Religio Medici.
Religio Medici

BY

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

Physician

BEING

A Facsimile of the First Edition

PUBLISHED IN 1642

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

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PREFACE.

In the case of every standard work (and it is generally acknowledged that the Religio Medici has taken its place among the English Classics), there is a certain antiquarian and bibliographical interest connected with the first edition. Many persons like to see the actual type and paper and binding in which it was first given to the world; and many take a pleasure in tracing the alterations (not always improvements,) made by the Author in successive editions. But there is a special interest attaching to the Religio Medici occasioned by the peculiar circumstances under which the little book was published. It was written by Sir Thomas Browne, about the year 1635, solely for his
own amusement and edification, and without any idea of its ever being seen by any eyes except his own and those few friends to whom he might choose to show it. There were several MS. copies of the work, one of which found its way into the hands of a bookseller, who printed and published it in 1642, without the consent or knowledge of the Author. This in a manner compelled Sir Thomas Browne to publish in the following year 'A true and full copy of that which was most imperfectly and surreptitiously printed before under the name of Religio Medici,* in which there were numerous omissions, additions and alterations. This authorized edition, as being that which the Author himself prepared for the public view, has of course been the one that has been re-

* These words would almost justify the conjecture that the title, Religio Medici, was retained by Sir Thomas Browne in the authorized edition simply because it was that by which it had already become known to the public.
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printed nearly thirty times; but as, since Wilkin's time (1835), the principal variations in the older edition have excited attention, chiefly on account of the personal traits of character displayed in it, this is now for the first time republished.

It should, however, be stated that there are in fact two unauthorized editions, both issued by the same publisher in the same year; and these are so much alike, that, unless they are examined together, they might easily be taken for one and the same book.

The points of difference between them are the following:—1. the form of some of the capital letters is occasionally different; 2. A (so-called) has pp. 190—B, 159; 3. A has 25 lines in a page—B, 26; and the lines in A are shorter than those in B.

It is not quite certain which of these editions was printed first, but, while there do not appear to be any reasons for believing B to have the priority, the follow-
ing may be mentioned in favour of A:—
1. where there is a variation in the text, the reading of B is generally preferable; and
2. the first authorized edition (C), which might perhaps be expected to be modelled by the printer on the second edition rather than the first, does in fact agree with B, rather than A, in the number of lines in a page (viz. 26), and in the form of the capital letters, when A and B differ. Of course these reasons are not sufficient to prove the point; but upon the whole, in the absence of any on the other side, we may be quite inclined to agree with Wilkin in thinking that A was the earlier edition of the two:—and it is this, accordingly, which is reprinted in the following facsimile.

In giving to the world a fac-simile, all the typographical errors of the original copy are of course faithfully reproduced; and where these are perfectly plain, so as to occasion no inconvenience to the reader,
there is no occasion to notice them. Sometimes, however, the meaning of the false reading is by no means clear, and in such cases it seems only due to the reader to tell him what the Author really intended to say. Accordingly, the most important variations between the genuine and the spurious editions are given below; and in two or three cases, which seem to bear upon Sir Thomas Browne's personal character, the significance of the alterations is pointed out.

Page 3, line 13. 'Avarice of Presbyters' is changed in the authorized edition (which may, for the sake of brevity, be designated C.) into 'avarice of Prelates' (sect. 2).

Page 4, line 5, 'desperate Resolvers' is changed in C. (sect. 3) into 'desperate Resolutions,' a singular use of the abstract for the concrete, which is very common with Sir T. B.

Page 6, line 8 from bottom, for 'an occasion,' read 'an oration,' i.e., a prayer, which
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is altered in C. (sect. 3) to 'an elevation,' *i.e.*, of the thoughts to Heaven.

Page 9, lines 1–3. The words 'no man ... more' are omitted in C. (sect. 5).

Page 9, line penult. 'Confuted not,' changed in C. (sect. 5) into 'refused not.'

Page 11, line 7 from bottom, for 'to agree,' read 'to argue.'

Page 13, line 8, 'I shall injure truth.' These words are changed in C. (sect. 6) into 'I hope I shall not injure truth.'

'This alteration of the reading is interesting, as showing that about 1635, when Browne was thirty years old, and wrote the *Religio Medici*, he could not, without injury to truth, say that he had no taint or tincture of heresies, schisms, or errors; but that, eight years later, when the first authorized edition was published, his opinions had so far changed, that he hoped he should not injure truth in saying that he had no longer any such taint or tincture in him.' (Note in edition 1881.)
Page 15, line 12. Instead of the 'Chiliast,' C. (sect. 7) has 'Origen.'

Page 22, line 4 from bottom. After 'Horoscope,' C. (sect. 11) adds, 'with the world.'

Page 23, line 4, for 'Apostles,' read 'Angels.'

Page 23, line 12, for 'what others,' read 'all others,' with a comma after 'is.'

Page 23, line 14, for 'senses,' read 'tenses.'

Page 25, line 6, for 'pretty,' read 'petty.'

Page 25, line 15, for 'in a narrow sense,' C. (sect. 12) has 'in too large a sense.'

Page 26, line antep., for 'diviner,' read 'dimmer.'

Page 27, line 4, for 'servators,' read 'senators.'

Page 27, line ult., for 'to propound,' C. (sect. 13) has 'to profound.'

Page 28, line 9, for 'before at the first,' C. (sect. 13) has 'before the sixth day.'
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Page 33, line 13, for 'swarve by,' read 'swerve but by,'—a mistake which remained uncorrected in many editions.

Page 34, line 6, for 'aforesaid,' read 'forelaid.'

Page 35, line 4 from bottom, after 'forme,' add 'nor was it yet impregnate.'

Page 37, line 7 from bottom, insert 'Fougade.'

Page 39, line antep., for 'nature,' read 'fortune.'

Page 43, line 8, for 'Asorites,' read 'a Sorites.'

Page 51, line 3. 'Very difficult' is altered in C. (sect. 22) into 'very feasible.'

Page 53, line 8 from bottom. The sentence from 'As to prove,' as far as 'England,' (page 54, line 1,) is omitted in C. (sect. 22).

Page 55, line 2, 'that thought the Alcaran,' &c.] Some words are omitted here, whereby the sense is completely destroyed, so that Sir Kenelm Digby might well say, in his Observations on Religio Medici
(vol. ii., p. 463, in Bohn's edition of Browne's Works), 'I doubt he mistakes in his chronology, or the printer in the name, when he maketh Ptolemy condemn the Alcoran.' The correct reading is, 'Ptolomy, that thought not his library compleate without it [i.e., the Book of the Holy Scriptures] : the Alcaran,' etc.

Page 60, 'line 5 from bottom, for 'and audacity,' read 'as audacity.'

Page 62, line 6, for 'it is false divinity if I say,' C. (sect. 26) has 'he must needs offend the divinity of both that says.'

Page 65, line 7 from bottom. 'Cannot' is no doubt a mistake for 'can.' The words 'but sinne' are omitted in C. (sect. 27), without any very obvious reason.

Page 67, line penult., for 'time,' read 'time present.'

Page 68, line 7. After 'but,' C. (sect. 29) inserts the words, 'as some will have it.'

Page 69, line 13, for 'transplant,' read 'transpeciate.'
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Page 70, line 11, for 'deemed,' read 'denied.'

Page 71, line 3, for 'actively,' read 'aptly.'

Page 71, line 5 from bottom, for 'Accendens,' read 'Ascendens.'

Page 71, line 4 from bottom, for 'quaerentiquis animalia,' read 'quaerentibus magnalia.'

Page 75, line 11, for 'heavenly place,' C. (sect. 32) has 'humble place.'

Page 77, line 14, for 'two plant-animals,' C. (sect. 33) has 'plants and animals.'

Page 79, line 4, for 'naturall self,' C. (sect. 33) has 'numerical self.'

Page 80, line 9 from bottom, for 'while wee stile,' read 'wee stile it;' and insert 'tis' after 'alone,' two lines below.

Page 80, line penult., read 'Creator.'

Page 82, line 9 from bottom, for 'last chapter,' read 'first chapter.'

Page 86, line 6, for 'assertions,' read 'affections.'
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Page 87, line 8, for 'any other,' read 'any author.'

Page 87, line antep., for 'reasonably,' C. (sect. 36) has 'peremptorily;' and in the next line inserts 'and in all acceptions' after 'wholly.'

Page 88, line 9, for 'the nearer ubi,' C. (sect. 36) has 'the hand.'

Page 89, line 11, for 'may fall,' read 'must fall.'

Page 91, line 7 from bottom, for 'holds,' C. (sect. 37) has 'beholds.'

Page 93, line 2, for 'but with,' C. (sect. 38) has 'without.'

Page 93, line 5 from bottom, for 'desire death,' C. (sect. 38) has 'defie death,' which does not seem to be an improvement.

Page 95, line 11, before 'the manifestation' insert 'though for.'

Page 95, line 6 from bottom, for 'in use,' read 'in us.'

Page 96, line 9. After 'sleepe,' C. (sect. 39) adds the qualifying words 'a while.'
Page 99, line 3, for 'nearest way,' read 'neatest way.'

Page 99, line 8 from bottom, for 'the same,' read 'the sun.'

Page 99, line 5 from bottom, for 'participate,' read 'anticipate.'

Page 100, line 10, for 'by them,' read 'unto them.'

Page 101, lines 14–penult. The words from 'the course' to 'death' are omitted in C. (sect. 42), and a much longer paragraph is substituted.

Page 102, line 8, for 'it makes,' read 'to make's,' viz. 'to make us.'

Page 105, line penult., for 'can informe me,' read 'cannot informe me.'

Page 105, line ult., and page 106, line 4, for 'I' and 'me,' C. (sect. 45) has 'some' and 'them,' another instance of the writer's cautious modifications.

Page 108, line 12, for 'no man,' C. (sect. 46), has 'hardly any man.'

Page 106, line 10, for 'any judicall pro-
ceeding,' C. (sect. 45) has 'any such judicial proceeding.'

Page 107, line 12 from bottom, for 'philosophy,' read 'prophecies.'

Page 108, line 8. Between 'Antichrist' and 'the Philosopher's stone' several lines are inserted in C. (sect. 46).

Page 112, line 8 from bottom, to page 113, line 5. The passage from 'What is made' to 'immortall' is omitted in C (sect. 48).

Page 113, line 7, read 'revivification.'

Page 113, line 17, for 'those secret,' read 'their secret.'

Page 114, line 2, for 'combustible,' read 'incombustible.'

Page 114, line 4. 'This I make good by experience, and can' is altered in C. (sect. 48) into 'This is made good by experience, which can.'

Page 116, line 3, for 'the sense,' read 'the soul.'

Page 116, line 12 from bottom, for 'and shall,' read 'all shall.'
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Page 117, line 5 from bottom, for 'to have,' read 'to hand.'

Page 120, line 10, for 'factiously,' read 'facetiously.' The words 'yea, and urge Scripture for it,' are omitted in C. (sect. 50).

Page 121, line 1, for 'syen' (i.e., scion), C. (sect. 50) has 'seed.'

Page 122, line antep., for 'to detaine,' read 'to deter.'

Page 124, line 8. Insert 'better' before 'to the worst;' and for 'that,' in line 9, read 'than.'

Page 124, line 14, omit 'say.'

Page 126, line ult., for 'principle,' read 'simile.'

Page 129, line 5, read 'lye at a close ward.'

Page 129, line 6, read 'lye not open.'

Page 131, line 2. 'Cannot divine,' softened in C. (sect. 57) to 'can hardly divine.'

Page 133, line 7. Instead of 'how much,' C. (sect. 59) has 'how little.'

Page 133, line 10 from bottom After
'is true,' C. (sect. 59) adds the qualifying words, 'in some sense.'

Page 136, line 5 from bottom, for 'Flemish,' C. (sect. 1) has 'French.'

Page 137, line 2, read 'seem for to be framed.'

Page 137, line 5, for 'all ages,' read 'all airs.'

Page 137, line 15, altered in C. (sect. 2) thus: 'hate any essence but the devil, or so at least abhor any thing.'

Page 137, line 20, for 'great inquiry,' read 'great enemy.'

Page 139, line 4, for 'and filed,' read another filed.'

Page 141, line 4 from bottom, for 'can' read 'cannot'—a mistake which passed through many editions uncorrected.

Page 141, line antep., read 'I hold.'

Page 141, line penult., read 'phytognomy.'

Page 142, line 7 from bottom, read 'à la volée.'
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Page 143, line 3, for 'made mention,' read 'made no mention.'

Page 143, line 5, for 'never,' read 'neerer.'

Page 144, line 1, for 'carefully,' C. (sect. 2) has 'carelessly.'

Page 148, line 1, for 'not one controversy,' C. (sect. 3) has 'not many controversies.'

Page 150, lines 6, 8, read 'bravache,' 'larron.'

Page 151, line 10, for 'in life,' read 'the life.'

Page 151, line antepenult., for 'Noble natures . . . . are not railed into vice,' C. (sect. 4) has 'Noble natures . . . . are railed into vice, that might as easily be admonished into virtue.'

Page 152, line 14, for 'divided,' read 'derived.'

Page 153, line 7, for 'magnifie,' C. (sect. 4) has 'manifest.'

Page 154, line 5. 'There is no man'] C. (sect. 5) inserts the words, 'I think.'
Page 156, line 2. 'Which I could not'] C. (sect. 5) inserts the words, 'methinks upon some grounds.'

Page 158, line 6 from bottom. 'He cannot love ... that will,' is altered in C. (sect. 6) into, 'He that can love ... will.'

Page 159, line 9 from bottom, for 'departed spirit,' read 'departing spirit.' The 'passing bell' in this sentence must not be confounded with the funeral bell mentioned above, page 16, line 11.

Page 159, line 4 from bottom, for 'a zealous oration,' C. (sect. 6) has 'supplication.' (See above, page 6, line 8 from bottom.)

Page 160, line 15, read 'former years.'

Page 160, line 6 from bottom, for 'securer,' C. (sect. 7) has 'severer.'

Page 161, line 12, for 'which carry,' read 'we carry.'

Page 161, line 6 from bottom, for 'passion against passion,' read 'passion against reason.'
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Page 162, line 1, for 'too soft,' read 'so soft.'

Page 162, line 3 from bottom. After 'otherwise,' add 'of myself.'

Page 162, line ult., to page 163, line 3. The words, 'that I . . . . my selfe,' are omitted in C. (sect. 7).

Page 164, line 2, for 'not of man,' C. (sect. 8) has 'not only of man;' and in line 5, 'not circumscribed,' instead of 'circumscribed.'

Page 164, line 9 from bottom, read 'Jargon and Patois.'

Page 166, line 14, for 'will teach,' read 'will unteach.'

Page 167, line antep., for 'gaines,' read 'gratis,' and omit the comma after 'gives.'

Page 168, line 4. C. (sect. 9) inserts 'some times and' after 'considering.'

Page 168, line 11. 'Could wish,' is in C. (sect. 9) softened into 'could be content.'
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Page 168, line 8 from bottom, for 'cold imagination,' read 'cool'd imagination.'

Page 169, line 4, for 'since,' read 'sure.'

Page 169, line 5 from bottom, C. (sect. 9) omits 'Catholike.'

Page 170, line 13. The sentence 'It un-ties,' etc., is omitted in the authorized edition, but it has been thought by some editors worthy of being re-introduced into the text.

Page 171, line 3, read 'declaiming.'

Page 172, line antep., for 'fourth figure' [in logic], C. (sect. 9) has 'opinions of his Predecessours.'

Page 173, line 7 from bottom, for 'without all men,' read 'with all men.'

Page 175, line 2, for 'and the contagion,' read 'not the contagion.'

Page 176, line 9, for 'the natures,' read 'their natures.'

Page 177, line 11, for 'I am the happiest man alive,' C. (sect. 11) has 'I am as happy as any,' and omits the following lines as
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far as 'hit me,' without any very obvious reason.

Page 178, lines 5–9. 'With this . . . behold him.' This passage is also omitted in C.

Page 179, line 12, for 'earthly sign,' C. has 'watery sign.'

Page 180, line penult., for 'I observe that men oftentimes,' C. has 'it is observed that men sometimes.'

Page 181, line 6. 'We tearme death a sleepe,' altered in C. (sect. 12), 'We term sleep a death;' and so in the following hymn (page 182, line 15), 'Sleepe is a death.'

Page 181, line 10 from bottom. The words, 'It is a fit time . . . . oration,' are omitted in C.

Page 184, line 13, for 'prepared sublime,' C. (sect. 13) has 'prepared substance.'

Page 185, lines 5–7. 'I can . . . . Cathedrals,' altered in C. (sect. 13) to 'Surely poor men may also build Hospitals, and
the rich alone have not erected Cathedrals.'

Page 185, lines 14, 15. 'When I am ... to the poore,' omitted in C.

Page 186, line 4 from bottom, for 'allay,' read 'alloy.'

Page 188, line 6, for 'the lives,' read 'the loves.'

Page 189, line 7. Before 'in that repeated,' etc., C. (sect. 15) inserts the words, 'nor any Crambe,' in the sense of a tiresome repetition.

Page 190, line 3. 'The love of my dearest Friends' is expanded in C. into 'the love of Thyself and my dearest friends.' The improvement may perhaps have been suggested by Sir Kenelm Digby's Observations, in which he says (page 485, in Bohn's edition), 'This love must be employed upon the Noblest and Highest Object, not terminated in our friends.'

Page 190, line 6. In C. the following words are inserted: 'These are, O Lord,
the humble desires of my most reasonable ambition, and all I dare call happiness on earth.'

Page 190, line 8, for 'Thy providence,' C. has, 'Thy Hand or Providence;' 'wisdom' is substituted for 'justice,' and 'mine owne damnation' is softened into 'my own undoing.'

It will appear from the above collection of various readings that the alterations made by the Author in the authorized edition consisted chiefly in the correction of positive blunders, made (as we know from an examination of the existing MSS.) quite as often by the copyist as by the printer. But he also took the opportunity of modifying various positive and strongly worded propositions by the substitution of less dogmatic expressions, and the insertion of the qualifying words, *I think, as some will have it, in some sense, upon some grounds,* and the like. Upon the whole he had
good reason to complain bitterly that the book was published, not only without his knowledge and consent, but also in a 'depraved' and 'imperfect' form.

W. A. G.

Hastings,

Nov., 1883.
BIBLIOGRAPHY OF THE RE\_LIGIO\_ MEDICI.

The following bibliography is taken (with two or three corrections) from The Bibliographer, May, 1882, and March, 1883. It is certainly fuller and more correct than any that has hitherto been published, and is probably nearly complete.

_English editions_, all published in London, and all 8vo., _et infra_, unless specially excepted.

