

THE LIFE OF FAITH IN DEATH.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE LIVING SPEECHES OF DYING CHRISTIANS.

TO HIS DEAR AND LOVING

MOTHER.

I honour Augustine much for honouring his mother so much after her death, whose name and example had otherwise lain in obscurity. But I like better, and wish rather, to follow the piety of Nazianzen, who gave himself to the performance of all Christian offices to his living mother. God hath so blessed the former part of your life above the lot of most women, with two such able guides, as have so stored you with spiritual and temporal furniture, that you need not the aid of any your children. Nevertheless, grace and nature will be ascending and expressing themselves, though in weak services. Reuben, when he found but a few flowers, must bring them to his mother Leah. Esau, when he takes venison, gratifies his aged father withal. Samson finds honey by the way, and presents of it to his parents. Here is a posy gathered out of old and new gardens; this savoury meat hath God brought to hand, here is sweet out of the strong. Let your soul eat and bless. The use and fruit of them I wish to every believer, especially in age and sickness, but the handsel and honour of them (if any be) to yourself, whom the law of God and nature binds me to honour above others. Long may you live to bless your children with your daily prayers, especially your sons in that work which needs much watering. Yet every good Christian in years cannot but desire to be forewarned against death approaching; and that is the aim of these endeavours. God prosper and bless them, as the former; and send me my part in the benefit of these (as he hath done of them) in the time of use.

Your Son in all duty, desirous of the

birthright of your love and blessing,

SAMUEL WARD.

THE LIFE OF FAITH IN DEATH.

THAT which hath been already spoken of the life of faith, is to the natural man above all faith. And yet, if that be all it can do, then is all little better than nothing. Say it could fill the mind of man with all content, *saturate* his life with all delight, and sweeten the bitterness of all afflictions; yet if, for all this, there lurk in his breast a secret and slavish fear of death, the least piece of this leaven, but in a corner of the peck, is enough to sour the whole lump of his joys; the least dram of this coloquintida will mar the relish of all his sweets, and make him cry out, 'There is death in the pot.' And, O death! how bitter is thy mention and memory?

Ask nature, and call to philosophy, and see if they can afford any aid? Must they not confess themselves here quite posed and plunged? Hath not death set and toiled their whole army? For poverty, shame, and sickness, and other such petty crosses, some poor cures and lame shifts have they found out; but, when death comes, all their courage hath failed, and all their rules have left them in dark and desperate uncertainties. It is possible for Pharaoh, with much ado, to stand out the storms of hail, the swarm of flies and lice; but, when once the cry of death is in the houses, then is there no way but yielding; his enchanters and mountebanks could abide the cry of frogs and other such vermin, but this basilisk affrights them. Only faith takes it by the tail, handles it, and turns it into a harmless wand; yea, into a rod budding with glory and immortality.

Quartan agues are not so much the shame of physie, as death is of all natural skill and valour. Death is faith's evil.* Faith only professeth this cure, undertaketh and performeth it with the least touch of Christ's hand; and that as familiarly as the richest balm doth the least out of the finger. Faith turneth fears into hopes, sighings and groanings into wishings and longings, shaking and trembling into leaping and clapping of hands.

Alas! all troubles are but as pigmies to this giant, who defies all the host of infidels, holds them in bondage all the days of their lives, and makes their whole life no better than a living death and dying life. Only faith encounters this giant, singles him out for her chief prize, and grapples with him not as a match, but as with a vanquished underling; insulting over him as much as he doth over the sons of unbelief; sets her foot upon the

* After the analogy of scrofula being called the king's evil, because the king was supposed to be able to cure it by a touch.—ED.

neck of this king of fears, and so easily becomes conqueror and emperor of all petty fears, which are therefore only fearful, because they tend to death; the last, the worst, the end, and sum of all feared evils. Here, and here only, is the incomparable crown of faith; here only doth she evidently and eminently honour her followers, and difference them from all others with a noble livery of true magnanimity and alacrity. It is true, if we had windows into the breasts of men, a difference one might see in the inward bearing of adversity; but, for the face and outside, both may seem alike hardy, both may seem alike resolute. But, when it comes to the point of death, then the speech, the behaviour, the countenance, palpably distinguish the dull patience perforce of the worldling, from the cheerful welcome of the Christian. Let death put on her mildest vizards, come in the habit of the greatest* sickness to the stoutest champion on his own down-bed; yet shall his heart tremble and his countenance wax pale. Let her dress herself like the cruellest fury, come with all her racks, fires, strappadoes, wild beasts, all her exquisite tortures. Faith will set a woman or a child to make sport with her, to dare and to tire her, and her tormentors.

Alas! what do they tell us of their Socrates, their Cato, their Seneca, and a few such thin examples which a breath will rehearse, and a few lines contain their poor ragged handful, to our legions, whose names or number one may as soon reckon as the sand of the sea-shore: theirs a few choice men of heroic spirits trained up either in arts or arms; ours of the weakest sexes and sorts, only strong in the faith; theirs, either out of windy vainglory, childishly reckoning of a short death and a long fame, or out of a blockish ignorance venturing upon death, as children and madmen upon dangers without fear or wit; ours out of mature deliberation and firm belief in Christ, who hath drunk out of death's bitter cup an eternal health to all mankind, taken the gall and poison out of it, and made it a wholesome potion of immortality. Faith here proclaims her challenge, and bids nature or art out of all their soldiers and scholars produce any one who, having option to live or die, and that upon equal terms, have embraced death. Whereas infinite of hers have been offered life with promotions, and yet would not be delivered, expecting a better resurrection.

If any shall challenge these for thrasonical flourishes, or carpet vaunts, I appeal and call to witness not the cloud now, but the whole sky of witnesses, such I mean as have died either in the Lord, or for the Lord, who in the very point and article of death have lived, and expressed lively testimonies of this their life, partly in their incredible sufferings, partly in their admirable sayings. For their 'acts and monuments,' if they had all been penned, all the world would not have contained their histories, the sums would swell to large volumes. The valour of the patients, the savageness of the persecutors, striving together, till both exceeding nature and belief, bred wonder and astonishment to beholders and readers. Christians have shewed as glorious power in the faith of martyrdom, as in the faith of miracles. As for their last speeches and apophthegms, pity it is no better mark hath been taken, and memory preserved of them. The choice and the prime I have culled out of ancient stories, and latter martyrologies, English, Dutch, and French. The profit and pleasure hath paid me for the labour of collecting, and the like gain, I hope, shall quit the cost of thy reading. Sweetly and briefly they comprise and couch in them the foundation, the marrow of large and manifold precepts, prescribed by the learned divines for preparation against death.† The art of dying well is easier

* Qu. 'Gentlest?'—ED.

† Beza, Perkins, Hall, Byfield.

learned by examples than by directions. These chalk the way more plainly, these encourage more heartily, these persuade more powerfully, these chide unbelief with more authority : if some work not, others may, some will affect some, some another. Read them over to a sick or to a dying Christian ; if they quicken not, if they comfort not, it is because there is no life of faith in them ; if there be the least spark, these will kindle it, cherish and maintain it in the door, in the valley, in the thought, in the act of death.

THE LIVING SPEECHES OF DYING CHRISTIANS.

PART I.

OLD Simeon's swan-song : ' Lord, let thy servant depart in peace,' &c.

The good thief, the first confessor : ' Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kindom.'

Stephen, the first martyr : ' Lord Jesus, receive my spirit ; forgive them,' &c.

Peter, the apostle : ' None but Christ, nothing but Christ.'

Andrew the apostle : ' Welcome, O Christ ! longed and looked for. I am the scholar of him that did hang on thee, long have coveted to embrace thee, in whom I am that I am.'

Polycarpus to the pro-consul, urging him to deny Christ : ' I have served him eighty-six years, and he hath not once hurt me ; and shall I now deny him ?'

When he should have been tied to the stake, he required to stand untied, saying : ' Let me alone, I pray you ; for he that gave me strength to come to this fire, will also give me patience to abide in the same without your tying.'

Ignatius : ' I am the wheat or grain to be ground with the teeth of beasts, that I may be pure bread for my Master's tooth. Let fire, racks, pulleys, yea, and all the torments of hell come on me, so I may win Christ.'

Lucius to Urbicius, a corrupt judge threatening death : ' I thank you with all my heart, that free me and release me from wicked governors, and send me to my good God and loving Father,' &c.

Pothnius, bishop of Lyons, to the president, asking him in the midst of torments, what that Christ was, answered : ' If thou wert worthy, thou shouldst know.'

Cyprian : ' God Almighty be blessed for this gaol delivery.'

Ambrose to his friends about him : ' I have not so lived, that I am ashamed to live any longer ; nor yet fear I death, because I have a good Lord.'

And the same to Calligon, Valentinian's eunuch, threatening death : ' Well, do you that which becomes an eunuch, I will suffer that which becomes a bishop.'

Augustine : ' Boughs fall off trees, and stones out of buildings, and why should it seem strange that mortal men die ?'

Theodosius : ' I thank God more for that I have been a member of Christ, than an emperor of the world.'

Hilarion : ' Soul, get thee out ; thou hast seventy years served Christ, and art thou now loath to die, or afraid of death ?'

Vincentius : ' Rage, and do the worst that the spirit of malignity can set

thee on work to do. Thou shalt see God's Spirit strengthen the tormented more than the devil can do the tormentor.'

Jubentius and Maximinus: 'We are ready to lay off the last garment, the flesh.'

Attalus answered to every question, 'I am a Christian:' being fired in an iron chain. 'Behold, O you Romans! this is to eat man's flesh; which you falsely object to us Christians.'

Basil to Valens's viceroy, offering him respite: 'No; I shall be the same to-morrow. I have nothing to lose but a few books; and my body is now so crazy, that one blow will end my torment.'

Gorgius, to the tyrant offering him promotion: 'Have you anything equal, or more worthy than the kingdom of heaven?'

Babilas, dying in prison, willed his chains should be buried with him. 'Now,' saith he, 'will God wipe away all tears, and now I shall walk with God in the land of the living.'

