereat even Moses himself did 'exceedingly fear and quake;' but 'unto Mount Zion, unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels: to the general assembly and church of the first born, which are written in heaven,' &c. For, saith Saint Paul sweetly, 'If the ministration of condemnation be glory, much more doth the ministration of righteousness exceed in glory,' 2 Cor. iii. 9. They saw *Christum velatum, we revelatum*; Christ shadowed in the law, we see him manifested in the gospel. Great, without controversy, is the mystery of godliness: God manifested in the flesh, justified in the Spirit, &c., 1 Tim. iii. 16. They saw *per fenestram, we sine medio*: they darkly through the windows, we without interposition of any cloud. Great then is the difference between that figurative molten sea of brass, and this bright glassy sea of the gospel.

This glass lively represents to us ourselves, and our Saviour. Ourselves wicked and wretched, *damnatos priusquam natos*, condemned before we were born: sinful, sorrowful; cast down by our own fault, but never restorable by our own strength; without grace, 'without Christ, without hope, without God in the world,' Eph. ii. 12. Our Saviour descending from heaven to suffer for us; ascending to heaven to provide for us: discharging us from hell by his sufferings, and intercessing us to heaven by his righteousness. Oh look in this blessed glass, and 'Behold the Lamb of God taking away the sin of the world,' John i. 29. Look in it again, and behold all the spots and blemishes in your own consciences: as you would discover to your eye any blot on your face, by beholding it reflected in a material glass. See, contemplate, admire, meditate your own misery, and your Saviour's mercy, in this glass represented.

(2.) Crystalline is the other attribute: which is not *idem significans*, but *plenioris, nec non planioris virtutis*: not signifying the 'same thing, but of a fuller and plainer virtue, or demonstration. *Chrystallum est quasi expers coloris, accedens proxime ad puritatem aëris*. Crystal is described to be (as it were) void of colour, as coming next to the simple purity of the air. Now as the other attribute takes from the gospel all obscurity: so this takes from it all impurity. There is no human inventions, carnal traditions, or will-worship mixed with this sea: it is pure as crystal. Abundant plagues shall be added to him that shall 'add to this book:' and his part shall be 'taken away out of the book of life,' that shall sacrilegiously 'take out from it,' Rev. xxii. 18.

Let me say: God beholds us through this crystal, Jesus Christ; and sees nothing in us lean, lame, polluted, or ill-favoured. Whatever our own proper and personal inclinations and iniquations have been, this translucent crystal, the merits and righteousness of our Saviour, presents us pure in the eyes of God. Through this crystal Christ himself beholds his church, and then saith, 'Thou art fair, my love, there is no spot in thee,' Cant. iv. 7.

6. There is a sixth opinion. Some by this glassy and crystal sea, conceived to be meant baptism. Prefigured by that red sea, Exod. xiv. To which red sea Paul alludes in the point of baptism, 1 Cor. x., 'I would not have you ignorant, how that all our fathers were under the cloud; and all passed through the sea. And were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud,

Conscience  
informed  
by grace

and in the sea.' Of this mind are Augustine (Tractat. 2 in John), Rupertus, Euthymius.

The accordance of the type and antitype stands thus. As none of the children of Israel entered the terrestrial Canaan, but by passing the red sea; so ordinarily, no Christian enters the celestial Canaan, but through this glassy sea. The 'laver of regeneration' is that sea, wherein we must all wash. 'Verily, verily, I say unto thee:' He said so, that could tell; and he doubles his asseveration, 'Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God,' John iii. 5. Ordinarily, no man comes to heaven dry-shod; he must wade through this ford. The minister must irrigate. 1 Cor. iii. John Baptist must pour on water; and Christ must christen us 'with the Holy Ghost and with fire,' Matt. iii. 21. There must be a washed body, a cleansed conscience. This is that the apostle calls 'pure water,' Heb. x. 'Let us draw near with a true heart, in full assurance of faith, having our hearts sprinkled from an evil conscience, and our bodies washed with pure water.' So let us draw near: without this no daring to approach the throne of grace. Through this sea we must all sail, the Holy Ghost being our pilot, the word of God our compass; or how should we think to land at the haven of heaven!

7. Lastly, others affirm, that by this glass sea is meant the world. So Bullinger, &c. This being the most general and most probable opinion, on it I purpose to build my subsequent discourse. A special reason to induce me (as I think, the best light to understand the Scripture is taken from the Scripture; and as God best understands his own meaning, so he expounds it to us by conferring places difficult with semblable of more facility) I derive from Rev. xv. 2: 'I saw as it were a sea of glass mingled with fire; and they that had gotten the victory over the beast, and over his image, and over his mark, and over the number of his name, stand on the sea of glass, having the harps of God.' Where the saints having passed the dangers of the glassy sea, all the perils and terrors of this brittle and slippery world, and now setting their triumphant feet on the shores of happiness, they sing a victorious song: 'Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints.' Praising God with harps and voices for their safe waftage over the sea of this world..

Now, for further confirmation of this opinion, in ver. 8, the exultation which they sing is called 'the song of Moses the servant of God.' So that it seems directly to answer, in a sweet allusion, to the delivery of Israel from the Egyptians, Exod. xiv., at what time the divided waters of the Red Sea gave them way, standing up as a wall on their right hand, and a wall on their left; and that so long, till the little ones, and the women with child, might pass over dry-shod; but at last, returning to their old course, swallowed up their pursuers. Immediately hereon, Exod. xv., Moses and all Israel, turning back to behold the Egyptians drowned in the sea, or floating on the waves, whilst themselves stood secure on dry land, they sung a song to the Lord. The children of Israel, having passed the Red Sea, sing a song to the Lord: the children of God, having passed the glassy sea, sing a song also; and this latter song is called by the name of that first, even the song of Moses.

So that the analogy stands thus. 1. The Red Sea was a type of this glassy sea, the world. 2. The old Israelites, of the new and true Israelites, the faithful. 3. The Egyptians, of all wicked persecutors and enemies of God's church. 4. Canaan, the land of promise, of heaven the land of purchase, which Christ bought for us at so great a price. Our adversaries like theirs, our dangers like theirs, our waftage like theirs; but the country we

sail to far transcends that earthly Canaan. That did but flow with milk and honey for a time; this with infinite joy, and illimited glory for ever. Against this construction it is objected.

1. This sea is before the throne: how can the world be so said? Ans. Properly: to shew that all things in the world are not subject to fortune, but governed by 'him that sits on the throne.'

2. The world is rather thick and muddy: how can it be called crystal? Ans. Fitly: not in regard of its own nature, for so it is polluted; but *respectu intuentis*, in regard of God that beholds it; who sees all things done in it so clearly, as in crystal.

The allegory then gives the world—1. For a sea. 2. For the sea of glass. 3. Like to crystal. 4. Lastly, it is before the throne. Two of the circumstances concern the world *in thesi*, two *in hypothesi*. It is described *taliter* and *totaliter*: simply, and in reference. Simply, what it is in itself; in reference, what it is in respect of God. The world is—I. In regard of itself, 1, a sea, for tempestuousness; 2, a sea of glass, for brittleness. II. In regard of God, 1, like crystal, for God's eye to see all things in it; 2, before the throne, subject to God's governance.

I. A Sea.—The world is not a material, but a mystical sea. Time was that the whole world was a sea, Gen. vii.: 'The waters prevailed exceedingly upon the earth, and all the high hills, that were under the whole heaven, were covered. Fifteen cubits upward did the waters prevail, and the mountains were covered.' As a poet, according with the Scripture,

Omnia Pontas erant, deerant quoque littora ponto.

All was a sea, and that sea had no shores. The deluge of sin is no less now, than was then the deluge of waters. The flood of wickedness brought that flood of vengeance. If their souls had not been first drowned, their bodies had not been overwhelmed. The same overflowing of iniquity shall at last drown the world in fire.

1. The world may be very fitly compared to the sea in many concurrences.

(1.) The sea is an unquiet element, a fuming and foaming beast, which none but the Maker's hand can bridle, Matt. viii. 'What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey him?' The world is in full measure as unruly. It is the 'Lord that stilleth the noise of the seas, the roaring of their waves, and the tumult of the people,' Psa. lxxv. 7. Where the Psalmist matcheth roaring waves and roaring men; the raging sea with the madness of the world. And yet God is able to still them both. The prophet calls the sea a raging creature, and therein yokes it with the wicked. 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,' Isa. lvii. 20.