1642. Published by Crook, to be seen in the

_Bodleian Library._

1642. " do. (rather
a larger size). _British Museum._

1643. " do. \ldots_ \ldots. _Bodl. Libr._

1645. " do. \ldots. _Bodl. Libr._


1659. fol. " Ekins _Bodl. Libr._


1672. 4to. " do. "7th Ed." _Bodl. Libr._


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1862. Boston (U.S.), Ticknor and Fields .
1874. " Rivington . "
1874. " Sampson Low .
1881. " .
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1655. do. do. .
1692. Francof. . . (Nutt's Catalogue, 1837.)

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1668. Amsterdam . . (Watt, Bibl. Brit.)
1683. Laegeduynen . . Editor.

French Translation.

1732. 2 vols. . . (Watt, Bibl. Brit.)

German Translation.

1680. 4to., Leipzig . . (Watt, Bibl. Brit.)
1746. Prenzlau . . (Heinsius, Bücher-Lexicon.)
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Printed for Andrew Crooke. 1642. William Marshall fecit.
Or my Religion, though there be several circumstances that might persuade the world, that I have none at all, as the general scandal of my profession, the natural course of my studies, the indifference of my behaviour, and discourse in matters of Religion, neither violently defending one, nor with that common ardour of contention opposing another; yet in despight hereof I dare, without usur-
pation, assume the honourable title of a Christian: not that I merely owe this title to the Font, my education, or the Clime wherein I was borne, as being bred up either to confirm those principles my Parents instilled into my unweary understanding; or by a general consent proceed in the Religion of my Countrey: But having, in my riper yeares, and confirmed judgement, seen and examined all, I finde my selfe obliged by the principles of Grace, and the law of my owne reason, to embrace no other name but this; neither doth herein my zeal so farre make me forget the general charity I owe unto humanity, as rather to hate than pity Turks, Infidels, and (what is worse) Jewes, rather contenting myself to enjoy that happy title, than maligning those who refuse so glorious a title. But because the name of a Christian is become too general to express our faith, there being a Geography
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graphy of Religions as well as of Land, and every Clime distinguished not only by their laws and limits, but circumscribed by their doctrines and rules of Faith: To be particular, I am of that reformed new-cast Religion, wherein I dislike nothing but the name, of the same believe that our Saviour taught, the Apostles disseminated, the Fathers authorised, and the Martyrs confirmed; but by the sinister ends of Princes, the ambition and avarice of Presbyters, and the fatal corruption of times so decayed, impaired, and fallen from its native beauty, that it required the carefull and charitable hand of the times to restore it to its primitive integrity: now the accidental occasions whereon the slender means whereby the low and abject condition of the person by whom so good a work was set on foot, which in our adversaries beget contempt and scorn, fills me with wonder, and is the very same
fame objection the insolent Pagans
first cast against Christ and his Dis-
ciples.

Yet have I not shaken hands with
those desperate Resolvers, who had
rather venture at large their decaying
bottom, than bring her in to be now
trimmed in the dock; who had rather
promiscuously retain all, than a-
bridge any, and obstinately be what
they are, than what they have beene,
as to stand in diameter and swords
point with them: we have reformed
from them, not against them; for
omitting those improperations and
terms of scurrility betwixt us, which
only difference our affections, and not
our cause, there is betwixt us one
common name and appellation, one
faith, and necessary body of prin-
ciples common to us both; and there-
fore I am not scrupulous to converse
and live with them, to enter their
Churches in despite of ours, and ei-
ther pray with them, or for them: I
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could never perceive any rational consequence from those many texts which prohibite the children of Israel to pollute themselves with the Temples of the Heathens; we being all Christians, and not divided by such detested impieties as might profane our prayers, or the place wherein we make them; or that a resolved conscience may not adore her Creator any where, especially in places devoted to his service; where if their devotions offend him, mine may please him, if theirs profane it, mine may hallow it; holy water and the Crucifix (dangerous to the common people) deceive not my judgement, nor abuse my devotion at all: I am, I confess, naturally inclined to that, which misguided zeale termes superstition, my common conversation I do acknowledge auster, my behaviour full of rigour, sometimes not without morosity; yet at my devotion I love to
use the civility of my knee, hat, and hand, with all those outward and sensible motions, which may express, or promote my invisible devotion; I should cut off my arm, rather than violate a Church window, than deface or demolish the memory of a Saint or Martyr; at the sight of a Cross or Crucifix I can dispence with my hat, but not with the thought or memory of my Saviour; I cannot laugh at the fruitless journeys of Pilgrims, or contemne the miserable condition of Friars; for though misplaced circumstances, there is something in it of devotion: I could never hear the Ave Marie Bell without an occasion, or think it a sufficient warrant, because they erred in one circumstance, for me to erre in all, that is in silence and dumbe contempt; where therefore they directed their devotions to her, I offered mine to God, and rectified the errors of their prayers by rightly orde-
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ring mine owne; at a solemne pro-
ceSSION I have wept abundantly, while
my consorts, blinde with opposition
and prejudice, have fallen into an ac-
cesse of scorne and laughter: there
are questionlesse both in Greek, Ro-
man, and African Churches, solem-
nities, and ceremonies, whereof the
wiser zeales doe make a Christian use,
and stand condemned by us, not as
evill in themselves, but as allurances
and baits of superstition to those vul-
gar heads that looke asquint on the
face of truth, and those unstable
judgements that cannot consist in the
narrow point and centre of justice,
without a reele or stagger to the cir-
cumference. As there are many Re-
formers, so likewise many Reforma-
tions; every Countrey proceeding
in a particular way and Method, ac-
cording as their naturall interest with
their constitution and clime inclined
them, some angerly and with extre-
mity, others calmly, and with me-
diocrity,
diocracy, not rending, but easily dividing the community, and leaving an honest possibility of reconciliation, which the peaceable Spirits doe desire, and may conceive that revolution of time, and mercies of God may effect; yet that judgement that shall consider the present antipathies between the two extremas, their contrarieties in affection and opinion, may with the same hope expect an union in the poles of Heaven; but to difference my selfe neerer, and draw into the lesser circle: There is no Church whose every part so squares unto my conscience, whose articles, constitutions, and customes seemes so consonant unto reason, and as it were framed to my particular devotion, as this whereof I hold my belief, the Church of England, to whose faith I am a sworne subject, and therefore in a double obligation, subscribe unto her Articles, and endeavour to observe her constitutions:
no man shall reach my faith unto another Article, or command my obedience to a Canon more: whatsoever is beyond us, as points indifferent, I observe according to the rules of my private reason, or the humor or fashion of my devotions, neither believing this, because Luther affirmed it, or disproving that, because Calvin hath disavouched it, I condemn not all things in the Council of Trent, nor approve all in the Synod of Dort: in brief, where the Scripture is silent, the Church is my Text, where that speaks, 'tis but my comment, where there is a joint silence of both, I borrow not the rules of my Religion from Rome or Geneva, but the dictates of my own reason. It is an unjust scandal of our adversaries, and grosse error in our selves, to compute the Nativity of our Religion from Henry the eight, who though he rejected the Pope, confuted not the faith of Rome, and effected no more
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more than what his own Predecessors
desired and essayed in ages past, and
was conceived the State of Venice
would have attempted in our daies.

It is as uncharitable a point in
us to fall upon those popular scurrili-
ties and approbious scoffes of the
Bishop of Rome, to whom as to a
temporal Prince, we owe the duty
of a good language: I confess there
is cause of passion between us; by his
sentence I stand excommunicated,
Heretick is the best langue he affords
me; yet can no eare witness I ever
returned to him the name of Anti-
christ, man of sin, or whore of Baby-
lon; It is the method of charity to
suffer without reaction: those usuall
Satyres, and invectives of the Pulpit
may perchance produce a good effe&
on the vulgar, whose eares are ope-
er to Rhetoricke than Logicke,
yet doe they in no wise confirme the
faith of wiser beleevers, who knowes
that a good cause needs not to bee
patronised
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patronised by a passion, but can sustaine it selfe upon a temperate dispute.

I could never divide my selfe from any upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgement for not agreeing with me in that, from which perhaps within a few dayes I should discent my selfe: I have no Genius to disputes in Religion, and have oftenthought it wisdome to decline them, and especially upon a disadvantage, or when the cause of truth might suffer in the weaknesse of my patronage: where we desire to be informed, it is good to contest with men above our selves; but to confirme and establishe our opinions, 'tis best to agree with judgements below our owne, that the frequent spoiles and victories over their reasons may settle in our selves an esteeme, and confirme opinion of our owne. Every man is not a proper Champion for Truth, nor fit to take up
up the Gantlet in the cause of Verity: Many from the ignorance of their Maximes, and an inconsiderate zeale to Truth, have too rashly charged the troubles of error, and remaine as Trophees to the enemies of Truth: A man may bee in as just possession of Truth as of a City, and yet be forced to surrender; tis therefore farre better to enjoy with peace, than to hazzard her on a battell: If therefore there rise any doubts in my way, I doe forget them, or at least defer them, till my better settled judgement, and more manly reason bee able to resolve them; for I perceive every mans owne reason is his best Oedipus, and will upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds where-with subtilities of errorr have enchained our more flexible and tender judgements. In Philosophy where truth feemes double forced, there is no man more paradoxicall than my selfe; but in Divinity I keep the road,
and though not in an implicit, yet
in an humble faith, follow the great
wheele of the Church, by which I
move; not reserving any proper poles
or motion from the epicicle of my
owne braine; by this meanes I leave
no gap for Heresies, Schismes, or
Errors, of which at present, I shall
injure Truth to say I have no taint
or tinture; I must confesse my gree-
nier studies have been polluted with
two or three, not any begotten in
the latter Centuries, but old and abso-
lete,such as could never have been re-
vived but by such extravagant and ir-
regular heads as mine; for indeed He-
resies perish not with their Authors,
but like the River Arethusa, though
they loose their currents in one place,
they rise up againe in another: one
generall Councell is not able to ex-
tirpate one sngle Heresie, it may be
canceld for the present, but revolu-
tion of time and the like aspects,
from Heaven, will restore it when
it will flourish till it be condemned again; for as though there were a Metempsucocis, and the soul of one man passed into another; opinions doe finde after-revolutions, men and mindes like those that first begat them. To see our selves we need not look for Platoes yeares, every man is not only himselfe; there have been many Diogenes, and as many Timons, though but few of that name; men are lived over againe, the world is now as it was in the age past, there was none then, but there have beene some since that parelels him, and is as it were his revived selfe. Now the first of mine was that of the Arabians, that the soules of men perished with their bodies, but yet should bee raised againe at the last day; not that I did absolutely conceive a mortality of the soule; but if that were, which faith, nor Philosophy can throughly disprove, & that both entred the grave together, yet I hold the same conceit thereof
thereof that we all doe of the body, that it shall rise againe, surely it is but the merits of our unworthy natures, if we sleep in darkness, untill the last alarum. A serious reflex upon my owne unworthiness did make me backward from challenging this prerogative unto my soule, so I might enjoy my Saviour at the last: I would with patience be nothing almost unto eternity. The second was that of the chiliast, that God would not persist in his vengeance for ever, but after a definite time of his wrath he would release the damned soules from torture; which error I fell into upon a serious contemplation of the great attribute of Gods mercy, and did a little cherish it in my selfe, because I found therein no malice, and a ready weight to sway me from the other extrem of dispaire, whereunto melancholly and contemplative natures are too easily disposed. A third there is which I did never
never positively maintain or practice, but have often wished it had been consonant to Truth, and not offensive to my Religion, and that is the prayer for the dead, whereunto I was inclined by an excess of charity; whereby I thought the number of the living too small an object of devotion; I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a Bell, or behold his corpse without an oration for his soul: 'Twas a good way me thought to be remembered by Posterity and far more noble than a History. These opinions I never maintained with pertinacity, or endeavour to inveagle any man's belief to mine, nor so much as ever revealed or disputed them with my dearest friends by which means I neither propagated them in others, nor confirmed them in myself, but suffering them to flame upon their owne substances, without addition of new fuel, they went out insensibly of
of themselves; therefore those opinions, though condemned by lawfull Counsels, were not Heresies in mee, but bare Errors, and single Lapses of my understanding, without a joynt depravity of my will: Those have not only depraved understanding, but diseased affections, which cannot enjoy a singularity without a Heresie, or be the author of an opinion, without they bee of a Sect also; this was the villany of the first Schifme of Lucifer, who was not content to erre alone, but drew into his faction many Legions of Spirits; and upon this experience he tempted only Eve, as well understanding the communicable nature of sin, and that to deceive but one, were tacitely and upon consequence to delude them both. As for the wingy mysteries in Divinity, and ayery subtilties in Religion, which have unhinged the braines of better heads, they never stretched the Pia Mater of mine;
me thinks there be not impossibilities enough in Religion for an active faith; the deepest mysteries ours contains, have not only been illustrated, but maintained by syllogisme, and the rule of reason: I love to loose my selfe in a mystery to pursue my reason to my oh altitude. Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved cœnigma's and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan, and my rebellious reason, with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, Certum est quia impossibile est, I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for to credit ordinary and visible objects is not faith, but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ his Sepulchre, and when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt nor of the miracle. Now contrarily I blesse my selfe, and am thankfull that I lived not in the daies of miracles.
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racles, that I never saw Christ nor his Disciples; I would not have beene one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christs Patients, on whom hee wrought his wonders; then had my faith beene thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believe and saw not. Tit an easie and necenary believe to credit what our eye and sense hath examin'd: I believe he was dead, and buried, and rose againe; and desire to see him in his glory, rather then to contemple him in his Coenotaphe, or Sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe, as we have reason, we owe this faith unto History: they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before his comming, who upon obscure prophesies and mysticall Types could raise a believe; and expect apparant impossibilities. Tis true, there is an edge in all firme believe, and with an easie
Metaphor we may say the sword of faith; but in those obscurities I rather use it, in the adjunction the Apostle gives it, a Buckler; under which I perceive the wary combattant may lie invulnerable. Since I was of understanding to know we knew nothing, my reason hath been more pliable to the will of faith; I am now content to understand a mystery without a rigid definition in an easy and Platonick description. That allegorical description of Hermes pleadeth me beyond all the metaphysical definitions of Divines, where I cannot satisfy my reason, I love to hammer my fancy; I had as I live you tell me that anima est angelus hæminis, est Corpus Dei et Eutelechia, Lux est umbra Dei, as ait us perspicuus: where there is an obscurity too deep for our reason, tis good to set downe with a description a periphrasis, or adumbration; for by acquainting our reason how unable it is to display the
visible and obvious effect of nature; it becomes more humble and submissive to the subtilties of faith: and thus I teach my haggard and unreclaimed reason to stoope unto the lure of faith. I believe there was already a tree whose fruit our unhappy parents tasted, though in the same Chapter, when God forbids it, tis positively said, the plants of the field were not yet growne; for God had not caused it to raine upon the earth. I believe that the Serpent (if we shall litterally understand it from his proper forme and figure) made his motion on his belly before the curse: I finde the triall of the Pusillage and Virginity of women, which God ordained the Jewes, is very fallible; experience, and History informes mee, that not only many particular women, but likewise whole Nations have escaped the curse of childerbirth, which God seemes to pronounce upon the whole Sex; yet
doe I believe that all this is true; indeed my reason would persuade me it is false; and this I think is no vulgar part of faith to believe a thing not only above, but contrary to reason, and against the arguments of our proper senses.

In my solitary and retired imagination, Neque enim camporticus aut meliusulus accipit desum mihi; I remember I am not alone, and therefore forget not to contemplate him and his attributes who is ever with me, especially those two mighty ones, his wisdome and eternity; with the one I recreate, with the other I confound my understanding: who can speake of eternity without a foliacisme, or think thereof without an extasie? Time we may comprehend, tis but five daies elder then ourselves, and hath the same Horoscope; but to retire so far back as to apprehend a beginning, to give such an infinite start forward, as to conceive an end in
in an essence that we affirm neither the one nor the other; its reason to Saint Paul's Sanctuary; my Philosophy dares not say the Apostles can doe it; God hath not made a creature that can comprehend him, tis the privilege of his owne nature, I am that I am, was his owne definition unto Moses, and twas a short one, to confound morallity, that durst question God, or ask him what he was; indeed he only is what others have and shall be, but in eternity no distinction of senses; and therefore that terrible term Predestination which hath troubled so many weake heads to conceive, and the wisest to explain, is in respect to God no precious determination of our estates to come, but a definitive blast of his will already fulfilled, and at the instant that he first decreed it; for to this eternity which is indivisible, the last Trumpe is already founded, the reprobates in the flame, and the blest.
Saint Peter speaks modestly, when hee faith, a thousand yeares to God are but as one day; for to speak like a Philosopher, those continued instances of time which flow into a thousand yeares, make not to him one moment; what to us is to come, to his Eternity is present, his whole duration being but one permanent point without successions, parts, flux, or division; there is no Attribute that adds more difficulty to the mystery of the Trinity, where tho in a relative way of Father and Son, we must deny a priority. I wonder how Aristotle could conceive the world eternall, or how hee could make good two Eternities: his similitude of a Triangle, comprehended in a square, doth somewhat illustrate the Trinity of our soules, and that the Triple Unity of God; for there is in us not three, but a Trinity of soules, because there is in us, if not three distinct soules,
soules, yet differing faculties that can, and doe subsist in different subjects; and yet in us are so united as to make but one soule and substance; if one soule were perfectly three distinct bodies, that were a pretty Trinity: conceive the distinct number of three, nor divided nor separated by the intellect, but actually comprehended in its Unity, and that is a perfect Trinity. I have often admired the mysticall way of Pythagoras, and the secret Magicke of numbers; beware of Philosophy, is a precept not to bee received in a narrow sense; for in this masse of nature there is a set of things that carry in their front, though not in capitall letters, yet in stenography, and short Characters, something to Divinity, which to wiser reasons serve as Lumenaries in the abyss of knowledge, and to judicious believe, as scales and roundles to mount the pinnacles and highest pieces of Divinity. The severe Schooles shall
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shall never laugh me out of the Philosophy of Hermes, that this visible world is but a picture of the invisible, wherein as a portrait, things are not truely, but in equivocal shapes; and as they counterfeit some more real substance in that invisible fabric. That other attribute wherewith I recreate my devotion, is his wisdome, in which I am happy; and for the contemplation of this onely, doe not repent me that I was bred in the way of study: The advantage I have of the vulgar, with the content and happinesse I conceive therein, is an ample recompence for all my endeavours, in what part of knowledge ever: I know he is wise in all, wonderfull in what we conceive, but faire more in what we comprehend not, for we behold him but asquint upon reflex or shadow; our understanding is diviner than Moses his eye, we are ignorant of the backparts, or lower side of his Divinity; therefore to pry into
into the maze of his Councils, is not only folly in Man, but presumption in Angels, like as they are his servants, not servators; hee holds no Council, but that mysticall one of the Trinity, wherein though there be three persons, there is but one minde that decrees, without contradiction, nor needs he: any his actions are not begot with deliberation, his wisdom naturally flowes, what best; his intellect stands ready fraught with the superlative and purest idea's of goodnesse; consultations and election, which are two motions in us, are but one in him; his actions springing from his power, at the first touch of his will.

