An Collins

Robert C. Evans
The Early Modern Englishwoman: A Facsimile Library of Essential Works

Series II

Printed Writings, 1641–1700: Part 2

Volume 1

An Collins
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Introduced by Robert C. Evans

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Until very recently, scholars of the early modern period have assumed that there were no Judith Shakespeares in early modern England. Much of the energy of the current generation of scholars has been devoted to constructing a history of early modern England that takes into account what women actually wrote, what women actually read, and what women actually did. In so doing the masculinist representation of early modern women, both in their own time and ours, is deconstructed. The study of early modern women has thus become one of the most important—indeed perhaps the most important—means for the rewriting of early modern history.

*The Early Modern Englishwoman: A Facsimile Library of Essential Works* is one of the developments of this energetic reappraisal of the period. As the names on our advisory board and our list of editors testify, it has been the beneficiary of scholarship in the field, and we hope it will also be an essential part of that scholarship’s continuing momentum.

*The Early Modern Englishwoman* is designed to make available a comprehensive and focused collection of writings in English from 1500 to 1750, both by women and for and about them. The three series of *Printed Writings* (1500–1640, 1641–1700, and 1701–1750) provide a comprehensive if not entirely complete collection of the separately published writings by women. In reprinting these writings we intend to remedy one of the major obstacles to the advancement of feminist criticism of the early modern period, namely the limited availability of the very texts upon which the field is based. The volumes in the facsimile library reproduce carefully chosen copies of these texts, incorporating significant variants (usually in appendices). Each text is preceded by a short introduction providing an overview of the life and work of a writer along with a survey of important scholarship. These
works, we strongly believe, deserve a large readership—of historians, literary critics, feminist critics, and non-specialist readers.

The Early Modern Englishwoman also includes separate facsimile series of Essential Works for the Study of Early Modern Women and of Manuscript Writings. These facsimile series are complemented by The Early Modern Englishwoman 1500–1750: Contemporary Editions. Also under our general editorship, this series will include both old-spelling and modernized editions of works by and about women and gender in early modern England.

New York City
2003
INTRODUCTORY NOTE

The precise identity of ‘An Collins’ remains a mystery. Stanley Stewart long ago raised (although he did not endorse) the possibility that her printed name might be a pseudonym (Stewart, p. ii), and he also mentioned that even if a person by such a name really did exist, she ‘might have been any one of the many Annes who, during the first half of the seventeenth century, married into or out of the Collins name’ (p. ii). Indeed, a check of the computerised International Genealogical Index reveals that there were hundreds of women named ‘Anne Collins’ (or some variant thereof) living in England during the first half of the seventeenth century. Meanwhile, Sidney Gottlieb has mentioned that the name ‘An’ could even have been interpreted initially by some contemporary readers as an abbreviation for ‘Anthony’ (1996, p. vii). Although comments in the poet’s volume itself strongly suggest that she was indeed a woman, Gottlieb speaks for practically all scholars when he remarks that we presently ‘know nothing about her apart from what we can glean from her one existing book, Divine Songs and Meditacions (1653)’ (1996, p. vii). To make matters worse, those comments are (as Boyd Berry has wisely emphasised) often so ambiguous as to make firm interpretation nearly impossible (pp. 261, 263).

A good example of these interpretive difficulties concerns the matter of Collins’s religious stance. Gottlieb (1996, p. xvii) notes that she ‘has been variously identified as a Calvinist (Bell, Parfitt, and Shepherd, 53; Wilcox, 55), an anti-Calvinist (Norbrook, 881), and (perhaps) a Roman Catholic (Greer, 148)’. Ann Hurley describes her as a Calvinist but not rigidly so (p. 165), but Germaine Greer et al. see her as profoundly anti-Calvinist (p. 148). Helen Wilcox identifies her as a Calvinist who was nonetheless ‘critical of the radical wing of the parliamentary movement’ (p. 55). Meanwhile, Gottlieb wonders about ‘the extent to which Collins is, if not a Quaker herself, then at least deeply conversant in and attracted to
much of what we associate with mid-seventeenth-century Quakers’ (Gottlieb, 1996, pp. xvii–xviii).

Similar disagreements exist about Collins’s social and political views. Gottlieb argues that Elaine Hobby, Stanley Stewart, and Helen Wilcox ‘overstate or oversimplify her conservativism’ (1996, p. xviii), while Greer et al. argue that Collins’s apparently conservative attacks on theological innovation are not much different from those of the radical John Milton (p. 151). Elaine Hobby argues that Collins endorses ‘reactionary’ political positions and that she stresses the need for ecclesiastical and social order and authority (p. 60), but Gottlieb emphasises her sympathy with the need for progressive reformation (1996, p. xviii) and elsewhere argues that her satirical views do not necessarily imply Royalist politics (1997, p. 224). Once again Berry’s point seems worth noting: Collins’s language in the poems makes it extremely difficult to pin her down precisely on many major issues.

Finally, even the precise nature and causes of Collins’s oft-mentioned afflictions are in dispute. Gottlieb concludes, for instance, that ‘she may have been sickly, even home-bound or bed-ridden. Physical affliction is a common trope for devotional writers, a predictable metaphor that helps describe the journey from this world to the next. But one senses that illness, weakness, and bodily pain were more than devotional or expressive devices for Collins …’ (1996, p. viii). Hurley agrees that ‘the stimulus for [Collins’s] writing was an acute physical illness that she probably suffered throughout her life’ (p. 165). Berry, on the other hand, cautions that the source of Collins’s suffering may have been psychological rather than physical: ‘nothing in her language would rule out simple, severe depression’ (p. 260). Stewart, however, suggests that Collins seems to have been, ‘from early childhood, the chronic victim of disease’ (p. ii), and Collins’s own phrasing – especially her claim that ‘Even in my Cradle did my Crosses breed’ (p. 4) – strongly supports this claim. There is no reason, after all, that Collins’s afflictions could not have been both physical and psychological, and she in fact makes clear that they were. Her physical suffering probably helped cause or at least exacerbate her mental depression and spiritual distress. Thus she describes how her ‘minde itself, would much torment, / Vpon the rack on restless discontent’ (p. 4).
Collins also mentions, however, various other causes of psychological pain—causes that might be justly classified as ‘social’. These include her early frustration with others’ ‘profanenesse’ and ‘Obscenities’ as well as with later instances of ‘disgrace or dismall accident, / Indignity or loss’ (pp. 6–7). She was sure that ‘The wicked ordinarily / Gods dearest children hate’, that Satan was perfectly capable of causing his ‘agents’ to ‘vex, oppose, and fret, / To slander and calumniate, / Those that have scap’t his net’, and that the world was full of fair-weather friends (pp. 37–38). She also expresses sympathy with an unspecified Civil War-era ‘Cause that’s now derided so’ (p. 66), and she shows her frustration with opponents of order and reformation and with such opponents’ tyrannical zealotry (pp. 68–69). Thus the causes of her torment often seem to have been as much the actions and attitudes of other people as the afflictions of her body or soul. She seems to have had, however, a strong conviction of her own inevitable human sinfulness (see, for example, p. 20), and all these torments—physical, mental, spiritual, and social—seem to have influenced not only her life but also the topics and tenor of her poems.

Divine Songs and Meditacions (1653)

Collins’s Divine Songs and Meditacions is an important text because it is one of the earliest volumes of collected poems by an English woman in the seventeenth-century. The poems are especially intriguing because of the glimpses they provide into the life and mind of a woman writer during this period and because of the social, political, historical, and religious contexts in which they are embedded. Collins’s works are also interesting because of their highly varied forms and sometimes striking language. Unfortunately, the poems have rarely been discussed in detail as successful (or unsuccessful) works of art, although one hopes that Collins will increasingly receive such attention from scholars. Commentators have shown much less interest so far in the skill of her writing than in its biographical, religious, or political implications.

As is true of the works of many early modern women writers, critical commentary on Collins’s poems has tended to concentrate
on topical, thematic, or biographical issues rather than on detailed matters of artistic skill. Thus Gottlieb (1996) emphasises Collins’s use of her writing to make sense of her personal pain (p. ix), to engage boldly with public issues (p. x), to defend steadfastly her right to publish (p. x), to engage in political and religious satire (Gottlieb, 1997, pp. 224–25), and specifically to attack the doctrine of mortalism, which asserted that the soul expired when the body died (Gottlieb, 1996, p. xii; see also Gottlieb, 1997, p. 222). Meanwhile, Elaine Hobby stresses the topical and thematic constraints Collins faced when she wrote but also argues that the poet’s confinement to mostly traditional religious topics paradoxically gave her greater social authority than if she had spoken in a more consistently personal voice (pp. 59–60). Hobby stresses Collins’s social and political conservatism, especially her emphasis on the need for order and contentment (pp. 59–60), but she also argues that Collins uses her work to justify not only feminine celibacy but also women’s writing (p. 62). Hurley focuses on Collins’s supposedly traditional Protestantism and moderate Calvinism (p. 165; see also Cunnar, p. 49), while Greer et al. suggest that Collins’s meditative method may have been influenced by the tradition inaugurated by the Catholic writer Francis de Sales (pp. 150–51). On the other hand, Stewart links her work to the tradition of Puritan diary-writing (p. ii; see also Cunnar, p. 51), while Hurley also emphasises the immediately personal nature of many of the poems: she values Collins for providing insights into the ‘spiritual experiences of seventeenth-century women’ (p. 165). Stewart underscores Collins’s continual thematic focus on God as a regenerating force and source of true peace (p. ii), while Gottlieb argues for her occasionally almost-prophetic boldness (1997, p. 223). Berry, however, sees her as adopting a more frequently apologetic tone (p. 263).

Commentary on Collins’s artistry almost always stresses her metrical and stanzaic inventiveness (Hobby, p. 59; Cunnar, p. 51; Hurley, p. 165; Bose, p. 513). Bose notes her interest in ‘opportunities for taut argumentation and emphatic self-presentation’ and intriguingly argues that her ‘preferred idiom fuses the hymn and the lyric’ (p. 513). Hurley contends that Collins, ‘by avoiding the more conventional disguises of persona or invented characters’, often
achieves an effect of directness and immediacy, and Hurley also cites the ‘detail and range of emotion’ of the poems as well as the ‘clarity and unmediated directness of her verse’, along with its ‘modulations of tone from reflection to exaltation and back again’ (p. 165). Stewart makes only modest claims for Collins’s stature as a poet, emphasising that she was more interested in speaking truth than in displaying skill (p. ii). Gottlieb, meanwhile, offers a typically sane and balanced assessment, arguing that the poems ‘are often stylistically and structurally interesting’ and contending that although ‘some are prosaic and dully catechistical, … others are lyrical and dramatic’ (1996, p. xiii). Gottlieb is presently preparing a detailed commentary on Collins’s works, and one hopes that this venture will include close readings of the poems as poems.

It may be helpful to highlight some of the more interesting passages from the facsimile pages that follow. Thus Collins claims that because her physical weakness inhibited any ‘bodily employments’, she was forced into ‘a retired Course of life’, but she asserts that God granted her a compensating ‘inlargednesse of mind, and activity of spirit’ that led her to begin composing poetry (sig. [A2r]). Her growing familiarity with Christian truth helped her achieve a ‘peaceful temper, and spirituall calmnesse’, and she therefore offers her poems primarily to other Christians ‘who are of disconsolat Spirits’ (sig. [A2v]). Although she anticipates criticism of these products of her ‘morning exercise’ (sig. A3r; see also sig. [B1r], p. 2, pp. 63–64), she seems determined both to write and to publish, not only in order to restate standard Christian doctrine but also in order to attack ‘Novelties / Whose ground is but the Scum of frothy braines / Perhaps extracted from old Heresies’ (sig. [A4r]). She is modest about the success of her poems as poems, but she thinks they have some value if they express truth (sig. [A4v]), and she vows that she will not be hindered ‘From publishing those Truths I do intend’ (sig. [A4v]; see also p. 63). Although she originally composed her poems for ‘private use’ (p. 2), she says she decided to publish them in order not only to praise God but also to make proper use of the ‘one Tallent’ she had been ‘bequeath’d’, if only so that some ‘neare Kindred’, by reading her works, might thereby be prompted to ‘read the Scriptures touched on in this book’ (p. 3) and witness the effects of God’s grace in her
life (p. 4). She describes her early physical and mental torments (pp. 4–5), her sense of spiritual and social isolation (p. 6), her initial interest in secular writings (p. 6), and then her eventual turn to a focus on the scriptures (pp. 6–7).

The vast majority of Collins’s theological pronouncements would have been acceptable to most Christians of her day (see, e.g., pp. 9–27), and it is in such conventional passages that her poems can seem least interesting, especially since her language itself often seems uninventive. Occasionally, however, she expresses more outspoken opinions that give us sudden flashes of individuality, as when she condemns violations of the sabbath caused by ‘carnall recreations’ (p. 17), or when she attacks ‘inferiors [who] disobedient are, / Vn gratefull, stubborn, saucy, impudent, / Fayling in reverence, love, respective care, / To their superiors, hating Government’ (p. 17), or when she censures such vices as ‘lewd pastimes, light gesture, wanton lookes, / Wearing apparell contrary to Sex, / Ill company, vain talk, lascivious books, / And all that may entice like baites or hooks’ (p. 18). Similarly interesting are her attacks on vain intellectuals (p. 41), or on those who, during the civil war, sought to compel allegiance and confiscate property from their opponents (p. 64), or on the mortalists, who (she felt) corrupted scripture with their false teachings (pp. 95–96). Her overtly political poems are among the most interesting she composed, partly because they seem most specific in their language and most forceful in the emotions they express (see, e.g., pp. 63–69). She endorses ecclesiastical reform (p. 67), attacks those who resist the reformers (and thereby ‘would all Order overthrow’ [pp. 67–68]), indicts those who falsely stirred the common people to oppose reform (p. 68), and condemns iconoclasts and violent enemies of peace (pp. 68–69). She herself champions ‘the Light of Truth professed / Without obscuring shaddowes old, / When spirits free, not tyed shall be, / To frozen Forms long since compos’d, / When lesser knowldg was disclosed’ (p. 69). She feels compelled to speak the truth, not only as a survivor of physical and psychological affliction but also as a survivor of tempestuous times (p. 69).