Barlaam, holding his hand in the flame over the altar, sung that of the psalmist: 'Thou teachest my hands to war, and my fingers to fight.'

Julitta: 'We women received not only flesh from men, but are bone of their bone, and therefore ought to be as strong and constant as men in Christ's cause.'

Amachus: 'Turn the other side also, lest raw flesh offend.' The like Lawrence.

Symeones: 'Thus to die a Christian is to live, yea, the chief good, and best end of a man.'

Marcus of Arethuse, hung up in a basket, anointed with honey, and so exposed to the stinging of wasps and bees, to his persecutors that stood and beheld him: 'How am I advanced, despising you that are below on earth!'

Pusices to Ananias, an old man trembling at martyrdom: 'Shut thine eyes but a while, and thou shalt see God's light.'

Bernard: 'Fence the heel void of merit with prayer, that the serpent may not find where to fasten his teeth.'

THE SECOND PART.

Edward VI., king of England: 'Bring me into thy kingdom; free this kingdom from Antichrist, and keep thine elect in it.'

Cranmer, Archbishop, thrusting his hand into the fire: 'Thou unworthy hand,' saith he, 'shalt first burn; I will be revenged of thee for subscribing for fear of death to that damned scroll.'

Latimer, Bishop, to one that tempted him to recant, and would not tell him his name: 'Well,' saith he, 'Christ hath named thee in that saying, 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' And being urged to abjure, 'I will,' saith he, 'good people: I once said in a sermon, in King Edward's time, confidently, that Antichrist was for ever expelled England, but God hath shewed me it was but carnal confidence.'

To Bishop Ridley, going before him to the stake: 'Have after as fast as I can follow. We shall light such a candle by God's grace in England this day, as I trust shall never be put out again.'

To whom Bishop Ridley: 'Be of good heart, brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.'

Bishop Hooper, to one that tendered a pardon upon recantation: 'If

you love my soul, away with it; if you love my soul, away with it.' One of the commissioners prayed him to consider that life is sweet and death is bitter: 'True,' saith he, 'but the death to come is more bitter, and the life to come is more sweet. O Lord Christ, I am hell, thou art heaven, draw me to thee of thy mercy.'

John Rogers, to one that told him he would change his note at the fire: 'If I should trust in myself, I should so do, but I have determined to die, and God is able to enable me.'

Being awakened and bidden to make haste to execution: 'Then (saith he) shall I not need to tie my points.'

John Philpot: 'I will pay my vows in thee, O Smithfield.'

Thomas Bilney: 'I know by sense and philosophy that fire is hot and burning painful, but by faith I know it shall only waste the stubble of my body, and purge my spirit of its corruption.'

Glover to Augustine Brenner: 'He is come, he is come,' meaning the Comforter, God's Spirit.

John Bradford, embracing the reeds and faggots, said: 'Strait is the way, and narrow is the gate, and few that find it.' And speaking to his fellow-martyr: 'Be of good comfort, brother, for we shall have a merry supper with the Lord this night; if there be any way to heaven on horseback or in fiery chariots, this is it.'

Lawrence Sanders: 'I was in prison till I got into prison, and now (says he, kissing the stake), welcome the cross of Christ, welcome everlasting life. My Saviour began to me in a bitter cup, and shall I not pledge him?'

John Lambert: 'None but Christ, none but Christ.'

Baynam: 'Behold, you papists that look for miracles, I feel no more pain in the fire than if I were in a bed of down; it is as sweet to me as a bed of roses.'

Hugh Laverocke, comforting John-a-Price, his fellow-martyr, said unto him: 'Be of good comfort, my brother, for my Lord of London is our good physician, he will cure thee of all thy blindness, and me of my lameness this day.'

William Hunter to his mother: 'For a momentary pain I shall have a crown of life, and may not you be glad of that?' To whom she answered: 'I count myself happy that bare such a champion for Christ, and thee as well bestowed as any child that ever I bare.'

Adam Damlip, to his fellow-prisoners wondering at his cheerful supping and behaviour after the message of his execution: 'Why (quoth he) think you I have been so long in the Marshalsea, and have not learned to die?' And when they told him his quarters should be hanged up: 'Then (said he) shall I need take no thought for my burial.'

Priest's wife, to one offering her money: 'I am going to a country where money bears no mastery.' When sentence was read: 'Now have I gotten that which many a day I have sought for.'

Kirby, to Master Wingfield pitying him: 'Be at my burning and you shall see and say, There is a soldier of Christ. I know fire, water, and sword are in his hands, that will not suffer them to separate me from him.'

Doctor Taylor: 'I shall this day deceive the worms in Hadley churchyard;' and fetching a leap or two when he came within two miles of Hadley, 'Now (saith he) lack I but two miles, and I am even at my Father's house.'

Walter Mill, urged to recant at the stake: 'I am no chaff, but corn; I will abide wind and flail by God's grace.'

Bishop Farrar, to a knight's son bemoaning his death: 'If you see me

stir in the fire, trust not my doctrine.' And so he stood holding up his stumps till one Garvell struck him down with a staff.

Rawlings to the bishops : ' Rawlings you left me, Rawlings you find me, and so by God's grace I will die.'

John Ardeley : ' If every hair of my head were a man, it should suffer death in the faith I now stand in.' The like Agnes Stanley and William Sparrow.

Thomas Hawkes, being desired to give a sign whether the fire was tolerable to be borne, promised it to his friends ; and, after all expectation was past, he lift up his hands half burned, and being on a light fire, with great rejoicing striketh them three times together.

Lawrence Guest, to his wife meeting him with seven children on her hand : ' Be not a block to me in the way, now I am in a good course and near the mark.'

The Lady Jane Grey, requested by the lieutenant of the Tower to write her symbol in his book before her beheading, wrote this : ' Let the glassy condition of this life never deceive thee. There is a time to be born, a time to die ; but the day of death is better than the day of birth.'

Alice Driver, when the chain was about her neck : ' Here is a goodly neckerchief, God be blessed for it.'

John Noyce, kissing the stake : ' Blessed be the time that ever I was born for this day.' To his fellow-martyrs : ' We shall not lose our lives in this fire, but change them for a better, and for coals have pearls,' &c.

Julius Pelmer : ' To them that have the mind linked to the body, as a thief's foot to a pair of stocks, it is hard to die indeed ; but if one be able to separate soul and body, then by the help of God's Spirit it is no more mastery for such a one than for me to drink this cup.'

Elizabeth Folkes, embracing the stake : ' Farewell all the world, farewell faith, farewell hope, and welcome love.'

Roger Bernard, being threatened whipping, stocking, burning, answered : ' I am no better than my Master Christ, and the Prophets which your fathers served after such sort, and I for his name's sake am content to suffer the like at your hands.' So immediately he was condemned, and carried to the fire.

Thomas Sampal, offered a pardon in the midst of the fire : ' Oh ! now I am thus far on my journey, hinder me not to finish my race.'

Latimer, Bishop, when they were about to set fire to him and Bishop Ridley, with an amiable countenance, said these words : ' God is faithful, which doth not suffer us to be tempted above our strength.'

Bishop Ridley, to Mrs Irish, the keeper's wife, and other friends at supper : ' I pray you be at my wedding to-morrow ;' at which words they weeping, ' I perceive you are not so much my friends as I took you to be.'

Tankerfield, when he had put one leg into the fire : ' The flesh shrinks and says, Thou fool, wilt thou burn and needest not ? The spirit says, Hell fire is sharper, and wilt thou adventure that ? The flesh says, Wilt thou leave thy friends ? The spirit answers, Christ and his saints' society is better. The flesh says, Wilt thou shorten thy life ? The spirit says, It is nothing to an eternal life.'

Joyce Lewis : ' When I behold the ugly* face of death, I am afraid ; but when I consider Christ's amiable countenance, I take heart again.'

* That is, " ugly."—Ed.

THE THIRD PART.

John Huss, to a countryman who threw a faggot at his head: 'O holy simplicity, God send thee better light! You roast the goose now, but a swan shall come after me, and he shall escape your fire.' Huss, a goose in the Bohemian language, and Luther a swan.

Jerome of Prague: 'Make the fire in my sight; for if I had feared it, I had never come hither.' While it was making, he sung two psalms.

Anonimus, on his deathbed: 'Now, phlegm, do thy duty, and stop thou my vital artery. Now, death, do me that friendly office to rid me of pain, and hasten me to happiness.' To a friend of his that willed him to have his thoughts on heaven: 'I am there already.'

Claudius Monerius being cavilled at by the friars for eating a breakfast before his execution: 'This I do that the flesh may answer the readiness of the spirit.'

Michaela Caignoels, a noble matron, seeing her judges look out of the windows, said to her fellow-martyrs: 'These stay to suffer the torment of their consciences, and are reserved to judgment; but we are going to glory and happiness.' And to certain poor women weeping and crying, 'O madam! we shall never now have more alms:' 'Yes; hold you,' saith she, 'yet once more;' and plucked off her slippers, and such other of her apparel as she could with modesty spare from the fire.

James Delos, to monks that called him proud heretic: 'Alas! here I get nothing but shame; I expect indeed preferment hereafter.'

Madam la Glee, to one Chavique, that upbraided her for denying the faith: 'Your cursed faith is not worthy the name of faith.' She put on her bracelets: 'For I go (said she) to my Spouse.'

Marlorat, to friends that called him deceiver: 'If I have seduced any, God hath seduced me, who cannot lie.'

Castilia Rupea: 'Though you throw my body down off this steep hill, yet will my soul mount upwards again. Your blasphemies more offend my mind, than your torments do my body.'

Christopher Marshall of Antwerp: 'I was from eternal a sheep destined to the slaughter, and now I go to the shambles: gold must be tried in the fire.'

Vidus Bressius: 'If God's Spirit saith true, I shall straight rest from my labours: my soul is even taking her wings to fly to her resting-place.'

The Duke of Wittemberg and Luneburg: 'Many have been mine errors and defects in government; Lord, pardon and cover all in Christ!'

