THE
Virgins Pattern:
IN THE
Exemplary Life, and lamented Death
OF Mrs.
SUSANNA PERWICH,
Daughter of Mr.
ROBERT PERWICH;
Who departed this Life, every way a
rarely accomplished Virgin, in the flower
of her Age, at her Father's House in
Hackney, near London, in the Coun-
ty of Middlesex, July 3, 1661.
Published at the earnest request of divers that
knew her well, for the use and benefit of others.
By John Batchiler, a neer Relation, that occasional-
ly hath had an intimate converse in the Fami-
ly with her, more or less, the greatest
part of her Life.

London Printed by Simon Dover, and are to be sold
at his House, in Martins, near Aldersgate, 
and at Book-sellers' shops, 1661.
To all the young Ladies and Gentle-women, of the several Schools, in and about the City of London, or elsewhere; more particularly to those of Mrs. Perwich her School at Hackney.

Sweet Ladies and Gentle-women,

The reason why this ensuing Relation (worthy of all future memory) is chiefly presented unto you, is the equity and congruity thereof; together with that particular right, by which you, of all others, seem to lay claim to it. The Person here spoken of, was bred up in the same Family with you, and among you, a daily object before you, and a lively example,
The Epistle

ple to as many of you as had wisdom to take notice and make use of it. The manifold Excellencies that shined in her, whether natural, acquired, or infused, are not unknown to you. Whatever was ornamental to body or mind, from nature, breeding, or grace itself, she had as much of it, yea, more (all circumstances considered) than any that I have heard or read of. Indeed some there were of those eight hundred that have been educated in her Father's house within the compass of her time, that did out-do the rest in their respective seasons, some in one quality, some in another, according to their different capacities, and the pains they took, or the time they spent, more or less, in the School: but not anyone that came near to her in one half of those endowments and rare abilities (without offence be it spoken) that she had attained unto, as will appear abundantly in the ensuing Narration thereof. For if that be true which Mr. Rogers, Mr. Ling,
Dedicatory.

Bing, Mr. Coleman, Mr. Brian, Mr. Hazard, and the rest of the Masters of the School, have often said in respect of the several qualities she learned of them; that (to use their own words) they knew not where she hath left her fellow in the world: when all her other excellencies are considered also, in conjunction with them, it must needs be then much more true. That is a rich Jewel which is made up of all manner of precious stones; and that a sweet Nose-gay that hath all sorts of fragrant flowers in it; even such lustres and pleasant mixtures were conspicuous in Her, to every unprejudiced and impartial eye. Indeed it was her hap to be less known to, and less loved by some, than others; whether it were out of a secret envy at her eminent worth, by which she outshined them, or from too severe a censure of that in her, which even in themselves (because of higher rank in the world) they did easily allow, I know not. But this I can and do affirm, with A 3

truth
The Epistle

truth concerning her, that when she was
told above a year before her death, that
certain persons (not here to be named)
who wished her well, were jealous of
her, lest she were puffed up with pride,
and the love of vanity; the only answer
she made, was, 'That whatever they
thought of her, she honoured them for
the grace of Christ she believed was in
them, and that she hoped God would en-
able her to make a good use of this their
fear of her, for the better observing of
her own heart, and the keeping it the
more humble.

Among those inducements that oc-
casioned the publishing of this, some of
the chief are these which follow.

First, to refute the opinion of such as
greatly blame the education of publick
Schools, as if they were places of all
other, most dangerous to corrupt the
manners of youth: Behold here a great
instance to the contrary, besides many
others that might be named of the very
fame School, there having been al-
mayes
Dedicatory.

Ways some as virtuous and religious young Gentlewomen brought up there, as in any private Family whatsoever. Nor is it difficult to go to the several Cities and Counties of this Kingdom, and find out the Houses in which many of them are surviving, beautiful Ornaments of the places where they live, either Virgins, Wives, or Matrons.

Secondly, to give a proof of the restlesnes of a Soul once touched with Divine Love; for let it be where it will, though cumbered with never so much business, and called off with never so many divertisements, yet early or late, at one time or another, it will have its opportunities of converse with God, and will not be hindered, but rather lose both meat and sleep, than such opportunities as these.