These are Contemplations Metaphysicall, my humble speculations have another Method, and are content to trace and discover those expressions he hath left in his creatures, and the obvious effects of nature, there is no danger to propound those
those mysteries, no sanctum sanctorum in Philosophy: The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man: tis the debt of our reason we owe to God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this the world is as though it had not been, or as it was before at the first when there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives no honour from the vulgar heads, that rudely stare about, and with a grosse rusticity, admire his works; those only magnifie him whose judicious enquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, returne the duty of a learned and devout admiration. There is but one first, and foure second causes of all things; some are without efficient, as God, others without matter, as Angels, some without forme, as the first matter, but every Essence, created or uncreated,
uncreated, hath its final cause, and
some positive end both of its Ef-
fence and operation; This is the
cause I grope after in the works of
nature, on this hangs the providence
of God; to raise so beautious a
structure, as the world and the crea-
tures thereof, was but his Art, and
their sundry divided operations with
their predestinated ends, are from
the treasury of his wisdom. In the
causes, nature, and affection of the
Eclipse of the Sun and Moone, there
is most excellent speculation; but to
propound farther, and to contemplate
a reason why his providence hath so
disposed and ordered their motions
in that vast circle, as to conjoyne
and obscure each other, is a sweet
piece of reason, and a diviner point
of Philosophy; therefore there ap-
pears to me as much divinity in
Galen his Book De usu partium, as in
Suarez Metaphysics: had Aristotle
been as curious in the enquiry of this
cause
cause as he was of the other, he had not left behind him an imperfect piece of Philosophy, but an absolute tract of Divinity.

Natura nihil agit frustra, is the only and indisputable axiome in Philosophy, there is no Grotesco in nature, nor anything framed to fill up empty cantons, and unnecessary spaces in the most imperfect creatures, such as were not preserved in the Arke, but having their seeds and principles in the wombe of nature, are every-where where the power of the Sun is; in those is the wildome of his hand discovered: Out of this ranke Solomon chose the object of his admiration, indeed what wildome may not goe to schoole to the wildome of Bees, Aunts, and Spiders? what wise hand teacheth them to doe what reason cannot teach us? while ruder heads stand amazed at those prodigious pieces of nature, as Elephants, Dromidaries, and Camels;
Camels; these I confess, are the Colossus and Majestick pieces of her hand; but in these narrow Engines there is more curious Mathematicks, & the civility of these little Citizens, more nearly sets forth the wildome of their Maker; who admires not Regio Montanus his Fly beyond his Eagle, or wonders not more at the operation of two soules in those little bodies, than but one in the trunk of a Cedar. I could never content my contemplation with those generall pieces of wonders, the flux and reflux of the sea, the encrease of Nile, the conversion of the Needle to the North, and have studied to match and paralell those in the more obvious and neglected pieces of Nature, which without further travell I can doe in the Cosmography of myselfe; we carry with us the wonders, we seeke without us: There is all Africa, and all her prodigies within us; we are that bold and adventurous
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adventurous piece of nature, which he that studies wisely, learnes in a compendium, what others labour at in a divided piece and endless volume. Thus there are two bookes from whence I collect my Divinity, besides that written one of God; another of his servant Nature, that universal and publique Manuscript, that lies exposed to the eyes of all those that never saw him in the one, have discovered him in the other: This was the Scripture and Theology of the Heathens; the natural motion of the Sun made them more admire him, than his supernaturall station did the Children of Israel; the ordinary effect of nature wrought more admiration in them, than in the other all his miracles, surely the Heathens knew better how to joyne and read these mysticall letters, than wee Christians, who cast a more common eye on those Hieroglyphicks, and disdaine to suck Divinity from the flower
flowers of nature, nor doe I forget God, as to adore the name of Na-
ture, which I define not with the Schooles, the principles of motion
and rest, but that straight and regular line, that settled and constant course
the wisdom of God hath ordained to
guide the actions of his creatures, ac-
cording to their severall kinds: to
make a revolution every day is the na-
ture of the Sun, because that necessary
course which God hath ordained it,
from which it cannot swerve, by the
faculty of the voice which first did
give it motion. Now this course of
Nature God seldome alters or per-
verts, but like an excellent Artist hath
so contrived his work, that with the
self same instrument, without a new
creation he may effect his obscurest
designes. Thus he sweetneth the water
with a wood, preserveth the creatures
in the Arke, which the blast of his
mouth might have as easily created: for God is like a skilfull Geometri-
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cian, who when more easily, and with one stroke of his Compasse, he might describe, or divide a right line, had yet rather doe this in a circle or longer way, according to the constituted and aforesaid principles of his art: yet this rule of his he doth sometimes pervert, to acquaint the world with his prerogative, left the arrogancy of our reason should question his power, and conclude bee could not; and thus I call the effects of Nature the works of God, whole hand and instrument she only is; and therefore to ascribe his actions also unto her, is to devolve the honour of God, the principall agent, upon the instrument; which if with reason we may doe, then let our hammers rise up and boast they have built our houses, and our pens receive the honour of our writings. I hold there is a generall beauty in the works of God, and therefore no deformity in any kind or species of creature whatsoever;
foever: I cannot tell by what Logick we call a Toad, a Beare, or an Elephant, ugly, they being created in those outward shapes and figures which best express the actions of their internall forms; and having past that general visitation of God, who saw that all that he had made was good; that is conformable to his will, which abhors deformity, and is the rule of order and beauty; there is no deformity but in monstrosity, where-in notwithstanding there is a kind of beauty, Nature so ingeniously contriving the irregular parts, as they become sometimes more remarkable than the principall fabric. To speak yet more narrowly, there was never yet any thing ugly, or mishapen, but the Chaos, wherein notwithstanding to speake strictly, there was no deformity, because no forme by the voice of God: Now nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature; they being both the servants of his pro-
vidence
vidence: Art is the perfection of Nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a Chaos: Nature hath made one world, and Art another. In brief, all things are artificial, for nature is the Art of God: This is the ordinary and open way of his providence, which art and industry have in a good part discovered, whose effects we may foretell without an Oracle; To foreshew these is no Prophecy, but Prognostication. There is another way full of Meanders and Labyrinths, whereof the Devil and Spirits have no exact Ephemerides, & that is a more particular and obscure method of his providence, directing the operations of individuals and single Essences; this we call Fortune, that serpentine and crooked line, whereby he draweth those actions that his wisdom intends in a more unknown and secret way; this cryptick and involved method of his providence have I ever admired, not
nor can I relate the history of my life, the occurrences of my daies, the escapes of dangers, and hills of chance with a Bezo los Manos, to Fortune, or a bare gramercy to my starrs: Abraham might have thought the Ram in the thicket came thither by accident; humane reason would have said that meere chance conveyed Moses into the Arke to the sight of Pharaohs daughter; what a Labyrinth is there in the story of Joseph, able to convert a Stoick, surely there are in every mans life some rubs and wrinkles, which passe a while under the effects of chance, but at the last, well examined, prove the meere hand of God: Twas not a meere chance to discover the or Powder Treason by a miscarriage of the letter. I like the victory of 88 the better for that one occurrence which our enimies imputed to our dishonour, and the partiality of Fortune, to wit, the tempefts and con-
trarieties of winds. King Philip did not desist from the Nation, though he said, he sent his Armado to fight with men, and not to combate with the winde. Where there is a manifest disproportion between the powers and forces of two severall agents, upon a maxime of reason we may promise the victory to the superior; but when unexpected accidents slip in, and unthought of occurrences interveen, these must proceed from a power that owes no obedience to those axioms; where, as in the writing upon the wall, we behold the hand, but see not the spring that moves it. The success of that petty Province of Holland (of which the Grand Seignieur proudly said, That if they should trouble him as they did the Spaniard, he would send his men with shovels and pick-axes and throw it into the Sea,) I cannot altogether ascribe to the ingenuity and industry of the people, but to the mercy of God, that
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that hath disposed them to such a thriving Genius; and to the will of his providence, that disposeth her favour to each country in their pre-ordnarie season. All cannot be happy at once, because the glory of one State depends upon the ruine of another: there is a revolution and vicissitude of their greatnesse, and must obey the swinge of that wheel, not moved by their intelligences, but by the hand of God, whereby all Estates rise to their Zenith and verticall points, according to their predestinated periods. For the lives not onely of men, but of Common-weals, and the whole world, run not upon an Helix that still enlargeth, but on a Circle, where arriving to their Meridian, they decline in obscurity, and fall under the Horizon again. These must not therefore be named the effects of nature, but in a relative way, as we terme the workes of nature. It was the ignorance of
Mans reason that begat this very name, and by a careless term miscalled the providence of God: for there is no liberty for causes to operate in a loose and stragling way, nor any effect whatsoever, but hath its warrant from some universal or superior cause. 'Tis not ridiculous devotion, to say a Prayer before a game at Tables; for even in the fortileges and matters of the greatest uncertainty, there is a settled and preordained course of effects; 'tis we that are blind, and not fortune: because our eye is too dim to discover the mystery of her effects, we foolishly paint her blind and hoodwinkt; that is the providence of Almighty God. I cannot justify the contemptible Proverb, *That fools onely are fortunate*; or that insolent Paradox, *That a wise man is out of the reach of fortune*; much lesse those opprobrious Epithites of Poets; *whore, Baud, and Strumpet*: 'Tis I confess the common fate of men.
men, and singular gift of mind, to be destitute of fortune; which doth not any way deject the spirit of wiser judgments, who throughly understand the justice of this proceeding; and being enriched with higher do-natives, cast a more careless eye on the vulgar parts of felicity. 'Tis a most unjust ambition, to desire to engroffe the mercies of the Almighty, nor to be content with the goods of the mind, without a possession of those of body or fortune: and 'tis an error worse than heresie, to adore the complementall and circumstantiall piece of felicity, and undervalue those perfections and essentiall points of happiness, wherein we resemble our Maker. To wiser desires 'tis satisfaction enough to deserve, though not to enjoy the favours of fortune; let providence provide for fooles: 'tis not partiality, but equity in God, who deals with us but as our naturall parents; those that are able of body and
and mind, he leaves to their deserts; to those of weaker merits he imparts a larger portion, and pieces out the defect of the one with the excelso of the other. Thus have we no just quarrel with Nature, for leaving us naked, or to envie the horns, hoofs, skins, and furs of other creatures, being provided with reason, that can supply them all. We need not labour with so many arguments to confute judicia11 Astrology; for if there be a truth therein, it doth not injure Divinity; if to be born under Mercury disposeth us to be witty, under Jupiter to be wealthy, I do not owe a knee unto these, but unto that mercifull hand that hath ordered my indifferent and uncertain nativity unto such benevolous aspects. Those that hold that all things were governed by fortune had not erred, had they not persisted there: The Romans that erected a Temple to Fortune, acknowledged God therein, though
though in a blind way, somewhat of Divinity; for in a wise man's suppuration all things begin and end in the Almighty. There is a neerer way to heaven then Homer's chaine; an easie Logick may conjoyne heaven and earth in one argument, and with lesse than Aforites resolve all things into God. For though we Christen effects by their most sensible and nearest causes, yet it is God the true and infallible cause of all, whose concourse though it be generall, yet doth it subdivide it selfe into the particular actions of every thing, and is that spirit, by which each singular essence not onely subjects, but performes its operation. The bad construction and perverse comment on those paire of second causes, or visible hands of God, have perverted the devotion of many unto Atheisme; who forgetting the honest advices of faith, have listened unto the conspiracie of Passion and Reason. I have there-
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therefore alwayes endeavoured to compose those feudys and angry dissentions between affection, faith, and reason: For there is in our soule a kind of Triumvirate, or Triple government of three competitors, which distraet the peace of this our Common-wealth, not lesse than did that other the State of Rome.

As Reason is a rebell unto Faith, so passion unto Reason: As the proportions of Faith seeme absurd to Reason, so the Theorems of Reason unto Passion, and both unto Reason; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be all Kings, and yet make but one Monarchy, every one exercising his Soveraignty and Prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There is, as in Philosophy so in Divinity, sturdy doubts, and boysterous objections, wherewith the unhappinesse of our knowledge.
knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than my selfe, which I confess I conquered, not in a martiall posture, but on my knees: Neither had these ever such advantage of me, as to encline me to any desperate points or positions of Atheisme; for I have been these many years of opinion there was never any. Those that held Religion was the difference of man from beasts, have spoken probably, and proceed upon a proposition as inductive as the other: That doctrine of Epicurus, that denied the providence of God, was no Atheism, but a magnificent and high-strained conceit of his Majesty, which he deemed too sublime to mind the trivial acts of those inferiour creatures: That fatal necessity of Stoickes, is nothing but the immutable Law of his will. Those that heretofore denied the Divinity of the holy Ghost, have been condemned but as Hereticks;
ticks; those that now deny our Saviour (though more than Hereticks) are not so much as Atheists: for though they deny two persons in the Trinity, they hold as we do, that there is but one God.

That villain and Secretary of Hell, that composed that miscreant piece of the three Impostors, though divided from all Religions, and was neither Jew, Turk, nor Christian, was not a positive Atheist. I confess every Country hath its Machiavel, every age its Lucian, whereof common heads must not heare, nor more advanced judgments too rashly censure on: tis the Rhetorick of Satan, and may pervert a loose prejudicate belief.

I confess I have perus'd them all, and can discover nothing that may startle a discreet belief: yet are there heads carried off with the wind and breath of such motives. I remember Doctor of Physick in Italy, who could
could not perfectly believe the immortality of the soul, because Galen seemed to make a doubt ther of. I was familiarly acquainted in France with a Divine, a man of singular parts, that on the same point was so plunged and gravelled with three lines of Seneca, that all our Antidotes, drawn from both Scripture and Philosophy, could not expell the poison of his errour. There are a set of heads, that can credit the relations of Mariners, yet question the testimonies of Saint Paul; and peremptorily believe the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet in the Histories of Scripture, raise Queere's and objections, believing no more than they can parallel in humane Authors.

I confesse there are in Scripture stories that doe exceed the fable of Poets, and to a captious Reader sound like GaragnatuA or Bevis: For search all the Legends of times past, and the fabulous conceit of the present, and
will be hard to find one that deserves to carry the buckler unto Sampson, yet is all this of an easy possibility, if we conceive a divine concourse or influence but from the little finger of the Almighty. It is impossible that either in the discourse of man, or in the infallible voice of God, to the weakness of our apprehensions, there should not appear irregularities, contradictions, and antinomies: my selfe can shew a catalogue of doubts, never yet imagined nor questioned, as I know, which are not resolved at the first hearing, not fantastick Quere's, or objections of the ayre: For I cannot heare of Atoms in Divinity. I read the history of the Pidgeon that was sent out of the Ark, and returned no more, yet not question how she found out her mate that was left behind: That Lazarus was raised from the dead, yet not demand where in the interim his soul awaited; or raise a Law-case, whether his heire might law-
Lawfully detain his inheritance, bequeathed unto him by his death; and hee, though restored to life, have no Plea for his former possessions.

Whether Eve was framed out of the left side of Adam, I dispute not; because I stand not yet assured which is the right side of a man, or whether there be such distinction in Nature.

Whether Adam was an Hermaphrodite, as the Rabbines comment upon the letter of the Text; because it is contrary to all reason, that there should be an Hermaphrodite before there was a woman, or a composition of two natures, before there was a second composed. Likewise, whether the world was created in Autumnne, Summer, or the Spring; because it was created in them all; for whatsoever Signe the Sunne possesseth, those foure seasons are actually existent: It is the nature of this Luminary to distinguish the several seasons of the yeare, all which it makes at one time.
time in the whole earth, and successively in any part thereof. There are a bundle of curiosities, not only in Philosophy but in Divinity, proposed and discussed by men of most supposed abilities, which are not worthy of our vacant hours, much less of our serious studies; Pieces only fit to be placed in Pantagruel Studies, or bound up with Tartaretus de modo cæcandi; these are niceties that become not those that peruse so serious a Mystery. There are others more generally questioned and called to the Barre, yet me thinks of an easie, possible truth. 'Tis ridiculous to put off, or drowne the generall Flood of Noah in that great particular inundation of Deucalion; that there was a Deluge once, seems not to me so great a miracle, as that there is not one always. How all the kinds of Creatures, not only in their owne bulks, but with a competency of food and sustenance, might be preserved in
one Ark, and with the extent of three hundred cubits, to a reason that right-
ly examines it, will appear very dif-
cicult. There is another secret, not
contained in the Scripture, which is
more hard to comprehend, and puts
the honest Father to the refuge of a
Miracle; and that is, not only how
the distinct pieces of the world, and
divided Islands should be first planted
by men, but inhabited by Tygers,
Panthers and Beares. How America
abounded with beasts of prey, and
noxious Animals, yet contained not
in it that necessary creature, a Horse.
By what passage those, not only
Birds, but dangerous and unwelcome
Beasts came over: How thereby crea-
tures are there, which are not found
in the triple Continent; all which
must needs be strange unto us, that
hold but one Arke, and that the crea-
tures began progresse from the
mountaines of Ararat: They who
to salve this would make the Deluge
particular, proceed upon a Principle that I can no way grant; not only upon the negative of holy Scriptures, but of mine owne Reason, whereby I can make it probable, that the world was as well peopled in the time of Noah as in ours, and fifteen hundred yeares to people the world, as full a time for them, as foure thousand yeares since hath beene to us.

There are other assertions and common tenents drawn from Scripture, and generally beleived as Scripture; whereunto, notwithstanding, I would never betray the liberty of my reason. 'Tis a Paradoxe to me, that Methuselah was the longest liv'd of all the children of Adam, and no man will be able to prove it; when from the proceffe of the Text I can manifest that it is otherwise. That Judas hanged himselfe, there is no certainty in Scripture, though in one place it seems to affirm it, and by a doubtful word hath given occasion to translate
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translate it; yet in another place, in a more punctuall description, it makes it improbable, and seemes to overthrow it. That our Fathers, after the Floud, ered the Tower of Babell, to preserve themselves against a second Deluge, is generally opiniioned and beleived; yet is there another intention of theirs expressed in Scripture: Besides that, it is improbable, from the circumstance of the place, the plaine in the land of Shinar. These are no points of Faith, and therefore may admit a free dispute. There are yet others, and those familiarly concluded from the Text, wherein (under favour) I see no consequence; as, to prove the Trinity from the speech of God, in the pluralall number, Faciamus hominem, Let us make man, which is but the common stile of Princes, and men of Eminency: hee that shall read one of his Majesties Proclamations, may with the same Logicke conclude,
there be two Kings in England.

The Church of Rome confidently proves the opinion of Tutelary Angels, from that answer when Peter knockt at the doore, *Tis not hee but his Angel*; that is to say, his Messenger, or some body from him; for so the Original signifies, and is as likely to be the doubtfull Families meaning. This supposition I once suggested to a young Divine, that answered upon this point, to which I remember the Franciscan Opponent replyed no more, but, That it was a new and no authenticke interpretation.