Unà Euræque Notusque ruunt, creberque procellis  
Africus, et vastos tollunt ad littora fluctus.\*

Yet the Lord 'gathereth the waters of the sea together as an heap: and layeth up the depth in store houses,' Psa. cxxxiii. 7. Hear God himself speak to this boisterous element, Job xxxviii., 'Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further: and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.' Let me say truly of God, what Pliny of nature, in this element, *Hic ipsa se Natura vincit numerosis modis*. God, who is marvellous in all his ways, wonderful in all his works, is in the sea most wonderfully wonderful. It is called *Aquor, quasi minimè æquum*: so (I think) the world *Mundus, quasi minimè*

\* Æneid. 1.

*mundus*. Sometime *fratum à fremitu*, of a boisterous and troublesome nature. The world is full of molesting vexations, no less than the sea.

[1.] Sometimes it swells with pride, as the sea with waves; which David saith, 'mount up to heaven,' Ps. cvii. Behold that Babylonian Lucifer, saying, 'I will exalt my throne above the stars of God: I will ascend above the heights of the clouds: I will be like the Most High,' Isa. xiv. 13, 14. Pride is haughty, and walks with a 'stretched-out neck,' Isa. iii. 16, and with an elevated head; as if at every step it could knock out a star in heaven. Especially the proud man, like the sea, swells if the moon inclines, if his mistress grace him.

[2.] Vain glory is the wind, that raiseth up the billows of this sea. The offspring of the revived world are erecting a turret, whose battlements were meant to threaten heaven, Gen. xi. Did they it in an holy ambition of such neighbourhood? No; they loved not heaven so well. Did they it for security upon earth? Neither; for *Ferunt summos fulgura montes*: the nearer to heaven, the more subject to thunder, lightning, and those higher inflammations of heaven. Whereas, *Procul à Jove, procul à fulmine*, was the old saying: Far from Jupiter, far from his thunder. Their purpose was only glory in this world. And as the Psalmist saith, that the wind raiseth the billows of the sea; 'He commandeth and raiseth the stormy wind, which lifteth up the waves thereof,' Ps. cvii. 25; so ambition was the wind that reared those waves and walls of pride.

[3.] The world, like the sea, is blue with envy, livid with malice. It is the nature of worldings to over-vex themselves at the successful fortunes of others. God must do nothing for another man, but the envious man's evil eye thinks himself wronged. He repines at that shower, which falls not on his own ground. The precious balms distilled from heaven on neighbours, break the malicious man's head. He hath in him no honesty, but especially wants an honest eye. He wounds himself to see others healed. Neither are the blows he gives his own soul transient flashes, or lashes that leave no impression behind them; but marks that he carries with him to his grave; a lean, macilent, affamished body; a soul self-beaten black and blue.

[4.] Sometimes it boils with wrath; and herein the world and the sea are very semblable. A mad and impatient element it is; how unfit to figure man! Yet such is his indignation; if in the rage and fury of the sea there be not more mercy.

There is a time when the 'sea ceaseth from her raging;' but the turbulent perturbations of this passion in the world continue without remission or interruption. The angry man is compared to a ship sent into the sea, *qua Dæmonem habet gubernatorem*; which hath the devil for its pilot. *Ira mortalium debet esse mortalis*.\* The anger of mortal man should be mortal, like himself. But we say of many, as Valerius Maximus of Sylla, It is a question, whether they or their anger die first; or whether death prevents them both together. If you look into this troubled sea of anger, and desire to see the image of a man, behold, you find fiery eyes, a faltering tongue, gnashing teeth, a heart boiling in brine, and drying up the moisture of the flesh; till there be scarce any part left of his right composition. The tumultuous rage of the world so reeks with these passions, that the company of those men is as ominous and full of evil bodings, as the foaming sea.

[5.] The sea is not more deep than the world. A bottomless subtlety is in men's hearts, and an honest man wants a plummet to sound it. Policy and piety have parted company; and it is to be feared, they will

\* Lactant.

*the angry man*

hardly ever meet again. He is counted a shallow fellow that is, as the Scripture commends Jacob, 'a plain man, dwelling in tents,' Gen. xxv. 27. New devices, tricks, plots, and stratagems are only in request. Do you not know the reason hereof? The world is a sea; and in this sea is plain-dealing drowned.

[6.] There is foaming luxury in this sea: a corrupt and stinking froth, which the world casts up. The stream of lust in this *mare mortuum* fumes perpetually; poisons the air we breathe; and like a thick fog, riseth up to heaven, as if it would exhale vengeance from above the clouds. This spumy foam is on the surface of the world, and runs like a white leprosy over the body of it. Commend the world, ye affecters affected of it: there is a foam that spoils its beauty. Praise it no further than Naaman was, 2 Kings v. He was 'captain of the host of the king of Syria, a great man with his master, and honourable, because the Lord by him had given deliverance to Syria; he was also a mighty man in valour; but he was a leper.' There is a blur in the end of the encomium, a blank in the catastrophe, a prickle under the rose. 'But he was a leper;' this *veruntamen* mars all. The world, you say, is *spaciosus, speciosus*; beautiful, bountiful, rich, delightful: but it is leprosy. There is a *Sed* to it, a filthy foam that defiles it.

[7.] The world, as the sea, is a swallowing gulf. It devours more than the sea\* of Rome; yea, and will devour that too at last. It swallows those that swallow it, and will triumph one day with insultation over the hugest cormorants, whose gorges have been long ingurgitated with the world; *In visceribus meis sunt*, they are all in my bowels. The gentleman hath swallowed many a poor man, the merchant swallows the gentleman, and at last this sea swallows the merchant. There are four great devourers in the world, luxury, pride, gluttony, covetousness. The prophet Joel speaks of four horrible destroyers. 'That which the palmer-worm hath left, hath the locust eaten; that which the locust hath left, hath the canker-worm eaten; and that which the canker-worm hath left, hath the caterpillar eaten,' Joel i. 4. The palmer is luxury, the locust pride, the canker gluttony, and you all know that the caterpillar is covetousness. Luxury, like the palmer, swallows much in the world; that which luxury leaves unspent, pride the locust devours; the scraps of pride, the canker gluttony eats; and the fragments of all the former, the caterpillar covetousness soon dispatcheth. These be the world's four wide-throated swallowers.

These circumstances have demonstrated (the first instance of this comparison) the tumultuous turbulency of the world. There be many other resemblances of it to the sea.

(2.) *Mare amarum*. The sea is bitter, and therefore called the sea. *A quo dominatio, denominatio*. The waters thereof are also salt and brinish. All demonstrates the world to have an unsavoury relish. So it hath truly; whether we respect the works or the pleasures of it.

The works of this sea are the 'waters of Marah,' Exod. xv. 23. If we be true Israelites, 'we cannot drink of the waters of Marah; for they are bitter.' The works of the world have an unsavoury relish. Would you know what they are? Ask St John. 'All that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but it is of the world,' 1 John ii. 16. *Hæc tria pro trino Numine mundus habet*. Ask St Paul. 'Adultery, fornication, uncleanness, lasciviousness, idolatry, witchcraft, hatred, variance, emulations, wrath, strife, seditions, heresies, envyings, murders, drunkenness, revellings,' Gal. v. 19. These *opera tenebrarum*

\* A play upon the words 'sea' and 'see.'—Ed.

are bitter works ; branches springing from that root, which beareth gall and wormwood, Deut. xxix. Sour and wild grapes, which the soul of God abhorreth. As the good Simon told the bad Simon, Acts viii., 'Thou art in the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity.'

Nay, even the delights of the world are bitter, sour, and unsavoury. For if *medio de fonte leporum*, there hap not *surgere amari aliquid*, yet knowest thou not, it will be bitterness in the end ? 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee,' &c. ; 'But know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment,' Eccl. xi. 9. It may be honey in the palate ; it is gall in the bowels. 'Though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue : though he spare it, and forsake it not, but keep it still within his mouth ; yet his meat in his bowels is turned, it is the gall of asps within him,' Job xx. 12. He that swims in a full sea of riches, and is borne up with whole floods of delights, is but like a sumpter horse that hath carried the trunks all day, and at night his treasure is taken from him, and himself turned into a foul stable, perhaps with a galled back. The rich worldling is but a hired porter, that carries a great load of wealth on his weary back all his day, till he groan under it ; at night, when the sun of his life sets, it is taken from him, and he is turned into a foul stable, a squalid grave, perchance with a galled shoulder, a raw and macerated conscience.

Say, the delights of this world were tolerably sweet ; yet even this makes them bitter, that the sweetest joys of eternity are lost by over-loving them. There was a Roman, that in his will bequeathed a legacy of a hundred crowns to the greatest fool. The executors, inquiring in the city for such a one, were directed to a nobleman, that, having left his own fair revenues, manors, and manners, became a hogherd. All men consented that he was the greatest fool. If such a legacy were now given, the heirs need not trouble themselves in scrutiny ; there be fools enough to be found everywhere, even so many as there be worldlings, that, refusing the honours of heaven, and the riches of glory, turn hog-keepers, nay, rather hogs, rooting in the earth, and eating husks.