Picus Merandula: 'If Christ's death and our own were ever in eye, how could we sin? Death is welcome, not as an end of trouble, but of sin.'

Martin Luther: 'Thee, O Christ, have I taught, thee have I trusted, thee have I loved; into thy hands I commend my spirit.'

Æcolampadius, to one asking if the light offended him not: 'I have light enough here,' laying his hand on his breast. And to the ministers about him: 'Let the light of your lives shine as well as your doctrine.'

Francisco Varlute: 'Paul and Peter were more honourable members of Christ than I, but I am a member; they had more store of grace than I, but I have my measure, and therefore sure of my glory.'

Peter Berger: 'I see the heavens open to receive my spirit.' And beholding the multitude at the stake: 'Great is the harvest; Lord, send labourers!'

John Mallot, a soldier: 'Often have we hazarded our lives for the emperor Charles the Fifth, and shall we now shrink to die for the King of kings? Let us follow our Captain.'

John Fillula, to his fellows: 'By these ladders we ascend the heavens. Now begin we to trample under feet sin, the world, the flesh, and the devil.'

Thomas Calberg, to the friars, willing him to repent at the last hour: 'I believe that I am one of those workmen in Christ's vineyard, and shall presently receive my penny.'

Robert Ogner's son, to his father and mother at the stake with him: 'Behold millions of angels about us, and the heavens open to receive us.' To a friar that railed: 'Thy cursings are blessings.' And to a nobleman, that offered him life and promotion: 'Do you think me such a fool, that I would change eternal things for temporary?' To the people: 'We suffer as Christians, not as thieves or murderers.'

Constantine, being carried with other martyrs in a dungcart to the place of execution: 'Well (saith he), yet are we a precious odour, and sweet savour to God in Christ.'

Fran. Sanromanus, a Spaniard: 'Work your pleasures on my body, which you have in chains, your captive; but my soul is even already in heaven, through faith and hope; and upon that Cæsar himself hath no power.'

Joan, the marshal's wife of France, to her husband at the stake with her: 'Be of good cheer, our wedding was but a shadow, an earnest and contract, of that solemn and blessed marriage which the Lamb will now consummate.'

Anne Audebert of Orleans: 'Blessed be God for this wedding girdle (meaning the chain). My first marriage was on the Lord's day; and now my second, to my Spouse and Lord Christ, shall be on the same.'

John Brugger, to a friar offering him a wooden cross at the stake: 'No (saith he); I have another true cross, imposed by Christ on me, which now I will take up. I worship not the work of man's hands, but the Son of God. I am content with him for my only advocate.'

Martin Hyperius: 'Oh! what a difference there is betwixt this and eternal fire! who would shun this to leap into that?'

Augustine of Hannovia, to a nobleman persuading him to have a care of his soul: 'So I will (saith he), for I presently will lay down my body to save my conscience whole.'

Faninus, an Italian, kissed the apparitor that brought him word of his execution. To one reminding him of his children: 'I have left them to an able and faithful Guardian.' To his friends weeping: 'That is well done, that you weep for joy with me.' And to one objecting Christ's agony and sadness to his cheerfulness: 'Yea (saith he), Christ was sad that I might be merry. He had my sins, and I have his merit and righteousness.' And to the friars offering him a wooden crucifix: 'Christ needs not the help of this piece to imprint him in my mind and heart, where he hath his habitation.'

George Carpenter: 'All Bavaria is not so dear to me as my wife and children, yet for Christ's sake I will forsake them cheerfully.'

Adam Wallace, a Scot, to a tempting friar: 'If an angel should say that which thou doest, I would not listen to him. Is the fire ready? I am ready. Let no man be offended, no disciple is greater than his master.'

John Burgon, to his judges asking him if he would appeal to the high

court: 'Is it not enough that your hands are polluted with our blood, but you will make more guilty of it?'

Frederick Anvill of Berne, to the friars that willed him to call on the virgin Mary, three times repeated: 'Thine, O Lord, is the kingdom, thine is the power and glory, for ever and ever. Let's fight, let's fight! Avaunt, Satan, avaunt!'

Godfrey Varall of Piedmont: 'Hangman, do thine office; my death will be fruitful to myself and others.'

Hallewine of Antwerp, and Harman of Amsterdam, to the margrave of Antwerp, offering mitigation of torments upon abjuration: 'We are resolved these momentary afflictions are not worthy that exceeding weight of glory that shall be revealed.' Peter and Nicholas Thieessen, brethren, used the like speech.

Annas Burgins, in the midst of his torments: Lord, forsake me not, lest I forsake thee!'

Peter Clarke, with the root of his tongue plucked out, pronounced audibly (to shew that none ever wanted a tongue to praise God): 'Blessed be the name of God;' as of old Romanus the martyr, mentioned in Prudentius.

Godfrey de Hammele, to one that called him heretic: 'No heretic, but an unprofitable servant, yet willing to die for his Lord, and reckoning this death no death, but a life.'

Bucer: 'No man by talk shall withdraw my mind from Christ crucified, from heaven, and my speedy departure, upon which my soul is fixed.' When one advised him to arm himself against Satan's temptation: 'He hath nothing to do with me. God forbid, but now my soul should be sure of sweet consolation.'

Tremelius, a Christian Jew: 'Let Christ live, and Barabbas perish.'

Ferdinand, emperor: 'If mine ancestors and predecessors had not died, how should I have been emperor? I must, that other may succeed me.'

Frederick the Third, Elector Palatine, to his friends about him, wishing him recovery: 'I have lived enough to you, let me now live to myself, and with my Lord Christ.'

Leonard Caesar: 'Oh Lord, do thou suffer with me; Lord, support me and save me.'

Windelmata, to one that told her she had not yet tasted how bitter death was: 'No (said she), neither ever shall I, for so much hath Christ promised to all that keep his word; neither will I forsake him for sweet life, or bitter death.'

Henry Voes: 'If I had ten heads, they should all off for Christ. God forbid I should rejoice in anything save in his cross.'

The minister of Briso: 'This skin, which scarce cleaves to my bones, I must shortly have laid off by necessity; how much more willingly now, for my Saviour Christ.'

Adolphus Clarebachius: 'I believe there is not a merrier heart in the world at this instant, than mine is. Behold, you shall see me die by that faith I have lived in.'

Alexander Cane, when a fool's cap was put on his head: 'Can I have a greater honour done me, than to be served as my Lord Christ before Herod? Lord, seeing my persecutors have no mercy, have thou mercy on me, and receive my soul.'

Almondus a Via: 'My body dies, my spirit lives. God's kingdom abides ever. God hath now given me the accomplishment of all my desires.'

Giles Tilman, urged to know what he believed of purgatory : 'Purgatory and hell I leave to you, but my hope is directly to go into paradise. Neither fear I this great pile of wood, whereof some might have been spared to warm the poor; but will pass through it purged for my Saviour.'

Peter Bruce : 'I thank God my broken leg suffered me not to fly this martyrdom.'

Marion, the wife of Adrian, seeing the coffin hooped with iron, wherein she was to be buried alive : 'Have you provided this pasty-crust to bake my flesh in?'

Lewis Paschalis : 'It's a small matter to die once for Christ; if it might be, I could wish I might die a thousand deaths for him.'

John Buisson : 'I shall now have a double gaol-delivery; one out of my sinful flesh, another from the loathsome dungeon I have long lain in.'

Hugh Stallour to John Pike, his fellow-martyr : 'Yet a little while, and we shall see one another before the throne and face of God.'

Levine de Blahere, to his friends that offered to rescue him by tumult : 'Hinder not the magistrates' work, nor my happiness. Father, thou foresawest this sacrifice from eternal : now accept of it, I pray thee.'

Christopher Fabriannus : 'First bitter, then sweet; first battle, the victory when I am dead; every drop of my blood shall preach Christ, and set forth his praise.'

Francis Soet : 'You deprive me of this life, and promote me to a better, which is, as if you should rob me of counters, and furnish me with gold.'

Guy de Bres : 'The ringing of my chain hath been sweet music in mine ears, my prison an excellent school, wherein God's Spirit hath been my teacher. All my former discourses were as a blind man's of colours in comparison of my present feeling. Oh, what a precious comforter is a good conscience.'

Dionysius Peloquine, to the inquisitor telling him his life was now in his own hands : 'Then (said he) it were in an ill keeping. Christ's school hath taught me to save it by losing it, and not, by the gain of a few days or years, to lose eternity.'

Lewis Marsake, knight, seeing his other brethren go with halters about their necks, which they offered not him because of his dignity : 'Why, I pray you (quoth he), deny me not the badge and ornament of so excellent an order. Is not my cause the same with theirs?' Which obtaining, he marched valiantly to the stake with them.

Simon Laleus, to one Silvester, his executioner : 'Never saw I a man in all my life whose coming was more welcome to me than thine.' So cheerful was his death, that Silvester, amazed at it, left his office, became a convert and a Christian himself, went to Geneva for further instruction in the gospel.

Kilian, a Dutch schoolmaster, to such as asked him if he loved not his wife and children : 'Yes (said he); if all the world were gold, and were mine to dispose of, I would give it to live with them, though it were but in prison. Yet my soul and Christ are dearer to me than all.'

Giles Verdict : 'Out of my ashes shall rise innumerable Christians.' Which prophecy God so verified by the effect, that it grew a byword after his death that his ashes flew abroad all the country.

Antony Verdict, brother to the former, condemned to be eaten with beasts, to prevent the like proverb, said to his father : 'O father, how hath God enabled you to have two sons honoured with martyrdom!'

John Barbevill, to friars that called him ignorant ass : 'Well, admit I were so, yet shall my blood witness against such Balaams as you be.'

Francis Colver, to his two sons, massacred together with himself: 'Sheep we are for the slaughter. This is no new thing. Let us follow millions of martyrs through temporal death to eternal life.'

