


DIVINE EMBLEMS

BY JOHN BUNYAN

The background of the entire page is a complex marbled paper pattern. It features a dense, repeating sequence of wavy, scalloped shapes in shades of deep red, dark blue, and off-white. The pattern has a fluid, organic quality, reminiscent of traditional marbling techniques.

Ulrich Middeldorf



F. D. Young.

4th Elm Pine.

Christmas 1871.

J. Holdsworth Mayaw.

Forest Hill School,

Stear House.

Divine Emblems ;

OR,

TEMPORAL THINGS SPIRITUALISED, &c.



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Divine Emblems,



OR,

TEMPORAL THINGS

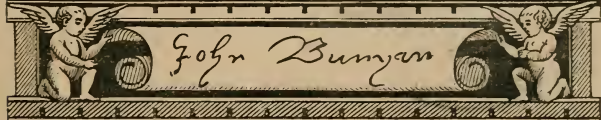
SPIRITUALISED, &c.

WITH PREFACE BY ALEXANDER SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DREAMTHORP," ETC.



LONDON : BICKERS & SON.



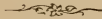




PREFACE.

BY ALEXANDER SMITH,

AUTHOR OF "DREAMTHORP," ETC.



HOHN BUNYAN has written his biography in brief in the sentence which opens "The Pilgrim's Progress"—"As I walked through the wilderness of this world, I lighted on a certain place where there was a den, and I laid me down in that place to sleep; and as I slept, I dreamed a dream." He dreamed his dream; he told it in the most childlike way; and now the world will as soon forget Shakspeare as it will forget him. He is the prince of dreamers, as Homer is the prince of poets. The scenery of his vision has become familiar as the scenery which surrounds our homes. We

know the whole course of the journey—from the City of Destruction to the Slough of Despond; past the House of the Interpreter; up Hill Difficulty; the meeting of Christian with the Maidens, Piety, Prudence, and Charity; Christian's rest in the "large upper chamber whose window opened toward the sun-rising," the name of which chamber was Peace; the journey down into the Valley of the Shadow of Death: the combat which took place there; Vanity Fair and the burning of Faithful; the imprisonment of Hopeful and Christian by the Giant, and their escape; the Delectable Mountains, with the Golden City seen in the distance shining like a star; the Land of Beulah; the passage across the dark river, with troops of angels, and melody of hymns and trumpets, waiting the pilgrims on the further bank;—all this every boy knows as he knows the way to school—with this every man is familiar as with his personal experience—and the curious thing is, that the incidents and the scenery which we accept with such belief are but the dark conceits and shadows of things; in all there is more than meets the eye. Under everything lies the most solemn meanings. "The Pilgrim's Progress" is not only the most enchanting story in the world, it is one of the best manuals of theology. The boy devours it as he does "Robinson Crusoe;" the devout man values it next to his Bible. As a story, it is full of the most charming, most natural, sometimes most terrible things. In the second part—which, compared with the first, is as the

Odyſſey to the Iliad—what can be prettier than the boy ſitting ſinging in the Valley of Humiliation with the herb *Heart's Eaſe* in his boſom? Read the fight between Chriſtian and Apollyon, and note the touch of imagination—“In this combat no man can imagine, unleſs he had ſeen and heard as I did, what yelling and hideous roaring Apollyon made all the time of the fight—he ſpake like a dragon; and, on the other ſide, what ſighs and groans burſt from Chriſtian's heart. I never ſaw him all the while give ſo much as one pleaſant look, till he perceived he had wounded Apollyon with his two-edged ſword; *then, indeed, he did ſmile and look upward*; but it was the dreadfulleſt ſight I ever ſaw.” And after the pilgrims have paſſed the river—“Juſt as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and, behold, the city ſhone like the ſun; the ſtreets alſo were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps to ſing praiſes withal. There were alſo of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermiſſion, ſaying, ‘Holy, holy, holy is the Lord.’ And after that they ſhut the gates, which, *when I had ſeen, I wiſhed myſelf among them.*” How *naive* this laſt confeſſion—the writer becoming enſlaved by his own ſorcery. Lord Macaulay has pointed out, in a memorable eſſay, the reſemblance that exiſts between Bunyan and Spenſer—the one nurtured from his childhood on chivalric ſtory, a

high Platonist, the friend of Sir Philip Sydney ; the other a Bedfordshire tinker, almost uneducated, addicted in his early days to dancing, bell-ringing, and the swearing of strange oaths, at last the wandering preacher of a despised sect. The men were curiously unlike in some respects, but in point of genius they had much in common. Both were of "imagination all compact." To each every object was a mirror in which he saw something else. Both delighted in intricate allegories. Spenser had more fancy, colour, music, and picturesqueness ; Bunyan more homeliness, interest in common things, shrewdness, humour, and mother wit. Spenser is a good deal what Bunyan would have been had he come of a gentle stock in Elizabeth's reign, been educated at the universities, been the friend of the most chivalric spirit that ever trod English ground. Bunyan is a good deal what Spenser would have been had he lived a tinker, gone through the fierce spiritual experiences described in "Grace Abounding," settled finally into an itinerant Baptist preacher, and got a jail for twelve years to dream out his dream in. "The Fairy Queen" and "The Pilgrim's Progress" are the two greatest allegorical works in our language ; and Bunyan has over Spenser one considerable advantage, in that, while no reader has been able to read through the poem, no reader before the close has been able to lay down the story.

Bunyan's ruling faculty was imagination, and he pos-

feſſed it in perilous exceſs. In his “Grace Abounding”—certainly one of the moſt curious and ſtriking of autobiographical ſketches—we ſee how it domineered over him, and made him for a time a dweller on the ſhores of Tophet. It brought all his paſt ſins before him—his dancing, his bell-ringing, his Sabbath-breaking, his profane oaths—with more than their warranted terrors, and they diſturbed his quiet as the gholt of Banquo diſturbed the quiet of Macbeth. And when contrition brought peace and a new mode of life, it created for him the Delectable Mountains peopled with amiable ſhepherds; it made blaze for him the Celeſtial City, and made audible the melodious voices of its inhabitants. When he ſecured ſpiritual peace, his prevailing mood of mind became a certain devout fancifulneſs, and his long confinement—for he wrote the greater proportion of his books in priſon—made the exerciſe of this fancifulneſs a more than ordinary relief.

“When the body is up-mew’d,
Then the fancy furtheſt flies.”

Bunyan dreamed his dream, and ſupported his own ſpirit; he made tagged thread-laces and ſupported his wife and family,—and ſo the years wore on. He was a profoundly religious man; but when his religion had become habitual and terrorleſs, he handed it over to Fancy, that ſhe might play with it. And juſt as the ancient pagan heard Pan’s pipe in the thicket, ſaw the hamadryad iſſue

from the tree “like music from an instrument,” caught in the fountain the momentary gleam of a naiad’s limbs and face, he saw spiritual meanings in the aspects of external nature and in the ongoings of domestic life; found something to pierce the conscience in the lark quivering in mid-air above its nest; and discovered the illustration of a doctrine in the pot simmering upon the cottage fire. In every material object he saw a spiritual similitude. He was a religious Æsop, with a fable for everything that might occur. “The Pilgrim’s Progress” is a long similitude, but in its course it contains many minor similitudes—as, for instance, in the objects shewn to Christian at the house of the Interpreter. This devout playfulness, with a constant eye for the practical application; this sermonising in disguise; this masquerading with a serious brow beneath the vizard, which is sure to be shewn at the proper time, is a mood in which Bunyan loved to indulge, and in which he is almost always successful. In the present little book of “Divine Emblems” he gives free rein to his fantasy; he finds texts in the most unlikely places, and from these texts he extracts the most unexpected sermons. He displays art and ingenuity; and the meanings he deduces from the objects with which he works are for the most part pertinent and natural. There is a further charm in the book, in that it is written in verse. Bunyan’s muse is clad in russet, wears shoes and stockings, has a country accent, and walks along the level Bedfordshire roads. If

as a poet he is homely and idiomatic, he is always natural, straightforward, and sincere. His lines are unpolished, but they have pith and sinew, like the talk of a shrewd peasant. In the "Emblems" there are many touches of pure poetry, shewing that in his mind there was a vein of silver which, under favourable circumstances, might have been worked to rich issues; and everywhere there is an admirable homely pregnancy and fulness of meaning. He has the strong thought, and the knack of the skilled workman to drive, by a single blow, the nail home to the head.

In his Address to the Reader, Bunyan, in a mood somewhat satirical, explains his motive for taking the homeliest objects and making them the emblems of divine things. He resolved to come as if in play to a volatile generation, that he might catch attention. Men and women are but children, he says—

" And since at gravity they make a tush,
My very beard I cast behind a bush ;
And, like a fool, stand fingering of their toys,
And all to shew they are but girls and boys."

And in defence of the "inconsiderableness of things" by which he expresses his mind, he defends himself in this wise—

" I could, were I so pleased, use higher strains,
And, for applause, on tenters strain my brains ;
But what needs that ? the arrow out of sight,
Does not the sleeper nor the watchman fright.
To shoot too high doth make but children gaze,
'Tis that which hits the man doth him amaze."

And he has fulfilled his purpose, for not unfrequently he "hits" the very heart.