Not all of Collins’s poems are so overtly political, and her five ‘Meditacions’, in particular, seem less tightly tied to the specific passions of the day. The ‘First Meditacion’ (pp. 70–74) would seem
an effective poem no matter who wrote it; it combines a clear argument with lucid diction, vigorous rhythms, and an engaging humility. Other poems likewise show flashes (or sometimes more than flashes) of impressive skill, as when Collins compares the true believer to ‘a Child new born without defect’ (p. 25), or when she asserts that a tattered rose is better than a perfect weed (pp. 61–62), or when she condemns the ignorance of ‘earthly muckworms’ (p. 76). Her poems are full of what would once have been called (in a less skeptical age) enduring wisdom, as when she claims that even if all physical afflictions suddenly disappeared, human beings would still be beset by psychological and spiritual woes (p. 43). The same kind of wisdom is evident when she asserts that melancholy is usually self-defeating, or when she notes that those who complain of their pains often simply add to their afflictions (pp. 50–52).

As a poet, then, Collins offers many potential rewards for modern readers. Her works are interesting not only biographically and historically but also, often, poetically, and the new attention she is now receiving will, one hopes, result not only in a better grasp of her thought but in a richer, fuller appreciation of her rhetorical power and skill.

The *Divine Songs and Meditations* were first printed in a small octavo volume in London in 1653 by R. Bishop. According to Wing, only one copy of this edition (presently housed at The Huntington Library) now survives. At least two nineteenth-century reference works allude to a later printing (allegedly issued in 1658), but no copy of such an edition is presently known, and indeed such an edition may never have existed (see Stewart, p. i and Gottlieb, 1996, p. xiii). Hurley (p. 165) suggests that the print run of the 1653 edition may have been small. Ownership of the single surviving copy has been traced in detail (see Stewart, p. i and Gottlieb, 1996, xiv). The book was relatively highly priced in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries because of its rarity, but its contents received little sustained attention or appreciation. Stewart (pp. i–ii) quickly reviews the small body of nineteenth-century commentary on the text, while Gottlieb (1996, pp. 123–26) provides a useful bibliography of the relatively few studies added since then. Excerpts from Collins’s poems were printed in various collections during the nineteenth
century (see Stewart, p. i), and Stewart made a valuable contribution by issuing a facsimile edition (unfortunately abridged) in 1961. The best scholarly edition to date – with a helpful introduction, brief textual notes, and very full commentary – was issued in 1996 by Sidney Gottlieb. Gottlieb makes very few emendations (see Bose, p. 513), although a few of his readings of specific words have been questioned (Berry, pp. 263–64).

The fact that only a single copy of Collins’s *Poems and Meditaciones* survives makes choosing a base copy a moot issue. Unless and until a better copy than the Huntington Library text appears, we have no other option than to reproduce it. Sidney Gottlieb has succinctly described the salient features of this text: ‘The volume is a small octavo, with a page size (cropped) of 136 x 83 mm at the largest dimension, bound in early nineteenth-century English polished calf. It is made up of 52 leaves, gathered as follows: A, 4 leaves; B–G, each eight leaves. … There is a signature in a mid-seventeenth-century hand at the top of the page headed “To the Reader”, but while the first name “William” is clear, what follows is only partially decipherable …’ (Gottlieb, 1996, pp. xiii–xiv). Stewart (p. iii) notes that ‘pages have been cropped and the margins have worn away; thus, in some instances (pp. 50, 56, 68), text has been lost’. To make matters even worse, the binding is often very tight, as Gottlieb reports (1996, p. xv). In addition, the text itself is often difficult to read and reproduce because of faintness or other defects. Difficult-to-read passages are therefore transcribed below in an appendix for the convenience of the reader.

References

Wing C5355
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Divine Songs and Meditacions (Wing C5355) is reproduced, by permission, from the copy in The Henry E. Huntington Library (shelfmark RB 54047). The book is an octavo with a text block size of 78 × 130 mm.

Difficult-to-read passages are transcribed below in an appendix for the convenience of the reader.
Divine
SONGS
and
MEDITACIONS
Composed
By
An Collins.

LONDON,
Printed by R. Bishop. Anno Dom. 1653
To the Reader

Christian Reader,

I inform you, that by divine Providence, I have been restrained from bodily employments, suit-ting with my disposition, which enforced me to a retired Course of life; Wherin it pleased God to give me such enlarged-ness of mind, and activity of spirit, so that this seeming desolate condition, proved to me most delightfull: To be brief, I became affected to Poetry, insomuch that I proceeded to practice the same; and though the helps I had therein were small, yet the thing itself appeared unto me so amiable, as that it enflamed my faculties, to put forth themselves, in a practice so pleasing.

Now the furtherances I had herein, was what I could gather (by the benefit of hear-ing,) at first from prophane Histories, which gave not that satisfaction, before mentioned; but it was the manifestacion of Divine Truth, or rather the Truth it self, that reduced my mind to a
peacefull temper, and spirituall calmnesse, 
taking up my thoughts for Theologicall 
employments.

Witness hereof, this Discourse, Songs 
and Meditations, following; which I have 
set forth (as I trust) for the benefit, and 
comfort of others, Cheifly for those 
Christians who are of disconsolat Spirits, 
who may perceive herein, the Faithfull-
nesse, Love, & Tender Compassionatnessse 
of God to his people, in that according 
to his gracious Promise, He doth not leave 
nor forsake them. Heb. 13.5. But causeth 
all things to work for their good. Rom. 8.28. 
This I doubt not, but most Saints in some 
measure, do experimentally know, there- 
fore I will not seek by argument, to prove 
a thing so perspicuous. And now (Cour-
teous Reader) I have delivered unto you, 
what I intended, onely it remains that I 
tell you, That with my Labours, you have 
my Prayers to God through Jesus Christ; 
whose I am, and in him,

Yours, 
in all Christian affection

AN COLLINS.
The Preface.

Being through weakness to the house confined, My momentall powers seeming long to sleep, Were summouned up by want of making mind Their wonted course of exercise to keep, And not to waste themselves in slumber deep; Though no work can bee so from error kep But some age in it boldly will except:

Yet since it was my morning exercise The fruit of intellectuals to vent, In Songs or counterfets of Poesies, And having therein found no small content, To keep that course my thoughts are therefore bane, And rather former works to vindicate Than any new conception to relate.

Our glorious God his creatures weakness sees, And therefore deals with them accordingly, Giving the meanes of knowledge by degrees, Unfoulding more and more the Mystery, And opening the Seales successively, Rev. 6. So of his goodnesse gives forth demonstracions, To his Elect in divers Dispensations.
In legall wise he did himself express,
To be the only Lord Omniscient,
A just avenger of all wickedness,
A jealous God in power eminent,
Which terror works, and pale astonishment;
Such plagues for sin are holden forth thereby,
But with no strength to crush iniquity.

Now with the Law the God, eell oft appears,
But under vases, perspicuous unto few
Who were as those which of good yding bears,
Rejoicing, much at the report or show
Of that the Saints now by possessing know;
Oft spake the Prophet Evangelical,
Whose words like kindly drops of rain did fall.

But when the plenerie of time was come
The springs of grace their pleasant streams out deald
Faustus did evidence on her some
Salvation, and the way therto reveal'd,
Who wounded were in spirit, might he heald;
Here God declares the Beauties of his Face,
Great Love, rich Mercy, free Eternal Grace,

This time was when the Sonne of Righteousnesse
His Lustre in the world began to spread,
Which more and more to his he doth express;
Streams so large that they that run may read,
And to himselfe he doth the weaker lead;
Let his bosom with his Lambs collect,
And gently those that feeble are direct. 1Sa.40.15
And so in them a life of grace instill
Where'ry they shall be able to obey
All Gospel precepts according to his will,
And that without regard of present pay,
But with free hearts, where Christ alone doth sway
Causing the apprehensions of his love,
To gender love, which still doth active prove.

Where Christ that rulith, I suppose sheathless
No heart that banished after Novices
Whose grounds is but the scum of frothy brines
Perhaps extracted from old Heresies,
New form'd with Glosses to deceive the eyes
Of those who like to Children, do incline
To every new device that seems to shine.

I am persuaded they that relish right,
The Dainties of Religion, Food divine,
Have therby such a permanent delight.
And of best Treasures, such a lasting mine,
As that their hearts to change do not incline,
I therefore think their raptures of Truth is ill,
Who Truths profession quickly alter will.

I speak not this to manifest desirrgh:
To true Religious growth or augmentation,
Nor do I take offence of greater Light
Which brings probation eit or commendation
From Truth is selfe, having no to observe,
But rather wish the Saints I doe renonce,
When God appears in his in Gospel voice.
Now touching that I hasten to express
Concerning these, the offspring of my mind,
Who though they have appeared in bomby dress
And as they are my works, I do not find
But ranked with others, they may go behind,
Yet for their matter, I suppose they bee
Not worth blesse quite, whilst they with Truth agree.

Indeed I grant that sounder judgments may
(Directed by a greater Light) declare
The ground of Truth more in a Gospel-way,
But who since past with present will compare
Shall find more mysteries unfolded are,
So that they may who have right informacion
More plainly show the path-way to Salvation.

Yet this cannot prevail to hinder me
From publishing those Truths I do intend,
As strong perfumes will not concealed be,
And who of seers the favours of a Freind,
So little, as in silence let them end,
Nor will I therefore only keep in thought,
But tell what God still for my Soule hath wrought.

When Clouds of Melancholy over-cast
My heart, sustaing heaviness eberly,
But long that sad condition would not last
For soon the Spring of Light would blessedly
Send forth a beam, for helps discovery,
Then dark discomforts would give place to joy,
Which not the World could give or quise destroy.

So
So sorrow serv'd but as springing rain
To ripen fruit, endowments of the mind,
Who thereby did abilitie attaine
To send forth flowers, of so rare a kind.
Which wither not by force of sun or wind:
Returning ventive in their operations,
Which are the matter of those Meditations.

From whence evil matter be extracted
Tis only by a wiser generation,
Whose natures are of venem so compacted,
As that their touch occasions depravation.
Though lighting in the fragrantest plantation,
Let such conceal the evil hence they pluck
And not disgorg themselves of what they suck.

So shall they not the humble sort offend
Who like the Bee, by natures secret act
Convert to sweetness, fit for some good end.
That which they from small things of worth extract
Wisely supplying every place, what lacks,
By helping to discover what the means
Where they perceive there is a good intent.

So trusting that the only Sou'rain Power
Which in this work alwaies assisteth mee,
Will still remain its firm defence Tuner,
From spite of enemies the same to free
And make it useful in some sort to bee.
That Rock I trust on whom I doe depend,
Will his and all their works for him defend.
The Discourse.

You that indeed are to pietie,
And of a gracious disposition are,
Delighting greatly in sinceritie
As your respects to godly ones declare;
For whose society you only care:
Dain't survey her works that worthless seem,
To such as honest meanes dis-esteem.

But those that in my love I have prefer'd
Before all creatures in this world beside,
My works, I hope, will never dis-regard,
Though some defects herein may be elspide;
Which those that have their judgments recti'side:
Can but discern, yet not with cornfull eye,
As their mild censures cheerly testifie.

Unto the publick view of every one
I did not purpose these my lines to send,
Which for my private use were made alone:
Or as I said, if any pious friend
Will once vouchsafe to read them to the end:
Let such conceive if error here they find,
Twas want of Art, not true intent of mind.

Some
(3)

Some may desirous bee to understand
What moved mee, who un-kiss'd am herein,
To meddle with, and thus to take in hand,
That which I cannot well end or begin;
But such may first resolve themselves herein,
If they consider, tis not want of skill,
That's more blame worthy than want of good will.

1 Then know, I cheefly aim that this should bee
Vnto the praise of Gods most blesled name,
For by the mouths of sucking babes doth he,
Reveal his power, and immortal fame; Psal. 8.
Permitting Children to exall the fame:
When those that were profound, and worldly wise
In ignominious sort did him disuile.

2 Next in respect of that I have receiv'd
Is nothing to that some have, I do confesse,
Yet he to whom one Tallent was bequeath'd,
Was call'd to strict account, nevertheless;
As well as he that many did possesse, Mat. 25.
From which I gather, they have no excuse,
Which of ability will make no ule.

3 Moreover this is thirdly in respect
Of some neare Kindred, who survive mee may,
The which perhaps do better works neglect,
Yet this, they may be pleased to survey
Through willingnesse to heare what I could say,
VWhereby they may bee haply drawn to look,
And read the Scriptures touch'd in this book.
4. And lastly in regard of any one, 

Who by accident hereafter find,

This, though to them the other be unknown,

Yet being here, the image of her mind:

They may conjecture how she was inclin'd:

And further note, that Goddoth Grace bestow,

Upon his servants, though hee keeps them low.

Even in my Cradle did my Crosses breed,

And so grew up with me, unto this day,

Whereof variety of Cares proceed,

Which of my selfe, I never could alay,

Nor yet their multiplying brood destroy,

For one disemper could no sooner dy,

But many others would his roome supply,

Yea like the messengers of Job, they haste,

One comes before another can be gen,

All motions of delight were soon desist

Finding no matter for to feed upon,

They quickly were dispersed every one,

Whereas she minded it self, would much torment,

Upon the lack of endless discontent.

