

APPENDIX.

1. SHORT, HOLY, AND PROFITABLE SAYINGS OF THE REVEREND DIVINE, DOCTOR THOMAS GOODWIN,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE FEBRUARY 23. 1679-80.

We sail to Glory, not in the salt Sea of our tears, but in the red Sea of Christ's precious Blood.

A sanctified Heart is better than a silver Tongue.

A Heart full of Graces is better than a Head full of Notions.

Notional knowledge, it makes a Man's Head giddy, but it will never make a Man's Heart holy.

The Wheat and the Chaff, they may both grow together, but they shall not both lie together.

In hell there will not be a Saint amongst those that are terrified; and in heaven there will not be a sinner amongst those that are glorified.

Will you pity a body that is going to the Block? and will you not pity a Soul that is going to the Pit?

What a sad visitation is that, where the Black Horse of Death goeth before, and the Red Horse of Wrath followeth after!

A Man's Condition in this Life may be honourable, and yet his State as to another Life may be damnable.

There cannot be a better being for us, than for us to be with the best of Beings.

That which makes Heaven so full of Joy is, that it is above all fear; and that which makes Hell so full of Horror is, that it is below all hope.

To be a Professor of Piety and a Practiser of Iniquity is an abomination to the Lord.

Oh! Sin is that Mark at which all the Arrows of Vengeance are shot.

Were it not for Sin, Death had never had a beginning; and were it not for Death, sin would never have had an ending.

Oh! did Sin bring Sorrow into the world, then let Sorrow carry Sin out of the world.

Let the Cry of your Prayers outery the Cry of your Sins.

Nothing can quench the fire that Sin hath kindled, but the water which Repentance hath caused.

You that have filled the Book of God with your sins, should fill the Bottle of God with your tears.

He can never truly relish the sweetness of God's Mercy, who never tasted the bitterness of his own misery.

None can promise us better than Christ can, and none can threaten us worse than Christ can.

Can any Man promise us anything better than Heaven? or, can any Man threaten us with anything worse than Hell?

Heaven is promised to those that love Him, and hell is to be the Portion of those that hate him.

To live without fear of death, is to die living: to labour not to die, is labour in vain.

Men are afraid to die in such and such sins, but not afraid to live in such and such sins.

Oh! the hell of horrors and terrors that attend those Souls that have their greatest work to do when they come to Die!

Therefore, as you would be happy in Death, and everlastingly blessed after Death, prepare and fit yourselves for Death.

Did Christ Die for us that we might live with Him? and shall we not desire to Die, and be with Him?

A believer's dying day is his crowning day.

God protects Men when they are in His way, but not out of His way.

Sin is never at a higher flood, than when Grace is at a low ebb.

Though the Church's Enemies may be Waves to toss her, yet they shall never be Rocks to split her.

It is not a time for Sion's Sons to be Rejoicing, when their Mother is Mourning.

When the Church's adversaries make long furrows upon her back, we should cast in the seed of tears.

Many, instead of sympathising with Believers in their Misery, are censuring them for their Misery.

True love to Christ can walk on the water without drowning, and lie on the fire without burning.

How shall we land at the Haven of Rest, if we are not tossed upon the Sea of Trouble?

A saint of God lives upon the love of Life, and fears not the terror of Death.

None are so welcome to that spiritual Canaan as those that swim to it through the Red Sea of their own Blood.

Saints are not so much afraid of suffering as they are of sinning: in suffering, the offence is done to us; but in sinning, the offence is done to God.

2. Mr GOODWIN of Katherine Hall, at Trinity, the 5th of November 1629.

They knew God, but glorified him not as God, neither were thankful.—

ROM. I. 21.

Thankfulness hath relation to God as a good God. Thanksgiving is the subject I am upon; and it is the duty of this day to reckon up some of God's common mercies to this land. The Lord made all men of one blood, yet he appointed certain times for them to live in; and therefore some ages are happier than others;—nations, some are happier than another. We could never have come forth in a more happy and blessed time.

1. For the age, which is counted the dotage, yet is blessed. Two blessings make a nation happy: (1.) Human knowledge and wisdom; (2.)