All men know "The Holy War" and "The Pilgrim's Progress," but the "Divine Emblems" have fallen out of human memory. This is a pity; and to the present publishers it has seemed proper to produce a new edition, with all the quaint head and tail pieces of a unique edition long out of print, published by W. Johnston, Ludgate Hill, in 1767. The book is as suitable for boys and girls as it was two hundred years ago—and boys and girls are readers now, which they were not in Bunyan's day. To boys and girls of all ages the "Divine Emblems" may be commended. In truth, this little book is as in some sort a pantomime; but devout fancy is the wand which rules the scenes, and at its stroke into divine truths and weighty morals the commonest objects are transformed.





TO THE READER.



OURTEOUS READER,

THE title-page will shew, if thou wilt
look,

What are the proper subjects of this
book :

They 're boys and girls, of all sorts and degrees,
From those of age, to children on the knees.
Thus comprehensive am I in my notions,
They tempt me to it by their childish motions.
We now have boys with beards, and girls that be
Huge as old women, wanting gravity.
Then do not blame me, since I thus describe them,
Flatter I may not, left thereby I bribe them

To have a better judgment of themselves,
Than wife men have of babies on the shelves.
Their antic tricks, fantastick modes, and way,
Shew they like very boys and girls do play
With all the frantic fooleries of the age,
And that in open view, as on a stage ;
Our bearded men do act like beardless boys,
Our women please themselves with childish toys.
Our ministers long time by word and pen
Dealt with them, counting them not boys, but men :
They shot their thunders at them and their toys,
But hit them not, 'cause they were girls and boys.
The better charged, the wider still they shot,
Or else so high, that dwarfs they touched not.
Instead of men, they found them girls and boys,
To nought addicted but to childish toys.

Wherefore, dear reader, that I save them may,
I now with them the very devil play.
And since at gravity they make a tush,
My very beard I cast behind a bush ;
And, like a fool, stand fingering of their toys,
And all to shew they are but girls and boys.

Nor do I blush, although I think some may
Call me a child, because I with them play :

I aim to shew them how each fingle-fangle
On which they dote, does but their souls entangle,
As with a web, a trap, a gin, a snare,
And will destroy them, have they not a care.

Paul seem'd to play the fool, that he might gain,
Those that are fools indeed, if not in grain ;
He did it by such things to let them see
Their emptiness, their sin and vanity ;
A noble act, and full of honesty !
Nor he, nor I, would like them be in vice,
But by their playthings I would them entice,
That they might raise their thoughts from childish toys
To heaven, for that 's prepared for girls and boys.
Nor would I so confine myself to these,
As to shun graver things ; but seek to please
Those more compos'd with better things than toys,
Though I would thus be catching girls and boys.

Wherefore if men inclined are to look,
Perhaps their graver fancies may be took
With what is here, though but in homely rhymes :
But he who pleases all must rise betimes.
Some, I persuade me, will be finding fault,
Concluding, here I trip, and there I halt :
No doubt, some could those grovelling notions raise
By fine-spun terms, that challenge might the bays.

Should all be forced their brains to lay aside,
 That cannot regulate the flowing tide
 By this or that man's fancy, we should have
 The wife unto the fool become a slave.
 What though my text seems mean, my morals be
 Grave, as if fetch'd from a sublimer tree.
 And if some better handle can a fly
 Than some a text, wherefore should we deny
 Their making proof, or good experiment,
 Of smallest things great mischiefs to prevent ?

Wife Solomon did fools to pismires send
 To learn true wisdom, and their lives to mend.
 Yea, God by swallows, cuckoos, and the as,
 Shews they are fools who let that season pass,
 Which He put in their hand, that to obtain
 Which is both present and eternal gain.

I think the wiser sort my rhyme may slight,
 While I peruse them, fools will take delight.
 Then what care I ? the foolish, God has chose ;
 And doth by foolish things their minds compose,
 And settle upon that which is divine ;
 Great things by little ones are made to shine.

I could, were I so pleas'd, use higher strains,
 And, for applause, on tenters strain my brains ;

But what needs that? the arrow out of sight,
Does not the sleeper nor the watchman fright.
To shoot too high doth make but children gaze,
'Tis that which hits the man doth him amaze.

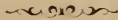
As for the inconsiderableness
Of things, by which I do my mind express,
May I by them bring some good things to pass,
As Samson with the jaw-bone of an ass,
Or as brave Shamgar with his ox's goad,
(Both things unmanly, not for war in mode,)
I have my end, though I myself expose,
For God will have the glory at the close.

J. B.





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Divine Emblems ;

OR,

TEMPORAL THINGS SPIRITUALISED, &c





I.

UPON THE BARREN FIG-TREE IN GOD'S VINEYARD.



HAT barren here! in this so good a soil?
The sight of this doth make God's heart
recoil

From giving thee his blessing; barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curf'd be!

Art thou not planted by the water-side?
Know'st not thy Lord by fruit is glorified?
The sentence is, Cut down the barren tree:
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curf'd be!

Thou hast been digg'd about and dunged too,
Will neither patience, nor yet dressing do ?
The executioner is come, O tree,
Bear fruit, or else thine end will curf'd be !

He that about thy root takes pains to dig,
Would, if on thee were found but one good fig,
Preserve thee from the axe : but, barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curf'd be !

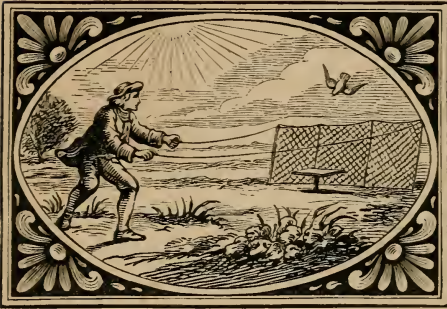
The utmost end of patience is at hand,
'Tis much if thou much longer here doth stand.
O cumber-ground, thou art a barren tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curf'd be !

Thy standing, nor thy name, will help at all ;
When fruitful trees are spared, thou must fall.
The axe is laid unto thy roots, O tree,
Bear fruit, or else thy end will curf'd be !



II.

UPON THE LARK AND THE FOWLER.



THOU simple bird, what makes thee here to
play?

Look, there 's the fowler, pr'ythee come away.
Dost not behold the net? Look there 'tis spread,
Venture a little further, thou art dead.

Is there not room enough in all the field,
For thee to play in, but thou needs must yield
To the deceitful glitt'ring of a glas,
Between nets placed, to bring thy death to pas?

Bird, if thou art so much for dazzling light,
Look, there 's the sun above thee, dart upright
Thy nature is to soar up to the sky,
Why wilt thou then come down to the nets and die ?

Heed not the fowler's tempting flatt'ring call ;
This whistle he enchanteth birds withal :
What though thou see'st a live bird in his net.
She 's there, because from thence she cannot get.

Look how he tempteth thee with his decoy,
That he may rob thee of thy life, thy joy,
Come, pr'ythee bird, I pr'ythee come away,
Why shouldst thou to this net become a prey ?

Hadst thou not wings, or were thy feathers pull'd,
Or wast thou blind, or fast asleep wert lull'd :
The case would somewhat alter, but for thee,
Thy eyes are ope', and thou hast wings to flee.

Remember that thy song is in thy rise,
Not in thy fall : earth 's not thy paradise.
Keep up aloft then, let thy circuits be
Above, where birds from fowlers' nets are free.

COMPARISON.

This fowler is an emblem of the devil,
His nets and whistle, figures of all evil.
His glafs an emblem is of sinful pleasure,
Decoying such, who reckon sin a treasure.

The simple lark 's a shadow of a saint,
Under allurings, ready now to faint.
What you have read, a needful warning is,
Design'd to shew the soul its share of blifs,
And how it may this fowler's net escape,
And not commit upon itself this rape.



III.

UPON THE VINE-TREE.



WHAT is the vine more than another tree ?
 Nay most, than it, more tall, more comely be :
 What workman thence will take a beam or pin,
 To make out which may be delighted in ?
 Its excellency in its fruit doth lie :
 A fruitless vine, it is not worth a fly.

COMPARISON.

What are professors more than other men ?
 Nothing at all. Nay, there 's not one in ten,

Either for wealth, or wit, that may compare
In many things, with some that carnal are.
Good then they are, when mortified their sin :
But without that, they are not worth a pin.



IV.

MEDITATIONS UPON AN EGG.



THE egg 's no chick by falling from the hen ;
 Nor man a Christian till he 's born again.

The egg 's at first contained in the shell :
 Men, afore grace, in sins and darknes dwell.
 The egg, when laid, by warmth is made a chicken,
 And Christ by grace the dead in sin does quicken.
 The chick at first is in the shell confined ;
 So heav'n-born souls are in the flesh detain'd.
 The shell doth crack, the chick doth chirp and peep,
 The flesh decays, and men then pray and weep.

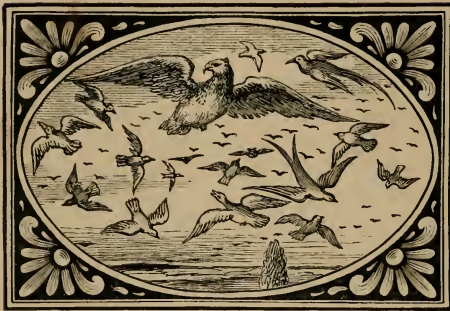
The shell doth break, the chick's at liberty,
The flesh falls off, the soul mounts up on high.
But both do not enjoy the self-same plight ;
The soul is safe, the chick now fears the kite.