But how bitter, saltish, and unsavoury soever the sea is, yet the fishes that swim in it exceedingly like it. The world is not so distasteful to the heavenly palate, as it is sweet to the wicked, who have learned, though with that woe and curse, Isa. v., 'to call good evil, and evil good ; bitter sweet, and sweet bitter.' They strip themselves to adorn it, as the Israelites did for the golden calf, and so adorned, adore it with devoted hearts. It is their Baal, their idol, their god. Alas ! it is no god ; more like, they will find it a devil. Mr Foxe in his 'Martyrology,' hath a story of the men of Cockeram, in Lancashire. By a threatening command from Bonner, they were charged to set up a rood in their church ; accordingly, they compounded with a carver to make it. Being made and erected, it seemed it was not so beautiful as they desired it ; but with the harsh visage thereof scared their children. (And what should a rood serve for, but to please children and fools ?) Hereupon they refused to pay the carver. The carver complains to the justice ; the justice, well examining and understanding the matter, answers the townsmen : Go to, pay the workman, pay him ; get you home, and mark your rood better. If it be not well-favoured enough to make a god, it is but clapping a pair of horns on it, and it will serve to make an excellent devil. So add but your superstitious dotage, covetous oppressions, and racking extortions to the world, whereby you gore poor men's sides, and let out their heart-bloods ; and though it be no god

immod  
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history



to comfort, you shall find it devil enough to confound. The world them is extremely bitter in digestion, whatever it be at the first relish.

Well yet, as salt and bitter as this ocean the world is, there is some good wrought out of this ill. That supreme and infinite Goodness dissuades his children from affecting it, by their experienced tartness of it. So the nurse embitters the dug when she would wean the infant. How easily had Solomon been drowned in this sea, had he not perceived its distastefulness? When his understanding and sense concludes, 'All is vexation,' his affections must needs begin to abhor it. God lets his children look into the world, as some go to sea to be sea-sick, that, finding by experience what they would not credit by relation, they may loathe this troublesome world, and long to be in the land of promise. He that once thoroughly feels the turbulency of the sea will love the dry land the better while he lives. Our better spiritual health is not seldom wrought by being first sea-sick—disquieted with the world's vexations. Salt water hath sometimes done as much good as sweet, hard things as soft, as stones as well as cotton are good casting for a hawk. The crudities of sin in David's soul were vomited up by a draught of this bitter water. That profuse son (Luke xv.) would have been a longer stranger to his father's house, if the world had not put him to a hog's diet. Peter no sooner sees the billow, but he ejaculates to Christ a short but substantial prayer, 'Lord, save me.'

For this cause is the world made to us so full of afflictions. Christ promiseth to give a reward, but not to take away persecutions, 'Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake: for theirs is the kingdom of heaven,' Matt. v. 10. He doth not subtract all suffering, but adds a recompence. God doth so mingle, and compound, and make them both of one indifferency and relish, that we can scarce distinguish which is the meat and which the sauce, both together nourishing our spiritual health. You see the alike distastefulness of the world and sea. This is the second resemblance.

(8.) The sea doth cast forth her dead fishes, as if it laboured to purge itself of that which annoys it, giving only contentful solace and nutriment to those that naturally live in it. So does the world, contending to spew out those that are dead to it. 1 Cor. iv. 10, 'We are made as the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things unto this day.' No marvel if she pukes when we lie on her stomach. A body inured to poisons grows sick and queasy at the receipt of wholesome nourishment. John xv. 19, 'If ye were of the world, the world would love his own. But because you are not of the world, but I have chosen you out of the world, therefore the world hates you.' Not a piece of the world, but all the world. Matt. x. 20, 'You shall be hated of all men for my name's sake.'

The godly are indeed the very health of the world. The family thrives the better that Joseph but serves in. The city is forborne so long as Lot is in it. The whole world stands for the elect's sake. And if their number were accomplished, it should be delivered over to the fire. Yet, oh strange! Elias is said to trouble Israel, and the apostles are thrust out of cities for turbulent fellows. But saith Ambrose, *Turbatur illa navis, in qua Judas fuit*. The ship was troubled wherein Judas was. Christ was in a ship with the other apostles, without Judas: behold the winds are still, the sea is calm, the ship safe. Christ was in a ship with Judas amongst the rest, and *turbatur illa navis*: the wind blusters, the waves roar, and a tempest endangers the vessel to ruin.

*Benefit multis ex societate boni.* One good man doth much good to many.

He is not only as manacles to the hands of God, to hold them from the defulmination of judgments, but is also a happy prevention of sin. He keeps God from being angry. He calms him when he is angry. A godly man is like David's harp, he chaseth away the evil from the company, and he doth (as it were) conjure the devil. For in his presence (as if he could work miracles) impudence grows ashamed, ribaldry appears chaste, drunkenness is sober, blasphemers have their lips sealed up, and the 'mouth of all wickedness is stopped.' This good comes by the good.

Yet because they are dead to the world, it casts them out. So the Gergesites did 'cast Christ out of their borders,' Matt. viii. So the pharisees did cast the convert that was born blind out of their synagogue, John ix. 34. So the Antiochians did cast Paul and Barnabas out of their coasts, Acts xiii. 50. Like confectioners, that throw away the juice of the oranges, and preserve only the rinds, or as certain chemists, that cast all good extractions to the ground, and only make much of the poison. But if you will not be picked up of the world, you must adhere close to it, and with alimmental congruence please its stomach. Will you go to the court? You must be proud, or you shall be despised. Will you to the city? You must be subtle, or you shall be cheated. Will you to the country? You must partake of their ignorant and blind dotage, and join in their vicious customs, or you shall be rejected. If you live in the world, and not as the world, this sea will spew you up, as too holy for their company. But let them. For 'God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, by whom the world is crucified unto me, and I unto the world,' Gal. vi. 14.

(4.) The sea is no place to continue in. No man sails there to sail there; but as he propounds to his purpose a voyage, so to his hopes a return. You hold him a prisoner that is shut up in close walls, the door of egress barred against him. He is no less a prisoner (though his jail be as large as the sea) that must not set his foot on dry ground. The banks and shores be his prison walls; and though he hath room enough for his body, he is narrowed up in his desires. He finds bondage in liberty. The one half of the earth is but his prison, and he would change his walk for some little island.

The world, in like sort, is no place to dwell in for ever. Self-flattering fools that so esteem it. Ps. xlix. 11, 'Their inward thought is, that their houses shall continue for ever, and their dwelling places to all generations.' Therefore 'they call their lands after their own names.' As if the sea were for mansion, not for transition. It was a glorious piece of the world, which ravished Peter desired to build tabernacles on, Matt. xvii. Yet it was perishable earth, and it might not be granted. Heaven only hath mansions. (John xiv. 2, 'In my Father's house there are many mansions;') all the world else is but of tottering tabernacles.) And *immobile regnum*, Heb. xii. 28, 'a kingdom that cannot be shaken,' when all the kingdoms and principalities of the earth shall be overturned. This world, then, only is for wastage.

There is one sea to all men common, but a different home. We are all in this world, either strangers or stragglers; the godly are strangers. 'Dearly beloved, I beseech you, as pilgrims and strangers, abstain from fleshly lusts, which fight against the soul,' 1 Pet. ii. 21. So that aged patriarch acknowledged to the Egyptian king, 'Few and evil have the days of thy servant been in his pilgrimage.' In that true golden legend of the saints, it is said of them, 'They confessed that they were strangers and pilgrims on the earth,' Heb. xi. 13. The wicked are stragglers too; and

howsoever *conentur figere pedes*, and to 'take their portion in this life,' Ps. xvii. 14, yet they must, with Judas, to 'their own home,' Acts i. 25. We grow upward, they go forward, to heaven or hell, every man to his own place. Let the rich man promise his soul a *requiem* here, Luke xii. 20. Let the atheistical cardinal of Bourbon prefer his part in Paris to his part in Paradise; yet the sea is not to be dwelt on. It is but for waftage, not for perpetuity of habitation. This is the fourth resemblance.

(5.) The sea is full of dangers. To discuss the perils of the sea belongs rather to the capacity of a mariner than of a divine. I will only apprehend so much as may serve to exemplify this dangerous world.

[1.] The sea is one of those fearful elements wherein there is no mercy. O that the world had but so much mercy as might exempt and discharge it of this comparison! But if we take the world for the wicked of the world, we read that 'the very mercies of the wicked are cruel.'

[2.] There be pirates in the sea. Alas! but a handful to that huge army of them in the world. Take a short view of them, borrowed of a divine traveller. Fury fights against us, like a mad Turk. Fornication, like a treacherous Joab, in kisses, it kills. Drunkenness is the master-gunner, that gives fire to all the rest. Gluttony may stand for a corporal; avarice for a pioneer; idleness for a gentleman of a company. Pride must be captain.

