

# Devotions Upon Emergent Occasions

JOHN DONNE

1624



# Contents

I. . . . .	1
II. . . . .	3
III. . . . .	4
IV. . . . .	6
V. . . . .	8
VI. . . . .	10
VII. . . . .	11
VIII. . . . .	13
IX. . . . .	15
X. . . . .	17
XI. . . . .	19
XII. . . . .	21
XIII. . . . .	23
XIV. . . . .	25
XV. . . . .	27
XVI. . . . .	29
XVII. . . . .	31
XVIII. . . . .	33
XIX. . . . .	35
XX. . . . .	37
XXI. . . . .	39
XXII. . . . .	41
XXIII. . . . .	43



## I.

Insultus Morbi Primus;

*The first alteration, The first  
grudging of, the sicknesse.*

VARIABLE, and therefore miserable condition of Man; this minute I was well, and am ill, this minute. I am surpriz'd with a sodaine change, and alteration to worse, and can impute it to no cause, nor call it by any name. We study *Health*, and we deliberate upon our *meats*, and *drink*, and *ayre*, and exercises, and we hew, and wee polish every stone, that goes to that building; and so our *Health* is a long and regular work; But in a minute a Canon batters all, overthrowes all, demolishes all; a *Sicknes* unprevented for all our diligence, unsuspected for all our curiositie; nay, undeserved, if we consider only *disorder*, summons us, seizes us, possesses us, destroyes us in an instant. O miserable condition of Man, which was not imprinted by *God*, who as hee is *immortall* himselfe, had put a *coale*, a beame of *Immortalitie* into us, which we might have blown into a *flame*, but blew it out, by our first sinne; wee beggard our selves by hearkning after false riches, a'nd infatuated our selves by hearkning after false knowledge. So that now, we doe not onely die, but die upon the Rack, die by the torment of sicknesse; nor that onely, but are preafflicted, super-afflicted with these jealousies and suspitions, and apprehensions of *Sicknes*, before we can cal it a sicknes; we are not sure we are ill; one hand askes the other by the pulse, and our eye asks our urine, how we do. O multiplied misery I we die, and cannot enjoy death, because wee die in this torment of sicknes; we art tormented with sickness and cannot stay till the torment come, but preapprehensions and presages, prophecy those torments, which induce that *death* before either come; and our dissolution is conceived in these *first changes*, *quickned* in the *sicknes* it selfe, and *borne* in *death*, which beares date from these first changes. Is this the honour which Man hath by being a *little world*, That he hath these *earthquakes* in him selfe, sodaine shakings; these *lightnings*, sodaine flashes; these *thunders*, sodaine noises; these *Eclipses*, sodain offuscations, and darknings of his senses; these *Blazing stars*, sodaine fiery exhalations; these *Rivers of blood*, sodaine red waters? Is he a *world* to himselfe onely therefore, that he hath inough in himself, not only to destroy, and execute himselfe, but to presage that execution upon himselfe; to assist the sickness to antidate the sickness to make the sicknes the more irremediable, by sad apprehensions, and as if

he would make a fire the more vehement, by sprinkling water upon the coales, so to wrap a hote fever in cold Melancholy, least the fever alone should not destroy fast enough, without this contribution, nor perfit the work (which is *destruction*) except we joynd an artificiall sickness of our owne *melancholy*, to our natural, our un-naturall fever. O perplex'd discomposition, O ridling distemper, O miserable condition of Man!

## II.

Actio Laesa.

*The strength, and the function  
of the Senses, and other facul-  
ties change and faile.*

THE *Heavens* are not the less constant, because they move continually, because they move continually one and the same way. The *Earth* is not the more constant, because it lyes stil continually, because continually it changes, and melts in al parts thereof. *Man*, who is the noblest part of the *Earth*, melts so away, as if he were a *statue*, not of *Earth*, but of *Snowe*. We see his owne *Envie* melts him, he growes leane with that; he will say, anothers *beautie* melts him; but he feels that a *Fever* doth not melt him like *snow*, but powr him out like *lead*, like iron, like brasse melted in a furnace: It doth not only *melt* him, but *calcine* him, reduce him to *Atomes*, and to *ashes*; not to *water*, but to *lime*. And how quickly? Sooner than thou canst receive an answer, sooner than thou canst conceive the question; *Earth* is the center of my *Bodie*, *Heaven* is the center of my *Soule*; these two are the naturall places of those two; but those goe not to these two in an equall pace: My *body* falls downe without pushing, my *Soule* does not go up without pulling: *Ascension* is my *Soules* pace and measure, but *precipitation* my *bodies*: And, even *Angells*, whose home is *Heaven*, and who are winged too, yet bid a *Ladder* to goe to *Heaven*, by steps. The *Sunne* who goes so many miles in a minut, the *Starres* of the *Firmament*, which go so very many more, goe not so fast, as my *body* to the *earth*. In the same instant that I feele the first attempt of the disease, I feele the victory; In the twinckling of an eye, I can scarce see, instantly the tast is insipid, and fatuous; instantly the appetite is dull and desirelesse: instantly the knees are sinking and strengthlesse; and in an instant, sleepe, which is the *picture*, the *copie of death*, is taken away, that the *Originall*, *Death* it selfe may succeed, and that so I might have death to the life. It was part of *Adams* Punishment, *In the sweat of thy browes thou shalt eate thy bread*: it is niultiplied to me, I have earned bread in the sweat of my browes, in the labor of my calling, and I have it; and I sweat againe, and againe, from the brow, to the sole of the foot, but I eat no bread, I tast no sustenance: Miserable distribution of *Mankind*, where one halfe lackes meat, and the other stomacke.

## III.

Decubitus sequitur tandem.

*The Patient takes his bed.*

WE attribute but one priviledge and advantage to Mans body, above other moving creatures, that he is not as others, groveling, but of an erect, of an upright form, naturally built, and disposed to the contemplation of *Heaven*. Indeed it is a thankfull forme, and recompences that *soule*, which gives it, with carrying that *soule* so many foot higher, towards *heaven*. Other creatures look to the *earth*; and even that is no unfit object, no unfit contemplation for *Man*; for thither hee must come; but because, *Man* is not to stay there, as other creatures are, *Man* in his naturall forme, is carried to the contemplation of that place, which is his *home*, *Heaven*. This is *Mans* prerogative; but what state hath he in this *dignitie*? A fever can fillip him downe, a fever can depose him; a fever can bring that head, which yesterday caried a *crown* of gold, five foot towards a crown of glory, as low as his own foot, today. When *God* came to breath into *Man* the breath of life, he found him flat upon the ground; when he comes to withdraw that breath from him againe, hee prepares him to it, by laying him flat upon his bed. Scarse any prison so close, that affords not the prisoner two, or three steps. The *Anchorites* that barqu'd themselves up in hollowe trees, and immur'd themselves in hollow walls; that perverse man, that barrell'd himselfe in a Tubb, all could stand, or sit., and enjoy some change of posture. A sicke bed, is a grave; and all that the patient saies there, is but a varying of his owne *Epitaph*. Every nights bed is a *Type* of the *grave*: At night wee tell our servants at what houre wee will rise; here we cannot tell our selves, at what day, what week, what moneth. Here the head lies as low as the foot; the *Head* of the people, as lowe as they, whome those feete trod upon; And that hande that signed Pardons, is too weake to begge his owne, if he might have it for lifting up that hand: Strange fetters to the feete, strange Manacles to the bands, when the feete, and handes are bound so much the faster, by how much the coards are slacker; So much the lesse able to doe their Offices, by how much more the Sinews and Ligaments are the looser. In the *Grave* I may speak through the stones, in the voice of my friends, and in the accents of those wordes, which their love may afford my memory; Here I am mine owne *Ghost*, and rather affright my beholders, than instruct them; they conceive the worst of me worse; they give me



for dead now, and yet wonder how I doe, when they wake at midnight, and aske how I doe to morrow. Miserable and, (though common to all) inhuman posture, where I must practise my lying in the grave, by lying still, and not practise my *Resurrection*, by rising any more.

## IV.

Medicusque vocatur.

*The Phisician is sent for.*

IT is too little to call Man a *little World*; Except God, Man is a *diminutive* to nothing. Man consistes of more pieces, more parts, than the world; than the world doeth, nay than the world is. A those pieces were extended, and stretched out in Man, as they in the world, Man would bee the Gyant, and the Worlde the *Dwarfe*, the World but the *Map*, and the Man the *World*. If all the *Veines* in our bodies, were extended to *Rivers*, and all the *Sinewes*, to *Vaines of Mines*, and all the *Muscles*, that lye upon one another, to *Hilles*, and all the *Bones* to *Quarries* of stones, and all the other pieces, to the proportion of those which correspond to them in the world, *Aire* would be too litle for this *Orbe* of Man to move in, the firmament would bee but enough for this *Starre*; for, as the whole world hath nothing, to which something in man doth not answere, so hath man many pieces, of which the whole world hath no representation. Inlarge this Meditation upon this *great world, Man*, so farr, as to consider the immensitie of the creatures this world produces; our *creatures* are our thoughts, *creatures* that are borne *Gyants*; that reach from *East* to *West*, from *Earth* to *Heaven*, that doe not onely bestride all the *Sea*, and *Land*, but span the *Sunn* and *Firmament* at once; My thoughts reach all, comprehend all. Inexplicable mistery; I their *Creator* am in a close prison, in a sicke bed, any where, and any one of my *Creatures*, my thoughts, is with the *Sunne*, and beyond the *Sunne* overtakes the *Sunne*, and overgoes the *Sunne* in one pace, one steppe, everywhere. And then as the other *world* produces *Serpents*, and *Vipers*, malignant, and venimous creatures, and *Wormes*, and *Caterpillars*, that endeavour to devoure that world which produces them, and *Monsters* compiled and complicated of divers parents, and kinds, so this world, our selves, produces all these in us, in producing *diseases*, and *sicknesses*, of all those sort; venimous, and infectious diseases, feeding and consuming diseases, and manifold and entangled diseases, made up of many several ones. And can the other world name so many *venimous*, so many consuming, so many monstrous creatures, as we can diseases, of all these kindes? O miserable abundance, O beggarly riches! bow much doe wee lacke of having *remedies* for everie disease, when as yet we have not *names* for them? But wee have a *Hercules* against these *Gyants*, these

*Monsters*; that is, the *Phisician*; hee musters up al the forces of the other world, to succ I our this; all Nature to relieve Man. We *have* the *Phisician*, but we *are not* the *Phisician*. Heere we shrinke in our pro portion, sink in our dignitie, in respect of verie meane creatures, who are *Phisicians* to themselves. The *Hart* that is pursued and wounded, they say, knowes an *Herbe*, which being eaten, throwes off the arrow: A strange kind of *vomit*. The *dog* that pursues it, though hee bee subject to sickness even *proverbially*, knowes his *grasse* that recovers him. And it may be true, that the *Drugger* is as neere to *Man*, as to other *creatures*, it may be that obvious and present *Simples*, easie to bee had, would cure him; but the *Apothecary* is not so neere him, nor the *Phisician* so neere him, as they two are to other creatures; Man hath not that *innate instinct*, to apply these naturall medicines to his present danger, as those inferiour creatures have; he is not his owne *Apothecary*, his owne *Phisician*, as they are. Call back therefore thy Meditation again, and bring it downe; whats become of mans great extent and proportion, when himselfe shrinkes himselfe, and consumes himselfe to a handfull of dust? whats become of his soaring thoughts, his compassing thoughts, when himselfe brings himselfe to the ignorance, to the thoughtlesnesse of the *Grave*? His *diseases* are his owne, but the *Phisician* is not; hee hath them at home, but hee must send for the *Phisician*.