The summers day, though cheerfull in itselfe,

Was wearie, and tedious unto me,

As shee that comfort lack, content or health,

To such as may not perswade be,

For by experience truth hereof they see,

Now if the summers day scarce no delight,

How is it some think you was the winters night.
"Twere to no end, but altogether vain,
My several crosses namely to express,
To rub the scar would but encrease the pain,
And words of pity would no griefe release,
But rather aggravate my heaviness,
Who ever chose my crosses to confeale
Till to my griefe they would themselves reveale

So (to be breife) I spent my infancy,
And part of freshest yeares, as hath been sayd
Partaking then of nothing cheerfully
Being through failly apt to be afraid,
And like'y still distempered or dismayd,
Through present verge of some calamity,
Or preconceive of future misery.

But as the longest winter hath an end
So did this fruitlesse discontent expire,
And God in mercy to me refreshing tend,
whereby I learn'd his goodness to admire,
And also larger blessings to desire;
For th'o' that once, have calld grace indeed,
Will think for more, and crave it til they speed.

But that I may proceed Mereodi all,
When first the thought of this rose to my minde,
Began to settle and to live with all
No more to bear so bad a wit every where
It such a pain I could not abide
Which was in power: what Mereodi say
The rest of meeting forth on Monday's

8
(6)

But living where profaneness did abound,
Where little goodness might be seen or heard;
Those consolations, could be but unbound
Having to godliness no great regard:
Because that of the means I was debard,
Through ignorance of better exercise
I then delighted pleasant histories

Whereof the most part were but faint'd I knew
Which not with standing I no whit disputed,
Imagining although they were not true,
They were convenient being moralized;
Such vanities I then too highly prized:
But when profane discourses pleased mee best
Obscenities I allwaies did detest.

But all this while, the fumes of vanities
Did interpose between my soules week sight,
And heavenly bliss, divine felicities;
Untill that morning flarr somuch more bright
The Sun of righteousness reveal'd his light
Unto my soule, which sweet refreshings brings,
Because he coms with healing in his wings.

Whose blessed beams my mind eradicates
And makes it sensible of pierie,
And so by consequence communicates
Celestiall health to ev'ry faculty:
Expelling palpable obscurity;
Which made my soule incapable of grace,
Which now she much desires for to embrace.

perceiving
(7)

Perceiving well that nothing can afford
Her either small rest, or full content,
But saving Graces, and God's holy word,
Which is a means those Graces to augment;

With Prayer, and the blessed Sacrament:
Which means with reverence my soul affects
And former pleasing vanities rejects.

Together with unnecessary griefe,
Whose ill effects can hardly be expressed;
For certain it argues unbelief
Which hinders many from eternall rest,
who do not seek in time to be redrest; Heb. 3. 19

Therefore I would establish inward peace,
How ever outward crosses doe increase.

If cross disgrace or small accident,
Indignity or loss, befallen mee,
Immediately disturb my peace,
I call to mind how all things orderd bee,

Appointed, and disposed, as we see,
By God's most gracious providence, which is,
I am persuaded, for the good of his.

Yet am I not so firm I must confess
But many times discomforts will intrud'd;
Which oft prevails to hinder quietnes.
And by that means, some sorrows are renew'd;
Which hope will help mee quickly to exhaust'd.

So though distress continue for a night, Psal.
Yet joy returneth by the morning light. 30.
(8)

With confidence these favours will increase
My soule hath recolected all her powers,
To praise the author of this blissfull peace,
Which most timely crostie event devoures;
So permanent are the celestiall Flowers:
Those graces which are ever convergent,
Where holyne is combinds with true content.

Oh! what transcendant ravishing delights
What bliss unpeakeable they doe poeffe,
Whose merch to holy praises them excites,
And cheers them to go on, in godlynesse,
The very quintilence of happiness,
As is attainable, or may be had
In this life present, which were else but bad.

There is a kind of counterfeit content,
Wherewith some are deceivd, tis to be feared,
Whose think they need not sorrow, or lament,
Being to know full pleasures so indeed;
Whose minds are stupid, & their conscience ceard
Else might they see all Earthly delectacion,
To be but vanity, and hearts vexacion.  Eccl.2.

To lightning, carnall merch we may compare,
For as a flash it flashes and soon is gon,
I etching of a Thunder clap of care,
It a torridates the heart in lightethon;
Makes it to groaneth, tenceelis as a lion;
Draughts evert part, and sauciety,
Sets all a body unto pitty.

But
But sacred joy i. like the Sunnes clear light,
Which may with clouds, be sometimes overcast;
Yet breaks it forth anon, and shines more bright,
Whose lively force continually doth last;
And shines most Oriant, when a storm is past:
So true delight may be eclips'd as we see,
But quite extinguish, can it never bee.

So now I will go on with my Discourse,
When knowledge, pleasant to my soul became,
Unto God's word, I often had recourse,
Being informed rightly that the same;
Could bee as full to eneace the flame
Of holy Zeal, which must with knowledge dwell,
For without other, neither can do well, Rom. 10.

Then sought I carefully to understand,
The grounds of true Religion, which impart
Divine Discershen, which goes far beyand,
All civil policy or humane Art;
Which sacred principles I got by heart:
Which much enabled me to apprehend,
The ease of that whereby I shall attend.

First touching God, there is one God I know,
who hath his being of himself alone. Rom. 1. 20.
The fountain whence all streams of goodness flow
But bodies, are, or passions such benone. 14.1 7
And as men, syster there sussack. 1 Cor 8. 4.
Bodies, infinite, none bee. 1 John. 7.
One grand mystery which multitudes three.

The
The first wherein of order, is the Father.
The Glorious Fountain of the Trinity,
Having his being, not beginning neither
Of no one but himselfe, undoubtedly;
Begets his Sonne, from all eternity,
And with his Sonne, the Holy-Ghost forth sends
From ever-lasting which for aye extends.

The Sonne, the second Glorious person is,
For Power, Substance, and Eternity,
Alone as is the Father, who it is,
Of whom he hath his being, too, only;
Yea the whole being of his Father, by
A Sacred and Eternall Generation,
A mystery past all imagination. 

In Trinity the Holy-Ghost is third,
Proceeding and sent forth equally, 
Both from the father & the Son or word, 
Being of their Power, Substance, Majesty;
And thus distinguished are the Trinity:
By whom were all things made, that ever were,
And by whose Providence preserved are.

What hath been said of God shall now suffice,
Of whom I frame no Image in my mind,
But I conceive him by his properties,
Hee is incomprehensible I find;
Filling all places, in no place confind;
I will therefore his wondrous works admire,
Not vainly after secret things inquire.
Next unto God, myself I sought to know,
A thing not so facile, as some suppose,
But that I may the farther forward goe,
I leave to speak, what may be / said of those,
And hast to that I purpose to disclose:
Which being well considered may convert,
To lowest thoughts, the proudest haughty heart.

Touching myselfe and others I conceive,
That all men are by nature dead in sin, Eph. 2. 1.
And Sathan's slaves; not able to receive,
The things of God, which brings true comfort:
Good actions still they faile in managing,
But apt they are to every vanity,
As vowed servants to iniquity.

Doe but observe the carnallist how he
Neglects all callings, fitt to be profetit,
Waits all occasions, ill implyd to be,
Conumes his wealth, deprives himself of rest;
To please that darling sinne that likes him best:
Indg what a hellish bondage he is in,
That's Sathan's slave, and servant unto sin;

As all men in the state of nature be,
And have been ever since man's woefull fall,
Who was created first, from bondage free,
Untill by sin he thrust himself in thrall;
By whole transgression we were stain'd all,
Not only all men but all parts of man,
Corrupted was: since sin to reign began.

The
The Soul who did her makers Image bear,
Which made her amiable fair and bright,
Right Orient and illustrious to appear,
To his omniscient eye and pure sight,
Who doth the inward Purity delight,
Lost all her beauty, once so excellent,
As soon as unto sin she did consent.

The eye of understanding was so bleared,
That no spirituall thing it could behold,
The will corrupted, and the conscience ceased,
And all the affections were to goodness cold,
Put not to evil, nor to be controuled;
The members of the body then proceeds
As instruments to execute bad deeds.

But see what was the consequence of this,
The curse of God which did the fault entrieve,
Thus man by sin deprive was of bliss,
The thoughts hereof might cause us to eschew
That bitter root whence all our sorrows grew:
Sicknes of body, and difficult of mind,
With all afflictions laid upon mankind.

Whether in body goods, or name it be,
And which is worse, the foue perplexity,
Whose conscience is awake, from deadnesse free
When she considers what felicity,
She hath exchanged for endless misery;
Cannot torment her selfe with bootlesse care,
Foreseeing that her pains eternall are.
If this be so, the vilest living creature
Is in a better case then man; for why?
When this life ends with such by course of nature,
There with is ended all his misery;
But man tormented is eternally;
Twere so, but that our God we gracious find,
Who sent a Saviour to restore mankind.

The second person of the Trinity, 
The only Son of God omnipotent,
Who being God from all eternity,
To take our nature freely did assent;
With all afflictions thereto incident:
In all things like to other men was he,
Save that from sins he still remained free.

So that two whole and perfect natures were,
In the same person joined really.
And neither of them both, confounded are,
Nor doth the human of it fail reply;
But it subsisteth in the Deity,
Nor can these natures separated be,
Both perfect God, and perfect man was he.

This much touching our Saviour's person; Now,
His Offices we ought to know likewise,
And what he hath performed for us, and how
He freed us from the foresaid miseries,
And how God's dreadfull wrath he satisfies;
His Offices shall briefly named be,
A Priest, a Prophet, and a King, is he.
A Priest, for that he hath for mans transgression
Full satisfaction made to God the father, *Heb.*
And likewise makes continual intercession, *v.15.*
For those who to his would he means to gather;
Or to eternal heavenly mansions, rather:
The means whereby God's wrath he satisfies,
Was his obedience and his sacrifice.

The Law of God he perfectly fulfilled,
With full obedience and integrity,
As God had pre-ordained, then did he yield
A painfull ignominius death to dy, "
The wrath of God appeared was thereby,
Which in full meausre came upon him then,
Even what was due unto the sins of men.

A Prophet to instruct his Church he is,
Which doth him honour by sincere profession,
His Spirit qualifies the hearts of his,
And makes them pliable to such profession,
His word doth take when grace shall have posse-
For by the word no good effect is wrought ['sion,
But where the heart is by God's spirit taught.

Our Saviour is a King undoubtedly,
Although he seemes to have no Kingdoms here,
Yet in their hearts he means to Glorify,
A Kingdom he erects of grace, and there
Hee reignes, and by his spirit rule doth beare,
But here appears his machecke dignity
Hee King of Glory is Eternally.
For when he by his death had finished
The work of our redemption, freed from paines,
He took his body that before was dead,
With all that to a perfect man pertaines;
With which he gloriously ascends and reignes:
At the right hand of God he doth remain
Untill to Judgment he returns again.

Christ's sufferings are sufficient for to free,
All men from wo and endless misery, 2 Thes. 3:2
But all men have not faith, and therefore be,
Unlikely to have benefit thereby,
For it is Faith with which we must apply,
The merits of our blessed Redeemer
And to our selves each in particular.

Faith is a Grace which doth the soul refine;
Wrought by the Holy-Ghost in contrite hearts,
And grounded on Gods Promises divine,
Things superexcellent this same imparts,
To those that have it planted in their hearts:
But ere this faith is wrought, the heart must be,
Made capable of it, in some degree.

First God doth take the hammer of his Law,
And breaks the heart which he for Grace will fit:
Then the seduced soul is brought in Law,
And doth immediately it felle submit,
When sight of sinne, and sorrowing for it,
Hath wrought humility, a vertu rare
Which truly doth the soul for Grace prepare.
The Law of God is most exact and pure
Requiring of us perfect holiness, Psal. 19:11.
To which is life eternal promised sure,
But curses unto them that it transgress,
Whether by frailty or by wilful negligence;
Though none but Christ, and A am ere his fall
Could keep this Law, yet it may profit all.

For here we may perceive how much we fail,
With all what danger we incur thereby,
Then if we in our own defects be vail,
We may fore-put to our salour fly,
Whole Righteousness will all our wants supply;
Then here are Rules set down for Gods Elect
Whereby they will their course of life direct.

This Law by Gods most skillfull hand was wrot,
And placed in two Tables orderly,
Shewing what's to be done, and what is not;
With all what good or evil coms thereby,
In Ten Commandements to distinctly,
Wherewith as with a Touch stone try we may,
How we offend our God, or him obey.

1. They say against the first who think or say,
As doth the fool, there is no God at all,
So they that through preposteresse disobay,
And want of knowledge is a breach not small,
Who loves or fears a creature most of all,
And puts trust therein and seeks there to
Makes that their God, and to break this they do.

The
2 The second violated is by those
That images erect, or them adore,
By such also who in devotion goes
To Saint or Angel, succor to implore;
Who let by Superstitious Reliques flow,
And worship God after men's fantasies,
And not as he commands, breaks this likewise.

3 When those that seem religious prove profane,
God's name is much dishonoured thereby;
Even so likewise their error is the same,
Who use his word, or works, or Titles high;
For evil ends, or else unrecognizably;
By witchcraft, cursing, swearing, blasphemy,
This violated is undoubtedly.

4 Who by preparation doth not fit
Himselfe to keep the Sabbath, breaks the same,
As those that holy exercise omit,
Or come thereto only for fear of blame,
Nor have delight or profit by the same;
So it is broke by carnal recreations,
By worldly works, by speech, or cogitations.