Thirdly, to let all men see that there is something in that which we call Grace, which in the midst of all the most enticing vanities, and blandishments of the world, can and doth ravish.
The Epistle

the heart more then all these ever did or could do. Here was a young Gentlewoman in the flower of her Age, compassed about with all manner of delights and entertainments, that a carnal mind could desire, and yet what dead things were they to her, and she to them! how were they mutually crucified each to other, when once her nature was renewed, and she felt the sweetness of the change! how was an entire Communion with God, even an Heaven upon Earth unto her! Holiness (let prophane scoffers and wretched Atheists say what they will of it) hath something in it more lovely than all the Beauties in the world; something more sweet than all the Musicks in the world; something more delicious than all the Pleasures in the world.

Fourthly and lastly, to set a rare Pattern and Example to all that shall happen to hear or read of this Relation; and indeed this is none of the least inducements, because it pleased the Lord
Dedicatory.

that divers, who are now living, are able and ready to witness and acknowledge, that her Example, while they were in the Family with her, did not only convince them of their own neglect of the duties which she constantly practised betwixt God and her own soul, and smote their consciences for it; but did so far work upon them, as to cause them to do the like ever since. It may therefore be reasonably hoped, that God may bless the same Example unto others, though she be dead; and were it not for such an end as this, how vain would the publication hereof be? Can it any way availe her now she is gone? surely nothing less; let none therefore be so uncharitable as to think, that the Author hereof can propound any other end therein, but such as is already mentioned. He hopes he hath better learned Christ; nor yet that what is here related is more out of favour or affection than otherwise. Those that please to enquire, will find witnesses enough to assert the whole
The Epistle Dedicatory.

whole truth of the premises: and therefore notwithstanding the unkind censure of any, out of a desire of serving Christ, and the good of precious souls, he can appeal to God, he hath done this, and accordingly makes it his earnest Prayer for a blessing on it: who to shew his resolution to own & make good whatever is here said, subscribes his Name,

John Batchiler.
To the Reader,

Courteous Reader,

If it be asked why any part of the above-mentioned Relation is repeated in Verse, it is for the sake of such as affect Poetry, rather than Prose; but in case those that read the Prose avoid the Verses, as containing part of the same matter, let them also please to take notice, that divers things are interspersed in Verse, that they find not in the Prose, and that at least one half of the Verses, viz. from the 50. Section to the end, is all new matter, and I hope such as will not be altogether unprofitable to the ingenious honest-hearted Reader.

J. B.

The
CVII

Censurem...
The exemplary Life, and lamented Death of Mistris Susanna Perwich, Daughter of Robert Perwich, of Hackney, in the County of Middlesex, Gent. who dyed a rarely accomplish'd Virgin, at one of the clock in the afternoon, on Wednesday, the 3. of July, 1661. in the 25. year of her Age.

He was born upon the 23. day of Sept. in the year of our Lord, 1636. in the Parish of Aldermanbury, London; where, having by the care and cost of her Parents been sent to School to learn to read as soon as capable thereof; this was remark- Her early able in her at that tender age, that the pregnancy would needs learn by hearing and observing.
The exemplary Life, and lamented
ning others rather than by the teaching of
her Misfri$, taking a delight it seems to
get her learning altogether by her own in-
dustry; yea, so impatient she was of being
instructed by any, that she would alto-
gether refuse their help, and yet rested not
till she had attained to an ability of read-
ing Scripture, full as well and as distinctly,
as any of her elder Sisters; an argument
of such Pregnancy and Ingenuity, as is not
ordinary in young children.

When she was seven years and a half
old, her Father removing his dwelling to
his School at Hackney, where now he lives;
She among the rest of his Children, had
the advantage of a choice breeding there,
and in short time made no small Progress
in it, especially in the grounds of Musick;
for at fourteen years and a half old, She
was able to play in Consort, at the first light
upon the treble Viol, and this with so much
skill, ease, and sweetness, that She gave no
ordinary hopes of proving a very rare Mu-
sician. Indeed such an harmonious soul She
had, and a genius so exceeding tractable
to all sorts of Musick, that one of her Ma-
sters (Mr. Ives by name) was wont to say
he could play no new Lesson before her, but
She would have it presently: insomuch
that not himself only, but divers others
her
Death of Mrs. Susanna PerwicfV

her Instrucers in that Art, were not a little proud of her.