By all these, which are but a handful of Christ's camp royal, it sufficiently appears they had their faith fresh and lively in the face of this grand enemy, and, by virtue of their faith, their spirits, wits, and tongues undisturbed, undismayed, insomuch that an ancient witnesses of the Christian bishops, that they did more ambitiously desire the glory of martyrdom than others did prelacies and preferments; and a late mortal enemy of theirs bade a vengeance on them, for he thought they took delight in burning. What, then, shall we gain by them? I remember Mr Rough, a minister, coming from the burning of one Austo in Smithfield, being asked by Mr Farrar of Halifax where he had been, made answer, There where I would not but have been for one of my eyes, and would you know where? Forsooth, I have been to learn the way; which soon after he made good, by following him in the same place, in the same kind of death. Now, if one president made him so good a scholar, what dullards and non-proficients are we if such a cloud of examples work not in us a cheerful ability to expect and encounter the same adversary, so often foiled before our eyes? Yet, lest any should complain that examples without rules are but a dumb and lame help, I will annex unto them a pair of funeral sermons, opening a couple of seals revealed to John in his second vision; the first affording us sundry meditations of death and hell, the second of heaven, and the happiness of such as die in the Lord and rest under the altar.

The use of them I chiefly dedicate and commend to old sick persons, such, especially, as die of lingering diseases, affording them leisure to peruse such themes, though I forbid none; but to all I say, 'Come and see.'

Ἔγχευ καὶ ἴδου. Come and see.

And behold a pale horse: and his name that sat on him was Death, and hell followed after him: and power was given unto them.—REV. VI. 7, 8.

'Come and see.' Were it some stately, some pleasing, yea, or but some vain sight, such as Mordecai riding on the king's horse in pomp with the royal furniture, or but a company of players riding through a market, a drum, a trumpet, or the least call would serve the turn, to draw us out to the sight; but these being serious, yea, to nature somewhat hideous and odious, voices like unto thunders are given to the beasts to call beholders. The crier in the wilderness is willed to cry this theme aloud in the deaf ears of men. A Boanerges, with all the vehemency and contention of his voice and affections, will be too little, unless God bore the ears, open the eyes, and persuade the hearts of men to come and see. Yet it is but our folly to be so shy of this sight, for though it be sad, yet is it of all the sights under the sun the most necessary, the most profitable. Though we turn away our faces and close our eyes, yet see it we must, and see it we shall, nevertheless, never the sooner, never the later. Nay, the truth is, see it we never shall, but with closed eyes. Thou tender, faint-hearted man or woman, thou art so loath to meet with a corpse or bier, to see a skull or anything that minds thee of death, shalt thou by this means protract or escape thy death? No; let me tell thee, prevision is the best pre-

vention, and premonition the best premonition. That which is commonly received of the basilisk, is here no conceited story, but a serious truth. He that sees it before he be seen of it, may avoid the deadly poison of it ; he that sees it before it comes, shall not see it when it comes. He that manageth a horse at an armed stake, fits him to rush into the main battle without fear. And wouldst thou, with Joseph of Arimathea, walk every day a turn or two with death in thy garden, and well fore-acquaint thyself therewithal, thou shouldst have, if not Enoch's, yet every true believer's privilege, not to see death, not to taste of death, viz., in that ugly form, distasteful manner, which other the sons of Adam do, who, because they will not see the face of it, must see the sting of it. To die well and cheerfully, is too busy a work to be well done *ex tempore*. The foundation of death must be laid in life. He that means and desires to die well, must die daily ; he that would end his days well, must spend them well, the one will help the other. The thoughts of thy end, as the train of the fowl, and rudder of a ship, will guide thy life, and a good life will lead thee to a peaceable end, that thou shalt neither shame nor fear to die. In a word, Plato's philosophy in this, is true divinity, that the best mean and whole sum of a wise man's life, is the commendation of death, not every fleet and fitting flash, but frequent and fixed contemplations. Death is the knowest and unknownest thing in the world ; that of which men have the most thoughts and fewest meditations. Be therefore persuaded to come and see ; that is, come that thou mayest see. Come from other objects, infinite and vain spectacles, with which the eye is never glutted. Draw near and close to this, that thou mayest see it thoroughly. Wipe off the clay, spittle, and scales off thine eyes, that thou mayest clearly behold the nature, quality, and consequents of death. No mortal wight but hath some blushes of mortality, such as go and come ; but if they would suffer them to lodge in their minds, they must needs stir some affection, and leave some impression to the memory, and produce some effects in their lives. Socrates had a gift that he could fasten his eyes many hours on one object without change or weariness. Half so staid a thought of one's mortality, might bring a man to immortality. It is not beauty seen, but looked on, that wounds. I met with a story of one that gave a young prodigal a ring with a death's head, with this condition, that he should one hour daily, for seven days together, look and think upon it ; which bred a strange alteration in his life, like that of Thesposius in Plutarch, or that, more remarkable, of Waldus, the rich merchant in Lyons, who seeing one drop down dead in the streets before him, went home, repented, changed his life, studied the Scriptures, and became a worthy preacher, father, and founder of the Christians called Waldenses, or poor men of Lyons. In conference and confessions many one hath acknowledged to myself the like ; some that by dangerous sickness of their own, others that by fear of infection in times of the plague, and general visitation, others by the death of friends, as by shafts that have fallen near them, have been awakened, affrighted, and occasioned to think deeply on their ends, to provide against their ends, to attend the word, which hath proved the mean of their conversion and salvation. And this I think should be enough to persuade young and old, one and another, to come and see.

But what now are we come out to see ?

Behold, First, the seal opened.

Secondly, the horse issuing out.

Thirdly, the colour of the horse.

Fourthly, the rider and his followers, death and hell.

This horse is under seal. Seals we use commonly to confirm and conceal, to make things sure, and to keep things secret. And thus death, as all God's judgments, are said to be sealed, Job. iii. 8, and that with a firmer seal than of the Medes and Persians; in which sense, this horse, Zech. iv., issueth from between two brazen mountains; that is, God's inevitable, unalterable decree. He rusheth not out, rangeth not abroad at the will of man or Satan, at hap or by blind destiny, but at the pleasure and by the appointment of the great Master of these God's horses, Jesus Christ (one of whose chief royalties is to keep the lock and key of death and hell, Rev. i.), else would he be ever trampling under feet the sons of men. Look how naturally and continually the sea would overwhelm the whole earth, if the waves were not bounded by providence; so would this horse overcome the inhabitants of it, were he not tied short, and restrained by his and our Lord. You see him here limited to the fourth part of the earth, else had not one been left alive; for all are sentenced, and have deserved to die, and it is favour that all die not. In a word, men die not by chance, course of nature, influence of stars, but then and therefore, because it is appointed. A million of Ethiopians perish in one day, in one battle, 2 Chron. xiv., not because all were born under one aspect of planets, but because such a slaughter was sealed of God. And though there be one way in, and twenty out of the world, yet all falls out as God determines and disposeth. That Christian which believes this, though he may desire David's arithmetic to number his days aright, that is, to know the brevity of them, yet will he never study the black and senseless art of calculating his birth and death. None but fools are curious and inquisitive to know that, which is under God's privy signet. We are all as soldiers sent to sea with commission under seal, not to be opened till we come to such and such a point. To guess and conclude we shall die at such an age, in such a climacterical year, what is it but to make a league with death? not unlike to that frenzied merchant that would make and strike up matches of hundreds and thousands with parties absent, as if they were present. A fond, itching humour, and such as would, for the most part (whatever we think), do us hurt rather than good; if the day and hour were far off, it would breed security; if near hand, horror. Sickneses are sufficient summonses and warnings. Mark such as, sentenced by judges and physicians, foreknow their death, yet without special grace fore-fit themselves never the more carefully. Some deaths, indeed (as some clocks), give warning before they strike, with symptoms and signs infallible; and so extraordinarily God gives to some Moseses and Hezekiahs a presage, and hearts to prepare; but generally God hath seen this the best for us, that it should be for the general most certain, for the particular most uncertain, to him sealed, to us concealed; of which he would have us make these uses.

First, for our bodily health, not to be too careful, nor too careless. With all our physical diet and miserable anxiety, we cannot add one cubit to the length of our days, or measure of our health. We are all sealed up no otherwise than the measure of our wealth, or our crosses and blessings, for the having or avoiding of which, the means we must use without carking care, or cowardly fear, cheerfully relying on Christ, the Lord-keeper of the seal, not wittingly and desperately preventing that sealed date by surfeits, of toil or pleasure, by wilful neglect of diet, contempt of physic, by grief or by melancholy; nay, not by haste to glory, with Cleombrotus the heathen, or with hasty, self-murdering Christians, such as Augustine's times were

full off; but with Job, patiently abide all the days of our life, during the term of our sealed lease, till the very day and date expire, and appointed time of dismissal and dissolution come. And,

Secondly, for our soul's provision, not to do as most that have set days of truce and peace, and in which they hang up their armour a-rusting, and their beacons unwatched; but as people that live in perpetual hazard of war, have all things in a daily readiness for service at half an hour's warning, upon the least alarm; who would not live one hour in infidelity or irrepentance, lest in that he be taken napping, as the foolish virgins, and that rich fool that reckoned of many years, and had not one night to continue. Grant it were enough to repent and believe the last day of life, yet how can a man be sure to do that, unless he do it every day; considering that every day may, for aught he knows, be the last. The seal may be opened in a day and hour one least thinks of it, as it is to most that die.

Lastly; Whenever this horse comes to fetch away us, or any of ours, children, or friends, a believer stamps not, and rages not, as mad Marshal Biron; murmurs not, repines not, as the wild Irishmen without hope; expostulates not with destiny, as Alexander for his Hephæstion; but with Aaron, lays his hand on his heart and mouth for his sons' sudden death, knowing what God hath sealed shall be and must be. If the dreams of a blind fatal necessity could quiet heathens, how much more should a Christian be cheerful at the disposal of a wise and loving keeper of the seal? A minute sooner or later it shall not be than he hath foreseen and foresealed for thy especial good, who hath times, and seasons, and seals, in his ordination. Worthy was the speech and resolution of an understanding divine. If Christ hath the key and seal of death, then a fig for death. This, though it be an ordinary notion, yet well digested, it is a singular stay to a believer.