But the arch-pirate of all is the devil, that huge leviathan 'that takes his pleasure in this sea,' Psa. civ.; and his pastime is to sink the freight of those merchants that are laden with holy traffic for heaven. 'Canst thou draw out this leviathan with an hook, or his tongue with a cord which thou lettest down? Canst thou put a hook into his nose, or bore his jaw through with a thorn?' Job xli. 1, 2. Historians speak of a fish that is a special and oft-prevailing enemy to this whale, called by some *vihvella*, or the sword-fish. The most powerful thing to overcome this mystical leviathan is the sword of the Spirit, which, to be seconded with the temporal sword of the magistrate, is of singular purpose. Whiles neither of these swords are drawn against this pirate, and his malignant rabble: no marvel if they make such massacres on the sea of this world. Let the red dragon alone; and whilst himself comes tumbling down from heaven, he will draw down many stars with his tail.

[8.] There be rocks in the sea, which if a skilful pilot avoid not warily, he may soon have his vessel dashed in pieces. How many ships have been thus cast away! How many merchants' hopes thus split! They call their vessels by many prosperous names: as, the *Success*, the *Good-speed*, the *Triumph*, the *Safe-guard*. How vain doth one rock prove all these titles! The rocks of our marine world are persecutions and offences, which lie as thick as those fiery serpents in the wilderness, with their venomous and burning stings, Num. xxi. Christ's cause and Christ's cross go most commonly together; and who shall be sooner offended than his little ones? 'All that will live godly in Christ Jesus, shall suffer persecution,' 2 Tim. iii. 12; as if it were a fatal destiny to them, not to be evaded. 'Woe unto the world, because of offences,' saith he that is able to execute vengeance upon his adversaries, Matt. xviii. 7. 'It must needs be that offences come: but woe be to that man by whom the offence cometh. It were better for him that, with a mill-stone hung about his neck, he were drowned in the depths of the material sea,' as his soul hath been already drowned in this mystical sea of wickedness. Well, put the worst. If these rocks do shatter us, if these persecutions shall split the bark of our life, yet this be our comfort: our death is not *mors*, but *immortalitas*; not

a death, but an entrance to life incapable of dying. Rocks in the sea undo many a merchant. These rocks eventually make us happy; and often we have just cause to take up that saying, *Perieramus, nisi perissemus*, we had been undone, had we not been undone.

[4.] Besides rocks in the sea, there be also gulfs. In the Sicilian sea there is Scylla, a great rock, and Charybdis, a place of dangerous swallows, whereout was drawn that proverb, *Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdim*. Mystically, in this world there are not only rocks of persecutions, but gulfs and swallows of errors and heresies. Let us beware lest, avoiding the one, we be devoured of the other. There is a perilous gulf in the Roman sea, (too, too many of our nation have found it); dangerous swallows about Amsterdam. It is good to fly from the gulf of superstition, but withal to avoid the swallow of separation. It is ill turning either to the right hand or to the left; mediocrity is the safest way. When opinion goes before us, it is a great question whether truth will follow us. Straggling Dinahs seldom return, but ravished, home. Singularity in conceits concerning matters of religion, are as perilous as to follow a plurality or multitude in evil customs. A man may perish as easily in the fair-coloured waters of heresy, as in the mud of iniquity. What matters it whether thou be drowned in fair water or foul, so thou be drowned? Beware of these gulfs and swallows.

[5.] There be straits in the sea of this world. Those of Magellan or Gibraltar are less dangerous. The hard exigents of hatred, obloquy, exile, penury, misery: difficult straits, which all sea-faring Christians must pass by to the haven of bliss. Pirates that care not which way they direct their course, but only watch to rob and spoil, are not bound to these passages. So worldlings, that never aim or intend for heaven, but to ballast themselves with the wealth of the world, from whomsoever, good or bad, or howsoever, by fair means or foul, they attain it, may keep the broad ocean, and have sea-room enough. For 'broad is the way of destruction, and many there be that keep it,' Matt. vii. But the godly are bound for the coast, that lies upon the cape of *Bona Speranza*, and they must of necessity pass through these straits. 'Straight and narrow is the way that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it.' But if, like those Argonautæ, we will sail for the golden fleece of joy and happiness, we must be *militantes inter fluctus*, content with hard passages. It is our solid comfort (as it was fabled of that ship, that it was made a star in heaven), that we shall be one day *inter sidera triumphantes*, 'stars fixed in the right hand of God,' and shining for ever in glory. This is the fifth danger of our mystical sea—straits.

[6.] There be sirens in the sea of this world. Sirens; hirens, as they are now called. Those in the material sea are described to have their upper parts the proportion or beauty of women; downwards they are squalid and pernicious. *Virgo formosa superne, decidit in turpem piscem*. They enchant men with their voices, and with sweet songs labour *sopire nautas, sopitos demergere*, to lull the mariners asleep, and sleeping, to sink and drown them. What a number of these sirens, hirens, cockatrices, courtezans, in plain English, harlots, swim amongst us! Happy is it for him that hath only heard, and not been infected.

Their faces and their voices promise joy and jolity. Their effects are only to drown and shipwreck men's fortunes, their credits, their lives, their souls. A book called *Opus tripartitum* speaks of the storks, that if they catch one stork leaving his own mate, and coupling with another, they all fall upon

him, and spoil him of his feathers and life too. But, as if this sin were grown a virtue by custom among us, there are not wanting, 'who, knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, not only do the same, but have pleasure in them that do them,' Rom. i. 32. If, in authority committed to inferior magistrates (the persuasions of my heart excuseth the higher powers, and the impartial proceedings of the truly reverend and godly prelates of this land testify it), there were not some connivance (God forbid patronising!) of these enormities for some sinister respects, the sirens about our river of Thames should be, if not sent swimming to Gravesend, yet at least taken in at Bridewell stairs.

Perhaps a poor man incontinent may smart for it; but how often dares an apparitor knock at a great man's gate! If lust comes under the rank of honourable, or worshipful, who dares tax it? But let as many as would be one spirit with the Lord Jesus, hate to be one flesh with a siren, 1 Cor. vi. It is recorded of Ulysses, that he stopped his ears against the incantations of these sirens; and having put the rest under the hatches, bound himself to the mast, to prevent the power of their tempting witchcrafts. Ulysses was held a wise man; sure, then, they are no less than fools that prove and approve their charms. No man loves a gally-pot for the paint, when he knows there is poison in it. I end in the epigram of a modern poet—

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

[7.] Another peril in this mystical sea is the frequency of tempests. Some have 'tempestuous looks,' as Laban, Gen. xxxi. Some 'tempestuous hands,' as Sanballat, Neh. iv., to hinder the building of Jerusalem. Innumerable have tempestuous tongues, as Ishmael, Shimei, Rabshakeh. Such tempests have been often raised from the vapour of a malicious breath, that whole kingdoms have been shaken with it. Master Foxe mentioneth, in his Book of Martyrs, that one in the street crying 'Fire, fire,' the whole assembly in St Mary's, in Oxford, at one Mallary's recantation, presumed it to be in the church. Insomuch that some laboured at the doors, where, through the crowd of many, not one could pass. Some stuck in the windows. All imagined the very church on fire, and that they felt the very molten lead drop on their heads. Whereas all was but a false fire. There was no such matter. In like sort scandalous slanders and invective contumelies begin at a little breach, one calumnious tongue, and get such strength, like mutineers, with marching forward, that the world soon riseth in an uproar. These are called by Ambrose, *Procellæ mundi*. And what world-faring Christian hath escaped these storms? But says Epictetus, *Si rectè facis, quid eos vereris, qui non rectè reprehendunt?* If thou do rightly, why shouldst thou fear them that blame wrongfully? Do well and be happy, though thou hear ill. This is another danger—tempests.

[8.] There is yet a last peril in the sea, which is the fish *Remora*. A fish, it is described, of no magnitude, about a cubit in length, yet for strength able to stay a ship. It is recorded that Caius Cæsar's galley was stayed by this fish.

There are many *remoras* in this world that hinder the good speed of Christian endeavours. Would Herod hear and obey John Baptist's preaching? He hath a remora that hinders him, Herodias. Would Nicodemus fain come to Christ? Fear of the Jews is his remora. Would Paul come to Thessalonica? The devil is his remora. 'We would have come to you

once and again, but Satan hindered us,' 1 Thess. ii. 18. Yea, doth Christ himself purpose, in his infinite mercy, to suffer for us, and pre-acquaint his apostles with it? Even Peter will be his remora. 'Master, favour thyself. This shall not be unto thee,' Matt. xvi. 22. Hath that forward young man any good mind to follow Christ? The parting with his goods to the poor is his remora. Would you have him that is rich follow poverty?