The first that grounded her in the notes of Musick, and enabled her to play so excellently on the treble Viol, was Mr. Thomas Flood, who falling sick, and continuing so a long time, it occasioned her Father to make choice of a new Master (Mr. William Gregory by name) who being eminently skilful at the Lyra Viol, did very much better the making and forming of her hand, and was the first that gave her that rare delicious stroke, which afterwards became so singularly peculiar to herself. He also taught her all varieties of rare turnings. That which made her so expert, both in her own play, and in judging of others when she heard them, was her most curious ear, seldom equalled by any, the very best Masters in that Art. Divers Books she read of excellent composure, and understood them well; nor cared she for any Lessons but what were very choice; but her chief delight was in divisions upon grounds of which she had the best that England could afford.

Her principal Master at the Viol, for the last seven years, was Mr. Stephen Bing, a surviving witness of her admirable abilities, which in great part (to his honour be
The exemplary Life, and lamented
be it spoken) She gained from him, it being very much his care and ambition, to encourage her with the best grounds and suits of Lessons that could be gotten, and thereby bring her to the highest perfections attainable at the Viol.

When She played on this Instrument, though singly, as she used it, it gave the delight of a full Consort; but when in Consort with other Viols, or a set of Lutes only, or Viols and Lutes together, or with the Harpsicord or Organ, till her Instrument was Queen of all, and as if it had been touched by more than a mortal hand, gave so delicious a sound, and so distinctly too, that any judicious ear might discern it above the rest; insomuch that it might be truly said, look what the racy flavour is to the richest Wine; fragrancy to flowers; varnish to colours; burnish to gold; sparkling to diamonds; and splendor to the light; that was her ravishing stroke to all the other Musick; and yet (which was the more admirable) She sate so stedy, and free from any the least unhandsome motion in her body, so modestly careless, and as it were thoughtless of what She was about, as if She had not been concerned at all; and all this She did, though She never spent the tenth part of that time in private practise, which

She plays in-comparably, and yet sits as if she min-ded it not.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

which others are wont to do; for indeed She made better use of her time, at other sorts of higher Musick, which was much sweeter to her, as we shall hear anon.

As her accomplishments at the Viol were superlatively great, so at the Lute also, in which Mr. Ashberry having done his part towards her, in teaching of her till he dyed; Mr. John Rogers the rare Lutenist of And at the our Nation, for the last three years, came Lute. after him, and added much more to her; professing that her skill at this Instrument was so very exquisite, and her hand so sweet, that he never taught any like her. When She played on the Viol, She seemed to transcend at that Instrument above all the rest, and when She played on the Lute, She seemed to transcend as much there; such a contention, and so pleasant, scarce was ever known from one and the same virgin hand before.

Had leisure given leave, that She could have spared time from her other instruments and employments, Mr. Albertus Brian, that famously velvet fingered Organist, would gladly have done the same for her, which he hath done for one of her Sisters yet living, in making her as rare at the Harpsichord, as She was at any of her other sorts of Musick; and so have paired the
The exemplary Life, and lamented
the two Sisters together; one set of the
choicest Lessons at this Instrument, at the
request of the said Mr. Brian, She learned
of him, and as himself affirms, not only at-
tained them in a very short time, but
played them as well as he himself could.

To this her Instrumental Musick we may
adde her Vocal, no less delicious and ad-
mirable, if not more excellent; as if her
Lungs had been made on purpose, (as no
doubt they were) by their natural melodies
to out-do the artificial; and here Mr. Edward Coleman, her Master, and one of
greatest renown, for his rare abilities in
singing, deserves no less thanks and com-
mandations for the care and delight he
took in perfecting her in this Art also,
than any of her other Masters.

She was an incomparable Dancer, as at
Country, so in French dances, wherein
she was so excellently curious, in her Po-
tures, footings, and most graceful coun-
tenance, that Mr. Hazard, her last and
chief instructor therein, and one of the
rarest Masters of that Art in England, ac-
counted her a prime Flower of the Age in
that respect, and said She was as knowing
therein, as any Dancing-Master whatever.

The Fame of all which at last grew so
publick and universal, that there are few
places
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

places in England but have heard thereof, yea, and many parts beyond the Seas too. For not only persons of high rank and quality, of all sorts, came from London, the Inns of Court, and out of several Counties, to hear and judge of her abilities, especially the chiefest Musick-Masters that are now living: but many foreigners also, as French, Spanish, Italian, Dutch, as well Agents and Embassadors, as other Travellers into these parts, desired a taste of these her rare qualities, always going away with high admiration, saying that they had now seen one of the choicest rarities of England, and professing they never heard or knew of the like in any of their own Countreys.