## V.

Solus adest.

*The Phisician comes.*

**A**S *Sicknes* is the greatest misery, so the greatest misery of sickness is *solitude*; when the infectiousnes of the disease deterrs them who should assist, from comming; even the *Phisician* dares scarce come. *Solitude* is a torment which is not threatned in *hell* it selfe. Meere *vacuities* the first *Agent*, *God*, the first *instrument of God*, *Nature*, will not admit; Nothing can be utterly *emptie*, but so neere a degree towards *Vacuitie*, as *Solitude*, to bee but one, they love not. When I am dead, and my body might infect, they have a remedy, they may bury me; but when I am but sick, and might infect, they have no remedy, but their absence, and my solitude. It is an *excuse* to them that are *great*, and pretend, and yet are loth to come; it is an *inhibition* to those who would truly come, because they may be made instruments, and pestiducts, to the infection of others, by their comming. And it is an *Outlawry*, an *Excommunication* upon the *Patient*, and seperats him from all offices not onely of *Civilitie*, but of *working Charitie*. A long sicknesse will weary friends at last, but a pestilentill sicknes averts them from the beginning. *God* himself would admit a *figure* of *Society*, as there is a plurality of persons in *God*, though there bee but one *God*; and all his externall actions testifie a love of *Societie*, and *communion*. In *Heaven* there are *Orders of Angels*, and *Armies of Martyrs*, and in that *house*, many *mansions*; in *Earth*, *Families*, *Cities*, *Churches*, *Colleges* all *plurall things*; and lest either of these should not be company enough alone, there is an association of both, a *Communion of Saints*, which makes the *Militant*, and *Triumphant Church*, one *Parish*; So that *Christ*, was not out of his *Dioces*, when hee was upon the *Earth*, nor out of his *Temple*, when he was in our flesh. *God*, who sawe that all that hee made, was good, came not so neer seeing a *defect* in any of his works, as when he saw that it was not good, for man to bee *alone*, therefore *hee made him a helper*; and one that should helpe him so, as to increase the *number*, and give him *her owne*, and *more societies*. *Angels*, who do not propagate, nor multiply, were made at the first in an abundant number; and so were starres: But for the things of this world, their blessing was, *Encrease*; for I think, I need not aske leave to think, that there is no *Phenix*; nothing singular, nothing alone: Men that inhere upon *Nature* only, are so far from thinking, that

---

there is anything *singular* in this world, as that they will scarce thinke, that this world it selfe is *singular*, but that every *Planet*, and every *Starre*, is another *world* like this; They finde reason to conceive, not onely a *pluralitie* in every *Species* in the world, but a *pluralitie of worlds*; so that the abhorrrers of *Solitude*, are not solitary; for *God*, and *Nature*, and *Reason* concurre against it. Now a man may counterfeyt the *Plague* in a *vowe*, and mistake a *Disease* for Religion; by such a retiring, and recluding of himselfe from all men, as to doe good to no man, to converse with no man. *God* hath two *Testaments*, two *Wils*; but this is a *Scedule*, and not of his, a *Codicill*, and not of his, not in the *body* of his *Testaments*, but *interlin'd*, and *postscrib'd* by others, that the way to the *Communion of Saints*, should be by such a *solitude*, as excludes all doing of good here. That is a *disease* of the *mind*; as the height of an infectious disease of the body, is *solitude*, to be left alone: for this makes an infectious bed, equall, nay worse than a *grave*, that thogh in both I be equally alone, in my bed I *know* it, and *fee*le it, and shall not in my *grave*: and this too, that in my bedd, my soule is still in an infectious body, and shall not in my grave bee so.

## VI.

Metuit.

*The Phisician is afraid.*

**I** OBSERVE the *Phisician*, with the same diligence, as hee the *disease*; I see hee *feares*, and I feare with him: I overtake him, I overrun him in his feare, and I go the faster, because he makes his pace slow; I feare the more, because he disguises his fear, and I see it with the more sharpnesse, because hee would not have me see it. He knowes that his *fear* shall not disorder the practise, and exercise of his *Art*, but he knows that my *fear* may disorder the effect, and working of his practise. As the ill affections of the *spleene*, complicate, and mingle themselves with every infirmitie of the body, so doth *fear* insinuat it self in every *action*, or *passion* of the *mind*; and as the *wind* in the body will counterfet any disease, and seem the *stone*, and seem the *Gout*, so feare will counterfet any disease of the *Mind*; It shall seeme *love*, a love of having, and it is but a *fear*, a jealous, and suspitious feare of loosing; It shall seem *valor* in despising, and undervaluing danger, and it is but *feare*, in an overvaluing of *opinion*, and *estimation*, and a feare of loosing that. A man that is not afraid of a *Lion* is afraid of a *Cat*; not afraid of *starving*, and yet is afraid of some *joynt of meat* at the table, presented to feed him; not afraid of the sound of *Drummes*, and *Trumpets*, and *Shot*, and those, which they seeke to drowne, the last cries of men, and is afraid of some particular *harmonious instrument*; so much afraid, as that with any of these the *enemy* might drive this man, otherwise valiant enough, out of the field. I know not, what fear is, nor I know not what it is that I fear now; I feare not the hastening of my *death*, and yet I do feare the increase of the *disease*; I should belie *Nature*, if I should deny that I feared this, and if I should say that I feared *death*, I should belye *God*; My weaknesse is from *Nature*, who hath but her *Measure*, my strength is from *God*, who possesses, and distributes infinitely. As then every cold ayre, is not a *dampe*, every *shivering* is not a *stupefaction*, so every *feare*, is not a *fearefulness*, every declination is not a running away, every debating is not a resolving, every wish, that it were not thus, is not a murmuring, nor a dejection though it bee thus; but as my *Phisicians* fear puts not him from his *practise*, neither doth mine put me, from receiving from *God*, and *Man*, and *my selfe*, *spirituall*, and *civill*, and *morall* assistances, and consolations.

## VII.

Socios sibi jungier instat.

*The Phisician desires to have  
others joyned with him.*

THERE is *more feare*, therefore *more cause*. If the *Phisician* desire help, the burden grows great: There is a growth of the *Disease* then; But there must bee an *Autumne* to; But whether an *Autumne* of the *disease* or *mee*, it is not my part to choose: but if it bee of *mee*, it is of *both*; My disease cannot *survive mee*, I may *overlive* it. Howsoever, his desiring of others, argues his *candor*, and his *ingenuitie*; if the danger be *great*, he *justifies* his proceedings, and he *disguises* nothing, that calls in *witnesses*; And if the danger bee not *great*, hee is not *ambitious*, that is so readie to divide the thankes, and the honour of that work, which he begun alone, with others. It diminishes not the dignitie of a *Monarch*, that hee derive part of his care upon others; *God* hath not made many *Suns*, but he hath made many *bodies*, that *receive*, and *give* light. The *Romanes* began with one *King*; they came to *two Consuls*; they returned in extremities, to one Dictator: whether in *one*, or *many*, the *Soveraigntie* is the same, in all *States*, and the danger is not the more, and the providence is the more, where there are more *Phisicians*; as the State is the happier, where businesses are carried by more counsels, than can bee in one breast, how large soever. *Diseases* themselves hold *Consultations*, and conspire how they may multiply, and joyn with one another, and *exalt* one anothers force, so; and shal we not call *Phisicians*, to *consultations*? *Death* is in an olde mans dore, he appeares, and tels him so, and *death* is at a young mans *backe*, and saies nothing; *Age* is a *sicknesse*, and *Youth* is an *ambush*; and we need so many *Phisicians*, as may make up a *Watch*, and spie every inconvenience. There is scarce any thing, that hath not killed some body; a *haire*, a *feather* hath done it; Nay, that which is our best *Antidote* against it, hath donn it; the best *Cordiall* hath bene *deadly* poyson; Men have dyed of *Joy*, and almost forbidden their friends to weepe for them, when they have seen them dye laughing. Even that Tiran *Dyonisius* (I thinke the same, that suffered so much after) who could not die of that sorrow, of that high fal, from a *King* to a *wretched private man*, dyed of so poore a *Joy*, as to be declar'd by the *people* at a *Theater*, that hee was a good *Poet*. We say often that a *Man may live of a litle*; but, alas, of how much lesse may a Man dye! And therefore the more assistants, the better; who comes to a day

of hearing, in a cause of any importance, with one *Advocate*? In our *Funerals*, we our selves have no interest; there wee cannot *advise*, we cannot *direct*: And though some *Nations*, (the *Egyptians* in particular) built themselves better *tombs*, than *houses* because they were to dwell *longer* in them; yet, amongst our selves, the greatest *Man of Stile*, whom we have had, *The Conqueror*, was left, as soone as his soule left him, not only without persons to assist at his *grave*, but without a grave. Who will keepe us then, we know not; As long as we can, let us admit as much *helpe* as wee can; Another, and another *Phisician*, is not another, and another *Indication*, and *Symptom* of *death*, but another, and another *Assistant*, and *Proctor* of *life*: Nor doe they so much feed the imagination with apprehension of *danger*, as the understanding with *comfort*; Let not one bring *Learning*, another *Diligence*, another *Religion*, but every one bring all, and, as many *Ingredients* enter into a *Receit*, so may many men make the *Receit*. But why doe I exercise my *Meditation* so long upon this, of having plentifull helpe in time of need? Is not my *Meditation* rather to be enclined another way, to condole, and commiserate their distresse who have *none*? How many are sicker (perchance) than I, and laid on their wofull straw at home (if that corner be a home) and have no more hope of helpe, though they die, than of preferment, though they live? Nor doe no more expect to see a *Phisician* then, than to bee an *Officer* after; of wkome, the first that takes knowledge, is the *Sexten* that buries them; who buries them in *oblivion* too? For they doe but fill up the number of the dead in the *Bill*, but we shall never heare their Names, till wee reade them in the *Booke* of life, with our owne. How many are sicker (perchance) than I, and thrown into *Hospitals*, where, (as a fish left upon the Sand, must stay the tide) they must stay the *Phisicians* houre of visiting, and then can bee but *visited*? How many are sicker (perchance) than all we, and have not this *Hospitall* to cover them, not this straw, to lie in, to die in, but have their *Grave-stone* under them, and breathe out then soules in the eares, and in the eies of passengers, harder than their bed, the flint of the street? That taste of no part of our *Phisick*, but a *sparing dyet*; to whom ordinary porridge would bee *Julip* enough, the refuse of our servants, *Bezar* enough, and the off-scouring of our *Kitchen tables*, *Cordiall* enough. O my soule, when thou art not enough awake, to blesse thy *God* enough for his plentifull mercy, in affoording thee many *Helpers*, remember how many lacke them, and helpe them to them, or to those other things, which they lacke as much as them.