Such are our remoras now, that hang upon our arms, like Lot's wife, dissuading our departure from Sodom. Are we invited to Christ's supper, the gospel? Some oxen, or farms, or a wife's idleness, the pleasures of the flesh, retard us. Some business of our own is a remora to God's business. Are we called to speak in the truth's cause boldly? The awful presence of some great man is our remora, we dare not. Doth our conscience prompt us to parley for the restoring of the church's right? Our own impropriations, and the easy gain of the tenth of our neighbour's goods, are a remora, we cannot. Are we exhorted, in the name of Jesus Christ, for God's mercy to us, to shew mercy to his, to feed the hungry, succour the weak, relieve the poor, and make us friends of our unrighteous mammon by charity? Alas! the world, covetous desire of gain, is our remora, we must not. Tell the covetous man that he is not God's treasurer, but his steward, and blame him for perverting the end of his factorship, there is a devil plucks him by the sleeve, thirst of gain. God he confesseth his master, but the world his mistress. If you ask him why he doth not in charitable deeds obey his Master, he answers his mistress will not let him.

Would the young man repent? His harlot steps forth, and, like a remora, stays his course. Let a sermon touch a man's heart, and begin remorse in him, that he purpose reformation, good fellowship, like a remora, stops him. Yea, let a man in an age (for rare are the birds that drop such feathers) erect hospitals, piety and devotion shall meet with some remoras that would overthrow them. You hear the dangers of the sea of the world, the fifth circumstance of this comparison.

(6.) In the sea there be *ιχθύες ιχθυοφάγοι*, fishes that eat up fishes. So in the world, *άνδρες άνδρωφάγοι*, men that eat up men, Ps. xiv. 4. 'Have all the workers of iniquity no knowledge? who eat up my people as they eat bread.' The wicked man devoureth the righteous. 'Thou makest men as the fishes of the sea,' Hab. i. The labours of the poor, even his whole heritage, is worn upon the proud man's back, or swallowed down into his belly. He racks rents, wrings out fines, extorteth, enhanceth, improveth, impoverisheth, oppresseth, till the poor tenant, his wife, and children cry out for bread, and behold, all buys him scarce a suit of clothes; he eats and drinks it at one feast.

Oh, the shrill cry of our land for this sin, and the loud noise it makes in the ears of the Lord of Hosts! The father is dead that kept good hospitality in the country, and the gallant, his son, must live in London, where, if he want the least superfluity that his proud heart desireth (and how can he but want, in the infinite pride of that city?) he commits all to a hard steward, who must wring the last drop of blood from the tenant's heart, before the landlord must want the least cup to his drunkenness, the least toy to his wardrobe.

If this be not to eat, swallow, devour men, blood and bones, then the fishes in the sea forbear it. Hear this, ye oppressors! Be merciful. You will one day be glad of mercy. The yellings of the poor in the country are as loud as your roarings in the city. The cups you drink are full of

those tears that drop from affamished eyes, though you perceive it not. You laugh when they lament, you feast when they fast, you devour them that do you service. God will one day set these things in order before you.

(7.) The sea is full of monsters. Innumerable, and almost incredible are the relations of travellers in this punctual demonstration. As of estaurus, a fish chewing the cud like a beast; of the manate, headed like an ox; and of certain flying fishes, &c. And are there not in this world men-monsters? I do not say of God's making, but of their own marring.

You would think it prodigious to see a man with two faces. Alas! how many of these walk daily in our streets! They have one face for the gospel, another for the mass-book; a brow of allegiance for the king, and a brow of apostasy or treason for the pope, whensoever he shall call for it. You would think it a strange defect in nature to see a man born without a head. Why, there are innumerable of these headless men among us, who, like brute beasts, have no understanding, but are led by the precipitation of their feet; follow their own mad affections. Others redundantly have two tongues, dissemblers, hypocrites; the one to bless God, the other to curse man made after his image. They have one to sing in a church, another to blaspheme and roar in a tavern.

Some have their faces in their feet, whereas God, *os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri jussit*, gave man an upright countenance, and framed him to look upwards. These look not to heaven, whence they did drop, but to hell, whither they will drop. Insatiable earth-scrapers, covetous wretches, that would dig to the centre to exhale riches. Others have swords in their lips, a strange kind of people, but common, railers and revilers. Every word they speak is a wounding gash to their neighbours. Weigh it seriously. Are not these monsters?

(8.) On the sea men do not walk, but are borne in vessels, unless, like our Saviour Christ, they could work miracles. In the world men do not so much travel of themselves, as they are carried by the stream of their own concupiscence. So saith St Chrysostom, '*Hic homines non ambulant, sed feruntur; quia diabolus cum delectatione compellit illos in mala.*'\* Here men do not walk, but are carried; for the devil bears them upon his back, and whiles he labours them to hell, wind and tide are on his side. When he hath them in *profundis abyssi*, upon that bottomless depth, he strives to exonerate his shoulders, and doth what he can to let them fall and sink into the infernal lake. So Paul saith that temptations and snares, foolish and hurtful lusts do (no less than) drown men in perdition. You think yourselves on dry and firm ground, ye presumptuous wantons. Alas! you are on the sea, an inconstant sea.

Digitis à morte remoti

Quatuor, aut septem, si sit latissima tæda :

Soon overboard. The winds will rise, the surges will beat, you will be ready to sink; cry faithfully, and in time with the apostles, Lord, save us, or we perish.

(9.) Lastly, the sea is that great cistern, that sends water over all the earth, conveying it through the veins, the springs, till those dispersed waters become rivers, and then those rivers run back again into the sea. This vast world scattereth abroad her riches; drives and derives them by certain passages, as by conduit-pipes, unto many men. The rich man shall have

\* Hom. 7, Oper. imper.

many springs to feed him with wealth ; the east and west winds shall blow him profit ; industry, policy, fraud, luck shall contend to give him dition the addition of more wealth. At length when these springs have made a brook, and these brooks a river, this river runs again into the sea. When the rich man hath sucked the world long, at last *absorbetur à mundo*, he is sucked up of the world. Whatsoever it gave him at many times, it takes away at once. War, exile, prison, displeasure of greatness, suits of law, death, empty that river in one moment, that was so many years a filling.

Man's wealth is like his life ; long a breeding, soon extinct. Man is born into the world with much pain, nursed with much tenderness, kept in childhood with much care, in youth with much cost. All this time is spent in expectation. At last, being now (upon the point) a man, the prick of a sword kills him. Even so is our wealth piled, so spoiled ; the world, like some politic tyrant, suffering us to scrape together abundant riches, that it may surprise us and them at once.

Innumerable other relations would the world and the sea afford us. I desire not to say all, but enough ; and enough I have said, if the affections of any soul present shall hereby distaste the world, and grow heavenly. Oh, what is in this sea worth our dotage ! what not worth our detestation ! The sins of the world offend our God ; its vanities hurt ourselves ; its only good blessings serve for our godly use, and to help us in our journey. But we know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness. Pray we, that this sea infect us not, especially drown us not. Though we lose, like the mariners in the prophecy of Jonah, our wares, our goods, our vessel, our liberties, yea our lives, let us keep our faith. It is the most dangerous shipwreck, that this naufragous world can give, the shipwreck of faith. They write of the serpent, that he exposeth all his body to the blow of the smiter, that he may save his head. So lose we our riches, our houses, lands, liberties, lives ; but keep we faith in our Head, Jesus Christ.

Though we live in the world, let us not love the world, saith St John. Not fashion ourselves to it, saith St Paul ; hate the vices, the villanies, the vanities of it. Think it easier, for that to pervert thee, than for thee to convert that. Water will sooner quench fire, than fire can warm water. A little wormwood embitters a good deal of honey ; but much honey cannot sweeten a little wormwood. Call we then on our God to preserve us, that the evil of the world infect us not. Aristotle saith, if a man take a vessel of earth new and raw, close up the mouth thereof, throw it into the salt sea, letting it lie there a day or two ; when he takes it up, he shall find fresh water in it. Though we be soured in this ocean-world, yet if the Spirit of grace seal us up, the brinish waters of sin shall not enter us ; but we shall be vessels of grace here, hereafter of glory.

If I have been somewhat long on the sea, you will excuse me. It is a great and vast element to travel over in so short a time. Some observations I have given you, that I might not cross the world without some fruit of my voyage. Only what I have spoken of the waters, let it not be drowned in the waters, as the proverb saith, not perish in your memories, without some fruit in your lives.