All other parts of excellent breeding she likewise had; whatever curious Works at the needle, or otherwise can be named, which Females are wont to be conversant in, whether by silver, silks, straws, glass, wax, gums, or any other of the like kinde, whether she was perfectly skilled in. To say nothing of her ability at the pen, where, being an accountant, her skill was more than ordinary women have; and in Arts of good housewifry, and Cookery, wherein she had a good share.
share likewise; I hasten rather to the more noble perfections of her mind, which indeed were very amiable and lovely.

For she had a delicate and nimble wit, a quick apprehension, a clear understanding, a sound judgement, a fine invention, a tenacious memory, which (as we shall hear anon) she was not wont to stuffe with vanity, but with what was most worthy to be learned and kept. And as these natural parts and reasonable faculties of her soul, so her moral virtues also were eminent. She was very discreet, wise, and prudent in her actions; not passionate, nor retentive of anger, never over merry, but modestly grave and composed; of a very comely and handsome carriage, insomuch that strangers were wont to say, when she came into their presence, they had not seen a more sweet comportment, or a more taking person. For disposition, so affable, kind, and courteous, that she soon gained the love of all, where ever she came. Her discourse was always pertinent and useful, not at all loquacious, her speech being rather sententious, than garrulous. These and many such like graceful ornaments, added unto the comeliness of her person, rendred her very winningly
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

acceptable to all that knew her. But that which most of all commends her, and justly leaves her a very imitable example to all that shall hear of her, and for which principally this present Relation is penned, is much more considerable than what hath been yet said: Namely, that choice and precious work of Grace upon her heart, which God was pleased to work in her, and by which all her other excellencies were sweetly sanctified; the occasion whereof was as followeth.

About four years since, being disappointed in the enjoyment of her desires in a Match then propounded to her, by the sudden death of the party that had gained her affection, she wisely considered with her self, what the meaning of this sad a providence should be; and at last, after many Prayers and tears to God, that he would bless this unexpected stroke to her, and some way make her a gainer by it, her heart began to be much broken and melted towards God, not so much for this temness of heart. Her Conversion, and the occasion of it. 

Her broken towards God, not so much for this temness of heart. her estate by nature (which (though well educated all her time}
The exemplary Life, and lamented before) yet till now she had not taken much notice of.

The good work of God thus happily begun, ceased not, but went forward in her heart daily, to the joy of such near Relations as knew of it; nor could she be quiet, till she had uttered all her mind herein to them, earnestly desiring the assistance of Counsel and Prayer, that she might fully understand her condition, and not be deceived therein. Of all things, she was exceedingly urgent with God, that he would not suffer her to be mistaken herein. Indeed her fears thereof at first were many and great; the questions she put about it, not a few, but never came to be satisfied therein, till God was pleased to give her a sight of that poisonous fountain of original corruption, with which she found herself always pestered, and so hindered in her desired progress towards Heaven, that this sin above all others she much bewailed.

And farther became so deeply sensible of the danger thereof, and the necessity of an effectual remedy against it, that she made haste to run unto Jesus Christ for help, and that not only for the pardon of this sin, but for power against it, and that continually.

Here-
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwic.

Hereupon finding her heart always burdened with sin, full of corrupt motions and affections, and yet still relieved by applying Christ, with what he had done and suffered, unto her self, and also feeling her desires stirred up by the good Spirit of Grace, more eagerly to long after God, and the knowledge and enjoyment of him; and farther perceiving, that though the same good Spirit sometimes would melt her heart, yet at other times was pleased to leave her without those inward warmths, which in the use of the best means she laboured after, but by her own strength could not attain unto: she from thence concluded that these changes which she thus felt within her, were the effects of some real and true work of God upon her; for thus she argued, how comes it to pass, that I feel these alterations in my self, now and never before? How is it, that sometimes I am delighted with the inward and sweet workings of the Spirit of God upon my heart? and that at other times I am troubled for the want of it? I lived under the same Ministry before; the same publick Ordinances; enjoyed the same helps in the Family, and from faithful friends that fought my souls
The exemplary Life, and lamented souls best good, and prayed much for it; yet never till now could I find any of all this experience, from the different workings both of Sin and Grace in my own heart. Sure this is of God, said she, and can be from nothing else. Thus at last she came to be somewhat persuaded and confirmed concerning the goodness of her spiritual state, as one that was now got over the pangs of the new Birth, though not without many a salt tear, and broken heart.