## VIII.

Et Rexi ipse suum mittit.

*The King sends his owne  
Phisician.*

**S**TILL when we return to that *Meditation*, that *Man* is a *World*, we find new *discoveries*. Let him be a *world*, and him self will be the *land*, and *misery* the *sea*. His misery (for misery is his, his own; of the happineses of this world hee is but *Tenant*, but of misery the *Free-holder*; of happines he is but the *farmer*, but the *usufructuary*, but of misery, the *Lord*, the *proprietary*) his misery, as the *sea*, swells above all the hills, and reaches to the remotest parts of this *earth*, *Man*; who of himselfe is but *dust*, and coagulated and kneaded into earth, by *teares*; his *matter* is *earth*, his *forme*, *misery*. In this *world*, that is *Mankinde*, the highest ground, the eminentest *hills*, are *Kings*; and have they line, and lead enough to fadome this *sea*, and say, My misery is but this deepe? Scarce any misery equal to *sickness*; and they are subject to that equally, with their lowest subject. A glasse is not the lesse brittle, because a *Kings* face is represented in it; nor a King the lesse brittle, because *God* is represented in him. They have *Phisicians* continually about them, and therefore *sicknesses*, or the worst of sicknesses, continuall feare of it. Are they *gods*? He that calld them so, cannot flatter. They are *Gods*, but *sicke gods*; and *God* is presented to us under many human affections, as far as *infirmities*; *God* is called *Angry*, and *Sorry*, and *Weary*, and *Heavy*; but never a *sicke God*: for then hee might *die* like men, as our *gods* do. The worst that they could say in reproch, and scorne of the *gods* of the *Heathen*, was, that perchance they were *asleepe*; but *Gods* that are so sicke, as that they cannot sleepe, are in an infirmer condition. A *God*, and need a *Phisician*? A *Jupiter* and need an *Æsculapius*? that must have *Rheubarbe* to purge his *choller*, lest he be too angry, and *Agarick* to purge his *flegme*, lest he be too drowsie; that as *Tertullian* saies of the *Ægyptian gods*, *plants* and *herbes*, *That God was beholden to Man, for growing in his Garden*, so wee must say of these gods, *Their eternity*, (*an eternity* of three score and ten yeares) is in the *Apothecaries* shop, and not in the *Metaphoricall Deity*. But their *Deitye* is better expressed in their *humility*, than in their *heighth*; when abounding and overflowing, as *God*, in means of doing good, they descend, as *God*, to a communication of their abundances with men, according to their necessities, then they are *Gods*. No man is well, that understands not, that values not his being well;

that hath not a cheerefulnesse, and a joy in it; and whosoever hath this *Joy*, hath a desire to communicate, to propagate that, which occasions his happinesse, and his *Joy*, to others; for every man loves witnesses of his happinesse; and the best witnesses, are experimentall witnesses; they who have tasted of that in themselves, which makes us happie: It consummates therefore, it perfits the happinesse of *Kings*, to confer, to transfer, honor, and riches, and (as they can) health, upon those that need them.

## IX.

Medicamina scribunt.

*Upon their Consultation, they  
prescribe.*

THEY have seene me, and heard mee, arraign'd mee in these fetters, and receiv'd the *evidence*; I have cut up mine *Anatomy*, dissected my selfe, and they are gon to *read* upon me. O how manifold, and perplexed a thing, nay, how wanton and various a thing is *ruine* and *destruction*! God presented to *David* three kinds, *War*, *Famine*, and *Pestilence*; *Satan* left out these, and brought in, *fires from heaven*, and *windes from the wilderness*. [As] if there were no *ruine* but *sickness* wee see, the Masters of that *Art*, can scarce *number*, nor *name* all sicknesses; every thing that *disorders* a faculty, and the function of that is a sicknesse: The names wil not serve them which are given from the *place affected*, the *Plurisie* is so; nor from the *effect* which it works, the *falling sicknes* is so; they cannot have names enow, from *what it does*, nor *where it is*, but they must extort names from what *it is like*, what it *resembles*, and but in some one thing, or els they would lack names; for the *Wolf*, and the *Canker*, and the *Polypus* are so; and that question, *whether there be more names or things*, is as perplexd in sicknesses, as in any thing else; except it be easily resolv'd upon that side, that there are more *sicknesses* than *names*. If *ruine* were reduc'd to that one way, that Man could perish noway but by *sickness* yet his danger were infinit; and if *sicknes* were reduc'd to that one way, that there were no *sicknes* but a *fever*, yet the way were infinite still; for it would overrode, and oppress any naturall, disorder and discompose any artificiall *Memory*, to deliver the *names* of severall *fevers*; how intricate a worke then have they, who are gone to *consult*, which of these *sicknesses* mine is, and then which of these *fevers*, and then what it would do, and then how it may be countermand. But even in *ill*, it is a degree of *good*, when the *evil* wil admit *consultation*. In many *diseases*, that which is but an *accident*, but a *symptom* of the main *disease*, is so violent, that the *Phisician* must attend the cure of that, though hee pretermit (so far as to intermit) the cure of the *disease* it self. Is it not so in *States* too? somtimes the insolency of those that are great, put[s] the people into *commotions*; the great disease, and the reatest danger to the *Head*, is the *insolency of the great ones*; and yet, they execute *Martial law*, they come to present executions upon the people, whose commotion was indeed but a

*symptom*, but an *accident* of the maine *disease*; but this *sympton*, grown so violent, would allow no, time for a *consultation*. Is it not so in the accidents of the *diseases* of our *mind* too? Is it not evidently so in our *affections*, in our *passions*? If a *choleric* man be ready to strike, must I goe about to puree his *choler*, or to breake the blow? But where there is room for *consultation*, things are not desperate. They *consult*; so there is nothing *rashly*, *inconsideratly* done; and then they *prescribe*, they *write*, so there is nothing *covertly*, *disguisedly*, *unavowedly* done. In *bodily diseases* it is not alwaies so; sometimes, as soon as the *Phisicians* foote is in the *chamber*, his *knife* is in the patients *arme*; the disease would not allow a *minutes* forbearing of *blood*, nor *prescribing* of other remedies. In States and matter of government it is so too; they are somtimes surprizd with such *accidents*, as that the *Magistrat* asks not what may be done by *law*, but does that, which must *necessarily* be don in that case. But it is a degree of *good*, in *evill*, a degree that carries hope and comfort in it, when we may have recourse to that which is *written*, and that the proceedings may be apert, and ingenuous, and candid, and avowable, for that gives satisfaction, and acquiescence. They who have received my *Anatomy* of my selfe, *consult*, and end their *consultation* in *prescribing*, and in prescribing *Phisick*; proper and convenient remedy: for if they should come in again, and chide mee, for some disorder, that had occasioned, and inducd, or that had hastned and exalted this *sickness* or if they should begin to write now rules for my *diet*, and *exercise* when I were well, this were to *antidate*, or to *postdate* their *Consultation*, not to give *Phisicke*. It were rather a vexation, than a reliefe, to tell a condemnd prisoner, you might have liv'd if you had done this; and if you can get pardon, you shal do wel, to take this, or this course hereafter. I am glad they know (I have hid nothing from them) glad they consult, (they hide nothing from one another) glad they write (they hide nothing from the world) glad that they write and prescribe *Phisick*, that there are *remedies* for the present case.

## X.

Lenté et Serpenti satagunt occurrere Morbo.

*They find the Disease to steale on insensibly, and endeavour to meet with it so.*

THIS is *Natures nest of Boxes*; The Heavens containe the *Earth*, the *Earth*, *Cities*, *Cities*, *Men*. And all these are *Concentrique*; the common center to them all, is decay, ruine; only that is *Eccentrique*, which was never made; only that place, or garment rather, which we can *imagine*, but not *demonstrate*, That light, which is the very emanation of the light of *God*, in which the *Saints* shall dwell, with which the *Saints* shall be appareld, only that bends not to this *Center*, to *Ruine*; that which was not made of *Nothing*, is not threatned with this annihilation. All other things are; even *Angels*, even our *soules*; they move upon the same *poles*, they bend to the same *Center*; and if they were not made immortall by *preservation*, their *Nature* could not keep them from sinking to this *center*, *Annihilation*. In all these (the *frame of the heavens*, the *States upon earth*, and *Men in them*, comprehend all) Those are the greatest mischifs, which are least discerned, the most insensible in their *wayes* come to bee the most sensible in their *ends*. The *Heavens* have had their *Dropsie*, they drownd the world, and they shall have their *Fever*, and burn the world. Of the *dropsie*, the flood, the world had a foreknowledge 120 yeares before it came; and so some made provision against it, and were saved; the *fever* shall break out in an instant, and consume all; The *dropsie* did no harm to the *heavens*, from whence it fell, it did not put out those *lights*, it did not quench those *heates*; but the *fever*, the fire shall burne the *furnace* it selfe, annihilate those *heavens*, that breath it out; Though the *Dog-Starre* have a pestilent breath, an infectious exhalation, yet because we know when it wil rise, we clothe our selves, and wee diet our selves, and we shadow our selves to a sufficient prevention; but *Comets* and *blazing starres*, whose effects, or significations no man can interrupt or frustrate no man foresaw: no *Almanack* tells us, when a *blazing starre* will break out, the matter is carried up in secret; no *Astrologer* tels us when the effects will be accomplished, for thats a secret of a higher spheare, than the other; and that which is most *secret*, is most *dangerous*. It is so also here in the *societies* of men, in *States*, and *Commonwealths*. Twentie *rebellious drums* make not so dangerous a noise, as a few *whisperers*, and secret plotters in corners.

The *Canon* doth not so much hurt against a wal, as a *Myne* under the wall; nor a thousand enemies that threaten, so much as a few that take an *oath* to say *nothing*. God knew many heavy sins of the people, in the wildernes and after, but still he charges them with that one, with *Murmuring*, *murmuring* in their *hearts*, secret disobediencies, secret repugnances against his declar'd wil; and these are the most deadly, the most pernicious. And it is so too, with the *diseases* of the *body*; and that is my case. The *pulse*, the *urine*, the *sweat*, all have sworn to say nothing, to give no *Indication*, of any dangerous *sickness*. My forces are not enfeebled, I find no decay in my strength; my provisions are not cut off, I find no abhorring in mine appetite; my counsels are not corrupted or infatuated, I find no false apprehensions, to work upon mine understanding; and yet they see, that invisibly, and I feele, that insensibly the *disease* prevailes. The *disease* hath established a *Kingdome*, an *Empire* in mee, and will have certaine *Arcana Imperii*, *secrets of State*, by which it will proceed, and not be bound to *declare* them. But yet against those secret conspiracies in the State, the *Magistrate* hath the *rack*; and against the insensible diseases, *Phisicians* have their *examiners*; and those these employ now.