These are but the conclusions and fallible discourses of man upon the word of God, for such I doe beleive the holy Scriptures; yet were it of man, I could not choose but say, it was the singularest, and superlative Piece that hath been extant since the Creation; were I a Pagan, I should not refraine the Lecture of it; and cannot
cannot but commend the judgement of Ptolomy, that thought the Alca- ran of the Turks (I speak without prejudice) is an ill composed Piece, containing in it vaine and ridiculous errors in Philosophy, impossibilities, fictions, and vanities beyond laughter, maintained by evident and open Sophisimes, the policy of Ignorance, deposition of Universities, and banishment of Learning, that hath gotten foot by armes and violence; This without a blow doth disseminate it selfe through the whole earth. It is not unremarkable what Philo first observed, That the Law of Moses continued two thousand yeares without the least alteration; whereas, we see, the Lawes of other Common-weales do alter with occasions; and even those that pretended their originall from some Divinity, to have vanished without trace or memory. I beleive, besides Zoro- aster, there were divers that writ before
fore Moses, who notwithstanding have suffered the common fate of time. Mens Works have an age like themselves; and though they out-live their Authors, yet have a stint and period to their duration: This onely is a Work too hard for the teeth of time, and cannot perish but in the generall flames, when all things shall confess their ashes.

I have heard some with deepe sighs lament the lost lines of Cicero; others with as many groanes deplore the combustions of the Library of Alexandria; for my part, I think there be too many in the world, and could with patience behold the urne and ashes of the Vatican, could I with a few others recover the perish'd leaves of Solomon. I would not omit a Copy of Enoch's Pillars, had they any better Author than Iosephus, or did not rellish too much of the Fable. Some men have written more than others have spoken; Pineda quotes
quotes more Authors in one worke, than are necessary in a whole world. Of those three great Inventions in Germany, there are two which are not without their incommodities, and tis disputable, whether they exceed not their use and commodities. Tis not a melancholly Vtinam of mine owne, but the desires of better heads, that there were a generall Synod; not to unite the incompatible difference of Religion, but, for the benefit of learning, to reduce it as it lay at first in a few and solid Authours; and to condemne to the fire those swarmeres and millions of Rapsodies, begotten onely to distract and abuse the weaker judgements of Scholars, and to maintain the Trade and Mystery of Typographers. I cannot but wonder with what exceptions the Samaritanes could confine their beliefe to the Pentateuch, or five Books of Moses. I am ashamed at the Rabbinicall Interpretation of the Jewes, upon the Old
Old Testament, as much as their defe&ion from the New: and truly it is beyond wonder, how that contemptible and degenerate issue of Iacob, that are so devoted to Ethnick Superstition, and so easily seduced to the Idolatry of their Neighbours, should now in such an obstinate and peremptory belief, adhere unto their owne Doctrine, except impossibilities, and in the face and eye of the Church persist without the least hope of conversion: This is a vice in them, that were a vertue in us; for obstinacy in a bad cause, is but constancy in a good. And herein I must accuse those of our Religion; for there is not any of such a fugitive faith, such an unstable belief, as a Christian; none that doe so oft transforme themselves, not unto several shapes of Christianity and of the same Species, but unto more unnaturall and contrary formes, of Jew and Mahometan, that from the name of
of Saviour can condescend to the bare terme of Prophet; and from an old believe that hee is come, to fall to a new expectation of his coming: It is the promise of Christ to make us all one flock; but how and when the union shall be, is as obscure to me as the last day. Of those foure members of Religion we hold a proportion, there are I confesse some new additions, yet small to those which accrew to our Adversaries and those only drawne from the revolt of Pagans, men but of negative impieties, and such as deny Christ, but because they never heard of him: But the Religion of the Jew is expressly against the Christian, and the Mahometan against both; for the Turk, in the bulk hee now stands, hee is beyond all hope of conversion; if hee fall asunder there may be conceived some hopes, but not without strong improbabilities. The Jew is obstinate in all fortunes; the persecution
execution of fifteen hundred yeares hath but confirmed them in their error: they have already endured whatsoever may bee inflicted, and have suffered, in a bad cause, even to the condemnation of their enemies. Persecution is a bad and indirect way to plant Religion; It hath beene the unhappy method of angry devotions, not onely to confirm honest Religion, but wicked Heresies, and extravagant Opinions. It was the first stone and Basis of our Faith, none can more justly boast of persecutions, and glory in the number and valour of Martyrs; for, to speake properly, those are true and only examples of fortitude: Those that fetch it from the Field, or draw it from the actions of the Camp are not so truly presidents of valour and audacity, and at the best attaine but to some bastard piece of fortitude: If wee shall strictly examine the circumstancies and requisites which Aristotle re-
quires to true and perfect valour, wee shall finde the name onely in his Master Alexander, and as little in the Romane Worthy, Iulius Caesar; and if any, in that easie and active way, have done so nobly as to deserve that name, yet in the passive and more terrible piece those have surpassed, and in a more heroicall way may claime the honour of that Title. Tis not in the power of every honest faith to proceed thus farre, or passe to Heaven through the flames; every one hath it not in the full measure, nor in so audacious and resolute a temper, as to endure those terrible tests and tryalls, who notwithstanding in a peaceable way doe truly adore their Saviour, and have (no doubt) a faith acceptable in the eyes of God: Now as all that dye in warre are not termed Souldiers, so neither can I proper-
properly terme all those that suffer in matters of Religion Martyrs. The Councell of Constance condemnes John Hujfe for an Heretick, the Stories of his owne party stile him a Martyr; it is false Divinity if I say hee was neither the one nor the other: There are many (questionlesse) canonized on earth, that shall never be Saints in Heaven; and have their names in Histories and Martyrologies, who, in the eyes of God, are not so perfect Martyrs as was that wise Heathen, Socrates, that suffered on a fundamentall point of Religion, the Unity of God. I have pitied the miserable Bishop that suffered in the cause of Antipodes, yet cannot choose but accuse him of as much madnesse, for exposing his life on such a trifle, as those of ignorance and folly that condemned him. I think my conscience will not
not give me the lie, if I say, there is not a man extant that in a noble way fears the face of death lesse than myselfe, yet from the morall duty I owe to the Commandement of God, and the naturall respects that I tender unto the conservation of my essence and being, I would not perish upon a Ceremony, Politick points, or indifferency: nor is my belief of that untractable temper, as not to bow at their obstacles, or connive at matters that are not manifest impieties: The leaven therefore and ferment of all, not onely Civill, but Religious actions, is wisdom; without which, to commit our selves to the flames is Homicide, and (I feare) but to passe through one fire into another. That Miracles are ceased I can neither prove, nor absolutely deny, much lesse define the time and period of their cessation; that they
they survived Christ, is manifest upon record of Scripture; that they out-lived the Apostles also, and were revived at the conversion of Nations, many yeares after, wee cannot deny, if wee shall not question those Writers whose testimonies wee do not controvert, in points that make for our owne opinions; therefore that may have some truth in it that is reported by the Jesuite, of their Miracle in the Indies, I could with it were true, or had any other testimony then their owne Pennes: they may easily believe those Miracles abroad, who daily conceive greater at home; the transmutation of those visible elements into the visible body and blood of our Saviour: for the conversion of water into wine, which hee wrought in Cana, or what the Devill would have had him done in the wilderness, of stones into Bread,
bread, compared to this, scarce deserves the name of Miracle: Though indeed, to speake properly, there is not one Miracle greater than another, they being the extraordinary effect of the hand of God, to which all things are of an equall facility; and to create the world as easily as one single creature. For this is also a miracle, not onely to produce effects against or above Nature, but before Nature; and to create Nature as great a miracle as to contradict or transcend her; we doe too narrowly define the power of God, restraining it to our capacities. I hold that God cannot doe all things but sinne, how hee could worke contradictions I doe not understand, yet dare not therefore deny. I cannot see why the Angels of God should question Esdras to recall
call the time past, if it were beyond his owne power; or that God should pose mortality in that, which he was not able to performe himself. I will not say God cannot, but he will not performe many things, which we plainly affirm he cannot: this I am sure is the mannerliest proposition, wherein notwithstanding I hold no Paradox. For strictly his power is the same with his will, and they both with all the rest do make but one God.

But above all things, I wonder how the curiosity of wiser heads could passe that great and indisputable miracle, the cessation of Oracles: and in what swoun their reasons lay, to content themselves, and sit down with such far-fetcht and ridiculous reasons as Plutarch alledgedth for it. The Jewes that can believe the supernaturall
slice of the Sun in the days of Josua, have yet the impudence to
deny the Eclipse, which every Pagan confessed at their death: but for
this it is evident beyond all contradiction, the Devil himself con-
fessed it. Certainly it is not a warrantable curiosity, to examine the
verity of Scripture by the concordance of humane history, or seek to
confirme the Chronicle of He-
stor or Daniel, by the authority of
Megastenes or Herodotus: I confess I have had an unhappy curiosity
this way, till I laughed myself out
of it with a piece of Iustine, where
he delivers that the children of Is-
raël for being scabbed were banished
out of Egypt. And truly since I
have understood the occurrences
of the world, and know in what
counterfeit shapes and deceitfull
vizzards the time represents on the
stage things past; I doe beleive

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them
them little more than things to come. Some have been of opinion, and endeavoured to write the History of their own lives; where-in Moses hath outgone them all, and left not onely the story of his life, but of his death also. It is a riddle to me, how this story of Oracles hath not worm'd out of the world that doubtsfull conceit of Spirits and Witches; how so many learned heads should so far forget the Metaphysicks, and destroy the Ladder and scale of creatures, as to question the existence of spirits: for my part, I have ever beleived, & do now know, that there are Witches; they that doubt of these, do not onely deny them, but Spirits; and are obliquely, not consequently, a sort, not of Infidels, but Atheists.

Those that to confute their incredulity desire to see apparitions, shall questionlesse never behold any,
any, nor have the power ever to be so much as Witches; the Devill hath them already in a heresie as capitol as Witchcraft, and to appeare to them, were but to convert them: Of all the delusions wherewith he deceives mortalitie, there is not any that puzzleth me more than the Legerdemain of Changeling; I do not credit those transformations of reasonable creatures into beasts, or that the Devill hath the power to transplant a man into a horse, who tempted Christ (as a triall of his Divinity) to convert stones into bread. I could beleev that Spirits use with man the act of carnality, and that in both sexes; I conceive they may assume, steale, or contrive a body, wherein there may bee action enough to content decrepit lust, or passion to satisfie more active veneries; yet in both, without a possibility of generation: and
therefore that opinion, that Anti-
christ should be born of the Tribe of Dan by conjunction with the
Devill, is ridiculous, and a conceit
fitter for the Rabbins than Chris-
tians.

I hold that the Devill doth re-
ally possesse some men, the spirit
of melancholy others, the spirit
of delusion others; that as the De-
vill is concealed and deemed by
some, so God and good Angels
are pretended by others, whereof
the late defection of the Maid of
Germany hath left pregnant exam-
ple. Againe, I beleve that all that
use forceries, incantations, and
spells, are not Witches, or as wee
terne them, Magicians; I con-
ceive there is a traditionall Ma-

gicke, not learned immediately
from the Devill, but at second
hand from his Schollers; who ha-
ving once his secret betrayed, are
able, and do empirically practive
with-
without his advice, they both proceeding upon the principles of nature: their actives actively conjoyuned to disposed passives, will under any Master produce their effects. Thus I think at first a great part of Philosophy was Witchcraft, which being afterward derived to another, proved but Philosophy, and was indeed no more but the honest effects of Nature: What invented by us is Philosophy, learned from him is Magicke. We doe surely owe the discovery of many secrets to the discovery of good and bad Angels. I could never passe that sentence of Paracelsus without an afteriske or annotation; Accendens constellatum multa revelat, quarantiquis animalia nature, i.e. opera Dei. I doe thinke that many mysteries ascribed to our owne inventions, have beeene
the courteous revelation of Spirits; for those noble essences in heaven beare a friendly regard unto their fellow-natures on earth; and therefore beleefe that those many prodigies and ominous prognostickes which fore-run the ruines of States, Princes, and private persons, are the charitable premonitions of good Angels, which more carelesse enquries terme but the effects of chance and nature. Now besides these particular and divided Spirits, there may be (for ought I know) an universal common Spirit to the whole world. It was the opinion of Plato, and it is yet the Hermiticall Philosophers; if there be a common nature that unites and tyes the scattered and divided individuals into one species, why may there not be one that unites them all? However, I am
I am sure there is a common Spirit that playes within us, yet makes no part of us, and that is the Spirit of God, and scintillation of the noble and mighty Essence, which is the life and radicall heat of spirits; and those essences that know not the vertue of the Sunnes fire, quite contrary to the fire of Hell: This is the gentle heat that brooded on the waters, and in sixe dayes hatched the world; this is that irradiation that dispells the mists of Hell, the clouds of horror, feare, sorrow, and despair; and preserves the region of the mind in serenity: whatsoever feels not the warme gale and gentle ventilation of this Spirit (though I feel his pulse) I dare not say hee lives; for truly without this, to mee, there is no heat under the Tropick; nor any light, though
though I dwell in the body of the Sun.

As when the labouring Sunne bath wrought his track,
Up to the top of lofty Cancers back,
The icye Ocean cracks, the frozen poole
Thawes with the heat of the Celestiall coale;
So when the absent beames begin t impart
Againe a Solstice on my frozen heart,
My winters ou'r, my drooping spirits sing,
And every part revives into a Spring.
But if thy quickning beames awhile decline,
And with their light blesse not this Orbe of mine.

A
Religio Medici.

A chilly frost surpriseth every member,
And in the midst of June I seele December.
Keeps till in my Horizon, for to mee,
Tis not the Sunne that makes the day, but thee.
O how this earthly temper doth debase
The noble Soule, in this her heavenly place!
whose wingie nature ever doth aspire,
To reach the place whence first it took its fire.
Those flames, I seele, which in my heart do dwell,
Are not thy beames, but take their fire from Hell:
O quench them all, and let thy light divine
Be as the Sunne to this poore Orbe of mine:

And
Religio Medici.

And to thy sacred Spirit convert those fires, whose earthy fumes choak my devout aspires.

Therefore for Spirits I am so farre from denying their existence, that I could easily believe, that not onely whole Countreys, but particular persons have their Tutelary, and Guardian Angels: It is not a new opinion of the Church of Rome, but of Pythagoras and Plato; there is no heresie in it, and if not manifestly defin'd in Scripture, yet is an opinion of a good and wholesome use in the course and actions of a mans life, and would seeme as an Hypothesis to salve many doubts, whereof common Philosophy affordeth no resolution: Now if you demand my opinion and
and Metaphysicks of their natures, I confess them very shallow, most of them in a negative way, like that of God; or in a comparative, betweene ourselves and fellow creatures; for there is in this Universe a Staire, or manifest Scale of creatures, rising not disorderly, or in a confusion, but with a comely method and proportion: betweene creatures of meer existence and things of life, there is a large disproportion of nature; between two plant-animals or creatures of sense, a wider difference; between them and man, a farre greater: and if the proportion hold on, betweene man and Angels there should bee yet a greater.

We doe not comprehend their naures, who retaine the first definition of Porphyry, and distinguish them from our selves by immorta-
immortality; for before his fall, man also was immortall; yet must wee needs affirme that hee had a different essence from the Angels: having therefore no certaine knowledge of their natures, 'tis no bad method of the Schools, whatsoever perfection wee finde obscurely in our selves, in a more complete and absolute way to ascribe unto them. I beleive they have an extemporary Knowledge, and upon the first motion of their reason doe what wee cannot without study or deliberation; they know things by their forms, and define by specificall difference, what wee describe by accidents and properties; and therefore probabilities to us may bee demonstrations unto them; that they have knowledge not onely of the specificall, but numericall forms of individualls, and understand
Stand by what reserved difference each single Hypostasis (besides the relation to its species) becomes its natural self.

That as the Soule hath a power to move the body it informs, so there is a Faculty to move any, though informe none; ours upon restraint of time, place, and distance.

But that invisible hand that conveyed Habbacuck to the Lions den, or Philip to Azotus, infringeth this rule, and hath a secret conveyance, wherewith mortality is not acquainted; if they have that intentive knowledge, whereby as in reflexion they behold the thoughts of one another, I cannot peremptorily deny but they know a great part of ours. They that to refute the Invocation of Saints, have deemed
med that they know not our affaires below, have proceeded too farre, and must pardon my opinion, till I can truly answer that piece of Scripture, *At the conversion of a sinner all the Angels of heaven rejoice.* I cannot with that great Father securely interpret the worke of the first day, *Fiat lux,* to the creation of Angels, though (I confesse) there is not any creature that hath so neare a glimpse of their nature, as light in the Sunne and Elements, while wee stile a bare accident, but where it subsists alone, a Spirituall Substance, and may be an Angel: in briefe, conceive light invisible, and that is a Spirit, those are certainly the Magisteriall and master-pieces of the Creature; the Flower (or as wee may say) the
the best part of nothing actually existing, what we are but in hopes, and probabilities, we are only the amphibious piece betwene a corporall and spirituall essence, that middle forme that linkes those two together, and makes good the method of God and nature, that jumps not from extremes, but unites the incompatible distances by some middle and and participating natures; that we are the breath and similitude of God, it is indisputable, and upon record of holy Scripture, but to call our selves a Microcosme, or little world, I thought it only a pleasant trope of Rhetorick, till my neare judgement and second thoughts told me there was a real truth therein: for first we are a rude masse, and in the ranke of creatures, which only are, and have a dull kind of being not yet priviledged with life, or preferred to sense or reason; next we live the life of plants, the life of animals, the
the life of men, and at last the life of spirits, running on in one mysterious nature: those five kinds of existences which comprehend the creatures not only of the world, but of the Universe; this is man the great and true Amphibium, whose nature is disposed to live not only like other creatures in divers elements, but in divided and distinguished worlds; for though there be but one to sense, there are two to reason, the one visible, the other invisible, whereof Moses seemes to have left description, and of the other so obscurely, that some parts thereof are yet in controversy; and truly for the last chapter of Genesis, I must confess a great deale of obscurity, though Divines have to the power of humane reason endeavoured to make all goe in a litterall meaning, yet those allegoricall interpretations are also probable, and perhaps the mysticall method of Moses bred up in the Hieroglyphicall
roglyphicall Schooles of the Egyptians.