5 When that inferiors disobedient are,
Ungrateful, stubborn, saucy, impudent,
Failing in reverence, love, respective care,
To their superiors, hating Government,
Such grossly break this Fitt Commandement;
As those superiors whose bad Discipline
Or ill example, makes inferiors sin.
7. This is transgressed by murder, or debate,
   By being mindful of revenge likewise;
   By iniust anger, envy, malice, hate;
   By vexing words, and scornful mockeries,
   Which are occasions of extremities,
   Distress of mind, heart-grief, perplexity,
   And life hath often prejudice thereby.

   All thoughts impure this Commandment breaks,
   Solewd pastimes, light gesture, wanton lockes,
   Wearing apparel contrary to Sex,
   Ill company, vain talk, lascivious books.
   All that may ensnare like baits or hooks,
   To Fornication or Adultery,
   Which breaks this Precept most apparently.

8. This is transgressed by any kind of stealing,
   By coveting our neighbours goods also,
   By fraud, oppression, or deceitful dealing,
   By not disposing well of that we ow,
   Refusing honest works to undergo,
   By being not content with our estate,
   Not helping those we should commiserate.

9. This violated is by false witness bearing,
   Likewise by any Lie we break the same,
   By raising false reports, or gladly hearing
   Ill of our neighbour, touching his good name,
   By not maintaining his deserved fame,
   By speaking truth of him maliciously
   And not exhorting him in secrete.
This is transgressed, by lusts, and motions vain
Though we thereto give no consent at all, Ro. 7, 7
As the rebellion of the flesh, or vain
And blots, we have by sinne Originally,
Corruption of our nature we it call;
From which because that no one can be free,
Then all transgressors of the Law must be.

Who by the morall Law beholds his sin
And feels withall ther's left him no defence,
To sorrow therefore now he doth begin,
His Conscience being touched with lively sense
Of Gods displeasure for his great offence,
Dilpairing of salvation, in respect
Of ought that by himselfe he can effect.

The curse contain'd in this exquifite Law,
Doth work this sorrow so effectually,
For truly he alone is brought in aw,
Whose Conscience is inform'd of this hereby;
Who breaks but one commandement only
In all his life, and that in cogitation,
Is not-with-standing subject to damnacion.

Thus when the heart is fitted and prepar'd,
The seeds of Faith first with are cast therein,
Which in their orders briefly are declard:
The first is when one weared under sinne,
To feel the wiight thereof doth now begin
And thereupon acknowledgeth with speed
That of a Saviour much he stands in need;

The
(20)
The second is a vehement desire,
Or ardent longing to participate
Of Christ, and the benefit entire
And nothing else can this desire have,
Consume or limit, quench or mitigate:
And both the Harts the water brook desire,
So humble Son's a Saviour doth require.

The third is flying to the Throne of grace,
Even from the sentence of the Law to strict,
Which doth profane security deface,
Because that thereby the Conscience is strict,
Which doth the humble man for good afflict
By shewing such the danger of their case,
And, for a cue, sending them to grace.

Now this is done by fervent supplications,
By constant prayer, most prevailing known;
Express with hearty strong ejaculations,
For God's especial grace in him alone,
In the forgiving of his sins each one;
And in his prayer, perseverance will hee
Until the thing petition'd, granted bee.

Then God, as he hath promised, will prove
Propitious to the sinner penitent,
And let him feel that assurance of his Love,
His favour, grace, and mercy excellent
The which in Christ, appears most eminent:
A holy faith this full assurance is,
We have by God's Spirit, in the hearts of his.
But there are divers measures or degrees
Of Saving Faith, the least whereof is this,
When he that hath a humble Spirit sees
He cannot feel, his Faith so little is,
As yet the full assurance, inward bliss,
Of the forgivenesse of his sinnnes so free,
Yet pardonable findeth them to bee.

And therefore prayeth they may be pardoned,
And with his heart the fame of God requires,
Recalls himself, as formerly misled,
Giving no rest unto his large desires,
His Soul it faints not, nor his Spirit tires,
Although he be delayd yet still he praieth,
On God he waites, and for an answere stays.

That such a man hath Faith it doth appeare
For these desires doe plainly testify,
He hath the Spirit of his Saviour dear,
For tis his speciall work or property,
To stir up longings after purity:
Now where his Spirit is there Christ resides,
And where Christ dweils true Faith though weak
[abides

Of saving Faith the largest quantity,
Is when a man comes on in Faith untill,
He finds the full assurance happily
Of Gods free mercy, favour, and good will,
To him in Christ, which doth his joy fulfill:
Finding he hath obtained free remission,
And that he's safe in Gods divine tuition.
This full assurance of his grace and love,
The Lord vouchsafes his servants true who he,
Poth for their inward sincerity approve,
Whole outward doings also righteous be,
For such alone the evidence may see,
Of his inheritance, true happiness,
Which for Christ's merits sake they shall possess.

A Christian in his infancy in grace
Finds not this full assurance usually,
'Neath he hath been practis'd for a space
By sound repentance with sincerity:
And finds God's love to him a most tender
Then shall his soul this full persuasion see,
Which is the strength of faith or highest degree.

By faith in Christ much profit we do gain,
For thereby only are we justified,
As peace with God, free from eternal pain,
And thereby only are we sanctified,
Where faith is, by these fruits, it may be tried:
True faith being by fruits discovered
A barren faith must deeds be false and dead.

Now to be justified, is to be freed,
From guilt and punishment of sin likewise,
To be accepted as for just indeed,
Which God, whose grace it is that justifies;
And not our works, as vainly some surmise:
But that we may still orderly proceed,
To follow the next how we from sin are freed.

The
(13) The sins of those that God will justify, Were by Christ's sufferings so abolished, As that they cannot hurt them finally. Were they as Scarlet or the Carmine Red, They shall be made as Snow and as Silver. Even by Christ's Blood, the white robe was spine The faithful, from deserved punishment.

Now comes to be considered how they may With God, for Perfect just, accepted be, With no of themselves by nature (such as they) Are in no part from sinnes corruption free, How much are tane to fall, here may we see Christ's righteousness is theirs, by imputation, And so esteemed by gracious acceptance.

The true be seaven benifees are great, Which they by being justified possess. For such shall stand before God's judgment seat, As worthy of Eternall Happiness, Even by the merits of Christ's righteousness, For of themselves, they cannot pretend ought, Who are not able to think one good thought.

Then far from doing any work whereby They might deserve Salvation on their part, For God whose only perfect purity, Will find in our best works no true diaste. But rather matter of our endlesse merit: For in Christ's Blood the Saints we are most dear Must wash their Robes before they can be clear.

Though
(24)

Though by good works we do not gain Salvation
Yet these good Duties that our God requires,
We must perform in this our conversation,
With all our might, endeavours, and desires,
Before this short uncertain time expires,
And at perfection must we always aim,
Though in this life we reach not to the same.

For he that by his Faith is justified,
It followeth also necessity,
That such by Faith are likewise Sanctified,
Corruption of our nature is thereby
Disabled so, as that iniquity
No longer rules, being by grace subdued,
Whereby the heart to goodness is renewed.

Corruption of our nature purged is,
By vertue of Christ's Precious Blood only
Which when by Saving Faith applied is,
Serves as a corrosive to mortifie
And kill the power of iniquity,
Whence tis that those who sanctified bee,
From sins dominion, happily are free.

The other part of true Sanctification,
Is it of quickening to holiness,
And may therefore be called renovacion,
Like a Restorative it doth redresse,
And him revive, that is dead in trespasses;
Tis by the power of Christ's Resurrection,
That we are rai'd from sinne to such perfection.

Sanctification
Sanctification must be then entire,  
Not for the present, perfect in degree,  
Yet in respect of parts, and true desire,  
Each part and power Sanctified must bee,  
Although no part from all Corruption's free;  
Yet every power must with goodness sute,  
Though in this life no part be absolute.

Like as a Child new born without defect,  
A perfect man he may be said to bee,  
Because his body's perfect, in respect  
Of parts, though not in nature or degree  
Of growth, untill of perfect age he bee;  
So have the faithfull imperfections some,  
Till to a perfect age in Christ they come.

The graces of the Spirit will appeare,  
And spring up in his heart that is Sanctified,  
And these the fruits of Righteousnesse will beare  
Which in his conversation are diversifie,  
These graces hath he that is Sanctified,  
A detestation of iniquity,  
And love to goodness, Zeale and Purity,

Whereof Repentance blessedly proceeds,  
Which is endeavour, purpose or intent  
To leave all sin which causeth full sorrow and breeds  
And not to give allowance or consent  
To break God's Law, or least Commandment:  
But ever walk exactly thereunto,  
Though to the flesh it seemes too much to doe.
So that continual combat will arise,
Between God's image, on the soul renew'd,
And Satan's image, greatest contraries
Which ever seek each other to exclude,
Though in the end, the worst shall be subdued;
Yet in this life it will in no wise yield;
Against whole force, Faith is the only shield.

Now when a man hath got the victory,
In such a conflict or extreme temptation
He sees God's love to him abundantly,
By reason of his special conservation,
Which of his favour is a demonstration;
Now this increaseth peace of conscience most
Together with joy in the Holy-Ghost.

But if the wicked do so far prevail,
By God's permission by some provocation
To overcome the faithful being frail,
And subject to be much with temptation
When not suspecting such abomination;
But this their fall is through infirmity
Whence shall not be forsaken utterly.

For soon a Godly sorrow will arise
And over-flow the heart of such a one,
Which blessedly the same so mollifies,
That it relents for having so mis gone
Which godly grief or sorrow is all one
For having so displeased God by sinne,
Who hath to him a loving Father been.
Yea he for this abhors himselfe as vile
Acknowledging his execrable case,
Till he be reconcil'd to God, that while
Himselfe by lowest thoughts he doth abase,
As far unworthy to find any grace;
Yet cries to God in this humiliacion
For the return of wonted consolacion.

And when he hath attain'd recovery,
The breach without delay he fortifies
With stronger resolucion manfully,
And with a Watch impregnable likewise,
Against assaults of this his enimies,
And all affaiies of their re-entry
Through which so many perish finally.

This much touching the ground of Truth I hold,
Which first at first they reached my mind,
I will not cast them off, as worn and old,
Nor will be so alone to them confound
As not admit of things of higher kind;
But will as God shall light dispence to use,
(By ayd divine) walk up to each degree.
A Song expressing their happiness who have Communion with Christ.

Hen scorched with distracting care,
My mind finds out a shade
Which fruitless Trees, false fear, dispair
And melancholy made,
Where neither bird did sing
Nor fragrant flowers spring,
Nor any plant of use:
No sound of happiness.
Had there at all ingress,
Such comforts to produce,
But Sorrow there frequents,
The Nurse of Discontents,
And Murmering her Mayd
Whose harsh unpleasant noise
All mental fruits destroys.
Whereby delight's convayd.

Whereof my judgment being certifie
My mind from thence did move,
For her concepcon so to provide,
That it might not abortive prove,
Which fruit to signify
It was conceaved by
Most true intelligence
Of this sweet truth divine

Who
(29) 

Who formed thee is thine, 

Whence sprang this inference; 

He too, that's Lord of all 

Will thee beloved call, 

Though all else prove unkind; 

Then chearfull may I sing 

Sith I enjoy the Spring, 

Though Setlerns dry I find.

For in our Vnion with the Lord alone, 

Consists our happinesse, 

Certainly such who are with Christ at one 

He leaves not comfortlesse, 

But come to them he will 

Their Souls with joy to fill, 

And them to Fortifie 

Their works to undergo 

And beare their Cross also, 

With much alacrity: 

Who his assfiting grace 

Do feelingly imbrace, 

With confidence may say, 

Through Christ that strengthens me 

No thing so hard I see 

But what perform I may. 

Phil 4:14

But when the Soul no help can see 

Through sins interposition, 

Then quite forlorn that while is she, 

Bewailing her condicion; 

In which deplored case
Now such a Soul hath space,
To think how she delayd
Her Saviour to admit
Who shu'd ro her for it,
And to this purpose sayd,
Open to me my Love,
My Sitter, and my Dove,
My Locks with dew wet are
Yet she remissive grew,
Till he himselfe with-drew
Before she was aware.

But tasting once how sweet he is,
And smelling his perfumes,
Long can she not his presence misse,
But griefe her straith contumes:
For when he visits one
He cometh not alone,
But brings abundant grace
True Light, and Holynesse
And Spirit to express;
Ones wants in every case;
For as he wisedome is,
So is he unto his
Wisdom and Purity,
Which when he seemes to hide,
The soul missing her guide,
Mist needs confuted doe.

Then let them know, that would enjoy
The fame fruition,
Of his sweet presence, he will stay
With single hearts alone,
Who late their former mate,
Doe quite exterminate;
With all things that desire
They that are Chrift, truly,
The Flesh do Crucifie
With its affections vile

Then grounds of truth are sought
New Principles are wrought
Of grace and holinesse,
Which plantings of the heart
Will spring in every part,
And so it selfe expresse.

Then shall the Soul like morning bright
Into her Lord appeare,
And as the Moone when full of Light
So fayre is she and cleare,
With that inherent grace
That's darts from the Face
Of Chrift, that Sunne divine,
Which hath a purging power
Corruption to devour,
And Conscience to refine;
Perfection that began
As pure as the Sunne,
The Soul shall be likewise
With that great Righteousnesse,
Imputed Righteousnesse
Which freely Justifies.
They that are thus compleat with Grace
And know that they are so,
For Glory must fer Sayle apace
Whilst wind doth fitly blow,
Now is the tide of Love,
Now doth the Angell move;
If that there be defect
That Soul which sin doth wound,
Here now is healing found,
If she no time neglect;
To whom shall be reveal'd
What evil hath been conceal'd,
When brought unto that Light,
Which in the Soul doth shine
When he that's most divine,
Declares his pretence bright.