## XI.

<p>Nobilibusque trahunt, a  cincto Corde, venenum,  Succis et Gemmis, et quæ  generosa, Ministrant Ars, et  Nattira, instillant.</p>	<p><i>They use Cordials, to keep the  and Malignitie of the disease  from the Heart.</i></p>
--	--

WHENCE can wee take a better argument, a clearer demonstration, that all the *Greatnes* of this world, is built upon *opinion* of others, and hath in itself no *reall being*, nor power of subsistence, than from the *heart of man*? It is always in *action*, and *motion*, still busie, still pretending to doe all, to furnish all the powers, and faculties with all that they have; But if an enemy dare rise up against it, it is the soonest endangered, the soonest defeated of any part. The *Braine* will hold out longer than it, and the *Liver* longer than that; They will endure a *Siege*; but an unnatural heat, a rebellious heat, will blow up the *heart*, like a *Myne*, in a *minute*. But howsoever, since the *Heart* hath the *birthright* and *Primogeniture*, and that it is *Natures eldest Sonne* in us, the part which is first borne to life in man, and that the other parts, as *younger brethren*, and servants in this family, have a dependence upon it, it is reason that the principall care hee had of it, though it bee not the strongest part; as the *eldest* is oftentimes not the strongest of the family. And since the *Braine*, and *Liver*, and *Heart*, hold not a *Triumvirate in Man*, a *Soveraigntie* equally shed upon them all, for his *well-being*, as the foure *Elements* doe, for his very *being*, but the *Heart* alone is in the *Principalitie*, and in the *Throne*, as *King*, the rest as *Subjects*, though in eminent *Place* and *Office*, must contribute to that, as *Children* to their *Parents*, as all persons to all kinds of *Superiours*, though oftentimes, those *Parents*, or those *Superiours*, bee not of stronger parts, than themselves, that serve and obey them that are weaker; Neither doth this Obligation fall upon us, by second *Dictates of Nature*, by *Consequences* and *Conclusions* arising out of *Nature*, or deriv'd from *Nature*, by *Discourse*, (as many things binde us even by the Law of *Nature*, and yet not by the *primarie* Law of *Nature*; as all Lawes of *Proprietie* in that which we possesses are of the Law of *Nature*, which law is, *To give every one his owne*, and yet in the *primarie* law of *Nature* there was no *Proprietie*, no *Meum* and *Tuum*, but an universall *Communitie* over all; So the Obedience of *Superiours*, is of the law of *Nature*, and

yet in the *primarie* law of *Nature*, there was no *Superioritie*, no *Magistracie*;) but this contribution of assistance of all to the *Soveraigne*, of all parts to the *Heart*, is from the very *first dictates of Nature*; which is, in the first place, to have care of our owne *Preservation*, to look first to ourselves; for therefore doth the *Phisician*, intermit the present care of *Braine*, or *Liver*, because there is a possibilitie that they may subsist, though there bee not a present and a particular care had of them, but there is no possibilitie that they can subsist, if the *Heart* perish: and so, when we seem to begin with others, in such assistances, indeed wee doe beginne with ourselves, and wee ourselves are principally in our contemplation; and so all these officious, and mutual assistances are but *complements* towards others, and our true end is *ourselves*. And this is the reward of the paines of *Kings*; sometimes they neede the power of law, to be obey'd; and when they seeme to be obey'd *voluntarily*, they who doe it, doe it for their owne sakes. O how little a thing is all the *greatnes of man*, and through how false glasses doth he make shift to *multiply it*, and *magnifie* it to himselfe! And yet this is also another misery of this *King of man*, the *Heart*, which is also applyable to the Kings of this world, great men, that the venime and poyson of every pestilentiall disease directs itself to the *Heart*, affects that (pernicious affection,) and the *Malignity* of ill men, is also directed upon the *greatest*, and the *best*; and not only *greatnesse*, but *goodnesse* looses the vigour of beeing an *Antidote*, or *Cordiall* against it. And as the noblest, and most generous *Cordialls* that *Nature* or *Art* afford, or can prepare, if they be often taken, and made *familiar*, become no *Cordialls*, nor have any extraordinary operation, so the greatest *Cordiall* of the *Heart*, patience, if it bee much exercis'd, exalts the *venim* and the *malignity* of the *Enemy*, and the more we suffer, the more wee are insulted upon. When *God* had made this *Earth* of *nothing* it was but a little helpe, that he had, to make other things of this *Earth*: nothing can be neerer nothing, than this *Earth*; and yet how little of this *Earth* is the *greatest Man*; Hee thinkes he treads upon the *Earth*, that all is under his feete, and the *Braine* that thinkes so, is but *Earth*; his highest Region, the flesh that covers that, is but *earth*; and even the toppe of that, that, wherein so many *Absolons* take so much pride, is but a bush growing upon that *Turfe of Earth*. How little of the world is the *Earth*! And yet that is all that *Man hath*, or *is*. How little of a *Man* is the *Heart*, and yet it is all, by which he *is*; and this continually subject, not only to forraine poysons, conveyed by others, but to intestine poysons, bred in ourselves by pestilentiall sicknesses. O who, if before hee had a beeing, he could have sense of this miserie, would buy a being here upon these conditions?



## XII.

Spirante Columbâ Suppositâ  
pedibus, Revocantur ad ima  
vapores.

*They apply Pidgeons, to draw  
the vapors from the Head.*

WHAT will not kill a man if a *vapor* will? How great an *Elephant*, how small a *Mouse* destroys! To dye by a *bullet* is the *Souldiers dayly bread*; but few men dye by *haile-shot*: A man is more worth, than to bee sold for *single money*; a *life* to be valued above a *trifle*. If this were a violent shaking of the *Ayre* by *Thunder*, or by *Canon*, in that case the *Ayre* is condensed above the thicknesse of *water*, of *water* baked into *Ice*, almost *petrified*, almost made stone, and no wonder that kills; but that that which is but a *vapor*, and a *vapor* not forced, but breathed, should kill, that our *Nourse* should overlay us, and *Ayre* that nourishes us, should destroy us, but that it is a *halfe Atheisme* to murmure against *Nature*, who is *Gods immediate commissioner*, who would not think himselfe miserable to bee put into the hands of *Nature*, who does not only set him up for a *marke* for others to shoote at, but delights herselfe to blow him up like a *glasse*, till shee see him breake, even with her owne breath? nay, if this infectious *vapor* were sought for, or travail'd to, as *Plinie* hunted after the *vapor* of *Ætna*, and dared and challenged *Death*, in the forme of a *vapor*, to doe his worst, and felt the worst, he dyed; or if this *vapor* were met withall in an *ambush*, and we surprised with it, out of a long shutt *Well*, or out of a new opened *Myne*, who would lament, who would accuse, when we had nothing to accuse, none to lament against but *Fortune*, who is lesse than a *vapor*: But when our selves are the *Well*, that breaths out this exhalation, the *Oven* that spits out this fiery smoke, the *Myne* that spues out this suffocating, and strangling *dampe*, who can ever after this, aggravate his sorrow, by this *Circumstance*, That it was his *Neighbor*, his *familiar Friend*, his *Brother*, that destroyed him, and destroyed him with a whispering, and a calumniating breath, when wee our selves doe it to our selves by the same meanes, kill our selves with our owne *vapors*? Or if these occasions of this selfe-destruction, had any contribution from our owne *Wils*, any assistance from our owne *intentions*, nay from our own *errors*, we might divide the rebuke, and chide our selves as much as them. *Fevers* upon wilful distempers of drinke, and surfets, *Consumptions* upon intemperances, and licentiousness *Madnes* upon misplacing, or overbending our

naturall faculties, proceed from our selves, and so, as that our selves are in the plot, and wee are not onely *passive*, but *active* too, to our owne destruction; But what have I done, either to *breed*, or to *breath* these *vapors*? They tell me it is my *Melancholy*; Did I infuse, did I drinke in *Melancholly* into my selfe? It is my *thoughtfulnesse*; was I not made to *thinke*? It is my *study*; doth not my *Calling* call for that? I have don nothing, wilfully, perversly toward it, yet must suffer in it, die by it; There are too many *Examples* of men, that have bin their own *executioners*, and that have made hard shift to bee so; some have alwayes had *poyson* about them, in a *hollow ring* upon their finger, and some in their *Pen* that they used to write with: some have beat out their *braines* at the wal of their prison, and some have eate the *fire* out of their chimneys: and one is said to have come neerer our case than so, to have strangled himself, though his hands were bound, by crushing his throat between his knees; But I doe nothing upon my selfe, and yet am mine owne *Executioner*. And we have heard of *death* upon small occasions, and by *scornefull instruments*: a *pinne*, a *combe*, a *haire*, pulled, hath gangred, and killd; But when I have said, a *vapour*, if I were asked again, what is a *vapour*, I could not tell, it is so insensible a thing; so neere *nothing* is that that reduces us to *nothing*. But extend this *vapour*, rarifie it; from so narrow a roome, as our *Naturall bodies*, to any *Politike body*, to a *State*. That which is *fume* in us, is in a *State*, *Rumor*, and these *vapours* in us, which wee consider here pestilent and infectious fumes, are in a *State* *infectious rumors*, detracting and dishonourable *Calumnies*, *Libels*. The *Heart* in that *body* is the *King*; and the *Braine*, his *Councell*; and the whole *Magistracie*, that ties all together, is the *Sinewes*, which proceed from thence; and the *life* of all is *Honour*, and just *respect*, and due *reverence*; and therefore, when these *vapors*, these venomous *rumors*, are directed against these *Noble parts*, the whole body suffers. But yet for all their priviledges, they are not priviledged from our *misery*; that as the *vapours* most pernicious to us, arise in our owne bodies, so do the most dishonorable *rumours*, and those that wound a *State* most, arise at home. What ill *ayre*, that I could have met in the street, what *Channell*, what *Shambles*, what *Dunghill*, what *vault*, could have hurt mee so much, as these home-bredd *vapours*? What *Fugitive*, what *Almes-man* of any *forraine State*, can doe so much harme as a *Detracter*, a *Libeller*, a scornefull *Jester* at home? For, as they that write of *poysons*, and of creatures naturally disposed to the ruine of Man, do as well mention the *Flea*, as the *Viper*, because the *Flea*, though hee kill none, hee does all the harme hee can; so even these libellous and licentious *Jesters* utter the venom they have, though sometimes *vertue*, and alwaies *power*, be a good *Pigeon* to draw this *vapor* from the *Head*, and from doing any deadly harme there.