But chicks from rotten eggs do not proceed ;
Nor is a hypocrite a saint indeed.
The rotten egg, though underneath the hen,
If crack'd, stinks, and is loathsome unto men.
Nor doth her warmth make what is rotten sound ;
What's rotten, rotten will at last be found.
The hypocrite, sin has him in possession,
He is a rotten egg under profession.

Some eggs bring cockatrices ; and some men
Some hatch'd and brooded in the viper's den.
Some eggs bring wild-fowls ; and some men there be
As wild as are the wildest fowls that flee.
Some eggs bring spiders ; and some men appear
More venom'd than the worst of spiders are.
Some eggs bring pismires ; and some seem to me
As much for trifles as the pismires be.
And thus do divers eggs from different shapes,
As like some men as monkeys are like apes.
But this is but an egg, were it a chick,
Here had been legs, and wings, and bones to pick.

V.

OF FOWLS FLYING IN THE AIR.



METHINKS I see a sight most excellent,
 All sorts of birds fly in the firmament :
 Some great, some small, all of a divers kind,
 Mine eye affecting, pleasant to my mind.
 Look how they wing along the wholesome air,
 Above the world of worldlings, and their care.
 And as they divers are in bulk and hue,
 So are they in their way of flying too.
 So many birds, so many various things
 Swim in the element upon their wings.

COMPARISON.

These birds are emblems of those men, that shal'
Ere long possess the heavens, their all in all.
They each are of a different shape and kind ;
To teach, we of all nations there shall find.
They are some great, some little as we see,
To shew some great, some small in glory be.
Their flying diversely, as we behold,
Do shew saints' joys will there be manifold.
Some glide, some mount, some flutter, and
In a mix'd way of flying, glory too.
To shew that each shall to his full content,
Be happy in that heav'nly firmament.



VI.

UPON THE LORD'S PRAYER.



OUR Father which in heaven art,
 Thy name be always hallowed ;
 Thy kingdom come, thy will be done ;
 Thy heavenly path be followed :
 By us on earth, as 'tis with thee,
 We humbly pray ;
 And let our bread to us be giv'n
 From day to day.
 Forgive our debts, as we forgive
 Those that to us indebted are :
 Into temptation lead us not ;
 But save us from the wicked snare.
 The kingdom 's thine, the power too,
 We thee adore ;
 The glory also shall be thine
 For evermore.

VII.

MEDITATIONS UPON THE PEEP OF DAY.



AT peep of day I often cannot know
 Whether 'tis night, whether 'tis day or no.
 I fancy that I see a little light,
 But cannot yet distinguish day from night ;
 I hope, I doubt, but certain yet I be not,
 I am not at a point, the sun I see not.
 Thus such, who are but just of grace possess'd,
 They know not yet if they be curst or blest.

VIII.

UPON THE FLINT IN THE WATER.



THIS flint, time out of mind has there abode,
 Where chrystal streams make their continual road ;
 Yet it abides a flint as much as 'twere,
 Before it touch'd the water or came there.

Its hardnes is not in the least abated,
 'Tis not at all by water penetrated.
 Though water hath a soft'ning virtue in 't,
 It can't dissolve the stone, for 'tis a flint.

Yea, though in the water it doth still remain,
Its fiery nature still it does retain.
If you oppose it with its opposite,
Then in your very face its fire 'twill spit.

COMPARISON.

This flint an emblem is of those that lie,
Under the word like stones, until they die.
Its crystal streams have not their natures changed,
They are not from their lusts by grace estranged.



IX.

UPON THE FISH IN THE WATER.



THE water is the fish's element :
 Take her from thence, none can her death
 prevent,
 And some have said, who have transgressors been,
 As good not be, as to be kept from sin.

The water is the fish's element :
 Leave her but there, and she is well content.
 So's he, who in the path of life doth plod,
 Take all, says he, let me but have my God.

The water is the fish's element :
Her sportings there to her are excellent :
So is God's service unto holy men,
They are not in their element till then.



X.

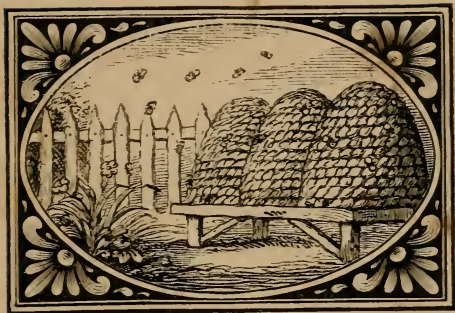
UPON THE SWALLOW.



THIS pretty bird, oh! how she flies and sings!
But could she do so if she had not wings?
Her wings bespeak my faith, her songs my peace;
When I believe and sing, my doubtings cease.

XI.

UPON THE BEE.



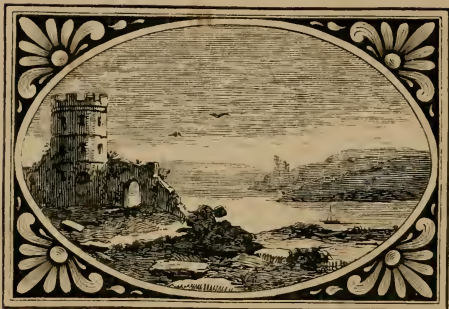
THE bee goes out, and honey home doth bring :
 And some who seek that honey find a sting !
 Now wouldst thou have the honey, and be free
 From stinging ; in the first place kill the bee.

. COMPARISON.

This bee an emblem truly is of sin,
 Whose sweet unto a many, death has been.
 Wouldst thou have sweet from sin, and yet not die,
 Sin in the first place thou must mortify.

XII.

UPON A LOWERING MORNING.



WELL, with the day I see the clouds appear ;
 And mix the light with darknes ev'rywhere ;
 This threatens those who on long journeys go,
 That they shall meet the slabby rain or snow.
 Else while I gaze, the sun doth with his beams
 Belace the clouds, as 'twere with bloody streams ;
 Then suddenly those clouds do wat'ry grow,
 And weep and pour their tears out where they go.

COMPARISON.

Thus 'tis when gospel light doth usher in
To us, both sense of grace and sense of sin :
Yea, when it makes sin red with Jesus' blood,
Then we can weep till weeping does us good.



XIII.

UPON OVER-MUCH NICENESS.



IS strange to see how over-nice are some
About their clothes, their bodies, and their
home :

While what 's of worth, they slightly pass it by,
Not doing it at all, or slovenly.

Their houses must well furnish'd be in print ;
While their immortal soul has no good in 't.
Its outside also they must beautify,
While there is in 't scarce common honesty.

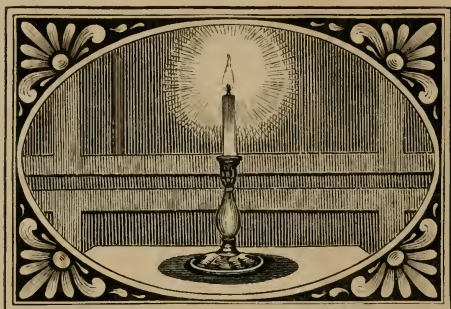
Their bodies they must have trick'd up and trim :
Their inside full of filth up to the brim.
Upon their clothes there must not be a spot,
Whereas their lives are but one common blot.

How nice, how coy are some about their diet,
That can their crying souls with hog's-meat quiet.
All must be dress'd t' a hair, or else 'tis naught,
While of the living bread they have no thought.
Thus for their outside they are clean and nice,
While their poor inside stinks with sin and vice.



XIV.

MEDITATIONS UPON A CANDLE.



MAN 'S like a candle in a candlestick,
 Made up of tallow and a little wick ;
 For what the candle is, before 'tis lighted,
 Just such be they who are in sin benighted.
 Nor can a man his soul with grace inspire,
 More than the candles set themselves on fire.

Candles receive their light from what they are not ;
 Men grace from Him, for whom at first they care not.
 We manage candles when they take the fire ;
 God men, when He with grace doth them inspire.

And biggest candles give the better light,
As grace on biggest sinners shines most bright.
The candle shines to make another see,
A saint unto his neighbour light should be.
The blinking candle we do much despise,
Saints dim of light are high in no man's eyes.

Again, though it may seem to some a riddle,
We use to light our candle at the middle :
True light doth at a candle's end appear,
And grace the heart first reaches by the ear :
But 'tis the wick the fire doth kindle on,
As 'tis the heart that grace first works upon.
Thus both to fasten upon what 's the main,
And so their life and vigour do maintain.

The tallow makes the wick yield to the fire,
And sinful flesh doth make the soul desire
That grace may kindle on it, in it burn ;
So evil makes the soul from evil turn.

But candles in the wind are apt to flare,
And Christians in a tempest to despair.
We see the flame with smoke attended is ;
And in our holy lives there 's much amis.

Sometimes a thief will candle-light annoy :
And lusts do seek our graces to destroy.

What brackish is will make a candle sutter ;
'T'wixt sin and grace there 's oft a heavy clutter.
Sometimes the light burns dim, 'cause of the snuff,
And sometimes 'tis blown quite out with a puff :
But watchfulness preventeth both these evils,
Keeps candles light, and grace in spite of devils.

But let not snuffs nor puffs make us to doubt ;
Our candles may be lighted, though puff'd out.
The candle in the night doth all excel,
Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, then shine so well,
So is the Christian in our hemisphere,
Whose light shews others how their course to steer.
When candles are put out, all 's in confusion ;
Where Christians are not, devils make intrusion.
They then are happy who such candles have,
All others dwell in darkness and the grave.
But candles that do blink within the socket,
And saints whose eyes are always in their pocket,
Are much alike ; such candles make us fumble ;
And at such saints, good men and bad do stumble.