Then he will his beloved shew
The reason wherefore she
Is seated in a place so low,
Not from all troubles free;
And wherefore they do thrive
That wicked works contrive;
Christ teacheth his also
For who as friends he takes
He of his Counsell makes,
And they shall secrets know:
Such need not pine with cares
Seeing all things are theirs,
If they are Chris'ts indeed;
Therefore let such confesse

John 15.15
Cor. 3.21.
They are not comfortlesse,
Nor left in time of Need.

A Song shewing the Mercies of God to his people, by interlacing cordiall Com-
forts with fatherly Chastishments.

As in the time of Winter
The Earth doth fruitlese and barren lies,
Till the Sun his course doth run
Through Aries, Taurus, Gemini;
Then he repayres what Cold did decay,
Drawing superfluous moistures away,
And by his luster, together with flowers,
The Earth becomes fruitful, & pleasant with flowers
That what in winter seemed dead.
There by the Sun is life discovered.

So though that in the Winter
Of sharp Afflictions, fruits seem to dy,
And for that space, the life of Grace
Remayneth in the Root only;
Yet when the Son of Righteounesse clear
Shall make Summer with us, our spirits to chear,
Warming our hearts with the sense of his favour,
Then milt our flowers of piety savour,
And then the fruits of righteousesse
We to the glory of God must expresse.
The Sun ascending out Hemisphere,
Ill fumes devours, and opes the powers
Which in our bodies are, and there
He draws out the spirits of moving and sense
As from the center, to the circumference;
So that the exterior parts are delighted,
And unto motion and action excited,
And hence it is that with more delight
We undergo labor by day then by night.

So though a Night of Sorrows
May stay proceedings in piety
Yet shall our light like morning bright
Arise out of obscurity,
Then when the Sun that never declines
Shall open the faculties of our minds,
Stirring up in them that spiritual motion
Whereby we make towards God with devotion
When kindled by his influence
Our Sacrifice is a pleasing incense.

Now when we feel God's favour
And the communion with him we have,
Alone we may admit of joy
As having found what most we crave,
Store must we gather while such gleams do last
Against our trials sharp winterly blasts
So despairation shall swallow us never,
[ever
Who know where God once loves, there he loves
Though sense of it oft wanting is
Yet still God's mercies continue with his.
So soon as we discover
Our souls benumbed in such a case,
We may not stay, without delay
We must approach the Throne of Grace,
First taking words to our selves to declare
How dead to goodness by nature we are,
Then, seeking by him who for us did merit
To be enliv'd by his quickening Spirit,
Whose flame doth light our spark of Grace,
Whereby we may behold his pleased face.

From whence come beams of comfort,
The chiefest matter of true Content,
Who taste and see, how sweet they be,
Perceive they are most excellent,
Being a glimpse of his presence so bright;
Who dwelleth in unapproachable light;
Who hath happily this mercy attained,
Earnest of blessedness endless hath gayned,
Where happiness doth not decay
There Spring is eternal, and endless is day.

An SONG

A Song declaring that a Christian may finde
true Love only where true Grace is.

No knot of Friendship long can hold
Save that which Grace hath ty'd,
For other causes prove but cold
When their effects are ty'd;

For
For God who loveth unity
Doth cause the only-union,
Which makes them of one Family
Of one mind and communion.

Commotions will be in that place,
Where are such contraries,
As is iniquity and grace,
The greatest enemies,
Whom sin doth rule she doth command
To hold stiffe opposition
Gains grace and all the faithful band
Which are in her tuition.

This is the cause of home debates,
And much domestick woes,
That one may find his household mates
To be his greatest foes,
That with the Wolf the Lamb may abide
As free from molestation,
As Saints with Sinners, who reside
In the same habitation.

By reason of the Enmity
Between the womans Seed
And mans internall enmy,
The Serpent and his breed,
The link of contangunity
Could hold true friendship never,
Neither hath near affinity
United friends for ever.

For
For scoffing Ismael will scorn
His only true born brother:
Rebeckah's sons together born
Contend with one another,
No bond of nature is so strong
To cause their hearts to tarry
In unity, who do belong
To masters so contrary.

The wicked ordinarily
Gods dearest children hate,
And therefore seek (though groundlessly)
Their credits to abate,
And though their words and works do show
No colour of offences
Yet are their hearts most (they trow)
For all their good pretences.

And those that strongest grace attain,
Whereby sin is vanquished,
By Satan and his cursed train
Are most contraried;
Because by such the Serpent seales,
His head to be most bruiled,
He turns and catches at their heels,
By whom he is so used.

His agents he doth instigate,
To vex, oppose, and fret,
To slander and calumniate,
Those that have scap't his net,
Who serves are so diligent,
That like to Cain their father
They whose works are most excellent
They mischief will the rather.

Yet there are of the graceless crew
Who for some private ends
Have sided with prefessors true
As truly pious friends,
But to the times of worldly peace
Their friendship was confined.
Which when some crosses caus'd to cease
The thread of league untwined.

Such friends unto the swallow may
Be fitly likened,
Who all the pleasant summer stay
But are in winter fled:
They cannot bide their friend to see,
In any kind of trouble,
So pittyfull (forsooth) they bee
That have the art to double.

Such will be any thing for one
Whobath of nothing need,
Their friendship stands in word alone,
And none at all in deed,
How open mouth'd so re they are,
They bee as closely banded,
Who will (they know) their service spare,
They're his to be commanded.

Therefore
Therefore let no true hearted one
Releife at need expect,
From opposits to vertue known,
Who can him not affect:
For his internall ornaments,
Will ever lovely make him
Though all things pleasing outward sense,
Should utterly forfake him.

In choice of Freinds let such therefore
Prefer the godly wise,
To whom he may impart the store
That in his bolome lies:
And let him not perniciously
Communicate his favours,
To all alike indifferently,
Which shewes a mind that wavers.

Gods children to each other should
Most open hearted bee;
Who by the same precepts are rul'd,
And in one Faith agree,
Who shall in true felicity,
Where nothing shall offend them
Together dwell eternally,
To which I do commend them.
A Song demonstrating
The vanities of Earthly things.

Shall Sadness persuade me never to sing
But leave unto Syrens that excellent thing;
No that may not be, for truly I find,
The languin complexion to mirth is enclin'd.

Moreover, they may who righteousness love,
Be soberly merry, and sorrows remove,
They only have right to rejoicing allways
Whole joy may be mixed with prayer and praise.

Wherefore rejoiceth the epicure?
As though his fading delights would endure,
Whereas they are ended, as soon as begun,
For all things are vanity under the Sun.

Riches and Honour, Fame and Promocion,
Idols, to whom the most do their devotion;
How fading they are, I need not to show,
For this by experience, too many doe know.

They that delight in costly attire,
If they can compass the things they desire,
Have once obtained, what in first procured,
And many to folly are thereby allure.

Learning
Learning is sure an excellent thing,
From whence all Arts and Sciences spring,
Yet is it not from vanity free,
For many great Scholars prophane often be.

Who hath studied Geometry,
Or gained experience in Geography,
By tedious labour much knowledge may gain,
Yet in the conclusion, he'll find all is vain.

He that hath studied Astronomy,
Though his meditation ascend to the Sky,
He may miss of heaven and heavenly bliss,
If that he can practise no study but this,

But they that delight in Divinity,
And to be exquisite in Theology,
Much heavenly comfort in this life may gain,
And when it is ended their joys shall remain.

What should I speak more of vanities,
To use many words when few may suffice,
It argueth folly, therefore I have done,
Concluding, all's vanity under the Sun.
A Song manifesting
The Saints eternal Happiness

Sound is the Minde
Which doth that Hope possess,
Whose object is Eternall Joy
Or Heavens Happiness;
Such healthfull hearts
Their spirits doe sustain,
In thinking on the Rest which for
God's people doth remain,
A Treasure inaccessible,
Or Everla sting Life,
A blessed State which never shall
be cumbered with strife

Salvation
With endless Glory cleare,
And each good thing to be desired
Are in their Fountain there;
Flowers are here,
Together with the weeds
Exposed to all kinde of storms,
Which much confusion breeds:
Some for weakness are dismaid,
And some are comfortlesse,
Because of some defect of sense,
Or want of comeliness.

Grant
Grant some may have
Proposition to compleat,
That correspondency of parts
Declares Perfections seat
Yet doubt less such
Then but then have also
By reason of their travell which
They needs must undergo,
For in every calling is
A tedious wearinesse
Which who so follow: carefully
Is driven to confess

Further suppose
One might be freed from all
Afflictions which externall are,
Or crostes corporall
Yet if the soule
Be sensible of sin
It cannot be but such will have
Enough to do within:
For to Preserve the heart and waies
From being over grown
With fruits of that contagious seed
That's in our nature sown.

Doubting some times
The Soul with anguish tires,
Who must anon encounter with
inordinate desires:
(44)

Lust oft prevails,
And then the consequence,
Will be a great eclipse of grace,
And lotte of comfort sense,
In striving to recover peace,
The route is oft opprest.
As he that's conscious of his sin,
Hath here but little rest.

From all those woes
And many more that bee,
The Saint that finisheth hath his course
Shall lie forever free,
And likewise have
Forever to possess,
A most exquisite Diadem,
The Crown of righteousness,
Of that divine inheritance
Which fadeth not away,
They shall be really possess,
And ever in enjoy.

Bodies which here
Are matter thick and grosse,
Attaining to this happiness,
Are freed from their dross;
And as the Sunn
Appears in brightest sky,
So every body glorif'd
Shall be for clarity,

And
And likewise be impassible,
Unapt to pain
Having agility to move,
Where vigour shall remain.

Glorified Souls,
Are fill'd with all delight,
Because the spring of Briny is
The object of their sight:
Also they have,
(Their joy to amplify)
Immediate sweet communion with
The blessed Trinity.
Which satisfies the appetite,
Which else were empty still,
Because no finite comfort can
Content the mind and will.

Briefly a word
Of place and company
Which Saints in God shall enjoy,
The place is heavenly
Jerusalem,
The city of the Lord:
Discover'd by such precious things
As pleasure most afford,
The comforts, Angels numberless,
The whole Assembly
Of Saints, who shall for ever dwell
With Christ Eternally.

Heb. 12.
Rev. 21.
Heb. 12.
(46)

"Why hath the Lord
For his such joyes prepar'd
Because their patient sufferings
He richly will reward,
This light distresse
Which for a moment dures
An excellent eternall weight
Of Glory his procures,
But our afflications merit not
This Glory that exceeds
But it, as Gods all other gifts,
Of his free Love proceeds.

Now they that have
This Hope of Heaven sure,
Shew it by striving to be cleane
As Christ our Lord is pure,
Also they take
Their cruizes cheerfully
Because a substance they expect,
Eternall heavenly,
To which my Soule aspired still
And cannot fetled be,
Till shee returns againe to him
That gave her untome.

2 Cor. 4. 17
Rom. 8. 18
Rom. 6. 23
John 3. 3
Heb. 10. 34
Eccl. 12. 7
A Song exciting to spiritual Alacrity.

Discomorts will the heart contract,
And joy will cause it to dilate;
That every part its part may act,
A heart enlarg'd must animate.

Unfruitfull ones therefore they are
That planted be in sorrow's shade,
Sith by the blasts of cloudy care
They are unfit for action made.

The ill effects of fruitless grief
Are in this place no further shown,
Because the means of true releife
Is more convenient to be known.

Now he in whom all fullnesse dwells
All good and means of good must be,
His presence Sathanas rule expells
And doth from Legall terror free.

So that their Soules which are so blessed
His sacred pretence to enjoy,
Can never be too much distrested
But consolation find they may.
Having a hiding place secure,  
And covert from the stormy wind,  
And streams of water perfect pure  
To vivity and cheare the mind.  

If scorched with afflictions heat  
They to their shady rock may fly,  
And be in safeties bosome seat  
And lap of true felicity.  

Where are delights Angelical?  
The quintessence of all good things,  
Refined wine to cheare withall  
And food which life eternal brings.  

Which though the Saints by faith posse the,  
Do not suppose it to place give,  
But truly real happiness,  
As they that seele alone beleive.  

Who thence abundant strength collect,  
In all conditions to support,  
Nor rubles can them much deject,  
Who have this soules defensive Fort.  

Suppose temptation list them fore,  
Sufficient grace will them releive, 2 Cor. 12:9  
And make their faith appeare the more,  
Which will to them the Conquest give.
Or be their Scourge some outward Cross,
As causeless hate, or poverty,
Decay of parts, disease, or loss
Of Credit, Freinds, or Liberty.

Nay were their state compos'd of woes;
In whom the Morning Star doth shine,
Whose lively lustre will disclose,
To his a heritage divine.

Which he of Love did them procure,
With freedom, not to Adam daim'd
To eat the Tree of Life most pure,
Whereby the soule alone's attain'd

The fence of Love—Eternall, doth,
with Love, Obedience still produce,
Which active is, and passive both,
So sufferings are of special use.

Bearing the soule with joy and peace,
Through true believing, evermore,
Whose sweet contentments take increase:
From heavens never-sayling store.
Another Song exciting to Spiritual Mirth.

The Winter being over
In order comes the Spring,
Which doth green Heavens discover
And cause the Birds to sing;
The Night also expired,
Then comes the Morning bright,
Which is so much desired
By all that love the Light;
This may learn
Then that mourn
To put their Griece to flight.
The Spring succeedeth Winter,
And Day must follow Night.