## XIII.

Ingeniumque malum, numero-  
 soso stigmatē, fassus  
 Pellitur ad pectus, Morbique  
 Suburbia, Morbus.

*The Sicknes declares the in-  
 fection and malignity thereof  
 by spots.*

WE say, that the world is made of *sea*, and *land*, as though they were equal; but we know that ther is more *sea* in the *Western*, than in the *Eastern Hemisphere*: We say that the *Firmament* is full of *starres*, as though it were equally full; but we know, that there are more *stars* under of the *Northerne*, than under the *Southern Pole*. We say, the *Elements* of man are man are *misery*, and *happinesse*, as though he had an equal proportion of both, and the dayes of man vicissitudinary, as though he had as many *good* daies, as *ill*, and that he liv'd under a perpetuall *Equinoctial night*, and *day* equall, good and ill fortune in the same measure. But it is far from that; hee *drinkes misery*, and he *tastes happinesse*; he *mowes misery*, and he *gleanes happinesse*; he *journies in misery*, he does but *walke in happinesse*; and which is worst his misery is *positive*, and *dogmaticall*, his happinesse is but *disputable* and *problematicall*; All men call *Misery*, *Misery*, but *Happinesse* changes the name, by the taste of man. In this *accident* that befalls mee now, that this sicknesse declares itself by *Spots*, to be a malignant, and pestilentiall disease, if there be a *comfort* in the declaration, that therby the *Phisicians* see more cleerely what to doe, there may bee as much *discomfort* in this, That the malignitie may bee so great, as that all that they can doe, shall doe *nothing*; That an enemy *declares* himselfe : then, when he is able to subsist, and to pursue, and to atchive his ends, is no great comfort. In intestine Conspiracies, *voluntary Confessions* doe more good, than Confessions upon the *Rack*; in these Infections, when *Nature* her selfe confesses, and cries out by these outward declarations, which she is able to put forth of her selfe, they minister *comfort*; but when all is by strength of *Cordials*, it is but a *Confession upon the Racke*, by which though wee come to knowe the malice of that man, yet wee doe not knowe whether there bee not as much malice in his heart then, as before his confession; we are sure of his *Treason*, but not of his *Repentance*; sure of *him*, but not of *his Complices*. It is a faint comfort to know the worst, when the worst is *remedillesse*; and a weaker than that, to know *much ill*, and not to know, that that is the worst. A woman is comforted

with the birth of her *Son*, her body is eased of a burthen; but if shee could *prophetically* read his *History*, how *ill a man*, perchance how *ill a sonne*, he would prove, shee should receive a greater burthen into her *Mind*. Scarce any purchase that is not clogged with secret *encumbrances*; scarce any *happines* that hath not in it so much of the *nature* of false and base money, as that the *Allay* is more than the *Metall*. Nay, is it not so, (at least much towards it) even in the exercise of *Vertues*? I must bee poore, and want, before I can exercise the vertue of *Gratitude*; miserable, and in torment, before I can exercise the vertue of *patience*; How deepe do we dig, and for how coarse gold? And what other *Touchstone* have we of our *gold*, but *comparison*? Whether we be as happy, as others, or as ourselves at other times; O poore stepp toward being well, when these *spots* do only tell us, that we are worse, than we were sure of before.

## XIV.

Idque notant Criticis, Medici  
evenisse Diebus.

*The Phisicians observe these  
accidents to have fallen upon  
the criticall dayes.*

I WOULD not make *Man* worse than hee is, Nor his Condition more miserable than it is. But could I though I would? As a man cannot *flatter God*, nor overpraise him, so a man cannot *injure Man*, nor undervalue him. Thus much must necessarily be presented to his remembrance, that those *false Happinesses*, which he hath in this World, have their *times*, and their *seasons*, and their *critical dayes*, and they are *Judged*, and *Denominated* according to the times, when they befall us. What poore *Elements* are our *happinesses* made of, if *Tyme*, *Tyme* which wee can scarce consider to be *any thing*, be an essential part of our happines! All things are done in some *place*; but if we consider *Place* to be no more, but the next hollow *Superficies* of the *Ayre*, *Alas*, how thinne, and fluid a thing is *Ayre*, and how thinne a filme is a *Superficies*, and a *Superficies* of *Ayre*! All things are done in *time* too; but if we consider *Tyme* to be but the *Measure of Motion*, and howsoever it may seeme to have three *stations*, *past*, *present*, and *future*, yet the *first* and *last* of these are *not* (one is not, now, and the other is not yet) and that which you call *present*, is not *now* the same that it was, when you began to call it so in this *Line*, (before you sound that word, *present*, or that *Monosyllable*, *now*, the present, and the *Now* is past), if this *Imaginary halfe-nothing*, *Tyme*, be of the Essence of our *Happinesses*, how can they be thought *durable*? *Tyme* is not so; How can they bee thought to be? *Tyme* is not so; not so, considered in any of the *parts* thereof. If we consider *Eternity*, into that, *Tyme* never entred; *Eternity* is not an everlasting flux of *Tyme*; but *Tyme* is a short *parenthesis* in a long *period*; and *Eternity* had been the same, as it is, though time had never beene; If we consider, not *Eternity*, but *Perpetuity*, not that which had no *Tyme* to beginne in, but which shall outlive *Tyme* and be, *when Tyme shall bee no more*, what *A Minute* is the life of the *Durablest Creature*, compared to that! And what a *Minute* is *Mans life* in respect of the *Sunnes*, or of a *Tree*! and yet how little of our *life* is *Occasion*, *opportunity* to receyve good in; and how little of that *occasion*, doe wee apprehend, and lay hold of! How busie and perplexed a *Cobweb*, is the *Happinesse* of *Man* here, that must bee made up with a *Watchfulnessse*, to lay hold upon *Occasion*,

which is but a little peece of that, which is *Nothing, Tyme!* And yet the best things are *Nothing* without that. *Honors, Pleasures, Possessions*, presented to us, out of time, in our decrepit, and distasted, and unapprehensive *Age*, loose their *Office*, and loose their *Name*; They are not *Honors* to us, that shall never appeare, nor come abroad into the Eyes of the people, to receive *Honor*, from them who give it: Nor *pleasures* to us, who have lost our sense to taste them; nor *possessions* to us, who are departing from the possession of them. *Youth is their Criticall Day*; that *Judges* them, that *Denominates* them, that *inanimates*, and *informes* them, and makes them *Honors*, and *Pleasures*, and *Possessions*; and when they come in an unapprehensive *Age*, they come as a *Cordial* when the bell rings out, as a *Pardon*, when the Head is off. We rejoyce in the Comfort of *fire*, but does any man cleave to it at *Midsomer*; Wee are glad of the freshnesse, and coolenes of a *Vault*, but does any man keepe his *Christmas* there; or are the pleasures of the *Spring* acceptable in *Autumne*? If happinesse be in the *season*, or in the *Clymate*, how much happier then are *Birdes* than *Men*, who can change the *Climate*, and accompanys and enjoy the same season ever.

## XV.

Interea insomnes noctes Ego      *I sleepe not day nor night.*  
 duco, Diesque.

NATURALL men have conceived a twofold use of *sleepe*; That it is a *refreshing* of the body in this life; That it is a *preparing* of the soule for the next; That it is a *feast*, and it is the *grace* at that *feast*; That it is our *recreation*, and cheeres us, and it is our *Catechisme* and instructs us; wee lie downe in a hope, that wee shall rise the stronger; and we lie downe in a knowledge, that wee may rise no more. *Sleepe* is an *Opiate* which gives us rest, but such an *Opiate*, as perchance, being under it, we shall wake no more. But though naturall men, who have induced secondary and figurative considerations, have found out this second, this *emblematicall* use of *sleepe*, that it should be a *representation of death*, *God*, who wrought and perfected his worke, before *Nature* began, (for *Nature* was but his *Apprentice*, to learne in the first *seven daies*, and now is his *foreman*, and works next under him) *God*, I say, intended *sleepe* onely for the *refreshing* of man by bodily rest, and not for a *figure of death*, for he intended not death it *selfe* then. But *Man* having induced *death* upon himselfe, *God* hath taken *Mans Creature*, *death*, into his hand, and mended it; and whereas it hath in itselfe a fearefull forme and aspect, so that Man is afraid of his own *Creature*, *God* presents it to him, in a *familiar*, in an *assiduous*, in an *agreeable* and *acceptable* forme, in *sleepe*, that so when hee awakes from *sleepe*, and saies to himselfe, shall I bee no otherwise when I am dead, than I was even now, when I was asleep, hee may bee ashamed of his waking *dreames*, and of his *Melancholique* fancying out a horrid and an affrightfull figure of that *death* which is so like *sleepe*. As then wee need *sleepe* to live out our *threescore and ten yeeres*, so we need *death*, to live that life which we cannot *out-live*. And as *death* being our *emie*, *God* allows us to defend ourselves against it (for wee *victuall* ourselves against death, *twice* every day, as often as we *eat*) so *God* having so sweetned *death* unto us as hee hath in *sleepe*, wee put ourselves into our *emies* hands *once* every day; so farre, as *sleepe* is *death*; and *sleepe* is as much death, as *meat* is *life*. This then is the *misery* of my *sickness*, That death as it is produced from mee, and is mine owne *Creature*, is now before mine *Eyes*, but in that forme, in which *God* hath mollified it to us, and made it acceptable, in *sleepe*, I cannot see it: how many *prisoners*, who have even

hollowed themselves their *graves* upon that *Earth*, on which they have lien long under heavie fetters, yet at this *houre* are *asleepe*, though they bee yet working upon their owne *graves* by their owne *waight!* Hee that hath seene his *friend* die to day, or knowes hee shall see it to *morrow*, yet will sinke into a sleepe betweene. I cannot; and oh, if I be entring now into *Eternitie*, where there shall bee no more distinction of *houres*, why is it al my businesse now *to tell Clocks?* why is none of the heavinesse of my *heart*, dispensed into mine *Eye-lids*, that they might fall as my heart doth? And why, since I have lost my delight in all objects, cannot I discontinue the facultie of seeing them, by closing mine *eyes* in *sleepe?* But why rather being entring into that presence, where I shall wake continually and never sleepe more, doe I not interpret MY continuall waking here, to bee a *parasceve*, and a *preparation* to that?



## XVI.

Et properare meum clamant, è  
Turre propinqua, Obstreperae  
Campanx aliorum in funere,  
funus.