Answerable to this first work, was the rest that followed to her dying day, especially within the last two years of her life, and somewhat more; for when it pleased God so to order it by his permisive providence, that one which she most dearly loved, became guilty of a great offence through a sudden temptation that seized on her; it went near to her, and was a great occasion of making her search into her own heart and wayes, more narrowly than ever, and not only to bless God that had kept her from the like, but also to mourn for those frailties of her youth, which formerly she minded not, though no other than what usually befal the very best that are.

Thence forward she betakes her self to a more
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

A more careful and strict watchfulness over her own heart; and to close and constant duty, not only in the Family, but most of all in secret, betwixt God and her own soul; insomuch that when she was sometimes missing, and earnestly called for, but could not be found; at last it appeared that she had often hid her self, to be alone with God, in the duties of meditation and fervent Prayer.

One of the first Discoveries hereof was upon this occasion; being retired into her Closet, and as she thought, had sufficiently fastened the door inwardly, one of her Communion most intimate Consorts, upon an urgent with God, occasion, running hastily in with a violent discovered motion, thrust the door open, little thinking at that time, that she had been there; where she kneeling upon her knees, turned about to see what the matter was, the tears in the mean while, trickling down both her cheeks, but was much troubled at this interruption, and discovery of her Devotion.

Indeed that was one of the matters of her complaint, that she wanted conveniency for retirement, where she might fully vent her Soul to God, without disturbance.
The exemplary Life, and lamented or observation; and therefore because the house was always full of company, having well nigh an hundred, and sometimes more of Gentlewomen with their attendants; and the Servants and Children of the house everywhere going up and down, in every Room, so that she could get no place of privacy; her manner was, in the day time, to get into the Garden, at such hours, when others might not so freely come into it, and there with her Bible, or some other choice Book, spent an hour or more in Reading, Meditation, and such ejaculations, as she could send up to Heaven in walking; at which seasons, she hath sometimes said to such as she was wont to tell her mind to, her heart hath been as much warmed and refreshed in converse with God, as when she hath been most affected upon her knees elsewhere.

Mornings and Evenings she never failed, by her good will, to read some portion of Scripture (if not called away by extraordinary business on a sudden) and to pour out her heart to God in private Prayer; for which, because no place in the house was so convenient, and so far from noise and sight of others, as one certain remote
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

more room, where none usually came at those hours, therefore that place of all others she made choice of, in the dark Winter Evenings, and the Mornings before the Family was up; many a time hath she visited one corner of that Room, which was most retired, with eyes and hands lift up to Heaven, kneeling at a chair with great affection, which though she never knew that any took the least notice of (for that would have been a trouble to her) yet a certain near relation that often looked in at a cranny of the door, which she had fastened inwardly, and did not a little joy to see her so employed, is yet surviving as an eye-witness of it. Sometimes her red eyes and blubbered face, discovered her, before she could get conveniencies to wash them, notwithstanding that her hood was pulled over them. Nothing did more abash or trouble her, than when any suspected what she had been about; not out of any shame of Religion (for that she owned upon all occasions very freely, as well among the Gentlewomen in the Family, as elsewhere) but out of an honest affection of being them. More in this sense, than she would seem to be.

So
The exemplary Life, and lamented

So sweet and pleasant was her Community with God in such retirements as these, that she said, if ever she should change her condition, it should be more for this reason than any other, that she might have the full and free use of her time, and other helps for her soul.

It was observed, that she was always out of the way at five a clock, and appeared not till the Bell rang to Supper, at six a clock, or thereabout, which time she spent in the aforesaid Duties.

If at any time she had omitted duty, 'twas one of her greatest troubles afterward, and when she sequestred her self unto duty, whether of Meditation or Prayer, she usually read some part of David's Psalms (a Book which she greatly delighted in) because she always found matter there, very proper, preparative and helpful to her in the said Duties.

Among other profitable and fruitful Meditations, she was not a stranger to thoughts of Death, even in her best health; insomuch that when she heard a passing Bell or kneel for any, her custom was to retire into a solitude for a good space, sometimes an hour or more, there to affect
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Feet her heart with such considerations as were suitable to the occasion.

She never was better pleased then when she met with any in holy Conference (a practice which she used (as often as she could get opportunity) that communicated experiences of the same corruptions and temptations, that she found in her own heart; and withal, the same ways of help and relief against them.