2. The next circumstance gives the world, not only for a sea, but *mare vitreum*, a sea of glass. You see, I must carry you further on this element, and yet at last leave many coasts unvisited, much smothered in silence. Let not all be *via navis*, as the wise man speaketh, the way of a ship on the sea, leaving no track or print in your remembrances.

This glassy attribute shall give us observable three properties in the world,



(1.) Colour. (2.) Slipperiness. (3.) Brittleness. As certainly as you find these qualities in glass, expect them in the world.

(1.) Colour.—There is a glassy colour congruent to the sea. So Virgil insinuates, describing the Nereides, certain marine nymphs.

Milesia velleræ nymphæ  
Carpebant hyali saturo fucata colore.

And not far removed,

Vitreisque sedilibus omnes  
Obstupuere ;—

Which is spoken, not in respect of the matter, but of the colour, and perspicuity. So Ovid in an epistle.

Est nitidus, vitroque magis perlucidus amne,  
Fons sacer.

All the beauty of glass consists in its colour ; and what in the world, that is of the world, is commendable, *præter colorem*, besides the colour ? A cottage would serve to sleep in, as well as a sumptuous palace, but for the colour. Russets be as warm as silks, but for the glittering colour. The Egyptian bond-women give as much content, as Queen Vashti, but for the colour. The beauty of the fairest women is but skin deep, which if nature denies, art helps them to lay on colours. And when they are most artificially complexioned, they are but walking and speaking pictures. It is the colour of gold that bewitcheth the avarous ; the colour of jewels that make the ladies proud. If you say, these are precious and comfortable in themselves, then feed on them, and try if those metals can (without meat) keep your life and soul together.

The truth is, man's corporal eye sees nothing but colour. It is the sole indefinite object of our sight, whithersoever we direct it. We see but the lay part of things with these optic organs. It is the understanding, the soul's interior eye, that conceives and perceives the latent virtues. All that we outwardly behold, is but the fashion of the world ; and St Paul saith, 'The fashion of the world perisheth,' 1 Cor. vii. 31. The colour fades, and the splendour of things is decayed. That if the world, like aged and wrinkled Helen, should contemplate her own face in a glass ; she would wonder, that for her beauty's sake Troy should be sacked and burned ; man's soul endangered to eternal fire.

Oh how is the splendour and glory of the world bated and impaired since the original creation ! The sky looks dusky ; the sun puts forth a drowsy head ; as if he were no longer, as David once described him, like a 'Bridegroom coming out of his chamber, or a strong man rejoicing to run his race.' The moon looks pale, as if she were sick with age ; and the stars do but twinkle, as if they were dim, and looked upon the earth with spectacles. The colours of the rainbow are not so radiant, and the whole earth shews but like a garment often dyed, destitute of the native hue.

It is but colour that delights you, ye worldlings. Esau lusts for the pottage, because they look red ; and the drunkard loves the wine, because it looks 'red, and sparkles in the cup,' Prov. xxiii. 31. 'Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth its colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright.' What babes are we, to be taken by these colours that only please the eye, or the sensual part of man, and harm the soul ! like children that play with glass, till they cut their fingers.

Avicen saith, that glass among stones is as a fool amongst men ; for it

takes all paint, and follows precious stones in colour, not in virtue. So does this world give colours to her riches, as if there were some worth and virtue in them, till we are cozened of heavenly and substantial treasures by over-prizing them. No matter, saith Isidore, is more apt to make mirrors, or to receive painting, than glass. So men deck the world, as the Israelites did their calf, and then superstitiously dote upon it, as Pygmalion on his carved stone.

But can colour satisfy? Is man's imaginative power so dull and thick as to be thus pleased? Shall a man toil to dig a pit, and laboriously draw up the water; and then must he sit by and not drink, or drink and not have his thirst quenched? Yes: thus do we long after earthly things, which obtained, give us no full content; thus disregard spiritual and heavenly, whereof but once tasting, we go away highly satisfied. Say, then, with Bernard—

Oh bone Jesu, fons indeficiens,  
Humana corda reficiens:  
Ad te curro, te solum sitiens:  
Tu mihi salus sufficiens.

Oh, Jesus, fountain ever flowing,  
Thy graces on man's soul bestowing!  
To thee I run with thirsty heart,  
And none shall want, though I have part.

For others it shall be said, 'Lo, this is the man that made not God his strength; but trusted in the abundance of his riches, and strengthened himself in his wickedness,' *Psa. lii. 7.* But the faithful 'shall be like a green olive-tree in the house of God,' *ver. 8;* and of as fresh a blee\* as Daniel, whom the mercy of God, wherein he trusts, waters for ever and ever. The colour of this glassy sea vanisheth, like the beauty of a flower; and when it is withered, who shall revive it? Rub your eyes, and look on this world better: it hath but a surphulled cheek, a coloured beauty, which God shall one day scour off with a flood of fire. Trust not this glass for reflection, as if it could present you truly to your own judgments. It is but a false glass, and will make you enamoured both of yourselves and it, till at last, the glass being broken, the sea swallows you. Thus for the colour.

(2.) Glass is a slippery metal. A man that walks on it had need be shod as the Germans, that slide upon ice. But go we never so steady on this glassy sea, even the just man falls seven times a day. How soon are we tripping in our most considerate pace! David said he would take heed to his ways; but how soon did his foot slide upon this glass! *Psa. xciv. 18.* 'When I said, my foot slippeth, thy mercy, O Lord, held me up.' Let us all pray with him: 'Hold up my goings in thy paths, that my footsteps slip not.' And if we have stood, let us magnify him in the next psalm. 'Thou hast enlarged my steps under me, that my feet did not slip.' For the wicked, how surely soever they think themselves fixed in this world, yet, *Psa. lxxiii. 18,* they are set in slippery places. They talk of strong and subtle wrestlers; but the cunningest wrestler of all is the world: for whose heels hath it not tripped up? The wisest Solomon, the strongest Samson, have been fetched up by this wrestler, and measured their lengths on the ground. How dangerous, then, is it to run fast on this sea, where men are scarce able to stand! No marvel, if you see them fall in troops, and lie in heaps, till with their weight they crack the glass, and topple into the depth.

\* That is, blow or bloom.—Ed.

There you shall see a knot of gallants laid along this glass, that have run headlong at pride. There, a corporation of citizens, that have run at riches. Here, a rabble of drunkards, that ran apace to the tavern. There, a crew of cheaters, that posted as fast to Tyburn. Thus the devil laughs to see men so wildly running after vanity, and this glassy sea so easily hurling up their heels. It is reported of the Irish, that they dig deep trenches in the ground, and pave the surface over with green turfs, that their unsuspecting enemies may think it firm ground. This world is the devil's vaulty sea, full of trenches and swallows, which he paves over with glass. The way seems smooth, but it is slippery. His intention is mischievous, *ut lapsu graviore ruamus*, that we may have the surer and sorer fall. He that walks on this slippery glass had need of three helps: circumspect eyes, sober feet, and a good staff in his hand.

*First*, He must keep his eyes in his head. Eph. v. 15, 'See that ye walk circumspectly, not as fools, but as wise.' Pliny writes of the eagle, that when she would make the stag her prey, she lights down between his horns, whence he cannot shake her; and with dust ready laid up in her feathers, she so filleth his eyes, that he being blinded, breaks his own neck from some high cliff or mountain. If the devil can blind a man's eyes with the dust of vanities, he will easily fling him down on this slippery glass, and drown him in this dangerous sea. Neither must our eyes only be careful to descry our way, but of sound and faithful discretion, not to be deluded with the spectacles, which this glassy sea presents, so retarding our journey to heaven. Pliny reports, that when the hunter hath stolen away the tigress's whelps, he scatters in the way great mirrors of glass, wherein, when the savage creature looks, she, seeing herself presented, imagines these to be her young ones; and whilst she is much troubled to deliver them, the hunter escapes. If we stand gazing on the glassy mirrors of this world, fame, honour, beauty, wealth, wantonness, thinking we see therein presented those dear joys we should seek for, behold, Satan in the mean time doth insensibly rob us of them. Let us look well about us: we walk upon glass.

*Secondly*, He must have sober feet. He had not need be drunken, that walks upon glass. If he be drunken with the vanities of this world, he may mistake himself, as that drunkard did, who, seeing the resultant light of the stars shining in the water about him, thought he had been translated into heaven; and rapt in a great joy, fell a waving, as he imagined, in the air, till he fell into the water, not without peril of life. He that is spiritually drunk may, in like sort, imagine the stars to be fixed in this glassy sea, which are indeed in heaven; and that the world can afford those true joys, which are only to be found above. I have heard of some coming out of a tavern well lined with liquor, that, seeing the shadows of the chimneys in the street made by the moon, have took them for great blocks, and down on their knees to climb and scramble over them. So worldlings that are drunk, but not with wine, enchanted with earthly vanities, think every shadow which is put in their way to heaven a great block, and they dare not venture. Sober feet are necessarily required to our travel on this glassy sea.