The seal being thus opened, 'come and see' the creature that issues forth. Behold an horse, a fierce, a strong, a warlike, a speedy creature, so described by God himself, Job xxxix.

Look, therefore, how easily Jehu stamped Jezebel into pieces, and Tamerlane's troops of horse the Turkish footmen, or as the sturdy steed dashes out the little whippet's brains, so easily doth death with the least kick and spurn of his heel the palest complexion, the stoutest constitution, triumphing like an emperor over all sorts of people, treading on the necks of kings and princes, as Joshua over them in the cave, insulting in the terms of Rabshakeh, 'Where is Hamath? the kings of Arphad, Ivah, and Sepharvaim?' Elam, Meshech, and Tubal, whose fear was upon the living, are they not descended into the grave? made their beds in the slimy valley, and laid their swords under their heads. Where is Goliath with his brazen boots? Hath wisdom delivered, strength rescued, or wealth ransomed any out of my fingers? For all their confidence, have they not gone to the king of fear? How can it be otherwise, seeing death comes as an armed horseman upon naked footmen? No encountering, no resistance, no running away, no evasion by flight. This winged Pegasus posts and speeds after men, easily gives them law, fetches them up again, gallops and swallows the ground he goes, sets out after every man as soon as he comes into the world, and plays with him, as the cat with the mouse, as the greyhound with the badger; sometimes he follows fair and afar off, lingers aloof and out of sight; anon he spurs after, and by and by is at the heels in some sickness, and then, it may be, gives us some breath again, but in the end overtakes us, and is upon us with a jerk, as the snare over the fish or the fowl. Absalom could not outstride him; Pharaoh's chariot wheels fell off in

this chase. Jonathan and Saul, swift as the eagles, strong as the lion, yet how were they slain with the mighty? What, then, is the course the Christian takes? He neither foolishly thinks to resist or escape, nor yet cowardly swoons, or cravenly yields; but as a valiant footman that spies an horseman pursue him in a champaign, stays not till he come upon him, but addresseth himself for the encounter. So does a Christian, in his best health and prosperity, put on his armour, get him the helmet of salvation, the shield of faith, and learneth the use of them betimes, before he be unapt to it in sickness or age. As the Parthians teach their very children to handle the bow, the Scythians the dart, the Germans the spear; and so it comes to pass, that believers are not surprised, as worldlings often are, with milk but in their breasts, without oil in their lamps, and all in vain then fondly cry out to this horseman to stay his stroke. As the rich fool Gregory relates of, who entreated death to stay till the next morning, Truce but till to-morrow, and I will be ready for thee. A Christian wisely considereth that he hath no morrow, and therefore, while it is called to-day, is ready for this horse, who never sets any certain day of his coming.

Behold also the colour of this horse, *χλωρος*, the colour of the withering leaf, pale and wan, symbolizing and noting the effect he hath first upon the living, whom he appals, as he did Belshazzar, whom all his concubines and courtiers could not cheer, nor all his wine in the bowls of the temple fetch colour into his countenance. See we not often prisoners at the bar wane away, and dye as white as a cloth at the sentence of death pronounced on them. Many gulls and gallants we may hear sometimes slight off death with a jest, when they think it out of hearing, and some wish it, and call for it, as Gaal for Abimelech; but when it comes in good earnest, they are not able to look it in the face with the blood in their cheeks. Some foolishly set a face on the matter on their deathbeds, lest neighbours should censure when they are gone for cowards, hypocritically painting their faces, as Jezebel did, affronting Jehu out of the window, God knows with a cold heart, and if her paint had been off, a pale face should one have seen underneath it. Whereas Christians, having a good measure of faith to warm them at the heart, change not their countenance, nor have their colour any whit abated, but as is recorded of Mrs Joyce Lewis at the stake, and sundry other Christians, even of the fearfulest by nature and sex, looked as fresh and cheerfully at the hour of death as at their marriage.

A second effect of this pale horse is after death, bereaving the bodies of all blood and colour, making them lifeless and wan carcasses, and so lays them a rotting and mouldering among the worms their sisters, till the fashion of them be utterly altered, the beauty consumed, and shape turned into rottenness. Oh, how grievous is this to such Absaloms, Jezebels, and Rosamonds, who have set much by their painted sheaths and pampered carcasses, whose belly is their God, and yet their end must be corruption. Dust they were, and to dust they must return. Favour is deceitful, and beauty is vanity. When the pale horse comes there is no remedy. Here only faith hath an antidote, comforting herself with these sayings: This base and vile body of mine must be thus served, that it may be transfigured and made conformable to the glorious standard, Christ's body, more glorious than the sun in his brightest hue. It must thus be sown in pale ignominy, that it may rise in glorious beauty. What if I lose a little vermilion red, mixture of phlegm and sanguine, shall I not recover a radiant, resplendent lustre? Can the alchemist, with his art, cause a dry, withered flower to shew itself again for a space in its natural verdant shape and colour?

And cannot God, that made me first of clay, and that clay of nothing, reduce and refine the same after it hath been in the earth? As the Chinese do the materials of their curious dishes for many scores of years, that when it is thoroughly defecate, their posterity may temper and frame some vessel of excellent service withal. Certainly my Redeemer liveth, and with these eyes I shall see him, as he is most admirable to behold, and myself like unto him in my degree, ten thousand times more comely than is here possible to imagine, the most personable creature that ever the sun saw; when the body shall be enriched with those excellent dowries of impassibility, clarity, subtilty, agility.

Oh, but here is yet a more fearful spectacle behind than all that hath yet come in sight. Hell, even hell itself, in the worst sense, not the grave of the body, but of the soul. For John sees here principally the judgment of the wicked that were slain for the contempt of the gospel by the pale horse, for not yielding to the white and his crowned rider. And their woful state is here opposed to the happy condition of the martyrs under the altar.

Well, then, behold also, even hell, the page and follower of death, attending him wherever he goes among the wicked sort. Whence it is that they are so often coupled in this book, death and hell. Look as the foxes wait upon lions, carrion crows upon armies, gaolers upon sergeants for a prey, so diligently does the devil on death for a booty. No fowler does more cunningly stalk behind the horse, or creep behind brakes or hedges, to get his aim at the shy fowls. No sergeant hides his mace, no angler his hook more warily, knowing that else hell should never swallow so many.

Alack, alack! we silly fish see one another caught and jerked out of the pond, but see not the fire and frying-pan into which they come. In this consists the devil's chiefest policy and our grossest simplicity, and even this is the cause of our sottish and foolish living and dying.

O that my head were a fountain of tears, to weep for and bewail the stupidity, yea, the desperate madness of infinite sorts of people that rush upon death, and chop into hell blindling. How brutish and beastly are the premises and conclusion of the epicure and his brood, 'Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we shall die.' Who knows whether the soul of the beast descend, and man's ascend? Who ever saw the one go downward and the other upward, and then what matter if the life of the one differ not from the other? What need a man care whether he be a sadducee's swine, an epicure's horse, or himself? The one many times hath less care and more pleasure than the other, if death be the last line, the full point, and final cessation of the creature. These brutes thank philosophy that hath taught them not to fear any such hobgoblin spirits or old wives' tales as hell. But such philosophy Socrates, Plato, and the wiser sort even of the heathen have hissed out of schools as belluine. Yea, the most savage and unlettered people, the less soiled with art, the more confidently do they, out of nature's instinct and divine impression, conclude of an eternal place of well and ill being after death for the souls of men. But these monsters fully shut their eyes, deface and obliterate these stamps and principles of nature, and so dance hoodwinked into perdition. Miserable it is to see how boldly and blindly they think and venture on death. Thera-menes, he writes books in praise of death, as the end of all calamities. Augustus, he dies in a jest, calling for a *plaudite*. Tiberius in dissimulation. Diogenes, hearing Antisthenes cry out in his pains, Who shall ease me? offers him a knife to dispatch himself withal. Caninus, called to exe-

sation, bids his fellow remember he had the best of the game. The Earl of Kildare, seeing his writ of death brought in, when he was at shuffle-board, throws his cast, with this in his mouth, 'Whatsoever that is, this is for a huddle.' Little list would these blind bayards have for such idle mirth, if their eyes were opened to see this follower of death. How pitiful is the frenzy of those brave spirits, as they deem and term themselves (as much as they scorn pity), our duelists I mean, who, as if they never had heard of hell, are as prodigal of their lives as cocks or dogs are of theirs, pouring them out upon every drunken quarrel. I pity not the loss or miss of such, good for little but to set in the front of a battle, or to stop breaches and cannons withal; but I pity the loss of their souls, who serve themselves, as the Jesuit in Lancashire, followed by one that found his glove, with a desire to restore it to him, but pursued inwardly with a guilty conscience, leaps over a hedge, plunges into a maripit behind it, unseen and unthought of, wherein he was drowned. I marvel not that they fear not a rapier or pistol. Who would not choose it before a lingering and painful sickness, were it not for the after-claps of death? No coward need fear the encounter of it alone in a single combat. But death hath a second, a page ten times more dreadful than himself, with whom we have to begin, when we have done with death, which is but the beginning of sorrows. Death is pale, but his follower is a black fellow, a terrible monster, never enough feared. In which respect how lamentable also is the blindness of all self-murderers, who make death the remedy of every grief, and cure of every violent passion. If they find themselves inwardly vexed, or perplexed in conscience, they seek death as a present ease, not considering how they leap out of the smoke into the flame, out of the flame into the fire, out of a curable momentary disturbance into an endless irrecoverable woe (without the extraordinary mercy of God), to which usually the devil speeds them, that he might get them into his clutches, and so pass out of doubt all means of prevention and evasion by faith and repentance.