He therefore that sustaineth
Affliction or Distresse,
Which every member paineth,
And findeth no relese;
Let such therefore despaire not,
But on firm Hope depend
Those Grieses immortal are not,
And therefore must have end:
They that faint
With complaint
Therefore
Therefore are too blame,
They add to their afflictions,
And amplify the same.

For if they could with patience
A while possess the minde,
By inward Consolations
They might refreshing finde,
To sweeten all their Crosses
That little time they endure;
So might they gain by losses,
And sharp would sweet procure.
But in the minde
Be inclinde
To Unquietness
That only may be called
The worst of all Distresse.

He that is melancholy
Deteasting all Delight,
His Wits by fottish Folly
Are ruined quite:
Sad Discontent and Murmors
To him are insident,
Were he possesse of Honors,
He could not be content:
Sparks of joy
Fly away,
Floods of Cares arise,
And all delightfull Mocions
In the conception dies.
(52)

But those that are contented
However things doe fall,
Much Anguish is prevented,
And they soon freed from all;
They finish all their Labours
With much felicity,
Their joy in Troubles favours
Of perfect Piety,
Chearfulness doth express
A settled pious minde
Which is not prone to grudging
From murmuring refuse.

Lascivious joy I prayse not,
Neither do it allow,
For where the same decayes not
No branch of peace can grow;
For why, it is sinister
As is excessive Griece,
And doth the Heart sequester
From all good: to be briefe,
Vain Delight
Passeth quite
The bounds of modesty,
And makes one apt to nothing
But sensuality.
This Song bewiseth that God is the Strength of his People, whence they have support and comfort.

My strayning thoughts, reduced away,
And so a while retir'd,
Such observations to survey
Whose memory hath registred,
That were not in oblivion dead.

In which review of mentall store,
One note affadeth comforst best,
Chesely to be prefer'd therefore,
As in a Cabinet or Chest
One jewell may exceed the rest.

God is the Rock of his Elect
In whom his grace is incloate,
This note, my soule did most affect,
It doth such power intamate
To comfort and corroborate.

God is a Rock first in respect
He shadows his from hurstfull heat,
Then in regard he doth protect
His servants still from dangers great
And to their enemies defeat.
In some dry desert Lands (they say)
Are mighty Rocks, which shadow make,
Where passengers that go that way,
May rest, and so refreshing take,
Their wearisome Weariness to slake.

So in this world, such violent
Occasions, find we still to mourn,
That scorching heat of Discontent
Would all into combustion turn
And soon our souls with anguish burn,

Did not our Rock preserve us still,
Whose Spirit, ours animates,
That wind that bloweth where it will John. 3. 8
Sweetly our souls refrigerates,
And so destructive heat abates.

From this our Rock proceeds likewise,
The ever-nurturing, which graciously
Receiveth the soul which scorched lies,
Through fence of Gods displeasure high,
Due to her for iniquity.

So this our Rock refreshing yields,
To those that unto him adhere,
Whom likewise mightily he sheilds,
So that they need not faint nor fear
Though all the world against them were.

Because
Evans 2-1.qxd  05/09/2003  20:57  Page 63

Because he is their strength and power,
Whole power none can equalize,
Which only gives the use of power
Which justly he to them denies,
Who would against his servants rise.

Not by selfe power nor by might,
But by Gods spirit certainly,
Men compasse and attain their right,
For what art thou. O mountain high!
Thou shalt with valleys, even ly.

Happy was Israel, and why,
Jehovah was his Rock alone,
The sword of his Excellency,
His shield of Glory mighty known,
In saving those that are his own.

Experience of all ages shewes,
That such could never be dismayd
Who did by Faith on God repose,
Confessing him their onely aiyd,
Such were alone in iody stayd.

One may have freinds, who have a will
To further his felicity,
And yet be wanting to him all,
Because of imbecility,
In power and ability.

Zeb.4.  
Deu.33.29

E 4  B
but whom the Lord is pleas'd to save,
such he is able to defend,
His grace and might no limits have,
And therefore can no all extend
Who do or shall on him depend.

Nor stands he therefore surety,
Whose friends most powerfull appear,
Because of mutability
To which all mortals subject are,
Whose favours run now here, now there.

But in our Rock and mighty Fort,
Of change no shadow doth remain,
His favours he doth not transfer
Is trivial movable and vain,
His love alone is lasting gain.

Therefore my soul do thou depend,
Upon that Rock which will not move,
When all created help shall end
By Rock impregnable will prove,
Whom will embrace with ardent Love.

Another Song.

He Winter or my infancy being over past
Then supposed, suddenly the Spring would Hast
Which with every thing to chear
Such invitation to recreacion
His time of yeare.
The Sun sendeth forth his radiant beams to warm.
The drops distil, between the gleams delights above.
Ver brings her mate the flowery Queen, 
The groves shee dresses, her Art expresseth
On every Green.

But in my Spring it was not so, but contrary, 
For no delightful flowers grew to please the eye,
No hopeful bud, nor fruitfull bough,
No modest showers which causeth flowers
To spring and grow.

My Aprill was exceeding dry, thersore unkind;
Whence is that small utility I look to find,
For when that Aprill is so dry,
(As hath been spoken) it doth beoken
Much scarcity.

Thus is my Spring now almost past in heavinesse
The Sky of pleasure's over-cast with sad distresse
For by a comfortlesse Eclips,
Disconsolacion and sore vexacion,
My blossom nips.

Yet as a garden is my mind enclosed fast
Being to safety so confind from storm and blatt
Apt to produce a fruit most rare,
That is not common with every woman
That fruitfull are.

A Love of goodnesse is the cheifest plant therin
The second is,(for to be briefe)Dislike to sin.
There grow in spite of misery,  
Which Grace doth nourish and cause to flourish  
Continually.

But evil motions, corrupt seeds, fall here also  
Where springs prophetically do grow,  
Which must be supplanted be with speed  
These weeds of Error, Doubt, and Terror,  
Left woe succeed

So shall they not molest the plants before expressed  
Which counterbalance the outward wants, & purchase well  
Which more commodious is for me  
Then outward pleasures or earthly treasures  
Enjoy'd would be.

My little Hopes of worldly Gain I fret not at,  
As yet I do this Hope retain; though Spring belate  
Perhaps my Sommer-age may be,  
Not prejudicial, but beneficial

Admit the worst it be not so, but stormy too,  
He learn my life to undergo more than I doe  
And still content my self with this  
Sweet Meditation and Contemplation  
Of heavenly bliss,  
Which for the Saints reserved is who persevere  
The pleasures of which bliss divine  
Neither Logician nor Rhetorician

(50)

Gain I fret not at,  
As yet I do this Hope retain; though Spring belate

Perhaps my Sommer-age may be,  
Not prejudicial, but beneficial

Admit the worst it be not so, but stormy too,  
He learn my life to undergo more than I doe  
And still content my self with this  
Sweet Meditation and Contemplation  
Of heavenly bliss,  
Which for the Saints reserved is who persevere  
The pleasures of which bliss divine  
Neither Logician nor Rhetorician
Another Song.

Having restrained Discontent,
The only Foe to Health and Wit,
I sought by all means to prevent
The cause which did nourish it.
Knowing that they who are judicious
Have always held it most pernicious.

Looking to outward things, I found
Not that which Sorrow might abate,
But rather cause them to abound
Then any Greife to mitigate
Which made me seek by supplication
Internal Peace and Consolacion.

Calling to mind their wretchednesse
That seem to be in happy case
Having externall Happinesse
But therewithall no inward grace;
Nor are their minds with knowledge fill'd
In such all Vertues are abondant.

For where the mind's obscure and dark
There is no virtue resident,
Of goodnesse there remains no spark
Dittinfullnesse doth these requite.
For Ignorance the cause of error
May also be the cause of terror.
As doth the Sun-beames beautify
The Sky, which else doth dim appeare
So Knowledge doth exquisitely
The Mind adorn, delight, and cleare
Which otherwise is most obscure,
Full of enormities impure.

So that their Souls polluted are
That live in blackish Ignorance,
Which doth their miseries declare
And argues plainly that their wants
More hurtfull are then outward Crosses
Infirmities, Reproach, or Losses.

Where saving Knowledge doth abide,
The peace of Conscience also dwells
And many Vertues more beside
Which all obstrudities expels,
And fills the Soul with joy Celestial
That shee regards not things Terrestiall.

Sith then the Grace of the Mind
Exceeds all outward Happinesse,
What sweet Contentment do they find
Who are admitted to possess
Such marvellous Pearles, so may we call them:
For Precious is the least of all them.

Which when I well considered
My griefe for outward crossses cast,
Being not much discouraged

Although
Although afflictions still increase,
Knowing right well that Tribulation
No token is of Reprobation.

Another Song.

Excessive worldly Greife the Soule devoures
And spoiles the activnesse of all the Powers,
Through indisposing them to exercise
What should demonstrate their abilities,
By practicall improvement of the same.
Unto the Glory of the givers name.
Though Envy wait to blast the Blossoms green
Of any Vertue soon as they are seen,
Yet none may therefore justification take
To scribe what Vertue maniester should make.
For like the Sun shall Vertue be beheld
When Clouds of Envy shall be quite dispell'd;
Though there be some or no defect at all
Who no degree in worth can lower fall.
Prefer'd before the Vertue as whom they vaunt
Onely because of some apparent want,
Which is as in a Weed without defect
Before the Damask Rose should have respect,

Because
(62)

Because the Rose a leaf or two hath lost,
And this the Weed of all his parts can boast;
Or else as if a monstrous Clout should be
Prefer'd before the purest Lawn to see.
Because the Lawn hath spots and this the Clout
Is equally-polluted throughout.
Therefore let such whose vertue favours merits,
Shew their divinly magnanimous spirits
By disregarding such their approbacion.
Who have the worthlesse most in estimacion,
For who loves God above all things, not one
Who understands not that in him alone
All causes that may move affection are,
Glimpses whereof his creatures doe declare,
This being so, who can be troubled
When as his gifts are undervalued,
Seeing the giver of all things likewise
For want of knowledge many upbraid.
A Song composed in time of the Civil worst, when the wicked did much insul over the godly.

With Sibels I cannot Devine
Out Sure things to treat,
Nor with Parnassus Virgins Nine
Compose in Poems neat
Such mental motions which are free
Conceptions of the mind,
Which notwithstanding will not be
To thoughts alone confind.

With Deborah we are joy to sing
When that the Land hath Rest,
And when that Truth shall freshly spring,
Which seemeth now deceast,
But some may waiting for the same
Go on in expectation
Till quick concept be out of flame,
Or till Lifes expiration.

Therefore who can, and will not speak
Betwixt in Truths defence,
Seeing her Foes their malice wreak,
And some with smooth pretence

And
And colours which although they close
Yet being not ingrained,
In time they shall their luster lose
As cloth most foully stain'd.

See how the Foes of Truth devise
Her followers to defame.
First by Aspersions false and Lies
To kill them in good Name;
Yet here they will in no wise cease
But Sathan's course they take
To spoil their Goods and Wealths increase,
And so at Life they make.

Such with the Devil further go
The Soule to circumvent,
In that they seeds of Error sow
And to false Worships tempt,
And Scriptures fallly they apply
Their Errors to maintain,
Opposing Truth implicitly
The greater side to gain.

And to bind Soul and Body both
To Sathan's service sure
Therto they many ty by Oath,
Or cause them to endure
The Losse of light from Liberty
And suffer Confiscation,
A multitude they force therby
To hazard their Salvation.

Another
Another sort of Enemies
To Lady Verity,
Are such who no Religion prize,
But Carnall Liberty.
Is'that for which they doe contend
And venture Life and State,
Spurning at all good means express,
The force of Vice to hate.

Yet these are they, as some conceit,
Who must again reduce,
And all things set in order strait
Disjoyned by abuse,
And waking witts may think no lesse
if Fiends and Furies fell,
May be suppos'd to have successfull
Disorders to expel.

How ever Truth to fade appeare,
Yet can shee never fall,
Her Freinds have no abiding here,
And may seem wasted all;
Yet shall a holy Seed remain
The Truth to vindicate,
Who will the wrongeds Right regain
And Order elevate.

What time Promotion, Wealth, and Peace,
The Owners shall enjoy,
Whose Light shall as the Sun excelle
Unto the perfect Day
Then shall the Earth with blessings flow,
And Knowledge shall abound.
The Cause that's now despised to,
Shall then most just be found.

Prophanesse must be fully grown,
And such as it defend
Must be mind or overthrown,
And to their place defend,
The Sons of Arise their force must cease,
Having fulfilled their crime,
And then the Son of wished peace
Our Horizon will clime.

That there are such auspicious days
To come, we may not doubt,
Because the Gospels splendid rays
Must shine the World throughout:
By Jews, the Faith shall be embrac'd
The Man of Sin must fall,
New Babell shall be quite defac'd
With her devices all.

Then Truth will spread and high appear,
As grain when we'd are gon,
Which may the Sain's afflicted see
Oft thinking hereupon;
Sith they have union with that folk
To whom all good is ty'd
They can in nowise want support
Though most severely ty'd.
Another Song

Time past we understood by glory
The strength of Sin a Land to waste,
Now God to manifest his Glory.
The truth hereof did let us taste,
For many years, this Land appears
Of usefull things the Nursery.
Refresh'd and fence'd with unity.

But that which crown'd each other Blessing
Was evidence of Truth Divine,
The Word of Grace such Light expressing,
Which in some prudent Hearts did shine,
Whole Flame inclines those noble minds
To stop the Course of Prophanacion
And to make way for Reformacion.

But He that watcheth to devour,
This their intent did soon destroy,
For which he strait improves his power:
This worthy work to nullify
With Sophistry and Tyranny,
His agents he forthwith did fill
Who gladly execute his will.