Good candles don't offend, except sore eyes,
Nor hurt, unless it be the silly flies :
Thus none like burning candles in the night,
Nor ought to holy living for delight.
But let us draw towards the candle's end :
The fire, you see, doth wick and tallow spend ;

As grace man's life, until his glass is run,
And so the candle and the man is done.

The man now lays him down upon his bed ;
The wick yields up its fire ; and so is dead.
The candle now extinct is, but the man,
By grace mounts up to glory, there to stand.



XV.

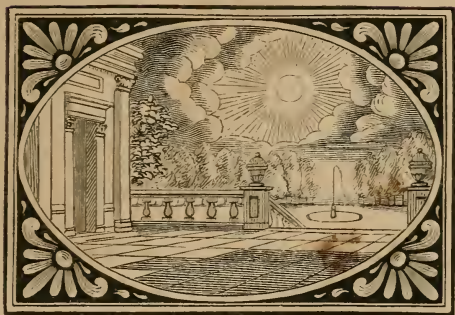
UPON THE SACRAMENTS



TWO sacraments I do believe there be,
 Even baptism and the supper of the Lord :
 Both mysteries divine, which do to me,
 By God's appointment, benefit afford :
 But shall they be my God, or shall I have
 Of them so foul and impious a thought,
 To think that from the curse they can me save ?
 Bread, wine, nor water me no ransom bought.

XVI.

UPON THE SUN'S REFLECTION UPON THE CLOUDS
IN A FAIR MORNING.



LOOK yonder, ah! methinks mine eyes do see
 Clouds edged with silver, as fine garments be!
 They look as if they saw the golden face
 That makes black clouds most beautiful with grace.
 Unto the saints sweet incense of their prayer,
 These smoky curl'd clouds I do compare.
 For as these clouds seem edged, or laced with gold,
 Their prayers return with blessings manifold.

XVII.

UPON APPAREL.



GOD gave us clothes to hide our nakedness,
 And we by them do it expose to view ;
 Our pride and unclean minds, to an excess,
 By our apparel we to others shew.

XVIII.

THE SINNER AND THE SPIDER.



SINNER.



WHAT black, what ugly crawling thing art thou?

SPIDER.

I am a spider —————

SINNER.

A spider, ay; truly a filthy creature.

SPIDER.

Not filthy as thyself in name or feature:

My name entailed is to my creation ;
 My features, from the God of thy salvation.

SINNER.

I am a man, and in God's image made,
 I have a soul shall neither die nor fade :
 God has possessed me with human reason,
 Speak not against me, lest thou speakest treason ;
 For if I am the image of my Maker,
 Of slander laid on me He is partaker.

SPIDER.

I know thou art a creature far above me,
 Therefore I shun, I fear, and also love thee.
 But though thy God hath made thee such a creature,
 Thou hast against Him often play'd the traitor.
 Thy sin has fetch'd thee down : leave off to boast ;
 Nature thou hast defiled, God's image lost,
 Yea, thou thyself a very beast hast made,
 And art become like grass, which soon doth fade.
 Thy soul, thy reason, yea, thy spotless state,
 Sin has subjected to th' most dreadful fate.
 But I retain my primitive condition,
 I've all but what I lost by thy ambition.

SINNER.

Thou venom'd thing, I know not what to call thee ;
 The dregs of nature surely did befall thee ;

Thou wast compos'd o' th' drofs and scum of all,
Men hate thee, and, in scorn, thee *Spider* call.

SPIDER.

My venom 's good for something, since God
made it ;
Thy nature sin hath spoil'd, and doth degrade it.
Thou art despoil'd of good : and though I fear thee,
I will not, though I might, despise and jeer thee.
Thou say'st I am the very dregs of nature,
Thy sin 's the spawn of devils, 'tis no creature.
Thou say'st man hates me, 'cause I am a spider.
Poor man, thou at thy God art a derider ;
My venom tendeth to my preservation :
Thy pleasing follies work out thy damnation.
Poor man, I keep the rules of my creation,
Thy sin has cast thee headlong from thy station.
I hurt nobody willingly ; but thou
Art a self-murderer : thou know'st not how
To do what 's good ; no, for thou lovest evil :
Thou fly'st God's law, adhere'st to the devil.

SINNER.

Thou ill-shaped thing, there 's an antipathy
'Twixt man and spiders, 'tis in vain to lie ;
Stand off, I hate thee—if thou dost come nigh me,
I'll crush thee with my foot ; I do defy thee.

SPIDER.

They are ill-shaped who warped are by sin,
 Hatred in thee to God hath long time been ;
 No marvel then indeed, if me, His creature,
 Thou dost defy, pretending name and feature.
 But why stand off? My presence shall not thronge thee,
 'Tis not my venom, but thy sin doth wrong thee.

Come, I will teach thee wisdom, do but hear me,
 I was made for thy profit, do not fear me.
 But if thy God thou wilt not hearken to,
 What can the swallow, ant, and spider do ?
 Yet I will speak, I can but be rejected,
 Sometimes great things by small means are effected.

Hark, then, though man is noble by creation,
 He's lapsed now to such degeneration
 As not to grieve, so careless he is grown,
 Though he himself has sadly overthrown,
 And brought to bondage every earthly thing,
 Ev'n from the very spider to the king :
 This we poor sensitives do feel and see ;
 For subject to the curse you made us be.
 Tread not upon me, neither from me go ;
 'Tis man who has brought all the world to woe.

The law of my creation bids me teach thee ;
 I will not for thy pride to God impeach thee.

I spin, I weave, and all to let thee see
 Thy best performances but cobwebs be.
 Thy glory now is brought to such an ebb,
 It doth not much excel the spider's web.
 My webs becoming snares and traps for flies,
 Do set the wiles of hell before thine eyes ;
 Their tangling nature is to let thee see
 Thy sins, too, of a tangling nature be ;
 My den, or hole, for that 'tis bottomless,
 Doth of damnation shew the lastingness.
 My lying quiet till the fly is catch'd,
 Shews secretly hell hath thy ruin hatch'd.
 In that I on her seize, when she is taken,
 I shew who gathers, whom God hath forsaken.
 The fly lies buzzing in my web, to tell
 How sinners always roar and howl in hell.

Now since I shew thee all these mysteries,
 How canst thou hate me, or me scandalise ?

SINNER.

Well, well, I will no more be a derider,
 I did not look for such things from a spider.

SPIDER.

Come, hold thy peace, what I have yet to say,
 If heeded, may help thee another day.
 Since I an ugly ven'mous creature be,
 There's some resemblance 'twixt vile man and me.

My wild and heedless runnings are like those
 Whose ways to ruin do their souls expose.
 Daylight is not my time, I work i' th' night,
 To shew they are like me who hate the light.
 The maid sweeps one web down, I make another,
 To shew how heedless ones convictions smother.
 My web is no defence at all to me,
 Nor will false hopes at judgment be to thee.

SINNER.

O spider, I have heard thee, and do wonder
 A spider should thus lighten and thus thunder!

SPIDER.

Do but hold still, and I will let thee see,
 Yet in my ways more mysteries there be.
 Shall not I do thee good, if I thee tell,
 I shew to thee a four-fold way to hell?
 For since I set my web in sundry places,
 I shew men go to hell in divers traces.

One I set in the window, that I might
 Shew some go down to hell with gospel-light.
 One I set in a corner, as you see,
 To shew how some in secret snared be.
 Gross webs great store I set in darksome places,
 To shew how many sin with brazen faces.
 Another web I set aloft on high,
 To shew there's some professing men must die.

Thus in my ways, God's wisdom doth conceal ;
 And by my ways that wisdom doth reveal.

I hide myself when I for flies do wait,
 So doth the devil when he lays his bait ;
 If I do fear the losing of my prey,
 I stir me, and more snares upon her lay.
 This way, and that, her wings and legs I tie,
 That sure as she is catch'd, so she must die.
 But if I see she's like to get away,
 Then with my venom I her journey stay.
 All which my ways the devil imitates,
 To catch men, 'cause he their salvation hates.

SINNER.

O spider, thou delight'ft me with thy skill,
 I prythee spit this venom at me still.

SPIDER.

I am a spider, yet I can possess
 The palace of a king, where happiness
 So much abounds. Nor when I do go thither,
 Do they ask what, or whence I come, or whither
 I make my hasty travels ; no, not they :
 They let me pass, and I go on my way.
 I seize the palace, do with hands take hold
 Of doors, of locks, or bolts ; yet I am bold,
 When in, to clamber up unto the throne,
 And to possess it, as if 'twere my own.

Nor is there any law forbidding me
Here to abide, or in this palace be.

At pleasure I ascend the highest stories,
And there I sit, and so behold the glories
Myself is compass'd with, as if I were
One of the chiefest courtiers that be there.

Here lords and ladies do come round about me,
With grave demeanour, nor do any flout me
For this my brave adventure, no, not they;
They come, they go, but leave me there to stay.

Now, my reproacher, I do by all this
Shew how thou mayst possess thyself of bliss:
Thou art worse than a spider, but take hold
On Christ the door, thou shalt not be controll'd:
By Him do thou the heavenly palace enter;
None e'er will chide thee for thy brave adventure.
Approach thou then unto the very throne,
There speak thy mind; fear not, the day's thine
own.