Now for the immateriall world, me thinkes we need not wander so farre as the first moveable, for even in this materiall fabricke the spirits walke as freely exempt from the affect on of time, place, and motion, as beyond the extreamest circumference: doe but extract from the corpulency of bodies, or resolve things beyond their first matter, and you discover the habitation of Angels, which if I call the ubiquitary, and omnipresent essence of God, I hope I shall not offend Divinity; for before the Creation of the world God was really all things. For the Angels he created no new world, or determinate mansion, and therefore they are everywhere where his essence is, and doe live at a distance even in himselfe: that God made all things for man, is in some sense true, yet not so farre as to subordinate the creation
creation of those purer creatures to ours, though as ministering spirits they doe, and are willing to fulfill the will of God in these lower and sublunary affairs of man; God made all things for himselfe, and it is impossible he should make them for any other end then his owne glory; it is all he can receive, and all that is without himselfe, for honour being an externall adjunct, and in the honnourer, rather then in the person honnoured, it was necessary to make a creature, from whom he might receive this homage, and that is in the other world Angels, in this it is man, which when we neglect, we forget the very end of our creation, and may justly provoke God, not onely to repent that he hath made the world, but that he hath sworne that he would not destroy it. That there is but one world, is a conclusion of faith. Aristotle with all his Philosophy hath not been able to prove it
it, and as weakly that the world was eternall; that dispute much troubled the penne of the antient Philosophers, but Moses decided that question, and saiv'd all with a new terme of creation, a production of something out of nothing, and that is whatsoever is opposite to something more exactly, that which is truly contrary unto God, for hee onely is, all other have an existence, with depending, and are something but by distinction.

The whole Creation is a mystery, and particularly that of man, at the blast of his mouth were the rest of the creatures made, and at his bare word they started out of nothing: but in the frame of man (as the text describes it) he played the sensible operator, and seemed not so much to create, as make him; when he had separated the materials of other creatures, there
consequently resulted a forme and soule; but having raised the walls of man, he was driven to a second and harder creation of a substance like himselfe, an incorruptible and immortall soule. For the two assertions we have in Philosophy, & opinion of the Heathens, the flat affirmative of Plato, and not a negative from Aristotle: there is another scruple cast in by Divinity (concerning its production) much disputed in the Germane auditories, and with that indifferency and equality of arguments, as leave the controversies undetermined.

I am not of Paracelsus minde, that boldly delivers a receipt to make a man without conjunction, yet cannot but wonder at the multitude of heads that doe deny traduction, having no other argument to confirme their believe, then that Rhetoricall sentence, and Antanaclasis of Augustine, creando infunditur,
tur, infundendo creatur, either opinion will stand well enough with religion, yet I should rather incline to this, did not one objection haunt me, not wrung from speculations and subtleties, but from common sense, and observation, not pickt from the leaves of any other, but bred amongst the weeds and tares of mine owne braine. And this is a conclusion from the equivocal and monstrous production in the co-pulation of man with beast; for if the soul of man be not transmuted & transfused in the seed of the parents: why are not those productions meerely beasts, but have also an impression and tincture of reason in as high measure as it may demonstrate it selfe in those improper organs? not truly can I reasonably deny, that the soule in this her sublunary estate, is wholly inorganickal, but that for the perfor-
mance of her ordinary actions, is required not only a symmetry and proper disposition of Organs, but a Craft and temper correspondent to its operation; yet is not this masse of flesh and visible structure the instrument and proper corps of the soule, but rather of sense, and that the nearer Ubi of reason

In our study of Anatomy there is a masse of mysterious Philosophy, and such as reduced the very Heathens to Divinity, yet amongst all those rare discoveries, and curious pieces I finde in the fabricke of man, I doe not so much content my selfe, as in that I finde not any proper Organe or instrument for the rationall soule; for in the braine, which we tearme the seate of reason, there is not any thing of moment more then I can discover in the cranie of a beast. Thus we are men, and we know not how, there
there is something in us, that can be without us, & will be after us, though it is strange that it hath no history, what it was before us, nor cannot tell how it entred in us.

Now for the walls of flesh, wherein the soule doth seeme to be immured before the restaurati-
on, it is nothing but an elementall composition, and a fabricke that may fall to ashes; All flesh is grasse, is not onely metaphorically, but literally true, for all those creatures we behold, are but the hearbs of the field, digested into flesh in them, or more remotely carnified in our selves. Nay further, we are what we all abhorre, Antropopha-
gi and Cannibals, devourers not onely of men, but of our selves; and that not in an allegory, but a positive truth; for all this maffe of flesh which we behold, came in at our mouths: this frame we looke upon,
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upon, hath beene upon our trenchers. In briefe, we have devoured our selves. I cannot beleeve that wisdome of Pythagoras did ever positively, and in a literall sense, affirme his Metempsuchosis, or impossible transmigrations of the soules of men into beasts: of all Methamorphosis or transmigrations, I beleeve onely one, that is of Lots wife, for that of Nebuchadnezzar proceeded not so farre; In all others I conceive there is no further verity then is contained in their implicite sense and mortality: I beleeve that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death, as before it was materialled unto life; that the soules of men know neither contrary nor corruption, that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the priviledge of their proper natures, and without
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a miracle; that the soules of the faithfull, as they leave earth, take possession of Heaven: that those apparitions, and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandring soules of men, but the unquiet walkes of Devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, bloud, and villany, instilling, and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not a rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; that those phantasmes appeare often, and doe frequent Cemiteries, charnell houses, and Churches, it is because those are the dormitories of he dead, where the Devill like an insolent Champion holds with pride the spoyles and Trophies of hi sviictory in Adam.

This is the dismall conquest we all deplore, that makes us often cry (O) Adam, quid fecisti? I thanke God I have not those strait ligaments
gaments, or narrow obligations to
the world, as to dote on life, or be
convulst and tremble at the name
of death. Not that I am insensible
of the dread and horrour thereof,
or by raking into the bowels of
the deceased, continuall sight of
Anatomies, Skeletons, or Cadav-
erous reliques, like Vespilloes, or
Grave-makers, I am become stu-
pid, or have forgot the apprehen-
sion of mortality, but that marsha-
lling of the horrous, and contem-
planting the extremities thereof, I
finde not any therein able to
daunt the courage of a man, much
lesse a resolved Christian, and
therefore am not angry at the er-
rour of our first parents, or unwil-
ling to beare a part of this com-
mon fate; and like the best of them
to die, that is, to cease to breath;
to take a farewell of the elements,
to be a kind of nothing for a mo-
ment, to be within one instant a
spirit,
spirit: When I take a full view and circle of my selfe, but with this reasonable moderator, and equal piece of justice, death, I doe conceive my selfe the miserablest person extant, were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of the world should not intreate a moments breath from me; could the Devill worke my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not out-live that very thought, I have so abject a thought of this common way of existence, this retaining to the Sunne and elements, I cannot thinke this to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of my nature, in expectation of a better; I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations doe often desire death, I honour any man that contemneth it, nor can I love any that is afraid of it; this makes me naturally love a Souldier and honour those tattered and
and contemptible Regiments that will die at the command of a Sergeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life, but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this Dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or careless of the life to come.

Some Divines count Adam 30 years old at his creation, because they suppose him created in the perfect age and stature of man; and surely we are all out of the computation of our age, every man is some moneths elder then hee be-thinkes him; for we live, move, and have a being, and are subject to the actions of the elements, and the malice of diseases in that other world, the truest Microcosme, the wombe of our mother, for besides that generall and common existence that we are conceived in our Chaos, and whilst we sleepe within
in the bosomy of our causes, we enjoy a being and life in three distinct worlds, wherein we receive most manifest gradations: In that obscure world and wombe of our mother, our time is short, computed by the Moone; yet longer then the dayes of many creatures that behold the Sunne, our selves being not yet without life, sense, and reason, the manifestation of its actions, it awaits the opportunity of objects; and seems to live there but in its roote and soule of vegetation, entering afterwards upon the scene of the world, we arise up and become another creature, performing the reasonable actions of man, and obscurely manifesting that part of Divinity in use, but not in complement and perfection, till we have once more cast our secondine, that is this flough of flesh, and are delivered into the last world, that is, that meffable place of
of Saint Paul, that ubi of spirits. The smattering that I have of the Philosophers stone, which is nothing else but the perfectest exaltation of gold, hath taught me a great deale of Divinity, and instructed my belief, how that immortall spirit and incorruptible substance of my soule may lie obscure, and sleepe within this house of flesh. Those strange and mysticall transmigrations that I have observed in Silkwormes, turn d my Philosophy into Divinity. There is in these works of nature, which seem to puzzle reason, something Divine, and hath more in it then the eye of a common spectator doth discover. I am naturally bashfull, nor hath conversation, age, or travell, bee ne able to effront or harden me; yet I have one part of modesty, which I have seldome discovered in another, that is, to speake truly. I am not so much afraid of death, as ashamed thereof, to
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to the very disgrace and ignomy of our natures, that in a moment can so disfigure us that our nearest friends, Wife, and Children stand afraid and stare at us. The Birds and Beasts of the field that before in a natural fear obeyed us, forgetting all allegiance begin to prey upon us; this very conceit hath in a tempest disposed and left me willing to be swallowed up in the abysse of waters, wherein I had perished, unseen, unpityed, without wondering eyes, tears of pity, Lectures of mortality, and none had said, quantum mutatus ab illo! Not that I am ashamed of the Anatomy of my parts, or can accuse nature for playing the bungler in any part of me, or my owne vicious life for contracting any shamefull disease upon me, whereby I might not call my selfe as wholesome a morell for the wormes as any. Some upon the courage of fruitfull issue, wherein, as in the trueft Chronicle, they seeme to out-
outlive themselves, can with greater patience away with death. This conceit and counterfeit subsisting in our progenies seems to me a mere fallacy, unworthy the desires of a man, that can but conceive a thought of the next world; who, in a noble ambition, should desire to live in his substance in Heaven. And therefore at my death I meane to take a Total adiew of the world, not caring for a Monument, History, or Epitaph, not so much as the bare memory of my name to be found anywhere but in the universall Register of God: I am not yet so Cynicall, as to approve the Testament of Diogenes, nor doe altogether allow that Rodomantado of Lucian.

—Cælo tegitur, qui non habet urnam.
He that unburied lies wants not a Herse.
For unto him a tombe's the universe.

But commend in my calmer judgement,
ment, those ingenious intentions that desire to sleepe by the utnes of their Fathers, and strive to goe the nearest way unto corruption. I doe not envy the temper of Crowes; nor the numerous and weary dayes of our Fathers, before the Flood. If there be any truth in Astrology, I may outlive a Jubilee,as yet I have not seen one revolution of Saturne,nor have my pulfe beate thirty yeares, and excepting one, have seene the ashes, and left under ground, al the Kings of Europe, have beeene contemporary to three Emperours, foure Grand Signiours, and as many Popes; me thinkes I have out-lived my selfe, and begin to be weary of the fame, I have shaken hands with delight in warme blood and Canicular dayes, I perceive I doe participate the vices of age, the world to me is but a dreame, or mock-show, and we all therein but Pantalones or Antickes to my severer contemplation.
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It is not, I confess, an unlawful prayer to desire to surpass the dayes of our Saviour, or wish to out-live that age wherein he thought fittest to dye, yet, if (as Divinity affirmes) there shall be no gray haires in Heaven, but all shall rise in the perfect state of men, we doe but out-live those perfections in this world, to be recalled by them, by a greater miracle in the next, and run on here but to retrograde hereafter. Were there any hopes to out-live vice, or a point to be super-annated from sin, it were worthy on our knees to implore the age of Methuselah. But age doth not rectifie, but incurvate our natures, turning bad dispositions into worser habits, and (like diseases) bring on incurable vices, for every day, as we grow weake in age, we grow strong in sinne, and the number of our daies doth but make our sins innumerable. The same vice committed at sixteene, is not the same, though it agree in all other
other circumstances, at forty, but swells and doubles from the circumstance of our ages, wherein besides the constant and inexcusable habit of transgressing, it hath the maturity of our Judgement to cut off pretence unto excuse or pardon: every sin, the oftener it is committed, the more it acquireth in the quality of evil, as it succeeds in times, so it proceeds into degrees of badness, for as they proceed they ever multiply, and like figures in Arithmetick, the last stands for more then all that went before it: the course and order of my life, would be a very death to others: I use my selfe to all dyets, humours, ayres, hunger, thirst, cold, heate, want, plenty, necessity, dangers, hazards, when I am cold, I cure not my selfe by heate, when sicke, not by physicke, those that know how I live, may justly say, I regard not life, nor stand in feare of death, I am much taken with two verses of Lucan, since I have beene a-

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ble not onely as we doe at Schoole, to construe, but understand it:

Viduosque Dei celant ut vivere durent,
Felix esse morti.
So are we all deluded, vainly searching ways,
To make us happy by the length of dayes,
For cunningly it makes protract the breath
The Gods conceal the happines of Death.

There be many excellent straines in that Poet, wherewith his Stoicall Genius hath liberally supplyed him; and truely there are singular pieces of the Philosophy of Zeno, and doctrine of the Stoickes, which I perceive, delivered in a Pulpit, passe for currant Divinity, yet herein are they extream that can allow a man to be his owne Assassin, and so highly extoll the end of Cato, this is indeed not to feare death, but yet to be afraid of life. It is a brave act of valour to contemne death, but where life is more terrible then
then death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live, and herein Religion hath taught us a noble example: For all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scenvola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the racke of a disease, nor any Poneyard in death it selfe like those in the way or prologue unto it.

_Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil cura_, I would not dye, but care not to be dead. _Were I of Cæsars Religion I should be of his desires, and wish rather to be tortured at one blow, then to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease._ Now besides this literall positive kinde of death, there are others whereof Divines make mention, and those I think, not meere-ly Metaphoricall, as Mortification, dying unto sin and the world; therefore, I say, every man hath a double Horoscope, one of his Humanity, his birth; another of his Christianity,
his baptism, and from this doe I compute or calculate my Nativity, yet not reckoning of those *Hora combus*ta, and odde dayes, or esteeming my selfe anything, before I was my Saviours, and inrolled in the Register of Christ, who soever enjoyes not this life, I count him but an apparition, though he weare about him the sensible affection of the flesh.

In those morall acceptions, the way to be immortal is to dye daily, nor can I thinke that I have the true Theory of death, when I contemplate a skull, or behold a Skeleton, which those vulgar imaginations cast upon it, I have therefore enlarged that common *Memento mori*, into a more Christian memorandum, *Memento quatuor novissima*, those foure inevitable points of us all, Death, Judgement, Heaven, and Hel. Neither did the contemplations of the Heathens rest in their graves, without a further thought of *Radamanth* or some judicial
ciall proceeding after death, but in another way, and upon suggestion of their naturall reasons. I cannot but marvaile from what Sibyll or Oracle they stole the prophesy of the worlds destruction by fire, or whence Lucan learned to say, "Communs mundo superest rogus, osibus Mifturns."—(astra
There yet remaines toth worlde one com-
mon fire,
Wherein our bones with stars shall make one pire.

I beleve the world growes neare its end, and yet is neither old nor decayed, nor will ever perish upon the ruines of its owne principles. As the worke of Creation was above nature, so its adversary, annihilation, without which the world hath not its end. Now what force should bee able to consume it, thus farre without the breath of God, which is the truest consuming flame my Philosophy can informe me I beleve that there went not
not a minute to the worlds creation, nor shall there goe to its destruction; Those six dayes so punctually described, make not to me one moment, but rather seeme to manifest the method and Idea of the great worke of the intellect of God, then the manner how he proceeded in its operation. I cannot dreame that there should be at the last day any Judiciall proceeding, or calling to the Barre, as indeed the Scripture seemes to imply, and the literall commentators doe conceive: for unspeakeable mysteries in the Scriptures are often delivered in a vulgar and illustrative way, and being written unto man, are delivered, not as they truely are, but as they may be understood, wherein notwithstanding the different interpretations according to different capacities, they may stand firme with our devotion, nor be any way prejudiciall to each single edification. Now to determine the day and yeare of this
his inevitable time, is not only convincing and statute madness, but also manifest impiety; How shall we interpret *Elias* 6000. years, or imagine the secret communicated to the Rabbi, which God hath denied to his Angels.

It had beene an excellent quære, to have posed the devill of *Delphos*, and must needes have forced him to some strange amphibiology, it hath not onely mocked the predictions of sundry Astrologers in ages past, but the Philosophy of many melancholy heads, in the present, who neither understanding reasonable things past nor present, pretend a knowledge of things to come, heads ordained onely to manifest the incredible effects of melancholy, and to fulfill old prophesies, rather then be authour of new.

[In those dayes there shall come warres and rumours of warres] to me seemes no prophesie, but a constant truth,
truth, in all times verified since it was first pronounced: There shall be signs in the Moone and Starres, how comes he then like a thief in the night, when he gives an item of his comming? That common signe drawne from the revelation of Anti-christ, the Philosophers stone, in Divinity, for the discovery and invention whereof, though there be prescribed rules, and probable inductions, yet hath no man attained the perfect discovery thereof. That generall opinion that the world growes neere at an end, hath possessed all ages past as neerely as ours. I am afraid that the Soules that now depart, cannot escape the lingering expostulation of the Saints under the Altar, Quousque Domine? How long, O Lord? and groane in the expectation of the great Jubilee. This is the day that must make good the great attribute of Gods Justice, that must reconcile those unanswerable doubts that torment the wi-
left understandings, and reduce those seeming inequalities, and respective distributions in this world, to an equality and recompenfive Justice in the next.

This is that one day, that shall include and comprehend all that went before it, where in as in the last scene, all the Actors must enter to compleat and make up the Catastrophe of this great piece. This is the day, whose onely memory hath power to make us honest in the darke, and to be vertuous without a witnesse. *Ipsa sui pretium virtus sibi,* that vertue is her owne reward, is but a cold principle, and not able to maintaine our variable resolutions in a constant and setled way of goodnesse. I have practized that honest arteifice of Seneca, and in my retired and solitare imaginations, to detaine me from the foulenesse of vice, have fancied to my selfe the presence of my deare and worthyest friend, before whom I should lose my
my head, rather then be vitious, yet herein I found that there was nought but morall honesty, and this was not to be vertuous for his sake who must reward us at the last day. I have try-ed if I could have reached that great resolution of his, to be honest without a thought of Heaven or Hell; and indeed I found upon a naturall inclination, and inbred loyalty unto ver-tue, that I could serve her without a livery, yet not in the resolved venera-ble way, but that the frailty of my nature, upon an easie temptation, might be induced to forget her. The life therefore and spirit of all our ac-tons, is the resurrection, and stabe appreher fion, that our ashes shall en-joy the fruit ofour pious endeavours; without this, all Religion is a fallacy, and those impieties of Lucian and Eu-ripedes, are no blasphemies, but sub-tile verities, and Atheists have beene the onely Philosophers. How shall the dead arise? is no question of my faith,
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faith; to believe only possibilities, is not faith, but mere Philosophy; many things are true in Divinity, which are neither inducible by reason, nor confirmable by sense, and many things in Philosophy confirmable by sense, yet not inducible by reason. Thus it is impossible by any solid or demonstrative reasons to perceive a man to believe the conversion of the Needle to the North; though this be possible, and true, and easily credible, upon a single experiment of the sense. I believe that our estranged and divided ashes shall unite againe, that our separated dust after so many pilgrimages and transformations into the parts of minerals, Plants, Animals, Elements, shall at the voice of God returne into their primitive shapes, and joyne againe to make up their primary & predestinate formes. As at the Creation, there was a separation of the confused masse into its species, so at the destruction thereof shall
shall be a separation into its distinct individuals. As at the Creation of the world, all that distinct species that we behold, lay involved in one mass, till the fruitfull voyce of God separated this united multitude into its severall species: so at the last day, when those corrupted reliques shall be scattered in the wildernesse of formes, and seeme to have forgot their proper habits, God by a powerful voyce shall command them backe into their proper shapes, and call them out by their single and individuals: Then shall appeare the fertility of Adam, and the magicke of that sperme that hath dilated into so many millions; what is made to be immortall, Nature cannot, nor will the voyce of God destroy.