Oh, senseless Ahithophel! how did thy wisdom fail and befool thee, when thou settest thine house in order, and disposest of thy goods, forgettest thy soul, hangest thyself; which durst thou, or wouldst thou have done, had but one believing thought of an eternal fire come into thy head? How blockish is the manner of dying of many a Nabal, who, stricken with the fear of death and hell, become as insensate as stocks and stones, have no mind nor power to think of one thing or other, cannot abide to hear any mention of the danger of that which they fear, whose senses the devil bewitches and benumbs, lest they should see and avoid? Such was Louis XI., who straitly charged his servants, that, when they saw him sick, they should never once dare to name that bitter word death in his ears. So do cowards and cravens shut their eyes, and choose rather to feel blows than to see and shun them.

Little better is the common course that most people take. Scared some are with a confused and preposterous fear of death, and flashes of hell in their consciences, and yet take no course to get pardon and faith in Christ; but, either taking it to be some melancholy humour, send for merry companions to drive it away; or being given up to hardness of heart and impenitency, wilfully shake off all thoughts of repentance, shut their eyes and ears against all good advice, and desperately put all at adventures, and chop into the jaws of that roaring lion. Some of them ridiculously fearing death, they know not why, more for the pangs of it (which often are less than the

toothache) than for the hell following; like fools that fear the thunder crack, and not the bolt; the report of the piece, and not the bullet; the sergeant's arrest, and not the gaoler's imprisonment; labour to escape death which they cannot, and hell which they might. Others of them, scared with some terrible apparitions, affrighted (as Cardinal Crescentini, a little before his death, with a black dog in his chamber), a presage and prelude of hell approaching, they cry out they are damned, the devil, the devil, do they not see him? &c. And so Spira-like, desperately and disconsolately depart in hellish horror. Other of them, a little wiser, and yet little the better for it, admit a cold thought or two, and it may be a little parley about the matter; but, when they have fetched a sigh or two, put all upon a 'Lord, have mercy on them,' trust it shall go as well with them as with others, even as God will have it, and think they do much if they send to a minister to pray with them or for them; never giving all diligence to make their salvation sure, and to escape so great a condemnation.

Oh! if we could consider how fearfully such find themselves deluded, when their souls awake worse than Jonas in the tempest, even in a gulf of fire and brimstone; how would it awaken and arouse us to foresee death and hell in their shapes, and to fore-appoint ourselves thoroughly, not against the first death, which we cannot, but against the second we may, if we get our part in the first resurrection.

This text, methinks, speaks to every sick man bound on his bed with the cords of death, as Delilah to Samson. Up and arise, for the Philistines are at hand. Death is at the door and behind the door; the fiends wait to fetch away thy soul. Bellarmine is of opinion that one glimpse of hell were enough to make a man not only turn Christian and sober, but anchorite and monk, to live after the strictest rule that can be. I am of belief that God's Spirit co-operating a thorough meditation of it, might be a mean to keep one from it. For a man to wish to have a sight of it, or that one might come thence and make report of the intolerable and unutterable pains of it, is superfluous, superstitious; and if it should be granted, yet being not God's ordinance and allowance, it might go without his blessing and do one no good. Thy best course is well to ponder what we that are God's ministers report of it, out of Moses', the prophets', Christ's, and the apostles' descriptions. And if God mean thee any good, our warning may do thee some good. Popish writers are too bold in making maps of heaven and hell, as if they had surveyed them and their regions and inhabitants; but most, I think, are on the other hand too brief and summary in their meditations and writings. To paint it in its own native colours is impossible, or by any contemplation to comprehend the horror of it. Shadows and parables the Scripture useth, by which thou mayest and oughtest to help thy conjectures, and to work on thy affections withal, after this or the like manner.

Here God hath allowed thee on his earth a pleasant habitation, commodiously situate in a good air, richly decked with furniture, compassed with delightful gardens, orchards, and fields, where thou hast liberty to walk and ride at thy pleasure; how would it trouble thee to think of being laid up all thy life in some strait and loathsome prison? By this consideration how ill thou wilt brook to be cast into a doleful, disconsolate dungeon, to lie in utter darkness, blackness of darkness, in eternal chains, in little ease for ever.

Here a great part of thy contentment is to live among good neighbours, with a loving wife, with cheerful companions; and loath thou art at any time to be long in the house of mourning, to be among melancholy, mal-contented, complaining, feeble, or brawling people, in hospitals, or bridewalls,

or bedlams. How will then thine ears endure to be tired with continual howling, screeching, and gnashing of teeth, to live among dogs, enchanters, unclean birds, reprobate spirits, worse than so many toads, tigers, or serpents?

Here, if thy Father should, in displeasure, bid get thee out of sight, or thy prince banish thee his court and presence, as David did Absalom, for some offence, thou wouldst take it heavily; how shall thine ears tingle to hear God say, 'Depart out of my presence; go, thou cursed, into the lake prepared for the devil and his angels?'

Here thou shrinkest to think of the gout, colic, stone, or strangurian, shiverest to hear of the strappado, the rack, or the lawn; how then wilt thou bear universal tortures in all the parts of thy body, exquisite anguish and pains, such as of which the pangs of childbirth, burnings of material fire and brimstone, gnawings of chest-worms, drinks of gall and wormwood, are but shadows; and to which they are all but sports and flea-bitings, even to the torments thy body shall suffer for its sins against the Creator.

But hast thou ever, here in this world, tasted of a troubled spirit, of the grief and fears of a wounded conscience, possessed with bitter things; stricken and pierced with the venom of God's arrows, fears of the Almighty? By these thou mayest make the best guess how it will fare with thy soul when God shall pour all the vials of his wrath into a vessel of his fury, and vex thy soul in his sore displeasure, scourge thee with the rods of scorpions, make thee drunk with the gall of asps and cockatrices, make thy mind heavy unto the death, holding it ever in those agonies which made his own Son sweat clots of water and blood. Oh, how fearful a thing it is to fall into the hands of God, who is a consuming fire! Think of it whiles there is hope, you that forget God, heaven, and hell, lest you come there where there is no redemption, no hope of ease or end, which is that that makes hell, hell indeed. For if these pains might have an end, were it after million and millions of years, as many as there be sands in the sea-shore, yet mightst thou nourish some miserable comfort of a release in the long run; but this night hath no day, this ague no intermission, this death no death to end it withal.

Here thou wouldst be loath to lie on the rack from morning to night, to be wrung with the colic for a few days or hours, to be haunted with a quartan from Michael to Easter. Oh! then, add eternity to insupportable torments, and let thine ears tingle, and thine heart melt, to think of it. Were it not for hope in small pressures, we say heart would burst. Oh! then, this word *ever and ever*, if thou couldst duly believe and consider it, how would it break that hard heart of thine, which knows not how to repent, nor cares to prevent, the wrath to come.

What thinkest thou? Are these things tales and fables? Is hell but a name and word, a scarebug for to keep fools in awe? Hath not God, thinkest thou, a day of reckoning, a prison and power to punish rebels and traitors? or are not his punishments like to his justice, infinite and eternal? Know these things to be as true as God is truth, save that they are short of the truth itself. Why dost thou not, then, take thy soul apart, and ruminate of these things by thyself, judging thyself here, that thou mayest not be condemned in the world to come? Art thou afraid of a melancholy fit? and fearest thou not this gulf, and whirlpool, and sorrow? Art thou loath to be tormented before thy time, and fearest not to be tormented time without end? I wonder how the souls of wicked men and unbelievers go not out of their bodies, as the devils out of demoniacs, rending, raging, tearing, and foaming. I wonder how any can die in their wits,

that die not in the faith of our Lord Christ. Verily, if these things move thee not, thou art in a worse plight than Felix and Belshazzar; yea, the very devils themselves, who believe them, yea, quake and tremble to think of them. How fain would I snatch thy soul out of this fire! Undoubtedly know, that if this warning do thee no good, it is because thou art of old justly ordained to perish in thy impenitency, and to be a fire-brand in these everlasting flames. Now, on the contrary, if thou beest a vessel of mercy and honour, it will do thee no hurt, but drive thee to Christ, in whom there is no condemnation, who only is perfectly able to save and deliver thee out of this lake. If thou beest already in him, it will cause thee to rejoice in thy Lord and Saviour, who hath delivered thee from the fear of two such enemies, that now thou mayest, with the ostrich in Job, despise the horse and his rider, and triumph by faith over hell and death: 'O death, where is thy sting? O hell, where is thy victory?' Death is to men as he that comes attended: to Dives he comes followed with devils, to carry his soul to hell; to Lazarus with troops of angels, to convey him to Abraham's bosom: so that we may in earnest say, that death is the atheist's fear, and the Christian's desire. Diogenes could jestingly call it, the rich man's enemy, and the poor man's friend. This, this is that which makes death so easy, so familiar and dreadless to a believer. He sees death indeed, but death is not death without hell follow him; and hell he sees not, but only as escaped and vanquished, and therefore is said not to see death. Now (says the believer) comes death, and the prince of this world with him; but he hath no part in me; all the bitterness and tears of death lie in the fear of hell, which, thanks be to Christ, hath nothing to do with me, nor I with it, therefore I taste not of death. Now comes God's sergeant, pale death, whom I know I cannot avoid; but this I know, he comes not to arrest me, to carry me to prison, but only to invite me to a feast, attend, and convey me thither. Let such fear him as are in debt and danger, mine are all discharged and cancelled. He comes with his horse to take me up behind him, and to fetch me to my Father's joys, to a paradise as full of pleasures, as he carries the wicked to a prison full of pains. Pharaoh's baker and butler were sent for out of prison, the one to promotion, the other to execution; he that had the ill dream expected the messenger with horror, the other longed for him with comfort. The latter is my case; therefore, though I be reasonably well in this world, as a child at board, yet home is home, therefore will I wait till this pale horse comes, and bid him heartily welcome; and with him the angels of my father, who have a charge to lay my body in a bed of rest, and to bestow my soul under the altar, as it follows in the next seal, which is so pleasing a vision, that we need no voice or preface, such as we had in the former, inviting us to 'Come and see.' The very excellency of the object itself, is of force enough to draw and hold the eyes of our minds unto it.

THE SECOND SERMON.

And when he had opened the first seal, I saw under the altar the souls, &c.—
 VERSE 9.