Nor saint, nor angel, will thee stop or stay,
But rather tumble blocks out of the way.
My venom stops not me; let not thy vice
Stop thee; possess thyself of paradise.

Go on, I say, although thou be a sinner,
Learn to be bold in faith, of me a spinner.

This is the way true glories to possess,
And to enjoy what no man can express.

Sometimes I find the palace-door up-lock'd,
And so my entrance thither has up-block'd.
But am I daunted? No, I here and there
Do feel, and search; and so if anywhere,
At any chink or crevice find my way,
I crowd, I press for passage, make no stay:
And so through difficulty I attain
The palace, yea, the throne, where princes reign.
I crowd sometimes, as if I'd burst in sunder;
And art thou crush'd with striving, do not wonder.
Some scarce get in, and yet indeed they enter:
Knock, for they nothing have that nothing
venture.

Nor will the king himself throw dirt on thee,
As thou hast cast reproaches upon me.
He will not hate thee, O thou foul backslider!
As thou didst me, because I am a spider.
Now, to conclude: since I much doctrine bring,
Slight me no more, call me not ugly thing;
God wisdom hath unto the pismire given,
And spiders may teach men the way to heaven.

SINNER.

Well, my good spider, I my errors see,
I was a fool for railing so at thee.

Thy nature, venom, and thy fearful hue,
But shew what sinners are, and what they do.
Thy way and works do also darkly tell
How some men go to heaven, and some to hell.
Thou art my monitor, I am a fool ;
They may learn, that to spiders go to school.



XIX.

MEDITATIONS UPON THE DAY BEFORE THE
SUN-RISING.

BUT all this while, where 's he whose golden rays
 Drives night away, and beautifies our days?
 Where 's he whose goodly face doth warm and
 heal,

And shew us what the darksome nights conceal?
 Where 's he that thaws our ice, drives cold away?
 Let 's have him, or we care not for the day.

Thus 'tis with those who are possess'd of grace,
 There 's nought to them like their Redeemer's face.

XX.

OF THE MOLE IN THE GROUND.



THE Mole 's a creature very smooth and slick,
 She digs i' th' dirt, but 'twill not on her stick.
 So 's he who counts this world his greatest
 gains,

Yet nothing gets but labour for his pains.
 Earth 's the Mole's element, she can't abide
 To be above ground, dirt-heaps are her pride ;
 And he is like her, who the worldling plays,
 He imitates her in her works and ways.

Poor silly Mole, that thou shouldst love to be
Where thou, nor sun, nor moon, nor stars canst see.
But oh! how silly 's he, who doth not care
So he gets earth, to have of heaven a share!



XXI.

OF THE CUCKOO.



THOU booby, say'ft thou nothing but Cuckoo?
 The Robin and the Wren can thee out-do.
 They to us play through their little throats,
 Not one, but sundry pretty tuneful notes.
 But thou haft fellows, some like thee can do
 Little but suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

Thy notes do not first welcome in our spring,
 Nor dost its first tokens to us bring.
 Birds less than thee by far, like prophets, do
 Tell us 'tis coming, though not by Cuckoo.

Nor dost thou summer have away with thee,
Though thou a yawling, bawling Cuckoo be.
When thou dost cease among us to appear,
Then doth our harvest bravely crown our year.
But thou hast fellows, some like thee can do
Little but suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.

Since Cuckoos forward not our early spring,
Nor help with notes to bring our harvest in :
And since, while here, she only makes a noise,
So pleasing unto none as girls and boys.
The Formalist we may compare her to,
For he doth suck our eggs, and sing Cuckoo.



XXII.

OF THE BOY AND BUTTERFLY.



BEHOLD, how eager this our little boy
 Is for a butterfly, as if all joy,
 All profits, honours, yea, and lasting pleasures,
 Were wrapt up in her, or the richest treasures
 Found in her would be bundled up together,
 When all her all is lighter than a feather.

He halloos, runs, and cries out, Here, boys, here!
 Nor doth he brambles or the nettles fear:
 He stumbles at the mole-hills, up he gets,
 And runs again, as one bereft of wits;

And all his labour and his large outcry
Is only for a silly butterfly.

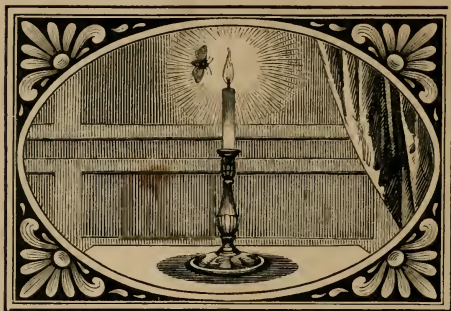
COMPARISON.

This little boy an emblem is of those
Whose hearts are wholly at the world's dispose.
The butterfly doth represent to me
The world's best things at best but fading be.
All are but painted nothings and false joys,
Like this poor butterfly to these our boys.
His running through nettles, thorns, and briers,
To gratify his boyish fond desires,
His tumbling over mole-hills to attain
His end, namely, his butterfly to gain;
Doth plainly shew what hazards some men run
To get what will be lost as soon as won.
Men seem in choice, than children far more wise,
Because they run not after butterflies:
When yet, alas! for what are empty toys,
They follow children, like to beardless boys.



XXIII.

OF THE FLY AT THE CANDLE.



WHAT ails this fly, thus desperately to enter
 A combat with the candle? Will she venture
 To catch at light? Away, thou silly fly;
 Thus doing, thou wilt burn thy wings and die.

But 'tis a folly her advice to give,
 She'll kill the candle, or she will not live.
 Slap, says she, at it; then she makes retreat,
 So wheels about, and doth her blows repeat.

Nor doth the candle let her quite escape,
But gives some little check unto the ape ;
Throws up her nimble heels, and down she falls,
Where she lies sprawling, and for succour calls.

When she recovers, up she gets again,
And at the candle comes with might and main.
But now behold, the candle takes the fly,
And holds her, till she doth by burning die.

COMPARISON.

This candle is an emblem of that light
Our gospel gives in this our darksome night.
The fly a lively picture is of those
That hate, and do this gospel-light oppose.
At last the gospel doth become their snare,
Doth them with burning hands in pieces tear.



XXIV.

ON THE RISING OF THE SUN.



LOOK, look, brave Sol doth peep up from beneath,
 Shews us his golden face, doth on us breathe ;
 Yea, he doth compass us around with glories,
 Whilst he ascends up to his highest stories.
 Where he his banner over us displays,
 And gives us light to see our works and ways.

Nor are we now as at the peep of light,
 To question, is it day, or is it night ?

The night is gone, the shadow 's fled away,
And now we are most certain that 'tis day.

And thus it is when Jesus shews His face,
And doth assure us of His love and grace.



XXV.

UPON THE PROMISING FRUITFULNESS OF A TREE.



A COMELY sight indeed it is to see
 A world of blossoms on an apple-tree :
 Yet far more comely would this tree appear,
 If all its dainty blooms young apples were.
 But how much more might one upon it see,
 If all would hang there till they ripe should be.
 But most of all in beauty 'twould abound,
 If every one should then be truly sound.
 But we, alas ! do commonly behold
 Blooms fall apace, if mornings be but cold ;

They, too, which hang till they young apples are,
 By blasting winds, and vermin take despair;
 Store that do hang, while almost ripe we see
 By bluf'ring winds are shaken from the tree.
 So that of many only some there be
 That grow and thrive to full maturity.

COMPARISON.

This tree a perfect emblem is of those
 Who do the garden of the Lord compose.
 Its blasted blooms are motions unto good,
 Which chill affections do nip in the bud.

Those little apples which yet blasted are,
 Shew some good purposes no good fruits bear.
 Those spoil'd by vermin are to let us see
 How good attempts by bad thoughts ruin'd be.

Those which the wind blows down while they are green,
 Shew good works have by trials spoiled been.
 Those that abide, while ripe upon the tree,
 Shew in a good man some ripe fruit will be.

Behold, then, how abortive some fruits are,
 Which at the first most promising doth appear.
 The frost, the wind, the worm, with time doth shew,
 There flow from much appearance works but few.

XXVI.

UPON THE THIEF.



THE thief when he doth steal thinks he doth gain;
 Yet then the greatest loss he doth sustain.
 Come, thief, tell me thy gain, but do not falter,
 When summ'd, what comes it to more than the halter?

Perhaps, thou 'lt say, The halter I defy;
 So thou mayst say, yet by the halter die.
 Thou 'lt say, Then there 's an end; no, prythee, hold,
 He was no friend of thine that thee so told.

Hear thou the word of God, that will thee tell,
Without repentance, thieves must go to hell.
But should it be as thy false prophet says,
Yet naught but loss doth come by thievish ways.

All honest men will flee thy company,
Thou liv'st a rogue, and so a rogue will die.
Innocent boldness thou hast none at all,
Thy inward thoughts do thee a villain call.

Sometimes when thou ly'st warmly on thy bed
Thou art like one unto the gallows led.
Fear, as a constable, breaks in upon thee—
Thou art as if the town were up to stone thee.

If hogs do grunt, or silly rats do ruffle,
Thou art in consternation, think't a buffle
By men about the door is made to take thee :
And all because good conscience doth forsake thee.

Thy case is so deplorable and bad,
Thou shun'st to think on't, lest thou shouldst be mad :
Thou art beset with mischiefs every way.
The gallows groaneth for thee every day.