*Front the Bells of the Church  
adjoyning, I am daily remem-  
bred of my buriall in the fu-  
neralls of others.*

WE have a *Convenient Author*, who writ a *Discourse of Bells*, when hee was prisoner in *Turky*. How would hee have enlarged himselfe if he had beene my *fellow-prisoner* in this *sicke bed*, so neere to that *Steeple*, which never ceases, no more than the *harmony of the spheres*, but is more heard. When the *Turkes* took *Constantinople*, they melted the *Bells* into *Ordnance*; I have heard both *Bells* and *Ordnance*, but never been so much affected with those, as with these *Bells*. I have *lien* near a *Steeple*, in which there are said to be more than *thirty Bels*; And neere another, where there is one so bigge, as that the *Clapper* is said to weigh more than *six hundred pound*, yet never so affected as here. Here the *Bells* can scarce solemnise the funerall of any person, but that I knew him, or knew that he was my *Neighbour*: we dwelt in houses neere to one another before, but now hee is gone into that house, into which I must follow him. There is a way of correcting the *Children* of great persons, that other *Children* are corrected in their *behalf*, and in their *names*, and this workes upon them, who indeed had more deserved it. And when these *Bells* tell me, that now one, and now another is buried, must not I acknowledge, that they have the *correction* due to me, and paid the *debt* that I owe? There is a story of a *Bell* in a *Monastery* which, when any of the house was sicke to death, rung alwaies *voluntarily*, and they knew the inevitableness of the danger by that. It rung once, when no man was sick; but the next day one of the house, fell from the *steeple*, and died, and the *Bell* held the reputation of a *Prophet* still. If these *Bells* that warne to a *Funerall* now, were appropriated to none, may not I, by the houre of the *Funerall*, supply? How many men that stand at an *execution*, if they would aske, for what dies that man, should heare their owne faults condemned, and see themselves executed, by *Attorney*? We scarce heare of any man *preferred*, but wee thinke of our selves, that wee might very well have beene that *Man*; Why might not I have beene that *Man*, that is carried to his grave now? Could I fit my selfe, to *stand*, or sit in any mans *place*, and not to lie in any mans *grave*? I may lacke much of the *good parts* of the meanest, but I lacke

nothing of the *mortality* of the weakest; They may have acquired better *abilities* than I, but I was borne to as many *infirmities* as they. To be an *Incumbent* by lying down in a *grave*, to be a *Doctor* by teaching *Mortification* by *Example*, by *dying*, though I may have *seniors*, others may be *elder* than I, yet I have proceeded apace in a good *University*, and gone a great way in a little time, by the furtherance of a vehement *Fever*; and whomsoever these *Bells* bring to the ground to day, if hee and I had beene compared yesterday, perchance I should have been thought likelier to come to this preferment, then, than he. *God* hath kept the power of *death* in his owne hands, lest any man should *bribe death*. If man knew the *gaine of death*, the *ease of death*, he would sollicite, he would provoke *death* to assist him, by any hand, which he might use. But as when men see many of their owne professions preferd, it ministers a hope that that may light upon them; so when these hourelly *Bells* tell me of so many *funerals* of men like me, it presents, if not a *desire* that it may, yet a *comfort* whensoever mine shall come.

## XVII.

Nunc lento sonitu dicunt,  
Moriesis

*Now, this Bell tolling softly  
for another, saies to me, Thou  
must die.*

**P**ERCHANCE hee for whom this *Bell* tolls, may be so ill, as that he knowes not it tolls for him; And perchance I may thinke my selfe so much better than I am, as that they who are about mee, and see my state, may have caused it to toll for mee, and I know not that. The *Church* is *Catholike, universall*, so are all her *Actions*; All that she does, belongs to *all*. When she *baptizes a child*, that action concernes mee; for that child is thereby connected to that *Head* which is my *Head* too, and engrafted into that *body*, whereof I am a *member*. And when she *buries a Man*, that action concernes me: All *mankinde* is of one *Author*, and is one *volume*; when one *Man* dies, one *Chapter* is not *torne* out of the *booke*, but *translated* into a better *language*; and every *Chapter* must be so *translated*; *God* emploies several *translators*; some peeces are translated by *age*, some by *sickness*, some by *warre*, some by *justice*; but *Gods* hand is in every *translation*; and his hand shall binde up all our scattered leaves againe, for that *Librarie* where every *booke* shall lie open to one another: As therefore the *Bell* that rings to a *Sermon*, calls not upon the *Preacher* onely, but upon the *Congregation* to come; so this *Bell* calls us all: but how much more mee, who am brought so neere the *doore* by this *sickness*. There was a *contention* as farre as a *suite*, (in which both *pietie* and *dignitie*, *religion*, and *estimation*, were mingled) which of the religious *Orders* should ring to *praiers* first in the *Morning*; and it was *determined*, that *they should ring first that rose earliest*. If we understand aright the *dignitie* of this *Belle* that tolls for our *evening prayer*, wee would bee glad to make it ours, by rising early, in that *application*, that it might bee ours, as wel as his, whose indeed it is. The *Bell* doth toll for him that *thinke*s it doth; and though it *intermit* againe, yet from that *minute*, that that occasion wrought upon him, hee is united to *God*. Who casts not up his *Eye* to the *Sunne* when it rises? but who takes off his *Eye* from a *Comet* when that breakes out? Who bends not his *eare* to any *bell*, which upon any occasion rings? but who can remove it from that *bell*, which is passing a *peece of himselfe* out of this *world*? No man is an *Iland*, intire of it selfe; every man is a *peece* of the *Continent*, a part of the *maine*; if a Clod bee washed away

by the *Sea*, *Europe* is the lesse, as well as if a *Promontorie* were, as well as if a *Mannor* of thy *friends* or of *thine owne* were; any mans *death* diminishes *me*, because I am involved in *Mankinde*; And therefore never send to know for whom the *bell* tolls; It tolls for *thee*. Neither can we call this a *begging of Miserie* or a *borrowing of Miserie*, as though we were not miserable enough of our selves, but must fetch in more from the next house, in taking upon us the *Miserie* of our *Neighbours*. Truly it were an excusable *covetousnesse* if wee did; for *affliction* is a *treasure*, and scarce any man hath *enough* of it. No man hath *affliction* enough that is not matured, and ripened by it, and made fit for God by that *affliction*. If a man carry *treasure* in *bullion*, or in a *wedge* of *gold*, and have none coined into *currant Monies*, his *treasure* will not defray him as he travells. *Tribulation* is *Treasure* in the *nature* of it, but it is not *currant money* in the *use* of it, except wee get nearer and nearer our *home*, *Heaven*, by it. Another man may be sicke too, and sick to *death*, and this *affliction* may lie in his *bowels*, as *gold* in a *Mine*, and be of no use to him; but this *bell*, that tells me of his *affliction*, digs out, and applies that *gold* to *mee*: if by this consideration of anothers danger, I take mine owne into contemplation, and so secure my selfe, by making my recourse to my *God*, who is our onely securitie.

## XVIII.

At inde Mortuus es, Sonitu  
celeri, pulsuque agitato.

*The Bell rings out, and tells  
me in him, that I am dead.*

THE *Bell* rings out; the *pulse* thereof is changed; the *tolling* was a *faint*, and *intermitting pulse*, upon one side; this *stronger*, and argues *more* and *better* life. His *soule* is gone out; and as a Man, who had a lease of 1000. *yeeres* after the expiration of a short one, or an inheritance after the *life* of a man in a *consumption*, he is now entred into the possession of his *better estate*. His *soule* is gone; *whither?* Who saw it *come in*, or who saw it *goe out?* *No body*; yet every body is sure, he *had one*, and *hath none*. If I will aske meere *Philosophers*, what the *soule* is, I shall finde amongst them, that will tell me, it is nothing, but the *temperament* and *harmony*, and *just and equall composition of the Elements in the body*, which produces all those *faculties* which we ascribe to the *soule*; and so, in it selfe is *nothing*, no *separable substance*, that overlives the *body*. They see the *soule* is nothing else in other *Creatures*, and they affect an *impious humilitie*, to think *as low* of *Man*. But if my *soule* were no more than the soul of a *beast*, I could not thinke so; that *soule* that can reflect upon it selfe, *consider* it selfe, is *more* than so. If I will aske, not meere *Philosophers*, but *mixt men*, *Philosophicall Divines*, *how* the *soule*, being a *separate substance*, enters into *Man*, I shall finde some that will tell me, that it is by *generation*, and *procreation* from *parents*, because they thinke it hard, to charge the *soule* with the guiltiness of *originall sinne*, if the *soule* were infused into a *body*, in which it must necessarily grow *foule*, and contract *originall sinne*, whether it *will* or *no*; and I shall finde some that will tell mee, that it is by *immediate infusion from God*, because they think it hard, to *maintaine* an *immortality* in such a *soule*, as should be begotten, and derived with the *body* from *mortall parents*. If I will aske, not a *few men*, but almost *whole bodies*, *whole Churches*, what becomes of the *soules* of the *righteous*, at the *departing* thereof from the *body*, I shall bee told by some, *That they attend an expiation, a purification in a place of torment*; By some, that *they attend the fruition of the sight of God, in a place of rest*; but yet, *but of expectation*; By some, that *they passe to an immediate possession of the Presence of God*. *S. Augustine* studied the nature of the *soule*, as much as anything, but the *salvation of the soule*; and he sent an expresse *Messenger* to Saint *Hierome*, to consult of some things concerning the

*soule*: But he satisfies himselfe with this: *Let the departure of my soule to salvation be evident to my faith, and I care the lesse, how darke the entrance of my soule, into my body, bee to my reason.* It is the *going out*, more than the *comming in*, that concernes us. This *soule*, this Bell tells me, is *gone out*; *Whither?* Who shall tell mee that? I know not *who it is*; much less *what he was*; The condition of the man, and the course of his life, which should tell mee *whither* hee is gone, I know not. I was not there in his *sickness*, nor at his *death*; I saw not his *way*, nor his *end*, nor can aske them, who did, thereby to *conclude*, or *argue*, whither he is gone. But yet I have one neerer mee than all these; mine owne *Charity*; I aske that; and that tels me, *He is gone to everlasting rest, and joy, and glory*: I owe him a good *opinion*; it is but *thankfull charity* in mee, because I received *benefit and instruction* from him when his *Bell* told: and I, being made the fitter to *pray* by that disposition, wherein I was assisted by his occasion, did *pray* for him; and I *pray* not without *faith*; so I doe *charitably*, so I do *faithfully* beleeve, that that *soule* is gone to everlasting *rest*, and joy, arid glory. But for the *body*, how poore a wretched thing is *that*? wee cannot expresse it *so fast*, as it growes *worse and worse*. That *body* which scarce *three minutes* since was such a *house*, as that that *soule*, which made but one step from thence to *Heaven*, was scarce thorowly content, to leave that for *Heaven*: that *body* hath lost the *name* of a *dwelling house*, because none dwells in it, and is making haste to lose the name of a *body*, and dissolve to *putrefaction*. Who would not bee affected, to see a cleere and sweet *River* in the *Morning*, grow a *kennell* of muddy land water by *noone*, and condemned to the saltnesse of the *Sea* by *night*? And how lame a *picture*, how faint a *representation* is that, of the precipitation of mans body to *dissolution*! Now all the parts built up, and knit by a lovely *soule*, now but a *statue* of *clay*, and now, these limbs melted off, as if that *clay* were but *snow*; and now, the whole *house* is but a *handfull* of *sand*, so much *dust*, and but a pecke of *rubbidge*, so much *bone*. If *he*, who, as this *Bell* tells mee, is gone now, were some *excellent Artificer*, who comes to him for a *clocke*, or for a *garment* now? or for *counsaile*, if hee were a *Lawyer*? If a *Magistrate*, for *Justice*? *Man*, before hee hath his *immortall soule*, hath a *soule* of *sense*, and a *soule* of *vegetation* before that: This *immortall soule* did not forbid other *soules*, to be in us before, but when this *soule* departs, it carries all with it; no more *vegetation*, no more *sense*: such a *Mother in law* is the *Earth*, in respect of our *naturall mother*; in her *wombe* we grew; and when she was delivered of us, wee were planted in some *place*, in some *calling* in the *world*; In the *wombe* of the *earth*, wee *diminish*, and when shee is *delivered* of us, our *grave opened* for another, wee are not *transplanted*, but *transported*, our *dust* blowne away with *prophane dust*, with *every wind*.