WHEN death hath been viewed in the palest, and hell in the blackest colours that may be, yet, if we have faith enough to see souls in their white

robes under the altar, there is comfort enough against the horror of both, enough to enable the believer to despise and trample over them both. In the opening of this fifth seal, I hope to find more solid antidotes, more lively cordials, against the fear of death, than in all the dead and dry precepts of Bellarmine's doting 'Art of Dying.' For this part of the vision was shewed John of purpose to sweeten the harshness of the former, that his spirit, grieved and amazed with the sight of the calamities and mortality under the persecuting butchers, rather than emperors, might yet be relieved and refreshed with a sight of the blessed estate of such as died either in or for the Lord.

Wherein was proposed to his sight, and to our consideration, these severals. *First*, the immortal subsistence of souls, after their separation from the body. *Secondly*, their sure and secure condition under the altar. *Thirdly*, their dignity and felicity, clothed with white robes. *Fourthly*, their complete happiness at the last day, when the number of their brethren shall be accomplished.

Of all these Christ meant John should take notice, and all believers by his testimony, to their full consolation.

First, John, being in the spirit, could see spirits. Men, indeed, clad in flesh, can hardly imagine how a soul can have existence out of the flesh. Eagles can see that which owls cannot; so is that visible and credible to a spiritual man, which to a natural is invisible, incredible. And yet even nature's dim eyes have been clear enough to see this truth. Nature, I say, pure and mere nature, not only the Platonists, and other learned ones, who resolutely concluded it, and aptly resembled it to the distinct being of the waggoner after the breaking of the coach, the swimming out of the mariner in the wreck of the ship, the creeping of the snail out of the shell, the worm out of the case. Not unto the learned Grecians and civilized Romans, but even the rudest Scythians and unlettered savages; yea, though there be many languages, and sundry dialects in the world, yet is, and hath this ever been the common voice of them all, that souls die not with the body. And however the body's resurrection hath to them been a problem and paradox, yet is the soul's eternity an inbred instinct sucked from nature's breast, or rather an indelible principle stamped in the souls of men by the finger of God. And indeed, to right reason, what difficulty or absurdity is there in it? What lets me to conceive a being of it in the air, in the heaven, or in any other place, as well as in the compass of my body? Is not one substance as capable of it as another? Can it live in the one, and not in the other?

Hath it not, even whiles it is in the body, thoughts, motives, passions by itself, of its own, different from the body, many cross and contrary to the disposition of the body; cheerful ones when that is in pain or melancholy, cholerick ones when that is phlegmatic? Doth it wait upon the body for joy, sorrow, anger, and the like? doth it not more often begin unto it? Not to speak of martyrs innumerable, who have been exceedingly pleasant in the midst of torments, as if they had been spirits without flesh; how many ancient stories and daily examples have we of cheerful minds, in distempered, pained, languishing, dying bodies? Reason will then conclude, that the soul may well be, and be sensible after death without the body, which even in the body can be well when that is ill, cheerily when that is hurt or sick, grieved or troubled when that is in perfect temper and health. And, on the contrary, small reason have we to think it sleeps out of the body, or that it is seized by death out of the body, which never was

overcome by sleep, which is but death's image and younger brother, in the body, but ever was working and discoursing in the deepest and dearest sleeps of the body.

Besides, is it likely God would enrich it with such noble and divine dowries, to be salt only to the body, to exhale with it as brutes do? The admirable invention of arts, letters, engines, the strange forecasts, prospects and presages of the understanding part, the infinite lodgings, the firm retainings of the memory, do they not argue an immortality? Do men engrave curiously in snow, ice, or transient stuff?

What means the greatest anxiety of men about their surviving name, if the mind perished with the body, if death were the cessation of the man, and destruction of the whole substance? What should nature care for an airy accident without a subject, whereof no part of him should be sensible?

What means the very fear of death, if that were the end of all fears, and cares, and sorrows, if nothing remained sensible, and capable of any thing to be feared?

Lastly, the fresh vigour, the unimpaired ability, that nimble agility of the mind in sickness, yea, many times the freer use of the faculties of it in the confines, yea, in the act and article of death, than in former health; do they not tell the body, the soul means not to fall with the carcase (which hath the name* of falling), lies not a dying with it, but erects itself, means only to leave it as an inhabitant doth a ruinous house, or as a musician lays down a lute whose strings are broken, a carpenter a worn instrument unfit any longer for service and employment, and as a guest makes haste out of his inn, to his long home and place of abode.

Loath I am to mingle philosophical cordials with divine, as water with wine,* lest my consolations should be flash and dilute; yet, even these and such like arguments have taught all philosophy (the brutish school of the Epicure excepted) to see and acknowledge that the soul is not a vapour but a spirit, not an accident but a substance, and elder and more excellent sister to the body, immixt and separable; a guest that dies not with it, but diverts out of it, intending to revisit and reunite it again unto itself. But divinity certainly knows all this to be most certain, that it is a particle of divine breath, imbreathed into the red loam at the first, not arising out of it, but infused from heaven into it, and therefore may as well exist without the clay after it, as it did before it; and when the dust returns to the dust, heaven goes to heaven, both to their originals, the soul first, because first and principal in every action, the body after, as an accessory and second: and so the day of death to the body, is the birth of eternity to the soul.

This undying and ever-living condition of the soul, thoroughly rolled in the mind, firmly embraced, and undoubtedly apprehended by faith, works admirable effects, as in life, so in the approach of death. Seneca, that saw it but through clouds, crannies, and crevices, with *ifs* and *ands*, yet professeth that when he thought but a little of it, and had some pleasant dreams of it, he loathed himself and all his trifling greatness. But most divinely and resolutely, Julius Palmer: 'He that hath his soul linked and tied to the body, as a thief's feet to a clog with gyves and fetters, no marvel he knows not how to die, is loath to endure a division; but he that useth, and can by faith separate the spirit from the body, to him it is as to drink this:' and with that drinks off a cup of wine in his hand, and within a while after, as cheerfully drinks of death's cup in the sight of the same witnesses. Even

* I suppose 'Cadaver,' from 'Cadare,' to fall.—ED.

Socrates himself sweetened his cup of poison, with his discourse of the soul's immortality, to the amazement of the beholders. Such souls indeed as place all their felicity to be in a full-fed and well-complexioned body, and to partake of the senses' corporeal delights, hath not accustomed itself to its own retired delights of abstracted meditations, knows not how to be merry without a playfellow, no marvel though it be as loath to part with the body, as a crooked, deformed body to part with rich robes, gorgeous apparel, which were its only ornaments.

But such noble and regenerate spirits as know their own dowries, have tuned themselves to sublimate contemplations, and to have their conversation in heaven, whiles they were in the body; such, I say, though they do not cynically revile the body as a clog, a prison, a lump of mire, &c., but know it to be the temple of the Holy Ghost, yet are they willing, yea, and sigh to be unclothed, to sow it awhile in the earth, being a dark and thick lantern, hindering the clear sight of it, till they may reassume it clarified, a spiritual, an angelified body made apt and obsequious to all divine services, to celestial offices without weariness, intermission, and such like vanity, which here it is subject unto: as willing as David to lay aside Saul's cumbersome armour, and to betake him to such as he could better wield and command at pleasure.

This is the first and lowest help faith hath to comfort the soul withal in the approach of death. When the strong men buckle, the keepers of the house fail; they wax dim that look out at the windows, when the whole outward man decays. That the inner man ages not, faints not, languisheth not, but rather lifts up the head, is more fresh than formerly, and expects to be unburdened, and to be at liberty, freed from corporeal, tedious, displeasing works of sleeping, eating, drinking, and other meaner drudgery, that it may once come to higher and more spiritual employments better suiting with its native condition; even as the lion longeth to be out of the grate, and the eagle out of the cage, that they may have their free scope and fuller liberty.

UNDER THE ALTAR.

Now if this much revived John (as no doubt it did) to see the soul's continuance after death, how much more to see their safety and rest under the altar; that is, under Christ's protection and custody, under the shadow of his wings; who makes them grateful to his Father, covers them from his wrath, safeguards them from all molestation, procures them absolute quiet and security. The phrase alluding to the altar in the tabernacle, which gave the offerings grace and acceptance; and partly to the safety of such as fled from the avenger to the altar. Christ is our altar, and all the souls of such as die in his faith, are as Stephen bequeathed to him; he presents them to his Father, shelters them from accusation and condemnation, gathers them, as the hen her chickens, under his wings, being fully able to keep what is committed to him from all disquiet. He that could keep the three young men in the furnace, with whom he walked, yea, their very garments from the violence of fire; the Israelites and their apparel in the wilderness; Jonah in the whale's belly; how much more easily, now he sits at the right hand of his Father in majesty and glory, can he defend saved and glorified souls from external and internal annoyance, and settle them in absolute peace with him in his paradise, according to his frequent promise to such as overcome, 'They shall sit with me upon thrones.'

AND LONG WHITE ROBES WERE GIVEN UNTO EVERY ONE.