Wherefore, I pr'ythee, thief, thy theft forbear,
Consult thy safety, pr'ythee, have a care.
If once thy head be got within the noose,
'Twill be too late a longer life to choose.

As to the penitent thou readest of,
What's that to them who at repentance scoff.
Nor is that grace at thy command or pow'r,
That thou shouldst put it off till the last hour.
I pr'ythee, thief, think on't, and turn betime :
Few go to life who do the gallows climb.



XXVII.

OF THE CHILD WITH THE BIRD ON THE BUSH.



MY little bird, how canst thou sit
 And sing amidst so many thorns?
 Let me but hold upon thee get,
 My love with honour thee adorns.

Thou art at present little worth;
 Five farthings none will give for thee.
 But, pr'ythee, little bird, come forth,
 Thou of more value art to me.

'Tis true it is sunshine to-day,
 To-morrow birds will have a storm ;
 My pretty one, come thou away,
 My bosom then shall keep thee warm.

Thou subject art to cold o' nights,
 When darknefs is thy covering ;
 By day thy danger's great by kites,
 How canst thou then sit there and sing ?

Thy food is scarce and scanty too,
 'Tis worms and trash which thou dost eat ;
 Thy present state I pity do,
 Come, I'll provide thee better meat.

I'll feed thee with white bread and milk,
 And sugar-plums, if thou them crave ;
 I'll cover thee with finest silk,
 That from the cold I may thee save.

My father's palace shall be thine,
 Yea, in it thou shalt sit and sing ;
 My little bird, if thou 'lt be mine,
 The whole year round should be thy spring.

I'll teach thee all the notes at court ;
 Unthought of music thou shalt play :
 And all that thither do resort
 Shall praise thee for it every day.

I'll keep thee safe from cat and cur,
 No manner o' harm shall come to thee :
 Yea, I will be thy succourer,
 My bosom shall thy cabin be.

But lo, behold, the bird is gone ;
 These charmings would not make her yield :
 The child's left at the bush alone,
 The bird flies yonder o'er the field.

COMPARISON.

This child of Christ an emblem is ;
 This bird to sinners I compare :
 The thorns are like those sins of his
 Which do surround him everywhere.

Her songs, her food, and sunshine day,
 Are emblems of those foolish toys
 Which to destruction lead the way,
 The fruit of worldly, empty joys.

The arguments this child doth choose
 To draw to him a bird thus wild,
 Shews Christ familiar speech doth use
 To make him to be reconciled.

The bird, in that she takes her wing
To speed her from Him after all,
Shews us vain man loves anything
Much better than the heavenly call.



XXVIII.

OF MOSES AND HIS WIFE.



THIS Mofes was a fair and comely man ;
 His wife a swarthy Æthiopian :
 Nor did his milk-white bosom change her skin,
 She came out thence as black as she went in.
 Now Mofes was a type of Mofes' law,
 His wife likewise of one that never saw
 Another way unto eternal life ;
 There 's myff'ry, then, in Mofes and his wife.

The law is very holy, juft, and good,
 And to it is espoufed all fleth and blood :

But yet the law its goodneſs can't beſtow
On any that are wedded thereunto.

Therefore as Moſes' wife came ſwarthy in,
And went out from him without change of ſkin :
So he that doth the law for life adore,
Shall yet by it be left a black-a-moor.



XXIX.

OF THE ROSE-BUSH.



THIS homely bush doth to mine eyes expose
 A very fair, yea, comely, ruddy rose.
 This rose doth always bow its head to me,
 Saying, Come, pluck me, I thy rose will be ;
 Yet offer I to gather rose or bud,
 Ten to one but the bush will have my blood.

This looks like a trepan or a decoy,
 To offer, and yet snap, who would enjoy ;
 Yea, the more eager on 't, the more in danger,
 Be he the master of it or a stranger.

Bush, why dost bear a rose if none must have it?
 Why dost expose it, yet claw those that crave it?
 Art become freakish? Dost the wanton play,
 Or doth thy tefty humour tend this way?

COMPARISON.

This rose God's Son is, with His ruddy looks:
 But what 's the bush? whose pricks, like tenter-hooks,
 Do scratch and claw the finest lady's hands,
 Or rend her clothes, if she too near it stands.

This bush an emblem is of Adam's race,
 Of which Christ came, when He His Father's grace
 Commended to us in His crimson blood,
 While He in sinners' stead and nature stood.

Thus Adam's race did bear this dainty rose,
 And doth the same to Adam's race expose.
 But those of Adam's race which at it catch,
 Them will the race of Adam claw and scratch.



XXX.

OF THE GOING DOWN OF THE SUN.



WHAT, hast thou run thy race, art going down?
 Why, as one angry, dost thou on us frown?
 Why wrap thy head with clouds, and hide thy
 face,
 As threat'ning to withdraw from us thy grace?

Oh, leave us not! when once thou hidst thy head,
 Our horizon with darknefs will be spread.
 Tell, who hath thee offended, turn again:
 Alas! too late, entreaties are in vain!

COMPARISON.

The gospel here has had a summer's day,
But in its sunshine we, like fools, did play ;
Or else fall out, and with each other wrangle,
And did, instead of work, not much but jangle.

And if our sun seems angry, hides his face,
Shall it go down, shall night possess this place ?
Let not the voice of night-birds us afflict,
And of our mis-spent summer us convict.



XXXI.

UPON THE FROG.



HE frog by nature is both damp and cold,
Her mouth is large, her belly much will hold ;
She sits somewhat ascending, loves to be
Croaking in gardens, though unpleasantly.

COMPARISON.

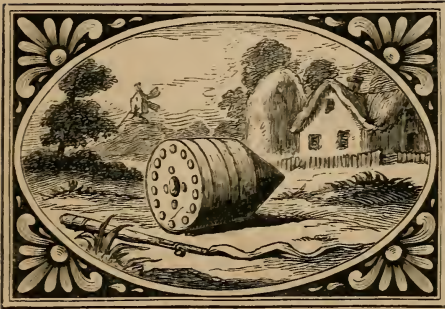
The hypocrite is like unto this Frog ;
As like as is the puppy to the dog.

He is of nature cold, his mouth is wide
To prate, and at true goodnefs to deride.
And though the world is that which has his love,
He mounts his head, as if he lived above.
And though he seeks in churches for to croak,
He neither seeketh Jefus nor His yoke.



XXXII.

UPON THE WHIPPING OF A TOP.



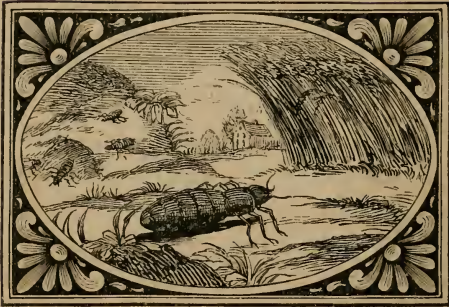
IS with the whip the boy sets up the top,
 The whip does make it whirl upon its toe ;
 Hither and thither makes it skip and hop :
 'Tis with the whip the top is made to go.

COMPARISON.

Our legalist is like this nimble top,
 Without a whip he will not duty do.
 Let Moses whip him, he will skip and hop ;
 Forbear to whip, he 'll neither stand nor go.

XXXIII.

UPON THE PISMIRE.



MUST we upon the Pismire go to school,
 To learn of her in summer to provide
 For winter next ensuing; man's a fool,
 Or silly ants would not be made his guide.
 But, sluggard, is it not a shame for thee
 To be outdone by pismires? Pr'ythee, hear:
 Their works, too, will thy condemnation be,
 When at the judgment-seat thou shalt appear.
 But since thy God doth bid thee to her go,
 Obey, her ways consider, and be wise:
 The Pismires will inform thee what to do,
 And set the way to life before thine eyes.

XXXIV.

UPON THE BEGGAR.



HE wants, he asks, he pleads his poverty,
 They within doors do him an alms deny.
 He doth repeat and aggravate his grief;
 But they repulse him, give him no relief.

He begs, they say, Begone: he will not hear,
 He coughs and sighs, to shew he still is there;
 They disregard him, he repeats his groans;
 They still say nay, and he himself bemoans.
 They call him vagrant, and more rugged grow;
 He cries the shriller; trumpets out his woe.

At last, when they perceive he'll take no nay,
An alms they give him without more delay.

COMPARISON.

The beggar doth resemble them that pray
To God for mercy, and will take no nay :
But wait, and count that all his hard gainfays
Are nothing else but fatherly delays :
Then imitate him, praying souls, and cry,
There 's nothing like to importunity.



XXXV.

UPON THE HORSE AND HIS RIDER.



THERE'S one rides very sagely on the road :
 Shewing that he affects the gravest mode :
 Another rides tantivy, or full trot,
 To shew such gravity he matters not.

Lo ! here comes one amain, he rides full speed,
 Hedge, ditch, or miry bog, he doth not heed.
 One claws it up-hill, without stop or check,
 Another down, as if he'd break his neck.
 Now every horse has his especial guider :
 Then by his going you may know the rider.

COMPARISON.

Now let us turn our horſe into the man,
The rider to a ſpirit, if we can :
Then let us, by the methods of the guider,
Tell every horſe how he ſhould know his rider.

Some go as men direct, in a right way,
Nor are they ſuffer'd e'er to go aſtray :
As with a bridle they are govern'd well,
And ſo are kept from paths that lead to hell.