And first they prove by Election
And Hellish Logick to traduce
Those that would put in execution,
Restraint of every known abuse;
They separate and disturb the State, and would all Order overthrow, the better sort were charged so.

Such false Reports did fill all places, corrupting some of each degree, in whom the highest Title graces from hearing Flanders was not free, which Scruple bred, and put the Head with prime members so at hate which did the Body dislocate.

Lying Spirit mis-informed common people, who suppose things went on to be reformed they should their ancient Customs lose, it be beside to courtesy'd which they nor yet their Fathers knew, and so be wrapt in fangles new.

Great multitudes therefore were joyned Sathan's plying instruments, with malice, ignorance combined, which at Truth their fury vents; at Piety as Enemy pernicious, oppose, revile, en Freind as well as Foe they spoyle.

The beauty of the Land's abollisht, in Fabericks by Art contriv'd; many of them quite demolisht, many of their homes depriv'd.
(69)
Some mourn for friends untimely ends,
And some for necessaries taime,
With which they parted by constraint.

But from those forms hath God preserved
A people to record his praise,
Who such they were therefore referred
Must to the heighth their Spirits raise
To magnify his lenity,
Who safely brought them through the fire
To let them see their hearts desire

Which many faithfull ones deceased
With teares desired to behold,
Which is the Light of Truth professed
Without oblitering shaddowes old,
When spirits free, not tyed shall be
To frozen Forms long since compon'd,
When letter knowledge was disclo'd.

Who are preserv'd from foes outragious,
Nothing the Lords unsound-out wayes.
Should strive to leave to after-ages
Some memorandums of his praise,
That others may admiring lay
Unsearchable his judgments are,
As do his works alwayes declare.
Meditacions

The first Meditacion.

The Morning is at hand, my Soule awake,
Rise from the sleep of dull security;
Now is the time, anon't will be to late,
Now hast thou golden opportunity
For to behold thy natural estate
And to repent and be regenerate.

Delay no longer though the Flesh thee telleth
Tis time enough hereafter to repent,
Strive earnestly such motions to expel,
Remember this thy courage to augment
The first fruits God requir'd for sacrifice,
The laster be esteemed of no price.

First let's behold our natural estate
How dangerous and damnable it is,
And thenceupon grow to exceeding hate
With that which is the onely cause of this;
The which is Sin, yea Disobedience
Even that which was our first parents offence.
The reasonable soul undoubtedly
Created was as first free from offence,
In Wisdom, Holiness, and Purity,
It did resemble the Divine Essence,
Which being lost, the soul of man became
Like to the Serpent, carter of the same.

The Understanding, Will, Affections cleanse,
Each part of Soul and Body instantly
Losing their purity, corrupted were
Throughout as by a loathsome leprosy
The rays of Virtue were extinguished quite
And Vice usurpeth rule with force and might.

This sudden change from impiety to sin
Could but prognosticate a fearful end,
Immediately the delirium did begin,
The Curse that was pronounced might de-
Which Curse is in this life a part of some,
The fulness thereof in the life to come.

The Curse that to the Body common is
The sense of Hunger, Thirst, of Sickness, Pains
The Soul's Callamities exceedeth this,
A Taste of Hell, shee often doth infest,
Rebukes of Conscience, threatening plagues for sin,
A world of Torments oft shee hath within.

F 4

Unless
(72)

Unless the Conscience dead and feared be,
Then runs the soule in errors manifold,
Her danger deep shee can in no wise see,
And therefore unto every sin is bold,
The Conscience sleeps, the Soule is dead in sin,
Nere thinks of Hell untill shee comes therein.

Thus is the Conscience of the Reprobate,
Either accusing unto desperacion,
Or else benummed, cannot instigate
Nor put the Soule in mind of reformation;
Both work for ill unto the castaway,
Though here they spent their time in mirth and

Yet can they have no sound contentment here,
In midst of laughter oft the heart is sad:
This world is full of woe & hellish feare
And yelds forth nothing long to make us glad
As they that in the state of nature dy
Passe but from misery to misery.

Consider this my soule, yet not despaire,
To comfort thee again let this suffice,
There is a Well of grace, whereto repaire,
First wash away thy soul enormities
With teares proceeding from a contrite heart,
With thy beloved sins thou must depart.

Inordinate
(73)
Inordinate affections, and thy will,
And carnal wisdom, must thou mortify,
For why, they are corrupt, prophane and ill,
And prone to nothing but impiety,
Yet shalt thou not their nature quite deface,
Their ruins must renewed be by grace.

If that thou canst unfainedly repent,
With hatred therunto thy sins confess,
And not because thou fearest punishment
But that thereby thou didst God's laws transgress
Resolving henceforth to be circumcision,
Desiring God to frame thy ways direct.

Each member of thy body thou dost guide,
Then exercise them in God's service most
Let every part be throughly sanctified
As a meet Temple for the Holy Ghost;
Sin must not in our mortall bodies reign
It must expelled be although with pain

Thou must not willingly one sin detain,
For so thou mayst be debarred be of bliss,
Grace with iniquity will not remain,
Twixt Christ and Belial no communion is,
Therefore be careful every sin to fly,
And see thou persevere in piety.
(74)

So may A thou be persuaded certainly,

Thy Curte shall in no wise endanger thee,

Although the body suffer misery

Yet from the second death thou shalt be free;

They that are called here to Holinesse

Are sure elected to everlastall bliss.

A Taste of blessedness here shalt thou lay,

Thy Conscience shall be at Tranquillity,

And in the Life to com thou shalt enjoy

The sweet fruition of the Trinity,

Society with Saints then shalt thou have,

Which in this life thou didst so often crave.

Let this then stir thee up to purity,

Newness of life, and speedy Conversion,

To Holinesse and to integrity,

Make conscience of impure thoughts unknown

Pray in the Spirit with sweet Contemplation

Be vigilant for to avoid Temptacion.
(75)

The Preamble.

Amid the Ocean of Adversity,
Neare whelmed in the Waves of sore Vexation,
Tormented with the Floods of Misery,
And almost in the Guise of Despairacion,
Neare desstinate of Comfort, full of Woes,
This was her Case that did the same compose:

At length Jeeovah by his power divine,
This great tempestuous Storm did mitigate,
And cause the Son of Righteousness to shine
Upon his Child that seemed desolate,
Who was refreshed, and that immediately,
And Sing as follows with alacrity.

The Second Meditacion.

The Storm of Anguish being over-blown,
To praise Gods mercies now I may have
For that I was not finallie overthrown,
But was supported by his speciall grace;
The Firmament his glory doth declare,Psal.19.1
Yet over all his works, his mercies are. Psal.145.9

The Contemplacion of his mercies sweet,
Hath ravished my Soule with such delight
Who to lament erft while was onely mett,
Doth now determine to put griefe to flight,
Being perswaded, hereupon doth rest,
Shee shall not be forsaken though distressed.

Gods
Gods Favour toward me is hereby proved,
For that he hath not quite deserted me;

Yet to seaseon with patience they be,
As they excite me unto godliness,
The only way to endless happiness.

Whence earthly muffworms can in no wise know
Being of the Holy Spirit destitute,
They favour only earthly things below;

Who shall with them of saving Grace dispute,
Shall find them capable of nothing less
Though Christianity they do profess.

Let E'sau portion fall unto these men,
The Farnesse of the Earth let them possess
No other thing they can desire then,

Having no taste of Heavens happiness,
They care not for Gods Commenance so bright,
Their Corn and Wine and Oyle is their delight.

To compass this and such like is their care,
But having past the period of their days,
Benefit of all but mileries they are,
Their sweet delight with mortal life decayes.

But godliness is certain, great gain,
Immortal bliss they have, who it retain.

They that are godly and regenerate,
Endued with saving Knowledge, Faith, and Love,
When they a future bliss premeditate,
(77)

It doth all bitter passion quite remove;
Though oft they feel the want of outward things
Their heavenly meditations, comfort brings.

They never can be quite disconsolate,
Because they have the only Comforter
Which doth their minds alway illuminate,
And make them fleshly pleasures much abhor;
For by their inward light they plainly see
How vain all transitory pleasures bee.

Moreover, if they be not only void
Of earthly pleasures and commodities,
But oftentimes be grievously annoy'd
With sundry kinds of great Calamities,
Whether in Body, Goods, or Name,
With patience they undergo the same.

And why? because they know and be aware
That all things work together for the best,
To them that love the Lord and called are, Ro. 8
According to his purpose; therefore blesse 28.
Doubtlesse they be, his knowledge that obtain,
No Losse may countervall their blested Gain.

Which makes them neither murmur nor repine
When God is pleased with Crosses them to try,
Who out of darkness caus'd light to shine, a 46
Can raise them Comfort out of Misery
They know right well and therefore are content
To beare with patience any Chastiments.

This
This difference is betwixt the good and bad; When as for sin the godly scourged are, And godly sorrow moves them to be sad. These speeches or the like they will declare: O will the Lord absent himselfe for ever? Will he vouchsafe his mercy to me never?

What is the cause I am afflicted so? The cause is evident I do perceive. My sins have drawn upon me all this woe, The which I must confess and also leave, Then shall I mercy find undoubtedly, Pro. 28. 13. And otherwise no true prosperity.

Whilst sin hath rule in me, in vain I pray, Or if my soule iniquity affects, If this be true, as tis, I boldly say, The prayer of the wicked, God rejects; Pro. 15. If in my heart I wickedness regard, How can I hope my prayer shall be heard. Psal. 66

If I repent, here may I comfort gather, Though in my prayers there be weakeinesse much Christ setteth at the right hand of his Father To intercede and make request for such, Rom. 8. Who have attainted to sincerity, Though somthing hindered by infirmity.

I will forthwith abandon and repent, Not onely palpable iniquities, But also all allowance or consent
To sinfull motions or infirmities;  
And when my heart and wayes reformed be,  
God will with-hold nothing that's good from me  
Psal. 84.

So may I with the Psal. truly say,  
Tis good for me that I have been afflicted,  
Before I troubled was, I went astray, Psal 119  
But now to godliness I am ad stead;  
If in Gods Lawes I had not took delight,  
In my troubles should have perished quite.

Such gracious speeches usually proceed  
From such a Spirit that is sanctified,  
Who strives to know his own defects and need  
And also seaketh to have his wants supplied;  
But certainly the wicked do not so  
As do their speeches and dissemblers show.

As every cross they murmur, vex and fret,  
And in their passion often will they say,  
How am I with Calamities belot!  
I think they will me utterly destroy,  
The cause whereof I can in no wise know  
But that the Desolations will have it to

Unfortunatly am I and quite forlorn,  
Oh what disaffectous Chance betaleth me!  
Vnder some hartfull Plannet I was born  
That will (I think) my Confusion be.  
And there are many wickeder then I  
Who never knew the like adversity.
These words do briefly show a carnall mind
Polluted and corrupt with Ignorance,
Where godly Wisdom never yet hath shined
For that they talk of Destiny or Chance;
For if Gods Power never can abate,
He can dispose of that he did create

If God alone the True Almighty be
As we beleive, acknowledge, and confess;
Then supreme Governor likewise is he.
Dispensing all things, be they more or lesse;
The eyes of God in every place do see
The good and bad, and what their actions bee.

The thought hereof sufficeth to abate
My heavinesse in great extremity,
When Grace unto my Soul did intimate
That nothing comes by Chance or Destiny,
But that my God and Saviour knowes of all
That either hath or shall to me befall

VWho can his servants from all troubles free
And would I know my Crosses all prevent,
But that he knowes them to be good for me.
Therefore I am resolv'd to be content,
For though I meet with many Contradictions
Yet Grace doth always sweeten my Afflictions.
The third Meditation.

Lord

Faith not my Soule, but wait thou on the-
Though he a while his answer may suspend,
Yet know (according to his blessed word)
He will vouchsafe refreshing in the end,
Yea though he seem for to withdraw his grace,
And doth not alwaies shew his pleasing face.

As by the Sun, though not still shining bright;
We do enjoy no small Commodity,
Whilst that the day is governed by his Light,
And other works of Nature testify
His wonderful and rare Effects alwaies;
Though often vayled be his shining rayes.

So it is no small mercy, though we see
Gods Countenance not alwaies shining bright;
That by the same our minds enlightened be,
And our affections guided by that light,
And whilst the winter-fruits as it were we find
In Patience, Sufferings, and Peace of mind.

Then let it not be told in Ashkelon,
Neither in Gath let it be published,
That those that seek the Lord and him alone
In any case should be discouraged,
Left it rejoice the wicked this to see,
Who think the ways of grace unpleasante be.
Whereas they are most pleasant, sweet, and fair
Yielding delights which only satisfy
Our minds, which else transported are with care
And restless wanderings continually.
But those that do no taste hereof attain
Seek rather for content in pleasures vain.

WhenKA had lost the happy harmony,
He by a peacefull Conscience might enjoy
His present ball then most skillfully
Invented M sic, thereby to convey
Unto the outward ear some melody,
But none joy comes to the heart thereby.

For it is onely a  Certificate,
|Grace
Brought by Gods Spirit from the Throne of
That may delight the Soule Regenerate,
Which certifies her of her happy case,
That shes already in a gracious state,
Which will in endless glory consummate.

Again, the blessed Soule may take delight,
To think on Sions great prosperity,
In that the Gospel long hath shined bright,
Sustaining no Eclipse by Heresy,
So that the means of knowledge is so free,
Gods Worship rightly may performed be.

If then my Soule, the Lord thy Portion be
Delight in his Word and sacred Covenants
Whereby his Graces are conveyed to thee,
As Earneits of divine inheritance, And
And which may cause true comfort to abound
Thy Lot is fallen in a pleasant ground.