## XIX.

Oceano tandem emenso, aspicienda resurgit Terra; vident, justis, medici, jam cocta mederi se posse, indiciis.

*At last, the Physitians, after a long and stormie voyage, see land; They have so good signes of the concoction of the disease, as that they may safely proceed to purge.*

ALL this while the *Physitians* themselves have beene *patients*, patiently attending when they should see any *land* in this *Sea*, any *earth*, any *cloud*, any *indication* of *concoction* in these waters. Any *disorder* of mine, any *pretermision* of theirs, exalts the disease, accelerates the rages of it; no *diligence* accelerates the *concoction*, the *maturitie* of the *disease*; they must stay till the *season* of the sicknesse come, and till it be ripened of it selfe, and then they may put to their hand, to *gather* it before it *fall* off, but they cannot hasten the *ripening*. Why should wee looke for it in a *disease*, which is the *disorder*, the *discord*, the *irregularities* the *commotion*, and *rebellion* of the *body*? It were scarce a *disease*, if it could bee *ordered*, and made obedient to our *times*. Why should wee looke for that in *disorder*, in a *disease*, when we cannot have it in *Nature*, who is so *regular*, and so *pregnant*, so forward to bring her worke to perfection, and to light? Yet we cannot awake the *July-flowers* in *January*, nor retard the *flowers* of the *spring* to *autumne*. We cannot bid the *fruits* come in *May*, nor the *leaves* to sticke on in *December*. A *woman* that is weake cannot put off her *ninth moneth* to a *tenth* for her *deliveries* and say shee will stay till shee bee *stronger*; nor a *Queene* cannot hasten it to a *seventh*, that shee may bee ready for some other pleasure. *Nature* (if we looke for *durable* and *vigorous* effects) will not admit *preventions*, nor *anticipations*, nor *obligations* upon her; for they are *precontracts*, and she will bee left to her *libertie*. *Nature* would not be spurred, nor forced to mend her pace; nor *power*, the *power of man*; *greatnesse* loves not that kinde of *violence* neither. There are of *them* that will *give*, that will *do justice*, that will *pardon*, but they have their owne *seasons* for al these, and he that knowes not *them*, shall *starve* before that gift come, and *ruine*, before the justice, and *dye* before the pardon save him: some *tree* beares no fruit, except much *dung* be laid about it; and *Justice* comes not from some, till they bee richly manured: some *trees* require much *visiting*, much

watring, much *labour*; and some men give not their *fruits* but upon *importunitie*; some trees require *incision*, and *pruning*, and *lopping*; some men must bee *intimidated* and *syndicated* with *Commissions*, before they will deliver the fruits of *Justice*; some *trees* require the *early* and the *often* accesse of the *Sunne*; some men *open* not, but upon the *favours* and *letters* of *Court mediation*; some *trees* must bee *housd* and kept within doore; some men locke up, not onely their liberality, but their *Justice*, and their *compassion*, till the sollicitatiorn of a *wife*, or a *sonne*, or a *friend*, or a *servant* turne the *key*. *Reward* is the *season* of one man, and *importunitie* of another; *feare* the *season* of one man, and *favour* of another; *friendship* the *season* of one man, and *naturall affection* of another; and hee that knowes not their *seasons*, nor cannot *stay* them, must lose the *fruits*; As *Nature* will not, so *power* and *greatnesse* will not bee put to change their *seasons*; and shall wee looke for this *Indulgence* in a *disease*, or thinke to shake it off before it bee *ripe*? All this while, therefore, we are but upon a *defensive warre*, and that is but a *doubtfull state*; especially where they who are *besieged* doe know the *best* of their *defences*, and doe not know the *worst* of their *enemies power*; when they cannot mend their *works within*, and the *emie* can increase his *numbers without*. O how many farre more miserable, and farre more worthy to be lesse miserable than I, are besieged with this *sicknesse*, and lacke their *Sentinels*, their *Physitians* to *watch*, and lacke their *munition*, their *cordials* to *defend*, and perish before the *enemies* weaknesse might invite them to *sally*, before the *disease* shew any *declination*, or admit any way of *working* upon it selfe! In me the siege is so farre slackned, as that we may come to *fight*, and so die in the *field*, if I *die*, and not in a *prison*.



## XX.

Id agunt.

*Upon these Indications of digested matter, they proceed to purge.*

THOUGH *counsel* seeme rather to consist of *spirituall parts*, then *action*, yet *action* is the *spirit* and the *soule* of *counsell*. *Counsels* are not alwaies determined in *Resolutions*; wee cannot alwaies say, *this was concluded*; *actions* are alwaies determined in *effects*; wee can say *this was done*. Then have *Lawes* their *reverence*, and their *majestie*, when we see the *Judge* upon the *Bench* executing them. Then have *counsels of warre* their *impressions*, and their *operations*, when we see the *seale* of an *Armie* set to them. It was an ancient way of celebrating the *memorie* of such as deserved well of the *State*, to afford them that kinde of *statuarie representation*, which was then called *Hermes*; which was, *the head and shoulders of a man, standing upon a Cube*, but those *shoulders* without *armes* and *hands*. All together it figured a *constant supporter of the State*, by his *counsell*: But in this *Hieroglyphique*, which they made without *hands*, they passe their consideration no farther, but that the *Counsellor* should bee without *hands*, so farre as *not to reach out his hand to forraigne tentations of bribes, in matters of Counsell*, and that it was not necessary, that the *head* should employ *his owne hand*; that *the same men* should serve in the *execution*, which assisted in the *Counsell*; but that there should not belong *hands* to every *head*, *action* to every *counsell*, was never intended, so much as in *figure*, and *representation*. For, as *Matrimonie* is scarce to bee called *Matrimonie*, where there is a *resolution* against the *fruits of matrimonie*, against the having of *Children*, so *counsels* are not *counsels*, but *illusions*, where there is from the beginning no purpose to execute the determinations of those *counsels*. The *arts* and *sciences* are most properly referred to the *head*; that is their proper *Element* and *Spheare*; but yet the *art of proving*, *Logique*, and the *art of perswading*, *Rhetorique*, are deduced to the *hand*, and *that* expressed by a *hand* contracted into a *fist*, and *this* by a *hand* enlarged, and expanded; and evermore the *power of man*, and the *power of God* himselfe is expressed so, *All things are in his hand*; neither is *God* so often presented to us, by names that carry our consideration upon *counsell*, as upon *execution of counsell*; he is oftener called the *Lord of Hosts*, than by all other *names*, that may be referred to the other signification. Hereby therefore wee take into our *meditation*, the slipperie condition

of *man*, whose *happinesse*, in any kinde, the defect of *any one thing*, conducing to that *happinesse*, may *ruine*; but it must have *all the peeces* to make it up. Without *counsell*, I had not got thus farre; without *action* and *practise*, I should goe no farther towards *health*. But what is the present necessary action? purging: A *withdrawing*, a violating of *Nature*, a farther *weakening*: *O deare price*, and *O strange way of addition*, to doe it by *substraction*; of *restoring Nature*, to violate *Nature*; of *providing strength*, by *increasing weaknesses*! Was I not *sicke* before? And is it a *question of comfort* to be asked now, Did *your Physicke* make you *sicke*? Was that it that my *Physicke* promised, to make me *sicke*? This is another *step*, upon which we may stand, and see farther into the *miserie of man*, the *time*, the *season* of his *Miserie*; It must bee done *now*: *O over-cunning*, *over-watchfull*, *over-diligent*, and *over-sociable misery of man*, that seldome comes alone, but then when it may accompanie other *miseries*, and so put one another into the higher *exaltation*, and better *heart*! I am ground even to an *attenuation*, and must proceed to *evacuation*, all waies to exinanition and annihilation.

## XXI.

Atque annuit Ille, Qui, per  
eos, clamat, Linquas jam,  
Lazare, lectum.

*God prospers their prac-  
tise, and he, by them, calls  
Lazarus out of his tombe, mee  
out of my bed.*

**I**F man had beene left *alone* in this *world*, at first, shall I thinke, that he would not have *fallen*? If there had beene no *Woman*, would not man have served, to have beene his own *Tempter*? When I see him now, subject to infinite weaknesses, fall into *infinite sinne*, without any *forraine tentations*, shall I thinke, hee would have had *none*, if hee had beene *alone*? *God* saw that *Man* needed a *Helper*, if hee should bee well; but to make *Woman* ill, the *Devill* saw, that there needed no *third*. When *God*, and *wee* were *alone*, in *Adam*, that was not enough; when the *Devill* and *wee* were *alone*, in *Eve*, it was enough. O what a *Giant* is *Man*, when he fights against himselfe, and what a *Dwarfe* when hee *needs*, or *exercises* his owne assistance for himselfe! I cannot *rise* out of my bed, till the *Physitian* enable mee, nay I cannot tel, that I am able to rise, till *hee* tell me so. I *doe* nothing, I *know* nothing of myselfe: how little, and how impotent a peece of the *world*, is any *Man* alone! and how much lesse a peece of *himsel*fe is *that Man*! So little, as that when it falls out, (as it falls out in some cases) that more *misery*, and more *oppression*, would be an *ease* to a *man*, he cannot give himselfe that *miserable addition*, of *more misery*; a *man* that is *pressed to death*, and might be eased by more *weights*, cannot lay those more *weights* upon himselfe: Hee can sinne *alone*, and suffer *alone*, but not *repent*, not bee *absolved*, without *another*. Another tels mee, *I may rise*; and *I doe* so. But is every *raising a preferment*? or is every present *Preferment a station*? I am readier to fall to the *Earth*, now I am up, than I was when I lay in the bed: O *perverse way, irregular motion of Man*; even *rising* it selfe is the way to *Ruine*. How many *men* are raised, and then doe not *fill* the place they are raised to? No *corner* of any place can bee *empty*; there can be no *vacuity*; If that *Man* doe not fill the place, *other men* will; complaints of his *insufficiency* will *fill* it; Nay, such an abhorring is there in *Nature*, of *vacuity*, that if there be but an *imagination* of not *filling*, in any *man*, that which is but *imagination* neither, will *fill* it, that is *rumor* and *voice*, and it will be *given out*, (upon no ground, but *Imagination*, and no man knowes *whose* *imagination*) that hee is *corrupt* in his