Those bodies that wee behold to perish, were in their created natures, immortall, and liable unto death, but accidentally, and upon forfeit, and therefore they owe not that natu-
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naturall homage unto death, as other bodies doe, but may be restored to immortality with a lesser miracle, as by a bare, an easie revocation of course returne immortall. I have often beheld as a miracle, that artificiall resurrection and vivification of Mercury, how being mortified in a thousand shapes, it assumes againe its owne, and returnes into its numericall selfe.

Let us speake naturally, and as Philosophers, the formes of alterable bodies in those sensible corruptions perish not; nor as we imagine, wholly quit their mansions, but retire and contract themselves into those secret and unaccesible parts where they may best protect themselves against the action of their Antagonists. A plant or vegetable consumed to ashes, to a contemplative and schoole Philosopher seemes utterly destroyed, and the forme to have taken his leave for ever: But to a subtile Artistic

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the formes are not perished, but withdrawne into their combustible part, where they lie secure from the action of that devouring element. This I make good by experience, and can from the ashes of a plant revive the plant, and from its cinders recall it to its stalk and leaves againe. What the Art of man can doe in these inferiour pieces, what blasphemy is it to imagine the finger of God cannot doe in those more perfect and sensible structures? This is that mysticall Philosophy, from whence no true Scholler becomes an Atheist, but from the visible effects of nature, growes up a reall Divine, and beholds not as in a dreame, as Ezekiel, but in an ocular and visible object the types of his resurrection. Now, the necessary Mansions of our restored selfe, are these two contrary incompatible places we call Heaven and Hell; to define them, or strictly to determine what and where these are, surpasseth my divinity.
divinity. That elegant Saint, which seemed to have a glimpse of Heaven, hath left but a negative description thereof; Which neither eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard, nor can enter into the heart of man: he was translated out of himself to behold it, but being returned into himself could not express it. Saint John’s description by Emeralds, Chrysolites, and precious stones, is too weak to express the material Heaven wee behold. Briefly therefore, where the soul hath the full measure, and complement of happiness, where the boundless appetite of the spirit remains compleatly satisfied, that it can neither desire addition nor alteration; that I think is truly Heaven: and this can only be in the enjoyment of that essence, whose infinite goodness is able to terminate the desires of itself, and the unlatiable wishes of ours; where ever God will thus manifest himselfe, 

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there is Heaven, though within the circle of this sensible world.

Thus the sense of man may be in Heaven any where within the limits of his owne proper body, and when it ceaseth to live in the body, it may remaine in its own soule, that is its Creator. And thus we may lay that Saint Paul, whether in the body, or out of the body, was yet in Heaven. To place it in the Empyriall, or beyond the tenth Spheere, is to forget the worlds destruction; for when this sensible world shall be destroyed, and shall then be here as it was there, an Empyriall Heaven, a quasi vacuitie, when to aske where Heaven is, is to demand where the presence of God is, or where we have the glory of that happy vision. Moses that was bred up in all the learning of the Egyptians, committed a grosse absurdity in Philosophy, when with the eyes of flesh he desired to see God, and petitioned his Maker, that is truth it selfe,
to contradiction. Those that imagine Heaven and Hel neighbours, and conceive a vicinity betwixt those two extreames, upon consequence of the Parable, where Dives discourse with Lazarus in Abrahams bosom, do too grossely conceive of those glorified creatures, whose eyes shall easily out-see the Sunne, and behold without a Perspective, the extreamest distances: for if there shall be in our glorified eyes, the faculty of sight and reception of objects, I could thinke the visible species there to be in as unlimitable a way as now the intellectuals. I grant that two bodies placed beyond the tenth Spheare, or in a vacuity, according to Aristotles Philosophy, could not behold each other, because there wants a body or Medium to have and transport the visible rayes of the object unto the sense, but when there shall be a generall defect of either Medium to convey, or light to prepare and dispose that
that Medium, and yet a perfect vision, we must suspend the rules of our Philosophy, and make all good by a more absolute piece of Opticks. I cannot tell how to say that fire is the essence of hell, I know not what to make of Purgatory, or conceive a flame that can neither prey upon, nor purify the substance of a soul; those flames of sulphure mentioned in the Scriptures, I take not to be understood of this present Hell, but of that to come where fire shall make up the complement of our tortures, and have a body or subject wherein to manifest its tyranny: Some who had the honour to be text in divinity, are of opinion it shall be the same specificall fire with ours. This is hard to conceive, yet can I make good how even that may prey upon our bodies, and yet not consume us: for in this materiall world, there are bodies that passed invincible in the powerfulest flames, and though by action of the fire
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fire they fell into ignition and liquation, yet will they never suffer a destruction: I would know how Moses with an actuall fire calcind, or burnt the golden Calfe into powder: for that mysticall mettle of gold, whose solary and celestiall nature I adore, exposed unto the violence of fire, grows only hot and liquifies, but consumeth not: so when the consumable & volatile pieces of our bodies shall be refined into a more impregnable and fixed temper like gold, though they suffer from the action of the flames, they shall never perish, but lie immortall in the armes of fire.

And surely if this frame must suffer onely by the action of this element, there will many bodies escape, and not onely Heaven, but earth will not be at an end, but rather a beginning; For at present it is not earth, but a composition of fire, water, earth, and aire; but at that time spoyled of those ingredients, it shall H

appeare
appeare in a substance more like it selfe, its ashes. Philosophers that opined the worlds destruction by fire, did never dreame of annihilation, which is beyond the power of sublunary causes; for the last and proper action of that element is but vitrification or a reduction of a body into Glass, and therefore some of our Chymicks factiously affirm; yea, and urge Scripture for it, that at the last fire all shall be crystallized and reverberated into Glass, which is the utmost action of that element. Nor need we feare this terme annihilation, or wonder that God will destroy the workes of his Creation: for man subsisting, who is, and then truly appeares a Microcosme; the world cannot be said to be destroyed. For the eyes of God, and perhaps also of our glorified selves, shall as really behold and contemplate the world in its Epitome or contracted essence, as now it doth at large in its dilated substance.
In the Syen of a Plant to the eyes of God, and to the understanding of man, there exist, though in an invisible way, the perfect leaves, flowers, and fruit thereof: for things that are in posse to the sense, are actually existent to the understanding. Thus God beholds al things, who contemplates as fully his workes in their Epitome, as in their full volume, and beheld as amply the whole world in that little compendium of the sixth day, as in the scattered and dilated pieces of those five before. Men commonly set forth the torments of Hell by fire, and the extremity of corporall afflictions, and describe Hell in the same method that Mahomet doth Heaven. This indeed makes a noyse, and drums in popular eares: but if this be the terrible piece thereof, it is not worthy to stand in diameter with Heaven, whose happinesse consists in that part that is best able to comprehend it, that immortall essence, the translated
translated divinity of God, the soule. I thanke God, and with joy I mention it, I was never afraid of Hell, nor never grew pale at the description of that place, I have so fixed my contemplations on Heaven, that I have almost forgot the Idea of Hell, and am afraid rather to lose the joyes of Heaven, then endure the misery of Hell, to be deprived of them is a perfect Hell, and needs me thinkes no addition to compleat our afflictions; that terrible terme hath never detained me from sinne, nor doe I owe any good action to the name thereof: I feare God, yet am not afraid of him, his mercies make me ashamed of my sinnes, before his judgements afraid thereof: these are the forced and secondary method of his wisdom, which he useth but as the last remedy, and upon provocation, a course rather to detaine the wicked, then to incite the godly to his worship. I cannot think there was ever any scared
scared into Heaven, they goe the fairest way to Heaven, that would serve God without a Hell, other Mercenaries that crouch unto him in feare of Hell, though they terme themselves the servants, are indeed but the slaves of the Almighty: and to be true, and speake my soule, when I survey the occurrences of my life, and call into account the finger of God, I can perceive nothing but an abyss and maffe of mercies, either in generall to mankind, or in particular to my selfe, and whether out of the prejudice of my owne affections, or an inventing and partiall conceit of his mercies I know not, but those which others terme crosses, afflictions, judgements, misfortunes, to me who enquire farther into them then visible effects, they both appeare, and in effect have ever proved the secret and dissembled favours of his affection. It is a singular piece of wisdome to apprehend truly, and without passion the worke of God,
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God, and so well to distinguish his justice from his mercy, as not miscall those noble attributes; yet it is likewise an honest piece of Logick to dispute and argue the proceedings of God, as to distinguish even his judgments into mercies. For God is merciful unto all, because to the worst, that the best deserve, and to say he punisheth none in this world, though it bee a Paradox, is no absurdity. To one that hath committed murder, if the Judge should say, onely ordaine a Fine, it were a madness to call this punishment, and to repine at the sentence, rather then admire the clemency of the Judge. Thus our offences being mortall, and deserving not onely death, but damnation, if the goodness of God be content to traverse and passe them over with a losse, misfortune, or disease; what frensie were it to terme this a punishment, rather then an extremity of mercy, to groane under the the
the rod of his judgements, rather then admire the Scepter of his mercies: therefore to adore, honour, and admire him, is a debt of gratitude due from the obligation of our nature, states, and conditions, and with these thoughts, he that knowes them best, will not deny that I adore him, that I obtaine Heaven, and the blisse thereof, is accidentall, and not the intended worke of my devotion, it being a felicity I can neither thinke to deserve, nor scarce in modesty to expect. For these two ends of us all, either as rewards, or punishments, are mercifully ordained and disproportionally disposed unto our actions, the one being farre beyond our deserts, the other so infinitely below our demerits. There is no salvation to those that believe not in Christ, that is, say some, since his Nativity, and as Divinity affirmeth before also, which makes me much apprehend the end of those honest Worthies and Philosophers which
which died before his Incarnation. It is hard to place those soules in Hell whose life doth teach us vertue on earth, me thinkes amongst those many subdivisions of Hell, there might have beene one Limbo left for those: What strange vision will it be to see their poeticall fictions converted into verities, and their imagined and fancied furies, into reall Devils: how strange to them will sound the History of Adam, when they shall suffer for him they never heard of: when they that derive their Genealogy from the Gods, shall know they are the unhappy issue of sinfull man? It is an insolent part of reason to controvert the workes of God, or question the justice of his proceedings; Could humility teach others, as it hath instructed me, to contemplate the infinite and incomprehensible distance betwixt the Creator and the creature, or did we seriously perpend that one principle of Saint Paul, Shall
the vessell say to the Potter, why hast thou made me thus? it would prevent the arrogant disputes of reason, nor would we argue the definitive sentence of God, either in Heaven or Hell. Men that live according to the right rule and law of reason, live but in their owne kinde, as beasts doe in theirs; who justly obey the prescript of their natures, and therefore cannot reasonably demand a reward of their actions as only obeying the natural dictates of their reasons. It will therefore, and must at last appeare, that all salvation is through Christ; which verity I feare those great examples of vertue must confirme, and make it good how the perfectest actions of earth have no title or claime unto Heaven: nor truly doe I thinke the lives of these or of any other were ever correspondant or in all points conformable unto their doctrines; it is evident that Aristotle transgressed the rule of his owne Ethicks; the Stoicks
Stoicks that condemn passion, and command a man to laugh in Phalaris his Bull; could not endure without a groane, a fit of the stone or collick. The Scepticks that affirmed they knew nothing; even in that opinion confute themselves, and thought they knew more then all the world. Diogenes I hold to be the most vaine-glorious man of his time, and more ambitious in refusing all honour, then Alexander in rejecting none. Vice and the Devil put a fallacie upon our reasons, and provoking too hastily to runne from it, entangle and profound us deeper in it. The Duke of Venice, that yearly weds himselfe unto the Sea, by casting thereinto a ring of Gold, I will not argue of prodigality, because it is a solemnity of good use and consequence in the State. But the Philosopher that threw his money into the Sea to avoyd avarice, was a notorious prodigal. There is no road or ready way to vertue, it is not an easie
easier point of art to disintangle our selves from this riddle, or web of sin: To perfect virtue, as to Religion there is required a Panoplia or compleat armour, that whilst we lye not at a close ward against one vice we lye open to another: And indeed wiser discretions that have the thred of reason to conduct them, offend without a pardon; whereas under heads may stumble without dishonour. There goe so many circumstances to piece up one good action, that is a lesson to be good, and wee are forced to be vertuous by the booke. Againe, the practice of men holds not an equall pace, yea, and often runnes counter to their Theory; we naturally know what is good, but naturally pursue what is evill: the Rhetorick where-with I perswade another, cannot perswade myself: there is a depraved appetite in us, that will with patience heare the learned instructions of Reason; but yet performe no farther then I agrees
agrees to its owne irregular Humour. In briefe, we all are monsters, that is, a composition of man and beast, wherein we must endeavour to be as the Poets fancy that wise man Chiron, that is, to have the Region of Man above that of Beast, and sense to fit but at the foote of reason. Lastly, I doe desire with God, that all, but yet affirme with men, that few shall know salvation, that the bridge is narrow, the passage straite unto life, yet those who doe confine the Church of God, either to particular Nations, Churches, or Families, have made it farre narrower then ever our Saviour meant it. I beleeeve many are faved who to man seeme reprobated, and many are reprobated, who in the opinion and sentence of man, stand elected; there will appeare at the last day, strange, and unexpected examples, both of his Justice and mercy, and therefore to desire either, is folly in man, and insolency, even
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in the devils; those acute and subtilill spirits cannot divine in all their fagacity, who shall be saved, which if they could prognosticate, their labour were at an end; nor need they com-passe the earth, seeking whom they may devour. Those who upon rigid application of the Law, sentence Solomon unto damnation, condemne not onely him, but themselves, and the whole world; for by the letter, and written Word of God, we are without exception in the state of death, but there is a prerogative of God, and an arbitrary pleasure above the letter of his owne Law, by which alone we can pretend unto salvation, and through which Solomon might be as easily saved as those who condemne him.

The number of those who pretend unto salvation, and those infinite swarmes who thinke to passe through the eye of a Needle, have much a-mazed me. That name and compel-
lation of little Flocke, doth not comfort but deject my devotion, especially when I reflect upon mine owne unworthiness, wherein, according to my humble apprehensions, I am below them all, I beleve there shall never be an Anarchy in Heaven, but as there are Herarchies amongst the Angels, so shall there be degrees of priority amongst the Saints. Yet is it (I protest) beyond my ambition to aspire unto the first rankes, my desires onely are, and I shall be onely happy therein, to be but the last man, and bring up the Rere in Heaven.

Againe, I am confident, and fully perswaded, yet dare not take my oath of my salvation; I am, as it were sure and doe beleve, without all doubt, that there is such a City as Constantinopile, yet for me to take my oath thereon, were a kinde of perjury, because I hold not infallible warrant from my owne sense to confirme me in
in the certainty thereof. And truly, though many pretend an absolute certainty of their salvation, yet when an humble soule shall contemplate her owne unworthinesse, she shall meete with many doubts and suddeinely finde how much we stand in need of the precept of Saint Paul, _Worke out your salvation with feare and trembling._ That which is the caufe of my election, I hold to be the cause of my salvation, which was the mercy, and beneplacitie of God, before I was, or the foundation of the world, _Before Abraham was, I am_; is the saying of Christ, yet is true, if I say it of my selfe, for I was not onely before my selfe, but _Adam_, that is, in the Idea of God, and the decree of that Synod held from all Eternity. And in this sense, I say, the world was before the Creation, and at an end before it had a beginning.

Insolent zeales that destroy good workes and rely upon faith, take not
away merit: for depending upon the efficacy of their faith, they enforce the condition of God, and in a more sophistical way doe seeme to challenge Heaven. It was ordered by God, that onely those that lapt in the water like dogges, should have the honour to destroy the Midianites, yet could none of those justly challenge, or imagine he deserved the honour: Thereupon I do not deny, but that true faith, and such as God requires, is not onely a marke or token, but also a meanes of our Salvati
on, but where to finde this, is as obscure to me, as my last end. And if our Saviour could object unto his owne Disciples, and favourites, a faith, that to the quantity of a graine of Mustard seed, is able to remove mountaines; surely that which wee boast of, is not any thing, or at the most, but a remove from nothing.

This is the Tenor of my believe, wherein, though there be many things singu-
singular, and to the humour of my irregular selfe, yet, if they square not with mature judgments, I disclaim them, and doe no further father them, then the learned and best judgments shall authorize them.

The Second Part.