Now this good man has his eſpecial guider :
Then by his going, let him know his rider.

Another goes as if he did not care,
Whether of heaven or hell he ſhould be heir.
The rein, it ſeems, is laid upon his neck,
And he purſues his way without a check.

Now this man, too, has his eſpecial guider,
And by his going he may know his rider.

Again, ſome run as if reſolv'd to die,
Body and ſoul to all eternity.
Good counſel they by no means can abide ;
They'll have their courſe, whatever them betide.

Now theſe poor men have their eſpecial guider,
Were they not fools, they ſoon might know their rider.

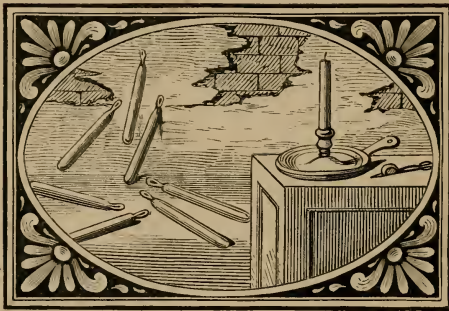
There's one makes head againſt all godlineſs,
Thoſe, too, that do profeſs it he'll diſtreſs :
He'll taunt and flout if goodneſs doth appear ;
And thoſe that love it he will mock and jeer.

Now this man, too, has his eſpecial guider ;
And by his going he may know his rider.



XXXVI.

UPON THE SIGHT OF A POUND OF CANDLES
FALLING TO THE GROUND.



B

UT are the candles down, and scatter'd too,
Some lying here, some there? What shall we
do?

Hold, light the candle there that stands on high,
The other candles you may find thereby.
Light that, I say, and so take up the pound
Which you let fall, and scatter'd on the ground.

COMPARISON.

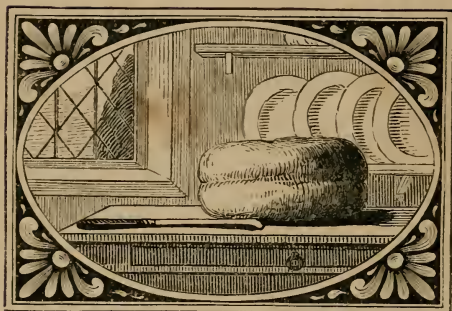
The fallen candles to us intimate
The bulk of God's elect in their lapsed state ;
Their lying scatter'd in the dark may be,
To shew by man's lapsed state his misery.

The candle that was taken down and lighted,
Thereby to find them fallen and benighted,
Is Jesus Christ : God by His light doth gather
Whom He will save, and be to them a Father.



XXXVII.

UPON A PENNY LOAF.



THY price one penny is in time of plenty ;
 In famine doubled 'tis from one to twenty.
 Yea, no man knows what price on thee to set,
 When there is but one penny loaf to get.

COMPARISON.

'The loaf's an emblem of the Word of God,
 A thing of low esteem ; before the rod
 Of famine smites the soul with fear of death :
 But then it is our all, our life, our breath.

XXXVIII.

THE BOY AND WATCHMAKER.



THIS watch my father did on me bestow,
 A golden one it is, but 'twill not go,
 Unless it be at an uncertainty :
 But as good none as one to tell a lie.

When 'tis high day, my hand will stand at nine ;
 I think there 's no man's watch so bad as mine.
 Sometimes 'tis sullen, 'twill not go at all,
 And yet 'twas never broke, nor had a fall.

WATCHMAKER

Your watch, though it be good, through want of skill
 May fail to do according to your will.
 Suppose the balance-wheels and spring be good,
 And all things else, unless you understood
 To manage it, as watches ought to be,
 Your watch will still be at uncertainty.
 Come, tell me, do you keep it from the dust,
 And wind it daily, that it may not rust?
 Take heed, too, that you do not strain the spring;
 You must be circumspect in everything,
 Or else your watch will not exactly go,
 'Twill stand, or run too fast, or move too slow.

COMPARISON.

This boy resembles one that's turn'd from sin;
 His watch the curious work of grace within.
 The Watchmaker is Jesus Christ our Lord,
 His counsel the directions of His Word;
 Then, Convert, if thy heart be out of frame,
 Of this Watchmaker learn to mend the frame.
 Do not lay open thy heart to worldly dust,
 Nor let thy graces overgrow with rust;
 But oft renew'd in th' spirit of thy mind,
 Or else uncertain thou thy watch wilt find.

XXXIX.

UPON A LOOKING-GLASS.



IN this, see thou thy beauty, hast thou any ;
 Or thy defects, should they be few or many.
 Thou mayst, too, here thy spots and freckles
 see,

Hast thou but eyes, and what their numbers be.
 But art thou blind? There is no looking-glass
 Can shew thee thy defects, thy spots, or face.

COMPARISON.

Unto this glass we may compare the Word,
 For that to man assistance doth afford.

Has he a mind to know himself and state,
To see what will be his eternal fate.

But without eyes, alas! how can he see?
Many that seem to look here, blind men be.
This is the reason they so often read
Their judgment there, and do it nothing dread.



XL.

OF THE LOVE OF CHRIST.



THE love of Christ, poor I! may touch upon;
 But 'tis unsearchable. Oh! there is none
 Its large dimensions can comprehend,
 Should they dilate thereon, world without end.

When we had sinn'd, He in His zeal did swear,
 That He upon His back our sins would bear.
 And since to sin there is entailed death,
 He vow'd that for our sins He'd lose His breath.

He did not only say, vow, or resolve,
 But to astonishment did so involve

Himself in man's distress and misery,
As for and with him both to live and die.

To His eternal fame in sacred story,
We find that He did lay aside His glory,
Stepp'd from the throne of highest dignity,
Became poor man, did in a manger lie ;
Yea, was beholden upon His for bread,
Had, of His own, not where to lay His head :
Though rich, He did for us become thus poor,
That He might make us rich for evermore.

Yet this was but the least of what He did ;
But the outside of what He suffered.
God made His blessed Son under the law ;
Under the curse, which, like the lion's paw,
Did rend and tear His soul, for mankind's sin,
More than if we for it in hell had been.
His cries, His tears, and bloody agony,
The nature of His death doth testify.

Nor did He of constraint Himself thus give
For sin to death, that man might with Him live.
He did do what He did most willingly,
He sung, and gave God thanks that He must die.
Did ever king die for a captive slave ?
Yet such were we whom Jesus died to save.
Yea, when He made Himself a sacrifice,
It was that He might save His enemies.

And, though He was provoked to retract
His blest resolves to do so kind an act,
By the abusive carriages of those
That did both Him, His love, and grace oppose ;
Yet He, as unconcern'd about such things,
Goes on, determines to make captive kings :
Yea, many of His murderers He takes
Into His favour, and them princes makes.



XLI.

ON THE CACKLING OF A HEN.

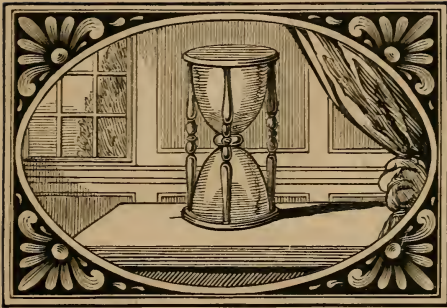


THE Hen so soon as she an egg doth lay,
 (Spreads the fame of her doing what she may,)
 About the yard a cackling she doth go,
 To tell what 'twas she at her nest did do.

Just thus it is with some professing men,
 If they do aught that's good; they, like our hen,
 Cannot but cackle on 't where'er they go,
 And what their right hand doth their left must know.

XLII.

UPON AN HOUR-GLASS.



THIS glafs when made, was by the workman's
skill,

The sum of sixty minutes to fulfil.
Time, more nor lefs, by it will out be spun,
But juft an hour, and then the glafs is run.

Man's life we will compare unto this glafs,
The number of his months he cannot pafs :
But when he has accomplished his day,
He, like a vapour, vanifheth away.

XLIII.

UPON A SNAIL.



SHE goes but softly, but she goeth sure,
 She stumbles not, as stronger creatures
 do ;

Her journey 's shorter, so she may endure
 Better than they which do much further go.

She makes no noise, but stilly seizeth on
 The flower or herb appointed for her food ;
 The which she quietly doth feed upon,
 While others range and glare, but find no good.

And though she doth but very softly go,
 However slow her pace be, yet 'tis sure ;
And certainly they that do travel so,
 The prize which they do aim at they procure.

Although they seem not much to stir or go,
 Who thirst for Christ, and who from wrath do flee ;
Yet what they seek for quickly they come too,
 Though it doth seem the furthest off to be.

One act of faith doth bring them to that flower
 They so long for, that they may eat and live ;
Which to attain is not in other's power,
 Though for it a king's ransom they would give.

Then let none faint, nor be at all dismay'd,
 That life by Christ do seek, they shall not fail
To have it ; let them nothing be afraid ;
 The herb and flower are eaten by the snail.



XLIV.

OF THE SPOUSE OF CHRIST.



WHO'S this that cometh from the wildernes,
 Like smoky pillars thus perfumed with myrrh,
 Leaning upon her dearest in distress,
 Placed in His bosom by the Comforter ?

She's clothed with the sun, crown'd with twelve stars,
 The spotted moon her footstool she hath made ;
 The dragon her assaults, fills her with jars,
 Yet rests she under her Beloved's shade.