place, or *insufficient* in his place, and another prepared to *succeed* him in his place. A man *rises*, sometimes, and *stands* not, because hee doth not, or is not beleeved to fill his place; and sometimes he *stands* not, because hee *overfills* his place: Hee may bring so much *vertue*, so much *Justice*, so much *integrity* to the place, as shall *spoil* the place, *burthen* the place; his *integrity* may bee a *Libell* upon his *Predecessor*, and cast an *infamy* upon him, and a *burthen* upon his *successor*, to proceede by *example*, and to bring the place itselfe to an *under-value*, and the *market* to an *uncertainty*. I am up, and I seeme to *stand*, and I goe *round*; and I am a new *Argument* of the new *Philosophie*, That the *Earth* moves round; why may I not beleeve, that the *whole earth* moves in a *round motion*, though that seeme to mee to *stand*, when as I seeme to *stand* to my Company, and yet am carried, in a giddy, and *circular motion*, as I *stand*? Man hath no *center* but *misery*; *there* and onely *there*, hee is *fixt*, and sure to finde himselfe. How little soever hee bee *raised*, he *moves*, and moves in a *circle*, giddily; and as in the *Heavens*, there are but a few *Circles*, that goe about the whole world, but many *Epicircles*, and other lesser *Circles*, but yet *Circles*, so of those men, which are *raised*, and put into *Circles*, few of them move from *place* to *place*, and passe through many and beneficiall places, but fall into little *Circles*, and, within a step or two, are at their *end*, and not so well, as they were in the *Center*, from which they were *raised*. Every thing serves to *exemplifies* to *illustrate* mans *misery*. But I need goe no farther, than *my selfe*: for a long time, I was not able to *rise*; At last, I must bee *raised* by others; and now I am *up*, I am ready to sinke *lower* than before.

## XXII.

Sit morbi fomes tibi cura;

*The Physitians consider the root and occasion, the embers, and coales, and fuell of the disease, and seek to purge or correct that.*

**H**OW ruinous a *farme* hath man taken, in taking *himselfe!* How ready is the *House* every day to fall downe, and how is all the *ground* overspread with *weeds*, all the body with *diseases!* where not onely every *turfe*, but every *stone*, beares *weeds*; not onely every *muscle* of the *flesh*, but every *bone* of the *body*, hath some *infirmities*; every little *flint* upon the *face* of this *soile*, hath some *infectious weede*, every *tooth* in our *head*, such a *paine* as a *constant man* is afraid of, and yet *ashamed* of that *feare*, of that sense of the *paine*. How *deare*, and how *often* a *rent* doth Man pay for this *farme!* hee paies *twice a day*, in *double meales*, and how little time he hath to *raise his rent!* How many *holy daies* to call him from his labour! Every day is *halfe-holy day*, halfe spent in *sleepe*. What *reparations*, and *subsides*, and *contributions* he is put to, besides his *rent!* What *medicines*, besides his *diet!* and what *Inmates* he is *faine* to take in, besides his owne *families* what *infectious diseases*, from *other men!* Adam might have had *Paradise* for *dressing* and *keeping* it; and *then* his *rent* was not *improved* to such a *labour*, as would have made his *brow sweat*; and yet he gave it over; how farre greater a *rent* doe wee pay for this *farme*, this *body*, who pay *our selves*, who pay the *farme it selfe*, and cannot *live* upon it! Neither is our *labour* at an end, when wee have cut downe some *weed*, as soone as it sprung up, corrected some *violent* and dangerous *accident* of a *disease*, which would have destroyed *speedily*; nor when wee have pulled up that *weed*, from the very *root*, recovered *entirely* and *soundly*, from that *particular disease*; but the whole *ground* is of an *ill nature*, the whole *soile ill disposed*; there are *inclinations*, there is a propensenesse to *diseases* in the *body*, out of which without any other *disorder*, *diseases* will grow, and so wee are put to a continuall labour upon this *farme*, to a continuall studie of the whole *complexion* and *constitution* of our *body*. In the *distempers* and *diseases* of *soiles*, *sourenesse*, *drinesse*, *weeping*, any kinde of *barrennesse*, the *remedy* and the *physicke*, is, for a great part, sometimes in *themselves*; sometime[s] the very *situation* releevs

them; the *hanger* of a *hill*, will purge and vent his owne *malignant moisture*; and the burning of the upper *turfe* of some ground (as *health* from *cauterizing*) puts a *new* and a *vigorous youth* into that *soile*, and there rises a kinde of *Phœnix* out of the *ashes*, a *fruitfulnessse* out of that which was *barren* before, and *by that*, which is the barrenest of all, *ashes*. And where the *ground* cannot give itselfe *Physicke*, yet it receives *Physicke* from other grounds, from other soiles, which are not the worse, for having contributed that helpe to them, from *Marle* in other *hills*, or from *slimie sand* in other *shoares*: *grounds* helpe *themselves*, or hurt not other *grounds*, from whence they receive *helpe*. But I have taken a *farme* at this *hard rent*, and upon those *heavie covenants*, that it can afford it selfe no *helpe*; (no part of my *body*, if it were cut off, would *cure* another part; in some cases it might *preserve* a sound part, but in no case *recover* an infected) and, if my *body* may have any *Physicke*, any *Medicine* from another *body*, one *Man* from the flesh of another *Man* (as by *Mummy*, or any such *composition*,) it must bee from a man that is dead, and not, as in other *soiles*, which are never the worse for contributing their *Marle*, or their fat slime to my *ground*. There is nothing in the same *man*, to helpe *man*, nothing in *mankind* to helpe *one another* (in this sort, by way of *Physicke*) but that hee who *ministers* the *helpe*, is in as ill case, as he that *receives* it would have beene, if he had not had it; for hee from whose *body* the *Physicke* comes, is *dead*. When therefore I tooke this *farme*, undertooke this *body*, I undertooke to *draine*, not a marish, but a *moat*, where there was, not water *mingled* to offend, but all was *water*; I undertooke to *perfume dung*, where no one part, but all was equally *unsavory*; I undertooke to make such a thing *wholsome*, as was not *poison* by any manifest quality, *intense heat*, or *cold*, but *poison* in the *whole substance*, and in the *specifique forme* of it. To cure the *sharpe accidents* of *diseases*, is a great worke; to cure the *disease it selfe* is a greater; but to cure the *body*, the *root*, the *occasion* of *diseases*, is a worke reserved for the great Phisitian, which he doth never any other way, but by *glorifying* these *bodies* in the next world.

## XXIII.

Metusque, relabi.

*They warne mee of the feare-  
fuit danger of relapsing.*

**I**T is not in *mans body*, as it is in the *Citie*, that when the *Bell* hath rung, to cover your *fire*, and rake up the *embers*, you may lie downe and sleepe without feare. Though you have by *physicke* and *diet*, raked up the *embers* of your *disease*, stil there is a feare of a *relapse*; and the *greater* danger is in that. Even in *pleasures*, and in *paines*, there is a *propriety*, a *Meum* and *Tuum*; and a man is most affected with that *pleasure* which is *his*, *his* by former enjoying and experience, and most intimidated with those *paines* which are *his*, *his* by a wofull sense of them, in former afflictions. A *covetous* person, who hath preoccupied all his senses, filled all his capacities, with the *delight* of *gathering*, wonders how any man can have any *taste* of any *pleasure* in any *opennesse*, or *liberalitie*; So also in *bodily paines*, in a fit of the *stone*, the Patient wonders why any man should call the *Gout* a *paine*: And hee that hath felt neither, but the *tooth-ache* is as much afraid of a fit of that, as either of the other, of either of the other. *Diseases*, which we never *felt* in our selves, come but to a *compassion* of others that have endured them; Nay, *compassion* it selfe comes to no great *degree*, if wee have not felt in some *proportion*, in *our selves*, that which wee lament and condole in another. But when wee have had those torments in their *exaltation*, *our selves*, wee tremble at a relapse. When wee must *pant* through all those *ferie heats*, and *saile* thorow all those *overflowing sweats*, when wee must *watch* through all those long *nights*, and *mourne* through all those long *daies*, (*daies* and *nights*, so long, as that *Nature* her selfe shall seeme to be *perverted*, and to have put the *longest day*, and the *longest night*, which should bee *six moneths* asunder, into one *naturall*, *unnaturall day*) when wee must stand at the same *barre*, expect the returne of *Physitians* from their *consultations*, and not bee sure of the same *verdict*, in any good *Indications*, when we must goe the same *way* over againe, and not see the same *issue*, this is a *state*, a *condition*, a *calamitie*, in respect of which, any other *sicknesse*, were a *convalescence*, and any *greater*, *lesse*. It addes to the *affliction*, that *relapses* are, (and for the most part justly) imputed to *our selves*, as occasioned by some *disorder* in us; and so we are not onely *passive*, but *active*, in our owne *ruine*; we doe not onely stand under a *falling house*, but *pull* it downe upon us; and wee

are not onely *executed*, (that implies *guiltinesse*) but wee are *executioners*, (that implies *dishonor*) and *executioners* of *our selves*, (and that implies *impietie*). And wee fall from that *comfort* which wee might have in our first *sicknesse*, from that *meditation*, *Alas, how generally miserable is Man, and how subject to diseases*, (for in that it is some degree of *comfort*, that wee are but in the state *common* to all) we fall, I say, to this *discomfort*, and *selfe accusing*, and *selfe condemning*; *Alas, how unprovident, and in that, how unthankfull to God and his instruments am I, in making so ill use of so great benefits, in destroying so soone, so long a worke, in relapsing, by my disorder, to that from which they had delivered mee*; and so my *meditation* is fearefully transferred from the *body* to the *minde*, and from the consideration of the *sicknesse* to that sinne, that *sinful carelessness* by which I have occasioned my *relapse*. And amongst the many *weights* that aggravate a *relapse*, this also is one, that a *relapse* proceeds with a more violent dispatch, and more *irremediably*, because it finds the *Countrie weakned*, and *depopulated* before. Upon a *sicknesse*, which as yet appeares not, wee can scarce fix a *feare*, because wee know not what to feare; but as *feare* is the *busiest*, and *irksomest affection*, so is a *relapse* (which is still *ready to come*) into that, which is but newly gone, the *nearest object*, the *most immediate* exercise of that *affection* of *feare*.