*Thirdly*, Lastly and mostly, He that would walk stedfastly on this glassy sea, had need of a good staff to stay him. The best and surest, and that which will not let him fall, or if he do fall, will soon raise him, is that David speaketh of, Psa. xxiii. 4, God's staff. 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me;' *comfortant*—make me strong, bear and hold me up.

Egypt is but a 'broken reed.' He that leans on it shall find the splinters running into his hand; and cursed is he that makes flesh his arm: but who leans faithfully on this staff, shall never perish. Thus you have heard this glassy world's slipperiness.

(8.) This glass denotes brittleness. Proverb and experience justify this. As brittle as glass: a fit attribute to express the nature of worldly things; for glass is not more fragile. 'The word passeth away, and the lust thereof,' saith St John, 1 John ii. 17. Man himself is but brittle stuff, and he is the noblest part of the world. 'Man that is born of a woman, is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he flieth as a shadow, and continueth not.'

'Sic in non hominem vertitur omnis homo.'

Let him have an ample portion in this life, and 'his belly be filled with God's hidden treasures,' Ps. xvii. 14. Let him be 'full of children, and leave the rest of his substance to his babes.' Let him be happy in his lands, in his children, in his success, and succession. 'Yet a little while, and the wicked shall not be; thou shalt diligently consider his place, and shalt not find it,' Ps. xxxvi. 10.

Glass, whiles it is melting hot and soft, is pliable to any form; but cold and hard, it is brittle. When God first made the world, it was malleable to his working hand, to his commanding word; for he spake the word, and things were created. The next time he toucheth it, it shall break to pieces like a potsherd. 'The heavens shall pass away with a great noise, the elements shall melt with fervent heat, and the earth also, and the works that are therein, shall be burnt up,' 2 Pet. iii. 10. Isidore mentions one that came to Tiberius the emperor with a vial of glass in his hand; and throwing it down to the ground it brake not, but only was bent, which he straightened again with his hammer. But, saith the same author, the emperor hanged him for his skill. How pleasing an invention should that false prophet make, that should come and tell the covetous worldling, or luxurious epicure, that this glassy world is not brittle, but shall abide ever! But serve him as the emperor did, hang him up for an atheistical liar that so speaks.

The decay of the parts argues the dotage of the whole. *Ætna*, *Parnassus*, *Olympus* are not so visible as they were. The sea now rageth where the ground was dry; and fishes swim where men walked. Hills are sunk, floods dried up, rocks broken, towns swallowed up of earthquakes; plants lose their force, and planets their virtue. The sun stoops like an aged man; as weary of his course, and willing to fall asleep. All things are subject to violence and contrariety, as if both the poles were ready to ruin their climates. 'The end of all things is at hand,' 1 Pet. iv. 7; when

'Compage soluta,  
Sæcula tot mundi suprema coaggetur hora.'

God hath given us many signs of this. *Portenta, quasi porro tendentia. Signa habent, si intelligentur, linguam suam.* Signs have their language, if they could be rightly understood. *Ultima tribulatio multis tribulationibus pervenitur.* There are many calamities preceding the last and universal calamity of the world. No comet, but threatens; no strange exhalations, alterations, seeming combustion in the heavens, but demonstrate the general deluge of fire that shall destroy all.

'Nunquam futilibus percaudit ignibus æther.'

As God's tokens in the plague pronounce the infallibility of instant death, so these signs of the world's sickness are avant-couriers of its destruction.

Men are desirous to buy the calendar, that in the beginning of the year they may know what will betide in the end; what dearth, or what death, will ensue. Behold, Christ and his apostles give us a prognostication in the Scriptures: foretelling by signs in the sun, moon, stars, in the universal decay of nature, and sickness of the world, what will happen in this old year, what in the new year, which in the world to come. The mathematicians and astronomers of the earth never dreamt of a universal eclipse of the sun, only Christ's almanac reports this, Matt. xxiv.

All beings are of one of these four sorts: Some are from everlasting, not to everlasting. Some to everlasting, not from everlasting. One only thing is both from, and to, everlasting. The rest are neither to, nor from, everlasting.

First, Some are from everlasting, not to everlasting: as God's eternal decrees, which have an end in their determined time, but had no beginning. So God, before all worlds, determined the sending of his Son to die for us, Acts ii. 23; but he came 'in the fulness of time,' saith the apostle, Gal. iv. 4. This decree had no beginning; it had an ending.

Secondly, Some are to everlasting, not from everlasting: as angels, and men's souls, which had a beginning in time, but shall never end; because they are created of an immortal nature.

Thirdly, One only thing, which is indeed *ens entium*, God himself, is both from everlasting and to everlasting. For he is an uncreated and eternal subsistence: Alpha and Omega; that First and Last, that had neither beginning nor shall have ending. Whom Plato called *εἶς ὅν*; and he calls himself by Moses *ἐγώ εἰμι*, 'that was, that is, and that is to come;' the same for ever.

Fourthly, Other things are neither from everlasting, nor to everlasting; for they had a beginning, and shall have an end. Of this sort are all worldly things. God will give them their end as he is Omega, that gave them their creation as he is Alpha. All these things do decay, and shall perish.

'Mors etiam saxa, nominibusque venit.'

Death shall extend its force even upon stones and names.

Who can then deny this world to be brittle? We see how slowly the tired earth returns us the fruits which we trusted her bowels with. Her usury grows weak, like a decayed debtor, unable to pay us the interest she was wont.

'Ni vis humana quotannis  
Maxima quæque manu legeret.'

The world is lame, and every member, as it were, out of joint. It caught a fall in the cradle, as Mephibosheth by falling from his nurse; and the older it waxeth, the more maimedly it halteth. Sin entered presently after the world's birth, and gave it a mortal wound. It hath laboured ever since of an incurable consumption. The noblest part of it, man, first felt the smart; and in his curse both beasts and plants received theirs. It fell sick early in the morning; and hath now languished in a lingering lethargy, till the evening of dissolution is at hand.

Now, since the world is a sea, and so brittle a sea of glass, let us seek to pass over well, but especially to land well. A ship under sail is a good

\* Georg. i.

sight; but it is better to see her well moored in the haven. Be desirous of good life, not of long life: the shortest cut to our haven is the happiest voyage. Who would be long on the sea? If a storm or wreck do come, let us save the best good. Whatsoever becomes of the vessel, thy body, make sure to save the passenger, thy soul, 'in the day of the Lord Jesus.' I have now done with the sea, and for this point here cast anchor.

II. Thus far we have surveyed this glassy sea, the world, in regard of itself. The other two attributes concern Almighty God's holding and beholding, guarding and regarding, his seeing and overseeing it. *Et videt, et providet*: he contemplates, he governs it. His inquisition, and his disposition, are here insinuated. Somewhat (and not much) of either.

1. That God may most clearly view all things being and done in this world, it is said to be in his sight as clear as crystal. As in crystal there is nothing so little but it may be seen; so there is nothing on earth said or done, so slight or small, that it may escape his all-seeing providence. *Omnia sunt nuda et potentius oculis ejus*. 'There is no creature that is not manifest in his sight; but all things are naked and opened unto the eyes of him, with whom we have to do,' Heb. iv. 18. In vain men hope to be hid from God. 'He that planted the ear, shall he not hear? He that formed the eye, shall he not see?' Ps. xciv. 9. All the earth is full of his glory. 'Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?' Ps. cxxxix. 7. It is there amply proved, that neither heaven nor hell, nor uttermost part of the sea, nor day nor night, light nor darkness, can hide us from his face. 'For thou hast possessed my reins, thou hast covered me in my mother's womb.' Our sitting, walking, lying down, or rising up; the thoughts of our hearts, works of our hands, words of our lips, ways of our feet; our reins, bones, bosoms, and our mothers' wombs, wherein we lay in our first infirmity, are well known unto him.

Qualis, mñhi dicite, Deus consendus est;  
Qui cuncta cernit, ipse autem non cernitur!

said an old poet. 'The Lord hath seven eyes, which run to and fro through the whole earth,' Zech. iv. 10. He is *totus oculus*. Let us not flatter ourselves with those, Ps. x., that 'say in their heart, God hath forgotten: he hideth his face; he will never see it;' and so endeavour to pluck out the eye of knowledge itself. But there is neither couch in chamber, nor vault in the ground, clouds of day, darkness of night, bottoms of mountains, nor holes of rocks, nor depth of seas, secret friend, nor more secret conscience, heaven nor hell, that can obscure or shadow us from the eye of the Lord. Wheresoever we are, let us say with Jacob, 'The Lord is in this place, though we be not aware of it,' Gen. xxviii. 17.