But whence was she ? What is her pedigree ?

Was not her father a poor Amorite ?

What was her mother, but as others be,

A Hittite sinful, poor, and helpless quite.

Yea, as for her, the day that she was born,

As loathsome, out of doors they did her cast ;

Naked and filthy, stinking and forlorn :

This was her pedigree from first to last.

Nor was she pitied in this estate,

All let her lie polluted in her blood :

None her condition did commiserate,

There was no heart that sought to do her good.

Yet she unto these ornaments is come,

Her breasts are fashion'd, and her hair is grown ;

She is made heiress of a heavenly home,

All her indignities away are blown.

Cast out she was, but now she home is taken,

Once she was naked, now you see she's clad ;

Now made the darling, though before forsaken,

Bare foot but now as princes' daughters shod.

Instead of filth, she now has her perfumes,

Instead of ignominy, chains of gold :

Instead of what the beauty most consumes,

Her beauty's perfect, lovely to behold.

Those that attend and wait upon her be
Princes of honour clothed in white array ;
Upon her head 's a crown of gold, and she
Eats honey, wheat, and oil, from day to day.

For her beloved, He 's the high'ft of all,
The only Potentate, the King of kings :
Angels and men do Him Jehovah call,
And from Him life and glory always springs.

He 's white and ruddy, and of all the chief ;
His head, His locks, His eyes, His hands, and feet,
Do for completeneſs outdo all belief,
His cheeks like flowers are, His mouth moſt sweet.

As for His wealth, He is made heir of all,
What is in heaven, what is in earth is His :
And He this lady His joint heir doth call,
Of all that shall be, or at preſent is.

Well, lady, well, God has been good to thee ;
Thou of an outcaſt, now art made a queen.
Few or none may with thee compared be,
A beggar made thus high is ſeldom ſeen.

Take heed of pride, remember what thou art
By nature, though thou haſt in grace a ſhare,
Thou in thyſelf doſt yet retain a part
Of thine own filthineſs : wherefore beware.

XLV.

UPON A SKILFUL PLAYER ON AN INSTRUMENT.



HE that can play well on an instrument,
 Will take the ear, and captivate the mind
 With mirth or sadness, when it is intent ;
 And music into it a way doth find.

But if one hears that hath therein no skill,
 (As often music lights of such a chance,)
 Of its brave notes they soon be weary will :
 And there are some can neither sing nor dance.

COMPARISON.

To him that thus most skilfully doth play,
God doth compare a gospel-minifter,
That doth with life and vigour preach and pray,
Applying right what he doth there infer.

Whether this man of wrath or grace doth preach,
So skilfully he handles every word,
And by his saying, doth the heart so reach,
That it doth joy or sigh before the Lord.

But some there be, which, as the brute doth lie
Under the word, without the least advance :
Such do despise the gospel miniftry ;
They weep not at it, neither to it dance.



XLVI.

OF MAN BY NATURE.



FROM God he 's a backslider,
 Of ways he loves the wider ;
 With wickedness a sider,
 More venom than a spider.

In sin he 's a confider,
 A make-bate and divider ;
 Blind reason is his guider,
 The devil is his rider.

XLVII.

UPON THE DISOBEDIENT CHILD.



CHILDREN, when little, how do they delight us !
 When they grow bigger, they begin to fright us.
 Their sinful nature prompts them to rebel,
 And to delight in paths that lead to hell.
 Their parents' love and care they overlook,
 As if relation had them quite forlook.
 They take the counsels of the wanton rather
 Than the most grave instructions of a father.
 They reckon parents ought to do for them,
 Though they the fifth commandment do contemn.

They snap and snarl, if parents them control,
Although in things most hurtful to the soul;
They reckon they are masters, and that we
Who parents are should to them subject be!
If parents fain would have a hand in choosing,
The children have a heart still in refusing.
They, by wrong doings, from their parents gather,
And say it is no sin to rob a father.
They'll jostle parents out of place and power,
They'll make themselves the head, and them devour.
How many children by becoming head
Have brought their parents to a piece of bread!
Thus they who at the first were parents' joy,
Turn that to bitterness, themselves destroy.

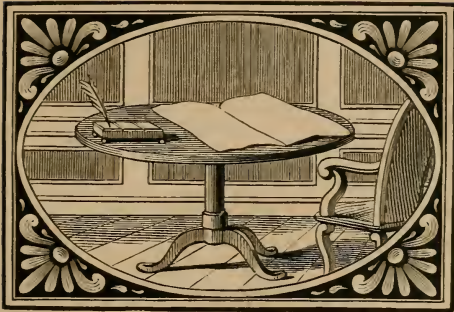
But, wretched child, how canst thou thus requite
Thy aged parents, for that great delight
They took in thee, when thou as helpless lay
In their indulgent bosoms day by day?
Thy mother, long before she brought thee forth,
Took care thou shouldst want neither food nor cloth.
Thy father glad was at his very heart,
Had he to thee a portion to impart.
Comfort they promised themselves in thee,
But thou, it seems, to them a grief will be.
How oft, how willingly, brake they their sleep,
If thou, their bantling, didst but wince or weep!
Their love to thee was such, they could have given,
That thou mightst live, all but their part of heaven.

But now, behold, how they rewarded are!
For their indulgent love and tender care,
All is forgot, this love they do despise.
They brought this bird up to pick out their eyes.



XLVIII.

UPON A SHEET OF WHITE PAPER.



THIS paper 's handled by the sons of men,
 Both with the fairest and the foulest pen.
 'Twill also shew what is upon it writ,
 Whether 'tis wisely done, or void of wit.
 Each blot and blur it also will expose
 To the next readers, be they friends or foes.

COMPARISON.

Some souls are like unto this blank or sheet,
 (Though not in whiteness :) The next man they meet,

Be what he will, a good man or deluder,
A knave or fool, the dangerous intruder
May write thereon, to cause that man to err,
In doctrine or in life, with blot and blur.
Nor will that soul conceal wherein it swerves,
But shew itself to each one that observes.
A reading man may know who was the writer,
And by the hellish nonsense the inditer.



XLIX.

UPON THE FIRE.



WHO falls into the fire shall burn with heat,
 While those remote scorn from it to retreat.
 Yea, while those in it cry out, "Oh! I burn,"
 Some further off those cries to laughter turn.

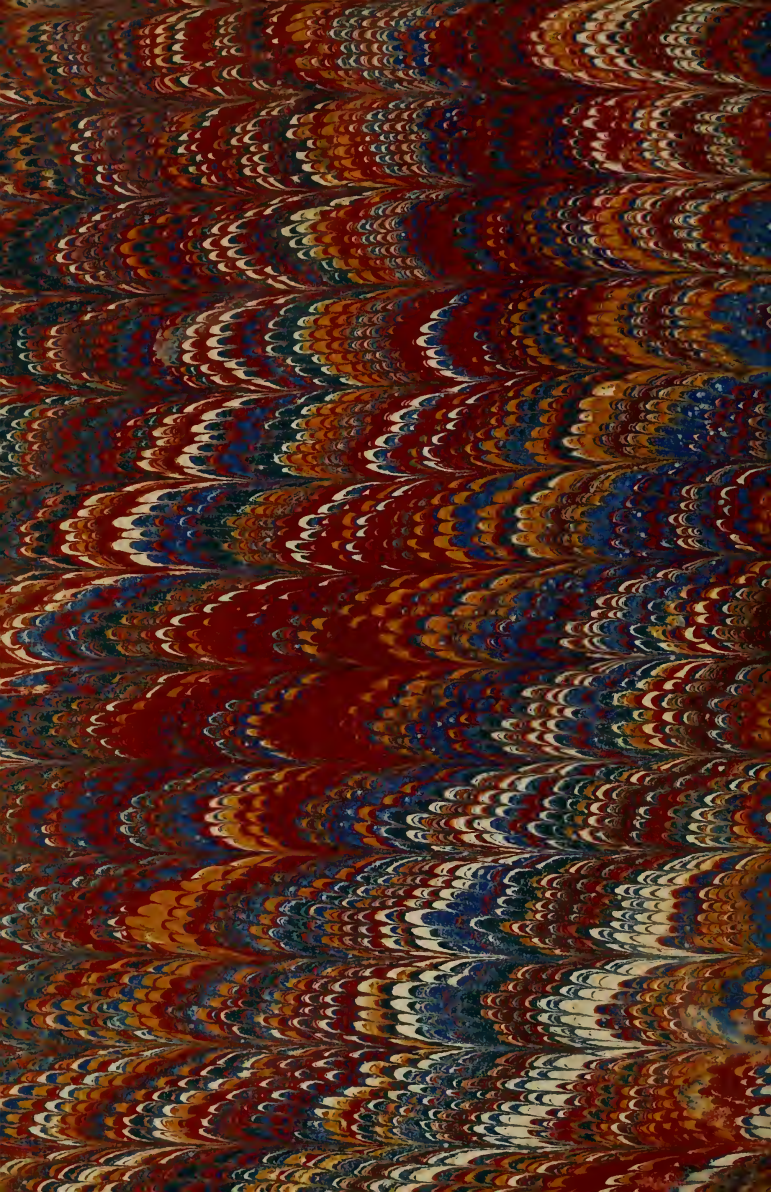
COMPARISON.


While some tormented are in hell for sin,
 On earth some greatly do delight therein.
 Yea, while some make it echo with their cry,
 Others count it a fable and a lie.



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