Then let not any trouble thee dismay
Seeing the Light of Grace to thee hath shone.
The Table Weed of Sadness lay away.
And put the Garment of Salvation on.
With cheer and prudence, God's благes entertain
Let not the object of thy mouth be vain,

Which as a Cloud would stop the influence
Of that true Light that doth the soul refine.
And precipitate it through lively sense
To that eternal brightness most divine;
Then chiefly to admit that joy, accord,
Which commeth by the Favour of the Lord,

God's Favour ever highly esteem,
As the prime motive of true happiness,
Whereof, since that thou didn't participate,
In Life or Death, fear no kind of distress;
When humane help shall fail thee utterly,
Then is God's saving opportunity.

Deadness of spirit that thou mayst avoid,
The lively means of godliness embrace,
And cease not seeking though thou be delayed,
But wait till God do manifest his grace,
For thy deliverance, prefix no day,
But patiently the Lord's due leisure stay.

G
The fourth Meditacion.

As my Soule, oft have I sought thy Peace,
But still I find the contrary encreas,
Thou being of a froward disposition,
Perceivest not thy mercyfull Physician
Dost give thee for thy health the strong purga-
So may we call our daily molestation,
Which how to beare, that thou mayst understand
Take heed of two extrems under Gods hand,
The one is, too light takeing thy Distresse,
The other, hopelesse Greife or Penitiveness;
Between these two, obserue with heedfull eye
A middle course or mediocrity;
Consider for the first, if one correct
His Child, who seemeth it to disrespect,
VVarding the blow or setting light therby,
How is he beare again deservedly;
So if that thou shouldest seem to disregard,
The Chaliiments of God, or seek to ward
The same by wayes or meanes impenitent,
How just shall God renew thy punishment:
If Physick for our Bodies health be tane,
VVe hinder not the working of the same,
Strong Physick if it purge not, purifies,
And more augmentes then heales our maladies,
And as is said, our manifold Temptations,
Are nothing but thy scouring Purgations,

Wherein
VWhen a dram too much, hath not admission,
Confounded by so Skillful a Physician
VWho will not have their bitterness abated,
Till thy ill humors be evacuated;
Then loose it down for thy Humiliation,
And hinder not its kindly Opposition,
As thou may'st by untimely voiding it
By vain contentments, which thou may'st admit,
VWhich makes us drive repentant thoughts away,
And so put far from us the Evill day;
But that content which is by such meanes got
Is like cold water, tane in fevers hot,
VWhich for the present, though it seem to ease,
Yet after it increaseth the disease;
But thou dost rather unto Grief incline,
At Crosses therefore, subject to repine,
Supposing oft, thy present troubles are
Intolerable, and thy bane declare;
VWilst thou for this, thy selfe dost moderate
Dispair unto thee doth intimate,
That none hath been afflicted like to thee,
Unparaleld thy visitacions bee;
The by-waies being thus discovered,
Endeavour in the right way to be led,
With true Repentance, hope of pardon joine,
Deny thy selfe, and trust for help divine,
Seek first with God in Christ to be at peace,
Who onely can thy Tribulation ease,
For he that laid the Rod (affliction) on,
The power hath to pull it off alone.

Twere
Twere but in vain for one that were in debt,
To see the Officers a discharg to get,
Till with his Creditor he doth agree
He cannot walk out of his danger free;
So vain are they, which think their course is sure,
When in the use of means they rest secure,
Whereas if God his blessing doth restrain
Ve by the creature can no help attain:
Though it hath pleased God out of his grace,
Nature causeth over things to place,
Yet keeps he to himselfe, (bless be his name)
The staffe and operation of the same;
Then do not think my Soule to find redresse
By means of Friends, or by self Skill or wit,
But rather all created help deny,
Save as they serve for God to work thereby:
Now forasmuch as God is just alone,
Knew, without cause he hath afflicted none,
Sith without doubt, his wayes to equall be,
For all great fault he thus correcteth thee,
Therefore to lowest thoughts thy self retire,
To seek the cause that moved God to ire,
Which when thou findest, whatsoever it be
As thy right hand or eye so dear to thee,
Resolve for ever to abandon it,
Be watchfull lest the same thou recommit,
Renew thy Covenant with God, and vow
In the remainder of thy dayes, that thou
Wilt walk before him with an upright heart
It for that end his grace be on thy part,
(87)
If when hereto thou dost thy forces cry,
In them thou find a disability,
Then look to Christ, who doth thy weakness revive
And of compassion will thy strength renew,
From him alone thou mayst that grace derive
Which like a Cordial or Restorative,
Will strengthen and repair thy faculties,
Which else are dead by holy exercise,
T will make thy understanding apprehend
God as a Father, who in love doth tend
Correction to his children when they stray,
When without check the wicked take their sway;
This grace once salted, doth the will,
As it forsaketh that which cannot fill;
The well of living waters, to frequent,
Can only fill the soul with true content;
The memory it doth corroborate,
To keep a store, the soul to animate,
God's precious promises the treasures be,
Which memory reserves to comfort thee;
The over-flowings of this grace divine
To goodness the affections will incline;
Turning the saucy current of thy love
From things below, unto those things above,
Seeing it is the grace of Christ alone,
Which makes the soul to be with God at one,
Endeavour for it, give thy selfe no rest,
Till feelingly thereof thou be possesse.
The fifth Meditation.

Such is the force of each created thing,
That it no solid happiness can bring,
Which to our minds may give contentments found
For like as Noah's Dove no succour found,
Till shee return'd to him that sent her out,
Just so the Soule in vain may seek about,
For rest or satisfaction anywhere,
Save in his presence, who hath sent her here.
God's omnipresence I do not deny,
Yet to the Faithfull he doth specially,
A lone his gracious presence evidence,
Who seeing all true blessings flow from thence,
Are troubled only when he hides his Face,
Desiring still to apprehend his Grace,
This Grace of God is taken diversly
And first it doth his Favour signify,
That independent Love of his so free,
Which mov'd him to his mercifull Decree,
His Merum beneplacitum it is
That's motive of all good conferred on his;
The fruits of this his Love or Favour deare,
Are likewise called Graces every where,
Election and Redemption, graces are,
And these his Favour chiefly do declare.
(89)

Faith, Hope, Repentance, Knowledge, and the rest,
Which do the new Creation manifest,
Now these are counted Grace habitually.
And lastly, this the Grace of God we call,
His actual Assistance on our side,
Wherby we overcome when we are tried;
How ever then the word is understood
Grace is the chief desirable good.
Tis Summa bonum; is it so? for why?
Because without it no Prosperity,
Or earthly Honours, in the highest degree,
Can make one truly happy laid to be,
For as we might their miseries condole
Who should inhabit near the Northern-Pole,
Though Moon & Stars may there appear most bright
Yet while the Sun is absent, still tis night,
And therefore barren, cold, and comfortless,
Visit for humane creatures to possess:
More fruitless, empty comfort is the Mind,
Who finds the Sun of Righteousness declined.
Yea, though all earthly glories should unite
Their pomp and splendor, to give such delight,
Yet could they no more found contentment bring
Then Star-light can make grass or flowers springs.
But in that happy Soul that apprehends
His Loving-kindness, (which the Life transcends)
There is no lack of any thing that may
Felicity or true delight convey;
As whilst the Sun is in our Hemisphere,
We find no want of Moon nor Star-light clear.
So where the Fountain of true Light displays
Her tunes, there is no need of borrowed joys,
For where she is who made all things of nought;
That in her presence all fresh joys are wrought
Now as the help to make a happy one,
Sith she perfection is in him alone,
Grant then his Grace is most to be desired
And nothing else to be so much required;
But here a carnal crew are to be blam'd,
By whom the Grace of God so much is nam'd
Who are experienced in nothing else
As do their course and practices expresse,
For though they say the Grace of God's worth all
Yet will they hazard it for Trifles small,
Hereby they'll put you out of all suspicion
When God's Grace comes with men's in competi-
For holy duties lightly such negligence,
Whereby God's Love is felt with its effects,
The favour of a mortal man to gain
Though but a shew thereof he do attain,
And that perhaps for some employment base
Which one cannot perform and keep true Grace.
Therefore it is probable, how ere they prate,
God's Grace they value at too low a rate
For to be purchas'd by them, sith they leave
Their hold of it, a shadow to receive;
But they that do in truth of heart profess
That they have found this Pearle of Blessedness
Will not adventure it for any thing,
Whatever good it promises to bring.
Because they know the choicest quintessence
Of earthly pleasures greatest confluence,
Cannot procure that sweet blissful peace
Which from God's favour ever takes encrease;
Yet many times it comes to pass we see,
That those who have true grace so senseless be
Or is, that they in seasons of distress,
Abundance of impatience do express,
But is their sin, and brings an ill report
Upon their choicest comfort, strength and fort;
Such therefore should endeavour patiently,
To bear whatever crosses upon them, y
And that by strength of this consideration
That they have need of this their tribulation 1 Pet.
It may be to mind them of some offence 1.6.
Which they committed have (perhaps) long since
Yet they remain unhumbled for it,
Or else (may be) some duty they omit,
In which remissive course they will remain,
Till with a rod they be brought home again;
Or if they would consider how they prove
The Lord's great patience towards them, and love
In waiting for their turning to his ways,
They would not think so grievous or delays,
Of restitution that solace found,
Which in the sense of grace is ever found,
Which whose will in heart and life preserve,
These following directions must observe;
The first is, to purge out iniquities
With all that might offend God's puer eyes,
The next is, to have Faith in Christ; and Love Of God, and that which he doth best approve; Humility must likewise have a place In them that will be sure of true Grace, **Iam.4.6** Then there must be sincere Obedience To all Jehovah's just Commandments, For God will manifest himself to those, Who by Obedience, Love to him disclose. **Job.1.4** Now lastly, that which fits one to embrace The sense of God's exceeding Love and Grace Is skillfulness in that most blessed Art Of walking with the Lord with upright heart, That is to manage all things heedfully, As in the view of God's omniscient eye, And so, by consequence, by Faith to joyne In union with the Trinity divine; This is the very life of happiness, Which one may feel far better then express: But left whilst being wrap't above my sphere, With sweetness of the Theme, I should appear Quite to forget the nature of a Song, And to some this might seem over-long, My thoughts they're workings, speedily suspends And at this time my Meditation ends.

**Finis.**
Verfes on the twelfth Chapter
of Ecclesiastes.

All Earthly Glories to their periods post,
As those that do possesse them may behold,
Who therefore should not be at too much cost
With that which fades so soon, dies & growes old.
But rather minde him in their youthful days,
Who can give glory which shall last alwayes.

Ere Light of Sun or Moon or Stars expire,
Before the outward fence eclipsed be,
Which doth direct the heart for to admire
These works of God which obvious are to see,
The Fabricke of the Earth, the Heavens high,
Are to the mind discovered by the eye.

Again, before the strong men, low shall bow,
And they that keep the house shall tremble sore
Ere natures force be spent, or quite out-flow;
And wondred courage shall be found no more,
When weakness shall each part emasculate,
And make the stoutest heart effeminare.

Moreover
Moreover, ere the grinders shall be few
Which for concision doth the food prepare,
And Dames of mutick shall be brought so low
That for their melody none much shall care;
    Harsh and unpleasant, then the voice shall be
    The breath being not from obstructions free.

Also before that, causticke fears arise,
By reason of much imbecility,
Conceit of harmses will in the way surprise
Such feeble ones, which would from shadowes fly.
    When chilling Frost of sad decrepitude,
    The force of vitall vigours shall allwage.

The Almond Tree shall blossoms then declare,
Gray hairs preface to them the end is nigh,
Natural heat having no more repair,
Desires say in flame wanting fuel, dy,
    Nothing remaining when y strength suppli'd
    The marrow wasted, and the moisture dri'd.

And ere the Reiver bee broke and weak,
Let us the vessel ope, and Grens shreik
And ere the grimmer blow, or Flusher break,
Let us the waste no ware of spirit shrink
    The mead whereas the animals reside,
    Now full of matter, and it upyrsde.
(95)
The Body thus out-worn and quite decay'd,
The dust returneth to the Earth again;
To God who gave it, is the Soul conveyed.
Who doth with it as he did prepare,
However soon to vent their iniquity
Conclude the Soul doth with the Body dy.

VWhch if were truth, why did our Saviour say?
Fear him not, which the Body kills alone, Matt. 10
And hath no might the Soul for to betray,
It with the one the other must be gone;
But that they may declare impostors kill
Twixt Soul and Spirit they distinguish will.

The Soul (say they) doth with the Body dy,
Then there's a third part which they spirit call,
VWho doth return to God immediately
Leaving the Dead till judgment general,
And then returning breathing doth infuse
In Soul and body, whereby life ensues.

For which they have no Scripture (I suppose)
Save what they wrote unto their own Perdition,
As this, where 'tis said, the word with power goes
Twixt Soul & Spirit by divine command in 11. 6. 4.
Twixt joyous and marrow it doth penetrate,
Seeing all secrets, heart can meditate.

The
The joints and marrow of the Body be
Not sev'ral species, but of kind the same,
The Body to support, each part agree,
And ev'ry member hath its sev'ral name;
So Soul and Spirit is one entire thing,
Immortal by the vertu of its Spring.

More texts of Scripture these Deceivers wrest,
Which should be answered, Truth for to defend;
But seeing here I have so long digrest,
What I begun, I hasten now to end,
Which is to stir up youth their God to mind,
Before effects of evil dayes they find.

All here is vanity the Preacher sayses,
Yea use of many books are wearisome,
If chiefly don for self respect or pryde
It doublifie will to such a snare become:
Of all the matter, then the End let's hear,
Keep Gods commandments with son-likesear.

FINIS.
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