Now for the other Vertue of Charity, without which faith is a meere notion, and of no existence, I have ever endeavoured to nourish this mercifull disposition, and humane inclination, which I borrowed from my Parents, and regulate it to the prescribed Lawes of Charity; and if I hold the true Anatomy of my selfe, I am delineated and naturally framed to such a piece of vertue, for I am of a constitution so general, that it consorts, and sympathizeth with all
all things; I have no antipathy, or rather Idio-syncrasie, in dye, humour, ayre, any thing; I wonder not at the French, for their dishes of frogges, snailes, and toadstooles; Nor at the Jewes for Locusts, and Grasse-hoppers, but being amongst them, make them my common viands. And I finde they agree with my stomach as well as theirs; I could digest a Salad gathered in a Church-yard, as well as in a Garden. I cannot start at the presence of a Serpent, Scorpion, Lizard, or Salamander; at the sight of a Toad, or Viper, I finde in me no desire to take up a stone to destroy them, I feele not in my selfe those common antipathies that I can discover in others: Those national repugnances doe not touch me, nor do I behold with prejudice, the Flemish, Italian, Spaniard, or Dutch; but where I find their actions in ballance with my Country-mens, I honour, love, and embrace them in some degree;
gree; I was borne in the eight h Climate, but seemed forty, beframed, and constellated unto all; I am no Plant that will not prosper out of a Garden. All places, all ages, makes unto me one Country; I am in England, every where, and under any meridian; I have beene shipwrackt, yet am not enemy with the sea or winds; I can study, play, or sleepe in a tempest. In briefe, I am averse from nothing, neither Plant, Animall, nor Spirit; my Conscience would give me the lye, if I should say I absolutely detest, or hate the Devill, or at least abhorre him, but that we may come to composition. Is there any thing among those common objects of hatred, that I can safely, I doe contemne and laugh at? That great inquiry of reason, vertue, and Religion, the multitude, that numerous piece of Monstruosity, which taken atunder, seemes the reasonable Creatures of God; but confused together, make
make but one great beast, and a monster, more prodigious then Hydra; it is no breach of Charity to call those fooles; it is the file all holy Writers have afforded them, let downe by Solomon in the holy Scripture, and a point of our faith to believe so. Neither in the name of multitude doe I only include the base and minor sort of people; there is a rabble even amongst the Gentry, a sort of Plebeian heads, whose fancy move with the fame wheele as these men, even in the fame Levell with Mechanickes, though their fortunes doe somewhat guild their infirmities, and their purses compound for their follies. But as in casting account, three or foure men together come short in account of one man placed by himselfe below them: So neither are a troope of those ignorant Doradoes, of that true esteeme and value, as many a forlorne person, whose condition doth place them below their feet.
Let us speake like Politicians, there is a Nobility without Heraldry, a naturall dignity, whereby one man is Ranked with another, and Filed before him, according to the quality of his desert, and preheminence of his good parts. Though the corruption of these times, and the byas of this present practice wheele another way, thus it was in the first and primitive Common-wealth, and is yet in the integrity and Cradle of well-ordered polities, til corruption getteth ground, ruder desires labouring after that which wiser consideratons contemn, every one having a liberty to amasse and heape up riches, and therewith a license or faculty to doe or purchase any thing. The generall and indiffer- rent temper of mine, doth more neerely dispose me to this noble vertue. It is a happinesse to be borne and framed unto vertue, and to grow up from the seeds of nature, rather then the inoculation and forced graftes of edu-
education, yet if we are directed only by our particular Natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule then that of our reasons, we are but Moralists; Divinity will still call us Heathens. Therefore this great worke of Charity, must have other motives, ends, and impulsions: I give no almes to satisfie the hunger of my Brother, but to fulfill and accomplish the Will and Command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but his that enjoyned it; I relieve no man upon the Rhetoricke of his miseries, nor to content mine owne commiserating disposition, for this is still but morall Charity, and an act that oweth more to passion then reason. He that relieves another upon the bare suggestion and bowels of pity, doth not so much for his sake as for his owne: for by compassion we make others miseries our owne, and so by relieving them, we relieve our selves also.
It is an erroneous conceite to redress other men's misfortunes upon the common considerations of merciful natures, that it may be one day our owne case, for this is a sinister, and politicke kind of Charity, whereby we seeme to bespeake the pities of men, in the like occasions; and I have observed that those professed Eleemosynaries, though in a croud or multitude, do yet place their petitions on a few and selected persons.

There is surely a Physiogmonyn, which those experienced and Master Mendicants observe, whereby they instantly discover a mercifull aspect, and will single out a face, wherein they spy the signatures and markes of pity: for there are mystically in our faces certaine characters which carry in them the motto of our Soules, wherein he that can read A.B.C. may read our natures. I behold moreover that there is a Phisogonomy, or Phy-siogmonyn, not onely of men, but of Plants,
Plants, and Vegetables; and in every one of them, some outward figures which hang as signes or bushes of their inward formes.

The finger of God hath left an inscription upon all his workes, not graphickall or composed of Letters, but of their several formes, constitutions, parts, and operations, which aptly joyned together, make one word that doth expresse their natures. By those Letters God calls the Starres by their names, and by this Alphabet Adam assigned to every nature, a name peculiar to its Nature. Now there are besides these Characters in our faces, certaine mysticall figures in our hands, which I dare not call meere dash strokes, a Lavole, or at randome, because delineated by a pencill, that never workes in vaine; and hereof I take the more particular notice, because I carry that in mine owne hand, which I could never read of, nor discover in another. Appendix,
I confesse, in his acute, and singular book of Physiognomy, hath made mention of Chiromancy, yet I believe the Egyptians, who were never addicted to those abstruse and mysticall sciences, had a knowledge therein, to which those vagabond and counterfeit Egyptians do yet pretend, and perhaps retaine a few corrupted principles, which sometimes may verifie their prognostickes.

It is a common wonder of all men, how among so many millions of faces, there should be none alike. Now contrary, I wonder as much how there should be any, he that shall consider how many thousand severall words have been carelesly & without study composed out of 24. Letters; withall how many hundred lines there are to be drawne in the fabricke of one man; shall easily finde that this variety is necessary. And it will be very hard that they shall so concur as to make one portraet like another.
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Let a Painter carefully limbe out a Million of faces, and you shall finde them all different, and after all his art there will remaine a sensible distincction from the patterne of every thing in the perfectest of that kinde; wherefore we shall still come short, though we transcend or goe beyond it, because herein it is wide and agrees not in all points unto its Copy, nor doth the similitude of Creatures disparage the variety of nature, nor any way confound the workes of God. For even in things alike, there is a diversity, and those that doe seeme to accord, doe manifestly disagree. And thus is Man like God, for in the same things that we resemble him, we are utterly different from him. There was never any thing so like another, as in all points to concurre, there will ever some reserved difference slip in, to prevent the Identity, without which, two severall things would not alike, but the same, which is impossible.
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possible. But to returne from Philosophy to Charity, I hold not so narrow a conceite of this vertue, as to conceive that to give almes, is onely to be Charitable, or thinke a piece of Liberality can comprehend the Totall of Charity; Divinity hath wisely divided the act thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way, many paths unto goodness, as many wayes as we may doe good, so many wayes wee may bee Charitable, there are infirmities, not onely of body, but of Soule, and fortunes, which doe require the mercifull hand of our abilities.

I cannot contemn a man for ignorant, but behold him with as much pity as I doe Lazarus. It is no greater Charity to cloath his body, then apparell the nakednesse of his Soule. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men weare our Liveries, and their borrowed understandings doe homage to the bounty of ours. It is the
the cheapest way of beneficence, and like the natural charity of the Sunne illuminates another without obseuring it selfe. To be reserved in this part of goodnesse, is the fordideft piece of covetousnesse, and more contemptible then the pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling my selfe a Scholler) I am obliged by the duty of my condition, I make not therefore my head a grave, but a treasury of knowledge, I intend no Monopoly, but a Community in learning, I study not for my owne sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knowes more then my selfe, but I pity them that know lesse. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keepe it alive in mine owne head, then beget and ingender it in his; in the midst of all my endeavours there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with my elf, nor
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nor can be Legacyed among my honoured Friends. I cannot fall out or contemne a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide our affections: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in Philosophy, and in Divinity, if they meete with discreet and peaceable natures, doe not infringe the Lawes of Charity in all disputes; so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose, for then reasons, like a bad hound spends upon a false sent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined, for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they doe so wander with unnecessary digressions, and the Parenthesis of the party, is often as large as the maine discourse upon the Subject. The Foundations of Religion are already established, and the principles of Salvation subscribed unto

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by all, there remains not one controversy that is worth a passion, and yet never any disputed without, not only in Divinity, but in inferior Arts: What a 

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and hot skirmish is betwixt S. and T. in Lucian: So doth Grammarians hacke and flash for the Genitive case in Jupiter. How many Synods have been assembled and angrily broke up againe about a line in Propria quae Maribus? How do they break their owne pates to salve that of Priscian? Se foret in terris sideret Democritus. Yea, even amongst wiser militants, how many wounds have beene given, and credits shamed for the poore victory of an opinion or beggerly conquest of a distinction? Schollers are men of peace, they beare no arms, but their tongues are sharper then Alcibiades his razor, their pens carry farther, and give a lowder report then thunder, I had rather stand in the stroke of a Basilisco then in the fury of a mercificle pen.
It is not meere zeale to Learning, or devotion to the Muses, that wiser Princes Patron the Arts, and carry an indulgent respect unto Schollers, but a desire to have their names eternized by the memory of their Writings, and a feare of the revengefull pen of succeeding ages: for these are men, that when they have played their parts, and had their exits, must step out and give the morall of their Scenes, and deliver unto posterity an Inventory of their vertues and vices. And surely there goes a great deale of conscience to the compiling of an History, and there is no reproach to the scandall of a Story. It is such an Authentick kind of falsehood that with authority belies our good names to all Nations and Posterities.

There is another offence to Charity, wch no Author hath ever written of, & few take notice of, & that's the reproach, not of whole professions, mysteries & conditions, but of whole nati-
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...ons, wherein lye opprobrious Epithets that we must call each other, and upon uncharitable Logick from a disposition in a few conclude a habit in all.

*Le mutin Anglais et le Brenach Escossais,*
*Le bongre Italien & le fol Francois,*
*Le poultron Romane et le caron Gascoin,*
*Le Espagnol superb et le Almain jurogn.*

S. Paul that calls the Cretians lyars, doth it but indirectly and upon quotation of their owne Poet. It is as bloudy a thought in one way as Ne- roes was in another.

For by a word we wound a thousand, & at one blow assasive the Hon- nor of a Nation. It is a compleat piece of madnesse to miscall and raile against the times, or thinke to recall mento reason, by a fit of passion: De- mocritus that thought to laugh the times into goodnesse, seemes to me as deeply Hypochondriack, as Hera- citus that bewailed them; it moves nor my spleene to behold the multi- tude
tude in their proper humours, that is, in their fits of folly and madness, as well understanding that Wildome is not common to the World, and that it is the priviledge of a few to be vertuous.

They that Endeavour to abolish vice destroy also vertue, for contraries, though they destroy one another, are yet in life of one another. Thus vertue (abolish vice) is an Idea; againe, the community of sinne doth not desparage goodnesse, for when vice gaines upon the major part, vertue, in whom it remaines, becomes more excellent, and being lost in some, multiplies its goodnesse in another which remaines untouched, and persifts intire in the generall inundation. I can therefore behold vice without a sature content, onely with an admonition, or instructive apprehension; for Noble natures, and such as are capable of goodnesse, are not railed into vice, and maintaine the cause
cause of injured truth: no man can justly censure or condemn another, because indeed no man truely knows another.

This I perceive in my selfe, for I am in the dark to all the world, & my neare friends behold me but in a cloud, those that know me but superficially, thinke lesse of me then I doe of my selfe, those of my neere acquaintance thinke more; God, who truely knows me, knows that I am nothing, for he beholds me, and all the world, who looks not on us throug a divided ray, or a traject of a sensible species, but beholds the substance without the helpes of accidents, and the formes of things, as we their operations. Further, no man can judge another, because no man knowes himselfe, for we censure others but as they disagree from that humour wch we fancy laudable in our selves, and commend others but for that wherein they seeme to quadrate and con-
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consent with us. So that in conclusion, all is but that we all condemne, selfe-love, which is the generall complaint of these times, and perhaps of those past, that charity growes cold; which I perceive most verified in those which most doe magnifie the fires and flames of zeale; for it is a vertue that best agrees with coldest natures, and such as are complexioned for humility: But how shall wee expect charity towards others, when we are uncharitable to our selves; and charity beginnes at home, in the voyce of the world, yet is every man his owne greatest enemy, and as it were, his owne executioner. Non occidit, is the Commandement of God, yet scarce observed by any man, for I perceive every man is his owne Atropos, and lends a hand to cut the thred of his owne dayes. Cain was not therefore the first murtherer, but Adam, who brought in death; whereof he beheld the practise and exam-
ple in his own son Abel, and saw that verified in the experience of others, which faith could not persuade him in the Theory of himselfe.

There is no man that apprehends his owne miseries lesse then my selfe, and no man that so neerely apprehends anothers. I could lose an arme without a teare, and with few groans, me thinkes, be quartered into pieces; yet can I weepe most seriously at a Play, and receive with a true passion, the counterfeit griefs of those known and professed impostures. It is a barbarous part of inhumanity to adde unto any afflicted parties misery, or endeavour to multiply in any man a passion, whose single nature is already above his patience, and this was the greatest affliction of Job, and those oblique expostulations of his friends a deeper injury then the downe-right blowes of the Devill. It is not the teares of our eyes onely, but of our friends also, that doe ex-
hauft the current of our sorrowes, which falling into many streames, runne more peaceably, and are contented with a narrower channel. It is an act within the power of charity, to translate a passion out of one breast into another, and to divide a sorrow almost out of it selfe; for affliction like a dimension may be so divided, as if not indivisible, at least to become insensible. Now with my friend I desire not to share or participate, but to ingrosse his sorrowes, that by making them mine owne, I may more easily discuss them; for in mine own reason, and within my selfe I can command that which I cannot entreate without my selfe, and within the circle of another. I have often thought those Noble paires and examples of friendship not so truly Histories of what had beene, as fictions of what should be, but I now perceive nothing in them, but easie possibilities, nor any thing in the He-
roick examples of Damon and Pithias, Achilles and Patroclus, which I could not performe within the narrow compasse of my selfe.

That a man should lay downe his life for his friend, seemes strange to vulgar affections, and such as confine themselves within that worldly principle, Charity beginnes at home. For mine owne part I could never remember the relations that I held unto my selfe, nor the respect that I owe unto mine owne nature in the cause of God, my Countrey, and my Friends. Next to these three, I doe embrace my selfe; I confesse I doe not observe that order that the Schooles ordaine our affections, to love our Parents, Wifes, Children, and then our Friends, for excepting the injunctions of Religion, I doe not finde in my selfe such a necessary and indissoluble Sympathy to those of my bloud. I hope I doe not breake the fifth Commandement, if I confesse I love
love my Friend before the nearest of my blood, even those to whom I owe the principles of life; I never yet cast a true affectation on a Woman, but I have loved my Friend as I doe vertue, my soule, my God. From hence me thinkes I doe conceive how God loves man, what happinesse there is in the love of God. Omitting all other, there are three most mystical unions.

1. Two natures in one person.
2. Three persons in one nature.
3. One soule in two bodies.

For though indeed they be really divided, yet are they so united, as they seeme but one, and make rather a duality then two distinct soules.

There are wonders in true affecti- ons, it is a body of Anigmas, mysteries and riddles, wherein two so become one, as they both become two; I love my friend before my selfe, and me thinkes I do not love him enough; some few moneths hence my multiplied affection will make me beleeve
I have not loved him at all, when I am from him, I am dead till I bee with him, when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would still be nearer him: united soules are not satisfied with embraces, but desire to be truly each other, which being impossible, their desires are infinite, and must proceed without a possibility of satisfaction. Another misery there is in affection, that whom we truly love like our owne selves, we forget their lookes, nor can our memory retaine the Idea of their faces; and it is no wonder, for they are our selves, and our affections makes their lookes our owne. This noble affection fals not on vulgar and common constitutions, but on such as are mark'd for vertue, he cannot love his friend with this noble ardour that will in a competent degree affectal. Now if we can bring our affections to looke beyond the body, and cast an eye upon the soule, we have found out the true object,
object, not only of friendship, but charity; and the greatest happiness that we can bequeath the soul, is that wherein we all do place our last felicity, Salvation, which though it be not in our power to bestow, it is in our charity, and pious invocations to desire, if not procure, and further. I cannot frame a Prayer for my selfe in particular, without a catalogue for my friends, nor request a happiness wherein my sociable disposition doth not desire the fellowship of my neighbour. I never heare the Toll of a passing Bell, though in my mirth, and at a Tavern, without my prayers and best wishes for the departed spirit; I cannot goe to cure the body of my Patient, but I forget my profession, and call unto God for his soule; I cannot see one say his Prayers, but in stead of imitating him, I fall into a zealous oration for him, who perhaps is no more to me then a common nature: and if God hath vouchsafed an eare to my sup-
supplications, there are surely many happy that never saw me, and enjoy the blessing of mine unknowne devotions. To pray for enemies, that is, for their salvation, is no harsh precept, but the practice of our daily and ordinary devotions. I cannot believe the story of the Italian, our bad wishes and uncharitable desires proceed no further then this life; it is the Devill, and the uncharitable votes of Hell, that desire our misery in the world to come.

To doe no injury, nor take none, was a principle, which to my firme yeares, and impatient affections, seemed to containe enough of morality, but my more settled yeares and Christian constitution have fallen upon more secure resolutions. I hold there is no such thing as injury, that if there be, there is no such injury as revenge, and no such revenge as the contempt of an injury; that to hate another, is to maligne himselfe, that the truest way
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way to love another, is to despise our selves. I were unjust unto mine owne conscience, if I should say I am at variance with any thing like my selfe, I finde there are many pieces in this our owne fabricke of man, and this frame is raised upon a masse of Antipathies: I am one me thinks, but as the world wherein notwithstanding there are a swarome of distinct essences, and in them another world of contrarieties, which carry private and dome-stick enemies within, publike and more hostile adversaries without.

The Devill that did but buffet Saint Paul, playes me thinkes at sharp with me: Let me be nothing if within the compasse of my selfe, I do not find the battell of Lepanto, passion against passion, reason against faith, faith against the Devill, and my conscience against all. There is another man within me, rebukes, commands, and daftards me. I have no conscience of Marble to resift the hammer of more heavy
heavie offences, nor yet too soft and waxen, as to take the impression of each single peccadillo or scape of infirmity: I am of a strange belief, that it is as easie to be forgiven some sins, as to commit some others. For my originall sinne, I hold it to be washed away in my Baptisme; for my actual transgressions I compute and recko[n] with God, but from my last repentance, Sacrament or absolution: And therefore am not terrified with the sinnes or madness of my youth. I thanke the goodnesse of God I have no sinnes that want a name, I am not singular in offences, my transgressions are Epidemicall, & from the common breath of our corruption, yet even those common and quotidian infirmities that so necessarily attend me, and doe seeme to be my very nature; have so dejected me, so broken the estimation that I should have otherwise, that I repute my selfe the most abjectest piece of mortality, that I detest mine
mine owne nature, and in my retired imaginations cannot withhold my hands from violence on my selfe: Divines prescribe a fit of sorrow to repentance, there goes indignation, anger, sorrow, hatred, into mine, passions of a contrary nature, which neither seeme to sute with this action, nor my proper constitution. It is no breach of charity to our selves to be at variance with our vices, nor to abhorre that part of us, which is an enemy to the ground of charity, our God, wherein we doe but imitate our great selves the world, whose divided Antipathies and contrary faces doe yet carry a charitable regard to the whole by their particular discords, preserving the common harmony, and keeping in fetters those powers whose rebellions once Masters might be the ruine of all. I thanke God amongst those millions of vices that I doe inherit and hold from Adam, I have escaped one, and that is a mortall
tall enemy to charity, the first and Fa-
ther finne, not of man, but of Devils,
Pride, a vice whose name is compre-
hended in a Monosyllable, but in its
nature circumscribed with a world; I
have escaped it in a condition that can
hardly avoyd it: those petty acquisi-
tions and reputed perfections that ad-
vance and elevate the conceits of
other men, adde no feathers unto
mine; I have seene a Grammarian
toure, and plume himselfe over a sin-
gle line in Horace, and shew more
pride in the construction of one Ode,
then the Author in the composure of
the whole booke. For my owne part
besides the Fargon and Patonis of se-
verall Provinces, I understand no
lesse then sixe Languages, yet I pro-
test I have no higher conceit of my
selfe then had our Fathers before the
confusion of Babel, when there was
but one Language in the world, and
none to boast himselfe either Linguist
or Criticke. I have not onely seene
several
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several Countries, beheld the nature of their climes, the Chorography of their Provinces, Topography of their Cities, but understood their several Lawes, Customes and Policies, yet cannot all this persuade the dulnesse of my spirit unto such an opinion of my self, as I behold in nimblter and conceited heads, that never looked a degree beyond their nest. I know the names, and somewhat more of all the starses in my Horizon, yet I have seen a prating Mariner that could onely name the points and the North Starre out-talk me, and conceit himselfe a whole Spheare above me. I know almost all the Plants of my time, and of those about me; yet me thinks I doe not know so many as when I did, but know an hundred, and had scarcely ever simpled further then Cheap-side: for indeed heads of capacity, and such as are not full with a handfull, or easie measure of knowledge, think they
they know nothing, till they know all, which being impossible, they fall upon the opinion of Socrates, and only know they know not any thing; I cannot think that Homer pinde away upon the riddle of the Fisherman, or that Aristotle, who understood the uncertainty of knowledge, and confessed so often the reason of man too weake for the worke of nature, did ever drowne himselfe upon the flux, and reflex of Euripus: we doe but learne to day, what our better advanced judgements will teach to morrow: and Aristotle doth instruct us, as Plato did him; that is, to confute himselfe. I have runne through all sorts, and finde no rest in any, though our first studies and junior endeavors may stile us Peripareticks, Stoicks, or Academicks, yet I perceive the wisest heads prove at last, almost all Scepticks, and stand like Janus in the field of knowledge. I have therefore on common and authentick Philosophy
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phy I learned in the Schooles, whereby I discourse and satisfie the reason of other men, another more reserved and drawne from experience, whereby I content mine owne selfe. Solomon that complained of ignorance in the height of knowledge, hath not onely humbled my conceits, but discouraged my endeavours. There is yet another conceit that hath made me shut my booke, which tels me it is a vanity to waste our dayes in the blind pursuit of knowledge, it is but attending a little longer, and we shall enjoy that by instinct and infusion which we endeavour all here by labour and inquisition: it is better to fit downe in a modest ignorance, and rest contented with the naturall blessing of our owne reasons, then buy the uncertaine knowledge of this life, with sweat and vexation, which death gives, every foole gaines, and is an accessary of our glorification.