Oh, the infinite things and actions that the eye of God sees at once in this crystal glass of the world! Some caring to come out of debt, others to get into debt. Some delving for gold in the bowels of the earth, others in the bowels of the poor. Some buying and bargaining, others cheating in the market. Some praying in their closets, others quaffing in taverns. Here some raising their houses, there others ruining them. *Alterum consummantem matrimonium, alterum consumentem patrimonium*. One marrying and going to the world, another miscarrying, the world going from him. There run honour and pride *æquis cervicibus*. There walks fraud cheek by jowl with a tradesman. There stalks pride with the pace of a soldier, but habit of a courtier, striving to add to her own stature, feathered on the crown, corked at the heels, light all over, stretching her legs, and

spreading her wings like the ostrich, with ostentation of great flight; but, *nil penna, sed usus*, not an inch higher or better. There slugs idleness; both hands are in its bosom, while one foot should be in the stirrup. Halloo in his ear, preach to him; if he will not waken, prick him with goads; let the corrective law displease him; he cries not *Fodere nescio*, but *Fodere nolo*; not, I know not how to dig, but I will not dig.

Here halts opinion, lame, not with the shortness but length of his legs, one foot too long that mars the verse. There runs policy, and moves more with an engine than many men can do with their hands, leading life after this rule: *si occulte, bene*; if close enough, well enough. There hurries the papist to the mass, and his wife, the catholic, equivocate before a competent judge, though Christ would not before a Caiaphas, climbing to salvation by an attorney, and likely to speed by a proxy.

There slides by the meagre ghost of malice, her blood drunk up, the marrow of her bones wasted, her whole body like a mere anatomy. There fly a crew of oaths like a flight of dismal ravens, croaking the 'plague to the house' where the swearer is, Zech. v. 8. Nay, ruin to the whole land, Jer. xxiii. 'For oaths the land mourneth.' Here reels drunkenness with swollen eyes, stammering feet, befriended of that poor remnant of all his wealth (the richly stocked grounds, richly furnished house, richly filled purse, are all wasted, and nothing is left rich but), the nose. There goes murder from Aceldama, the field of blood, to Golgotha, the place of dead souls, and from thence to Hinnom, the valley of fire and torments. There see atheism projecting to displant the paradise of God, and turn it to a wilderness of serpents. Heaven is held but a poet's fable, and the terrors of hell, like Hercules' club in the tragedy, of huge bulk, but rags and straw are the stuffing. Creatures that have a little time on earth, and then vanish. *Tui qui dicis, transit Christianus, ipse transis sine Christianis*. Thou that sayest the Christians perish, dost perish thyself and leave the Christians behind thee. Whither go these atheists? I believe not to heaven, for they believe there is no heaven. They shall never have those joys they would not believe. They are not in hell neither; *there* is no atheist. Where then? In hell they are indeed, but not as atheists. They no sooner put their heads within those gates but atheism drops off; they believe and feel now there is a God.

There you shall hear hypocrites, a pipient brood, cackling their own ripeness when they are scarce out of their shells; whose words and works differ, as it is seen in some tap-houses, when the painted walls have sober sentences on them as, 'Fear God, honour the king,' 'Watch and pray,' 'Be sober,' &c., and there is nothing but drunkenness and swearing in the house. There is ignorance, like a stricken Sodomite, groping for the way; nay, indeed, neither discerning nor desiring it. He sees neither *nomen* nor *lumen*, neither *diem*, the daylight of the gospel, nor *Deum*, the God of day and gospel.

There goes slovenly faction, like a malcontent, that, with incendiary scruples, labours to divide Judah from Israel. It was a strange doom that Valens the emperor gave against Procopius, causing him to be tied to two great trees bowed forcibly together, and so his body to be pulled asunder; that would have pulled asunder the body of the empire. The humourists thrust themselves into this throng, or else I would have spared them; but truth of love to some must not prejudice love of truth in any. If they had as imperative tongues and potential hands, as they have optative minds,

\* Qu. "Disciple?"—Ed.

they would keep an infinitive stir in the lacerated church. God sees the malicious Jesuit calling up a parliament of devils to plot treasons. He hears their damnable consultations, and observes them, while they apparel blood-red murder and black conspiracy in the white robes of religion. He saw Garnet plotting in his study, and Faux digging in the vault, and meant to make the pit, which they digged for others, swallow themselves.

He beholds, as in a clear mirror of crystal, all our impurities, impieties, our contempt of sermons, neglect of sacraments, dishallowing his Sabbaths. Well, as God sees all things so clearly, so I would to God we would behold somewhat. Let us open our eyes, and view in this crystal glass our own works! Consider we a little our own wicked courses, our perverse ways on this sea. Look upon this angle of the world, for so, we think, *Anglia* signifies; how many vipers doth she nurse and nourish in her indulgent bosom, that wound and sting her? The landlords' oppression, usurers' extortion, patrons' simony, commons' covetousness; our unmercifulness to the poor, over-mercifulness to the rich, malice, ebriety, pride, profanation—these, these are the works that God sees among us; and shall we not see them ourselves? Shall we be utter strangers to our own doings? 'Be not deceived: neither fornicators, nor idolaters, nor adulterers, nor thieves, nor covetous, nor drunkards, nor extortioners, shall inherit the kingdom of God,' 1 Cor. vi. 9. Let not us then be such. 'Let us not be desirous of vain-glory, provoking one another, envying one another,' Gal. v. 26. Methinks here, vain-glory stalks in like a mountebank gallant, provocation like a swaggering roarer, and malice like a meagre and melancholy Jesuit. All these things we do, and God sees in the light; and in the light we must repent them, or God will punish them with everlasting darkness. You see how the world is clear to God's eye as crystal.

2. Lastly, this glassy sea is not only as crystal for its transparent brightness, that the Almighty's eye may see all things done in it. But it lies, for situation, before his throne, generally for the whole, and particularly for every member, subject to his judgment and governance.

His throne signifies that impartial government which he exerciseth over the world. 'The Lord shall endure for ever; he hath prepared his throne for judgment; and he shall judge the world in righteousness, he shall minister judgment to the people in uprightness,' Ps. ix. 8, 9. Neither is it all for judgment; there is not only a terrible thunder and lightning flashing from his throne, but out of it proceed comfortable voices speaking the solaces of the gospel, and binding up the broken-hearted. Therefore it is said, ver. 8, there is a 'rainbow about the throne,' which is a sign of God's covenant, a seal of his eternal mercy towards us. This is round about the seat, that God can look no way but he must needs see it. So that to the faithful this throne is not terrible: 'Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in the time of need,' Heb. iv. 16. If there be the fire of judgment, there is also the rain of mercy to quench it.

Neither is this a transitory throne, subject to changes and schemes, as all earthly thrones are; but (Heb. i. 8), 'Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever; a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom.' 'He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever; and of his kingdom there shall be no end,' Luke i. 33.

He that sits on the throne is not idle; to let all things in the world run at sixes and sevens; but *omnia non solum permessa a Deo, sed etiam immissa*. So disposing all things, that not only the good are ordained by him, but



even the evil ordered. The sin is of man, the disposition of God. But let God alone with *oportet necessitatis*; let us look to *oportet officii*. Sennacherib cannot do what he lists, God can put a bridle in his lips, a hook in his nostrils: 'O Assyrian, the rod of mine anger, and the staff in their hand is mine indignation,' Jer. x. 6. 'Thou art my battle-axe and weapons of war: for with thee will I break in pieces the nations; and with thee will I destroy kingdoms,' Jer. li. 20. *Uterius ne tends odiis*; go no further upon God's wrath, thou desperate, wicked man. Gregory Nazianzen speaks of the emperor Valentine, infected with the Arian heresy, that being about to write with his own hand the proscription and banishment of Basil, the pen thrice refused to let fall any ink. But when he would needs write, such a trembling invaded his hand, that his heart being touched, he sent presently and recanted what he had written. But I press this point no further, having in other places liberally handled it.

The four beasts, in ver. 8, 'rest not day nor night, saying Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come.' The fathers, from these words, observe the mystery of trinity in unity, and of unity in trinity—that God is thrice called holy, signifies the trinity; that our Lord God Almighty, the unity. *Quid est, quod ter Sanctus dicitur, si non trina est in Divinitate persona?* *Cur semel Dominus Deus dicitur, si non est una in Divinitate substantia?* \* Let us then, with the four-and-twenty elders, fall down before him that sits on the throne, ascribing worship to him that liveth for ever; and casting our crowns to the ground, renouncing our own merits, sing to the eternal Unity, 'Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory, and honour, and power; for thou hast created all things, and for thy pleasure they are and were created.' Amen.

\* Fulgent.