If John had seen souls at rest, though in poor and mean condition, yet were a corner of an house with peace to be preferred to a wide palace with disquiet; a poor diet with green herbs, with quiet, to a feast with stalled oxen, and crammed fowls, sauced with bitter contention. But behold, he sees not naked, beggarly, ragged souls, but adorned with white robes; that is, endowed now, and glorified with perfect righteousness, purity, clarity, dignity, and festivity, of all which white apparel hath ever been an emblem and symbol in divine and human heraldry, a clothing of princes in their great solemnities of coronation, triumphs and ovations, says Eusebius; so was Herod arrayed in cloth of silver, with which the sunbeams meeting, made such a glister, as amazed the people, that styled him a God; so says Tertullian, were they wont to dignify servants at their manumissions with white apparel, in token of their new liberty and preferment. At feasts great persons were wont to change their guests' ordinary clothes with a white synthesis, a colour fit to express alacrity. Christians the whole Easter week wore white apparel. All the graces the souls had here in this their infancy of regeneration, were but stained and polluted clouds; their knowledge dark and obscured with ignorance, their memories clouded with oblivion, their wills and affections tempestured with mutinies and perturbations, their habits of holiness and charity sullied with defects and infirmities, their delights dusk and parti-coloured and spotted with mixture of sorrow; all their apparel black and sad russet at the best; but they are purer than the crystal, whiter than the snow, or than fullers' earth is able to make them. The lilies, and Solomon, in all their royalties, not like unto the meanest of them. Call us no more *Marah*, may they say, but *Naomi*. For fulness of beauty is conferred upon them, God becoming fulness of clarity and light unto the understanding, without error or darkness, continuation of eternity to the memory without forgetfulness, multitude of peace to the will and affections without disturbance or disorder; the superior part of the soul pleasing itself in the blessed vision of God, and the inferior satiate with the fruition of rivers of pleasures, and variety of monthly fruits. All this joy increased by the amity and magnificence of the place, being God's palace, built and prepared for eternity, for the honour of his majesty, and habitation of his saints, all shining like precious jasper; enchanted by the full choir of angels, and communion of holy men, excellent when they were on earth, now perfected in their virtues, and freed from frailties, never mourning, but ever singing and lauding their Creator with hallelujahs, without defatigation or satiety; all this made up and consummate by the addition, not of a number of years, but of eternity uncountable, unalterable, incomprehensible. What are the chief miseries of this life, but the sordid apparel of the soul, the black thoughts, the speckled phantasies, dark oblivion, roiled, soiled affections, all the habit of it squalid, jagged and tattered? Now then was Joseph loath to change his prison rags, or Esther her old and mean clothes, with stately and royal array? Promise a child a new satin suit, and see whether he will not long for it, and call for it; see whether he will cry when you bid him lay off his russets. Whence is it then that men die so dully, so unwillingly, so heavily? Or whence can it be, but because they do not live and certainly believe, and expect these white robes for their souls? When the beauty of a man's mind is here obfuscated and defaced with melancholy tentations, opaque imaginations, with yellow choler, with pallid fear, with ruddy shame, with sable despair; O what would he give for a

candid, calm, and serene state of his mind! And when again it pleaseth God to afford him sunshine holidays of joy and tranquillity, wherein his mind is clad, and decked with golden, silver, and precious ornaments of peace, meekness, temperance, patience, O what an heaven would he think he had here on earth, if all his days were but such days! Whereas this a Christian may well assure himself of, that whatever grace doth here prepare and begin, there glory will absolve and perpetuate, for matter of sanctity, purity, and alacrity of the mind, typified in these white robes; yea, further for matter of dignity and triumph, which then shall be most complete, where they shall see Christ at that day come in the glory of the Father with millions of his angels, descending and bringing down his heavenly Jerusalem, meeting them half way in the clouds, and there avenging them on their enemies, sitting with them as assessors upon thrones, to judge the angels, and the world of wicked ones, and such as have insulted over them on the earth, in which they shall then without any malignity of envy, anger, or appetite of revenge, take admirable and unspeakable content and comfort, yea, reckon it as the accomplishment of their inchoate glory, for which they are here said to long for and groan under the altar, till the number of all their brethren being consummate, God shall openly acquit and applaud them, condemn and confound their opposites. These, these are the only, stately, and kingly dignities; the meditations whereof are only able to beget and foster true heroical and Christian resolutions against the fear of death and hell, otherwise unvanquished. To conclude, then: to the man that would both in health and sickness nourish ever in his breast undaunted and more conquering thoughts of these two enemies, instead of Bellarmine's many frivolous and tedious rules, I prescribe but these two practices of faith. The first is to work in his mind a settled and undoubted certainty; and the second, a lively and frequent representation of them.

Were heaven nothing else but an haven of rest, we know how welcome the one is to a sea-sick weather-beaten traveller, and may by that guess how desirable the other should be to a soul that long hath been tossed in the waves of this world, sick of its own sinful imaginations, and tired with external tentations. The happiest soul that ever hath sailed over this *Euripus*, in the best ship, in the healthfullest body that ever was, never had so calm a passage but that it hath had cause enough often to wish itself on shore. What with self-groaning phantasies, and injected tentations, how little respite or rest is here to be found! Is there any palace or tower here so high or strong that can keep diseases from the body? how much less cares, sorrows, fears, and Satan's assaults from the soul! Were there but such an island as some have dreamed of here on earth, that might free our bodies or minds from disquiet, but for the space of the moment of this life, how would people covet to dwell in it! In the times of the late wars in the Netherlands, how did the boors forsake their farms and fly into walled cities for security from dangers! What violence then should our heavenly Jerusalem suffer of our wishes and desires! were it but for the sweet and amiable name of peace whereof it is denominated, having indeed the God of peace for the king and keeper of it; walls many cubits high, into which no Sennacherib can shoot an arrow, nor the dragon-beast, nor the false prophet to seduce or to accuse; strong gates and bars excluding all enemies and annoyances, and so affording perfect tranquillity to all the inhabitants, out of which they insult ten times more safely than the Jebusites did over the blind and lame, over the pale horse and his riders, death and hell. Consider and compare a little the simplicity of the worldling with the wis-

dom of the Christian, the happy stability of the one with the woful uncertainty of the other, at the time of their departure. Even foxes and hares and other such vermin, fore-acquaint themselves with muses, thickets, and burrows, into which, when they are chased and hunted, they may repair for safety; but these fools, while they live in health and prosperity, never think of the evil day: and when away they see they must go, how unshiftable are they! Some of the meaner sort, they take care for their winding-sheet; or if richer, for a marble or painted sepulchre, which yet cannot preserve their bodies or names from putrefaction; the superstitious sort, to be buried in a friar's cowl or under an altar of stone; the desperater sort, wishing the mountains might cover them from the wrath of the Lamb. An harbour or receptacle for their souls they never think of; whence it is that they are as loath to have them turned out of their bodies as Hagar and Ishmael to be out of doors, and exposed to misery and dangers; or rather as Cain, to be cast as a vagabond out of God's presence, fearing lest every one that met him next should cut his throat for a cursed caitiff. And indeed what else can they look for, but instantly to be devoured of the roaring lion that waits at the door of death, to fetch away their souls into the place where there is no night nor day. Only the wise believer, he hath provided a sanctuary, or city of refuge, against time of danger, hath learned wisdom of the conies, who, though a little nation, yet wise and forecasting, have their refuge in the rocks. Christ is the believer's rock and his strong tower, his altar, and therefore he fears not what death can do unto him. Christ hath assured him on his word, that he shall have all tears wiped away, and the Spirit secured him that he shall rest from his labours. In which regard he is so far from lingering and hankering after a continuance in this *Baca* of tears, this wilderness of fears, that he studies rather to enter into this rest, cries out with David, 'Woe is me, that I dwell in Meshek and Kedar! when I think of peace, there is war at hand.' With Jeremiah, 'Woe is me, that I dwell with a contentious people.' With Elias, 'I am weary of my life; an end, good Lord.' Or with blessed Simeon, 'Now, Lord, let thy servant depart in peace, into that land of peace. Here I have seen that there is no peace to be had; all here is vanity and vexation of spirit.' For a minute of peace, months of vanity; for a dram of honey, pounds of aloes and gall. Souls here find no resting-place for the soles of their feet, till they come to the Mount Ararat, whither their works follow them, where their sorrows leave them. And so conclude with Vidus Bressius: 'O that my soul had the wings of the dove, to fly and make haste to that mountain of God, and hill of tranquillity and eternity.' Thus the one dies howling, the other singing; because the one knows he changeth for the better, the other for the worse. The one takes death for a gulf of sorrow, the other for a port of liberty and ease; the one because he is stripped for a scourging, the other because he lays off his clothes to go to bed after his toil.

If Queen Elizabeth, whiles she was a prisoner in her sister's days, could have been fully assured, and had clearly foreseen her own long, glorious, and prosperous reign ensuing, would she have wished herself a milkmaid for the present? No; it had been impossible. All our fears and doubts arise from infidelity, and the uncertainty, or else from the deadness and dulness, of our hopes; to put life into which there can be no better, no other help than first to ground and root our faith in Christ through the word and Spirit, and then often to be setting before our eyes a state and condition happy above all that cities, kingdoms, crowns, pearls and jewels, mar-

riages, feasts, and all other metaphors and parables of Scripture, do but shadow out unto us: which supereminent and superabundant felicity Paul, that had been an eye-witness, not able to describe, much less to amplify, sums it up, 'An exceeding-exceeding, eternal weight of glory.'

A superlative, transcendent phrase, such as is not to be found in all the rhetoric of the heathens, because they never wrote of such a theme, nor with such a spirit. If any of us had but half the strength of Paul's faith, or life of his hope, or cheerful fore-imaginings, which he had of this felicity, we could not but have the same desires and longings for our dissolution and fruition of them. If we thoroughly believed and remembered this to be the state of ourselves and dead friends, would we or could we so fear for ourselves or mourn for them in blacks whiles they are in whites, as Jacob for Joseph, thinking him devoured by some evil beast, when he was lording it in Egypt? No, verily; but think of it and look for it we would with the same affections that children do for their plays, apprentices their freedom, spouses their marriage, labourers their wages, husbandmen their harvest, heirs their inheritance, princes their kingdoms. Amongst many thousands, I choose to instance and end with Monica and Augustine's examples, the mother using this speech to her son: 'All that I have desired to live to see is that which I now see—thee, my son, a Christian. And now, what do I any longer in this base and impure world?' And he of his mother: 'What cause have I to mourn for a mother of whose happiness I may be so well assured?'

WHEN I AWAKE I SHALL BE SATISFIED.

Write, O Christ, these meditations in our hearts, imprint these patterns so fast in our memories, that we may all the days of our lives have frequent forethoughts of our appointed change, chiefly in that last and solemn day of our death, when the prince of this world will be busy and we shall be weak. Let thy Comforter then bring them to mind, that by faith we may overcome, and, having the ark of thy covenant in eye, cheerfully pass through the waters of Jordan, and so take possession of that land which flows with all variety of delights, without either end or satiety. 'Even so, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.'