I was never yet once, and am resolved
solved never to be married twice, not that I disallow of a second marriage; as neither in all cases of Polygamy, which considering the unequall number of both sexes may be also necessary. The whole world was made for man, but the twelfth part of man for woman: man is the whole world and the breath of God, woman the rib onely, a crooked piece of man. I could wish that we might procreate like trees, without conjunction, or that there were any way to perpetuate the world without this trivial and vulgar way of coition; It is the foolish act a wise man commits in all his life, nor is there any thing that will deject his cold imagination more, then when he shall consider what an odde and unworthy piece of folly he hath committed; I speake not in prejudice, nor am averse from that sweete sexe, but naturally amorous of all that is beautifull; I can looke a whole day with delight upon a handsome
some picture, though it be but of an Horse. It is my temper, and I like it the better, to affect all harmony, and since there is musicke even in the beauty, and the silent notes which Cupid strikes, farre sweeter then the vocal sound of an instrument. For there is a musicke where-ever there is a harmony, order or proportion, and thus farre we may maintain the musicke of the spheres, for those well ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound to the eare, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.

Whatsoever is harmonically composed, delights in harmony; which makes me much distrust the simmetry of those heads which declaime against our Church musicke. For my selfe, not onely for my Catholike obedience, but my particular genius, I am obliged to maintaine it, for even that vulgar and Taverne Musicke which makes one man merry, another mad.
mad, strikes in me a deepe fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of my Maker; there is something in it of Divinity more than the care discovers. It is an Hieroglyphical and shadowed lesson of the whole world, and Creatures of God, such a melody to the eare, as the whole world well understood, would afford the understanding. In briefe, it is a sensible fit of that Harmony, which intellectually sounds in the eares of God, it unties the ligaments of my frame, takes me to pieces, dilates me out of my selfe, and by degrees, me thinkes, resolves me into Heaven.

I will not say with Plato, the Soule is Harmony, but harmonicall, hath its neereft sympathy unto musicke: thus some, whose temper of body agrees, and humours the constitution of their soules, are born Poets, though indeed all are naturally inclined unto Ryme. This made Tacitus in the very first
first line of his story, falls upon a verse and Cicero, the worst of Poets, but disclaiming for a Poet, fall in the very first sentence upon a perfect Hexameter. I seele not in me those sordid, and unchristian desires of my profession, I doe not secretly implore and wish for Plagues, rejoyce at Famines, revolve Ephemerides, and Almanackes in expectation of malignant effects, fatall conjunctions, and Ecclipses: I rejoyce not at unwholsome Springs, nor unseasonable Winters, my Prayer goes with the Husbandmans; I desire every thing in its proper season, that neither men nor the times be out of temper.

Let me be sike my selfe, if sometimes the malady of my patient be not a disease to me, I desire rather to cure his infirmities then my owne necessities, where I doe him no good me thinkes it is no honest gaine, though I confesse it to be the worthy salary of our well-intended endeavours:
vours: I am not onely ashamed, but heartily sorry, that besides death, there are diseases incurable, yet not for mine owne sake, or that they be beyond my art, but for the generall cause and sake of humanity, whose common cause I apprehend as mine owne: And to speake more generally, those three Noble Professions which all civill Common wealthes doe honour, are raised from the fall of Adam, and are not any exempt from their infirmities; there are not onely diseases incurable in Physicke, but cases indissoluble in Lawes, Vices incorrigible in Divinity: if general Councils may erre, I doe not see why particular Courts should be infallible, their perfectest rules are raised upon the erroneous reasons of Man, and the Lawes of one, doe but condemn the rules of another; as Aristotle the fourth figure, because though agreeable to reason, yet was not consonant to his owne rules, and the Logicke of
of his proper principles. Againe, to speake nothing of the sin against the Holy Ghost, whose cure not onely, but whose nature is unknowne, I can cure the gout or stone in some, sooner then Divinity, Pride, or Avarice in others. I can cure vices by Physicke, when they remaine incurable by Divinity, and shall obey my pills, when they contemne their precepts. I boast nothing, but plainly say, we all labour against our owne cure, for death is the cure of all diseases. There is no Catholicon or universal remedy I know but this, which though nauseous to queasie stomachs, yet to prepared appetites is Nectar and a pleasant potion of immortality. For my conversation, it is like the Sun without all men, and with a friendly aspect to good and bad, Me thinkes, there is no man bad, and the worst, best, that is, while they are kept within the circle of those qualities, wherein they are good, there is no mans minde of such
such discordance, and of so jarring a temper to which a tuneable disposition will not strike a harmony.

*Magna virtutes nec minora vitia,* it is the posie of the best natures, and may be inverted on the worst, there are in the most depraved and venomous dispositions, certaine pieces which remaine untoucht, which by an Antiperistasis become more excellent, or by the excellency of their antipathies are able to preserve themselves from the contagion of their enemy vices, and persiit entire beyond the generall corruption. For it is also thus in natures. The greatest Balsames doe lye enveloped in the bodies of powerfull Corratives; I say moreover, and I ground upon experience, that poysions containe within themselves their owne Antidotes, and which preserve them from the venom of themselves,without which they were not deleterious to others onely,but to themselves also. But it
is the corruption that I feare within me, and the contagion of commerce without me. It is that unruly Regiment within, that will destroy: It is I that doe insert my selfe the man without a Navell, who yet lives in me. I feele that originall canker corrode and devoure me, and therefore De fienda me Dios de me, Lord deliver me from my selfe, is part of my Letany, and a first voyce of my retired imaginations. There is no man alone, because every man is a Microcosme, and carries the whole world about him, Nunquam minus solus quam cum solus, though it be the Apo phthegme of a wise man, is yet true in the mouth of a foole; for indeed, though in a Wildernesse, a man is never alone, not onely because he is with himselfe, and his owne thoughts, but because he is with the devill, who ever consorts with our solitude, and is that unruly rebell that musters up those disordered motions, which accompany
company our sequestred imaginations
and to speake more narrowly, there
is no such thing as solitude, nor any
thing that can be said to be alone, and
by it seIfe, but God, who is his own
circle, and can subsist by himseIFe,
all others besides those dissimilary
and Heterogeneous parts, which in
a manner multiply the natures, can-
not subsist without the concourse of
God, and the society of that hand
which doth uphold their natures. In
briefe, there can be nothing truly a-
alone, and by its seIFe, which is not
truly one, and such is onely God
All others doe transcend an unity,
and so by consequence are many.

Now for my life, it is a miracle of
thirty yeares, which to relate, were
not a History, but a piece of Poetry,
and would sound to common eares
like a fable; for the world, I count it
not an Inne, but an Hospitall, and a
place, not to live, but to dye in. The
world that I regard is my selfe, it is
the
the Microcosme of mine owne frame, that I cast mine eye on; for the other, I use it but like my Globe, and turne it round sometimes for my recreation.

Men that looke upon my outside, perusing onely my condition, and fortunes doe erre in my altitude: for I am above Atlas his shoulders. Let me not injure the felicity of others, if I say I am the happiest man alive, I have that in me that can convert poverty into riches, adversity into prosperity. I am more invulnerable then Achilles, fortune hath not one place to hit me; Caelum ruat, come what will, Fiat voluntas tua, łaives all, so that whatsoever happens, it is but what our daily prayers desire in briefe. I am content, and what should providence adde more? Surely this is it we call happinesse, and this doe I enjoy, with this I am happy in a dreame, and as content to enjoy a happinesse in a fancie as others in a more apparent
rent truth and reality. There is surely a neerer apprehension of any thing
that delights each of us in our dreams, then in our waked senses;
with this, I can be a King without a
Crowne, rich without Royalty, in
Heaven, though on earth, enjoy my
friend, and embrace him at a distance,
without which I cannot behold him,
without this I were unhappy, for my
awaked judgement discontents me,
ever whispering unto me, that I am
from my friend; but my friendly
dreames in the night requite me, and
make me thinke I am within his
armes. I thanke God for my happy
dreames, as I do for my good rest, for
there is a reflection in them to rea-
sonable desires, and such as can be con-
tent with a fit of happiness; and sure-
ly it is not a melancholy conceite to
think we are all asleep in this world,
and that the conceits of this world,
are as meare dreames to those of the
next, as the Phantasmes of the night,
to the conceit of the day. It is an equall delusion in both, and the one doth but seeme to be the embleme or picture of the other; we are somewhat more then our selves in our sleepe, and the slumber of the body seemes to be but the waking of our soules. It is the ligation of our sense, but the liberty of reason, our awaking conceptions doe not match the fancies of our sleepe. At my Nativity, my ascendant was the earthly signe of Scorpio, I was born in the Planerary houre of Saturne, and I thinke I have a piece of that Leadens Planet in me. I am no way facetious, nor disposed for the mirth and galliardize of company, yet in one dreame I can compose a whole Comedy, behold the action in one dreams, apprehend the jests, and laugh my selfe awake at the conceits thereof; were my memory as faithful as my reason is there fruitfull, I would never study but in my dreams, and this time also would I chuse for
my devotions, but our lesser memories have then so little hold of our abstracted understandings, that they forget the story, and can only relate to our awaked souls, a confused and broken tale of that that hath beene past. Aristotle, who hath written a singular tract of sleepe, hath not thoroughly defined it, nor yet Galen, though he seeme to have corrected it, for those Noctambulones, though in their sleep, doe yet enjoy the action of their senses: we must therefore lay that there is something in us that is not in the jurisdiction of Morpheus; and that those abstracted and ecstatique souls doe walke about in their owne corps, as spirits with the bodies they assume, wherein they seeme to heare, see, and feel, though indeed the organs are destitute of senses, and their natures of those faculties that should informe them. Thus I observe that men oftentimes upon the hour of their departure, doe speak and
and reason above themselves. For then the soule beginnes to be freed from the ligaments of the body, beginnes to reason like her selfe, and to discourse in a straine above mortali-
yty. We tearme death a sleepe, and yet it is waking that kils us, and destroys those spirits that are the house of life. It is that death by which we may be literally said to die daily, a death which Adam died before his mortality; a death whereby we live a midle and moderating point betweene life and death; in fine, so like death, I dare not trust it without my prayers, and an halfe adiew unto the world, it is a fit time for devotion: I cannot therefore lay me downe on my bed without an oration, and without ta-
king my farewell in a Colloquie with God.

The night is come like to the day,
Depart not thou great God away,
Let not my sinner, black as the night,
Eclipse the lustre of thy light.

M3  Keepe
Keepe still in my Horizon, for to me,
The Sunne makes not the day, but thee.
Thou whose nature cannot sleepe,
On my temples centry kepe;
Guard me against those watchfull foes,
Whose eyes are open, while mine close.
Let no dreams my head infest,
But such as Jacobs temples blest.
While I doe rest, my soule advance,
Make me sleepe a holy trance:
That I may take my rest being wrought,
Awake into some holy thought:
And with as active vigour runne
My course, as doth the nimble Sunne.
Sleepe is a death, O make me try,
By sleepeing what it is to die.
And downe as gently lay my head
On my Grave, as now my bed.
How ere refresh'd, great God let me
Awake againe at last with thee.
And thus assur'd, behold I lie
Securely, or to wake or d e.
These are my drowsie dries, in vaine
I doe now make to sleepe againe.
O come that houre, when I shall never
Sleepe thus againe, but make for ever.

This is the dormitory I take to
bed-ward, use no other Laudanum to
sleepe
Reiigh Medici,

I fleepe; after which I close mine eyes in security, content to take my leave of the Sunne, and to sleepe unto the resurrection.

The method I would use in distributive justice, I also observe in commutative, and keepe a Geometricall proportion in both, whereby becoming equable to others, I become unjust to my selfe, and supererogate that common principle, Doe as thou wouldst be done unto thy selfe.

I was not borne unto riches, neither is it my Starre to be wealthy; or if it were, the freedome of my minde, and franknesse of my disposition, were able to contradict and crosse my fates: for to me avarice seemes not so much a vice, as a deplorable piece of madness, to conceive our selves Urinals, or be perswaded that wee are dead, is not so ridiculous, nor so many degrees beyond the power of Hellibore, as this.

The opinions of theory and posi-
tions of men are not to voyd of reason as their practised conclusion: some have held that Snow is blacke, that the earth moves, that the soule is aire, fire, water, but all this is Philosophy, and there is no delirium, if we doe but speculate the folly and indisputable dotage of avarice to that subterraneous Idol, and God of the earth. I doe confesse I am an Atheist, I cannot perswade my selfe to honour that the world adores, whatsoever vertue its prepared Sublime may have within my body, it hath no influence nor operation without; I would not entertaine a base designe, or an action that should call me villaine, for the Indies, and for this onely doe I love and honour my soule, and have, me thinkes, two armes too few to embrace my selfe. Aristotle is too severe, that will not allow us to be truly liberall without wealth, and the bountifull hand of fortune; if this be true, I must confesse I am charitable onely
only in my liberall intentions, and bountifull well-wishes. But if the example of the Mite be not onely an act of wonder, but an example of the noblest charity, I can justly boast I am as charitable as some who have built Hospitals, or erected Cathedrals: I have a private method which others observe not, I take the opportunity of my selfe to doe good, I borrow occasion of charity from mine owne necessities; I supply the wants of others, when I am in most need my selfe, when I am reduced to the last mester, I love to divide it to the poore, for it is an honest stratagem to take the advantage of our selves, and so to husband the acts of vertue, that where they are defective in one circumstance, they may repay their want, and multiply their goodness in another. I have not Peru in my desires, but a competence and ability to performe those good workes to which the Almighty hath inclined my nature.
ture. He is rich, who hath enough to be charitable, and it is hard to be to poore, that a noble minde may not finde a way to this piece of goodnes. He that giveth to the poore, lendeth to the Lord, there is more Rhetorick in that one sentence then in a Library of Sermons, and indeed if those sentences were understood by the Reader, with the same Emphasis as they are delivered by the Author, we needed not those Volumes of instructions, but might bee honest by an Epitome. Upon this motion onely I cannot behold a Begger without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soule with my prayers; the scenicall andaccidental differences betweene us cannot make mee forget that common and un-touched part of us both, the soule being of the same allay with our own, whose Genealogy is God as well as ours, and in as faire a way to salvati-on, as ourselves Statists that labour to
to conceive a Common-wealth without poverty, doe take away the object of charity, not understanding only the Common-wealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ.

Now there is another part of charity, which is the Basis and Pillar of this, and that is the love of God, for whom we love our neighbour: for this I think charity, to love God for himself, and our neighbour for God.

All that is truly amiable is God, or as it were a divided piece of him, that retains a reflex or shadow of himselfe. Nor is it strange that we should place affection on that which is invisible, all that we truly love is thus, what we adore under affection of our senses, deserves not the honour of so pure a title. Thus we adore vertue, though to the eyes of sense she be invisible. Thus that part of our loving friends that we love, is not that part that we embrace; but that insensible part
part that our armes cannot embrace. God being all goodnesse, can love nothing but himselfe, hee loves us but for that part, which is as it were himselfe, and the traduction of his holy Spirit. Let us call to assayze the lives of our parents, the affection of our wives and children, and they are all dumbe shoues, and dreames without reality, truth, or constancy; for first there is a strong bond of affection betweene us and our parents, yet how easily dissolved we betake our selves to a woman, forgetting our mothers in a wife, and the wombe that bare us in that that shall beare our image. This woman blessing us with children, our affections leaves the levell it held before, and sinkes from our bed unto our issue and picture of posterity, where affection holds no steady mansion. They growing up in yeares de- sire our ends, or applying themselves to a woman, take a lawfull way to love another better then our selves.

Thus
Thus I conceive a man may be buried alive, and behold his grave in his own issue.

I conclude therefore, and say that there is no happiness under (or as C permicens will have it, above) the Sun, in that repeated verity and burthen of all the wisdom of Solomon, all is vanity and vexation of spirit; there is no elicity in that the world adores. Aristotle whilst he labours to refute the Idea's of Plato, fals upon one himselfe, for his sumnum bonum, is a Chimara, and there is no such thing as his Felicity. That wherein God himselfe is happy, the holy Angels are happy, in whose defects the Devils are unhappy; that dare I call happiness: whatsoever conduceth unto this, may with an easie Metaphor deserve that name, whatsoever else the world termes happiness, is to me a story, or apparition, or neat delusion, wherein there is no more of happiness then the name.

Blesse
Blesse me in this life with the peace of my conscience, command of my affections, the love of my dearest friends, and I shall be happy enough to pity Caesar. These are O Lord happiness on earth, wherein I set no rule or limit to thy providence, dispose of me according to the justice of thy pleasure. Thy will be done, though in mine owne damnation.

FINIS.
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