When she found a deadness and coldness upon her heart, as sometimes she did, and could not get it into a good frame towards God, by any means she could use, this inference she made from it; that she hereby perceived her dependance must be wholly upon Free-grace, as for the acceptation of what she did, so for assistance and ability to do what she ought: And several times upon this occasion would let fall expressions of wonderment, how any that pretended to a real acquaintance with God, and carry corrupt hearts about them, always dogged and set upon by temptations from Satan, and an evil world, could plead for a power in nature, Wonders at those that could plead for a power in nature.

Her care for the spiritual welfare of her near Relations, and some others whom she dearly loved, was very great, and thereupon...
The exemplary Life, and lamented on took occasion often to admonish, exhort, and persuade them, about the things that concerned their eternal state; sometimes with tears lamenting their danger, when they walked loosely; and then again rejoicing as much, when she perceived any ground of hope for them.

One time when she was asked what she thought of the condition of one that she was trusted with the special care of, and was wont to take some pains with, in the matters of her soul; she answered, the greatest thing she doubted her for, was, left the neglected private duties, which she could never perceive she spent any time in; supposing (as there was good reason she should) that the driving of that secret Trade for Heaven, is one inseparable property of true Grace, and that the want thereof, together with the ordinary neglect of Family-duties and publick Ordinances (whatever the outward Profession might be) were arguments of a very ungracious and profane heart.

A notable spirit of discerning she had, for when she heard any make semblance of love to God, and were very confident of their own good estate, but withal spake very

A quick discernment of others that made profession of Religion woodenly (as her expression was) about
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

matters of Religion, and the experiences thereof, she much pittyed their case, and prayed earnestly, that God would open their eyes; convince them of their sin and hypocrisy; shew them the evil and danger of it, and effectually bring them home unto himself; often saying, what pitty it was, that any who are otherwise qualified with many desirable good things of nature, should miss of the highest and best improvement of them for God, and at last perish themselves for want of Grace.

When any vain language, or sinful expressions (such as the abusive use of, O Lord! or O God!) came from any of the Gentlemen in the House, or any others; or any evil action was done by them, she would reprove it so wisely, with so milde and meek a spirit, that they were ashamed of it, and sometimes were reformed for the future, at least in her sight and hearing.

Two principal helps which she coveted most, and made the greatest use of, were good Books and good Company.

Of good Books she had some store, but those that she took chiefeft delight in, were The choice Mr. Shepards true Convert and his sound Books she Believer. Mr. Baxter’s Call to the uncon- verted. Dr. Goodwin his triumph of Faith, and heart of Christ in Heaven, toward sinners.
The exemplary Life, and lamented
ners upon earth. Dr. Spurrow upon the
Promises. Mr. Watson his Christian Char-
ter. Mr. Brooks his riches of Grace. Mr.
Love's works. Mr. Craddock's Book of
Knowledge and Practice. Mr. Francis Ro-
berts his Key of the Bible. Besides some Ca-
technical Books, as Mr. Baal, Mr. Ense-
bins Paget his questions and answers upon
most of the Books of the Old and New Te-
Stament; some one of which she always
read every night in her bed, immediately
before sleep, and then fed upon them at
her first waking, by which means she en-
creased much in knowledge, and kept her
heart warm whilst it was thus pre-occupied
from all things else in the morning.

Since January last, she and two or three
more, in three months' time, read over the
whole New Testament, and all along as they
went, (still reading an whole Book at a
time) discoursed of the Contents of what
they had read; when any doubt arose in
her readings either from Scripture or other
Books, she sought for satisfaction by putting
questions, and always shewed a good un-
derstanding, in the very mysteries of Di-
vine Truth, and experimental Grace; in
that no answers ever relished with her, but
what most agreed, both with the Analogy of
Faith, and the common sense of the best
Christians.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Her next great help (as was before hinted) she found to be good Company, which she always desired and sought for, and when she had it, improved it. Fruitful discourse she would either set on foot, or endeavour to keep up, and drunk it in as pleasantly, as thirsty men do that which best satisfieth their thirst. Among all other subjects, none pleased her better than to talk of Heaven, sometimes saying, Oh how sweet would it be to know what is doing there; and then in a kind of rapture would break out with such affection and language, as argued a very great inward joy at the hopes of her coming thither one day. Such a full content and inward refreshment she felt in conferences of this Nature, that a burden to she would often say, her Musick was a burden to her, in comparison; and that were it not in conscience to her duty of being useful by it in so publick a Family, she would spend much less time in that, and more in this; yet she confessed sometimes The Spiri-(through Grace) it helped to raise her own true use she heart towards the highest Musick of all, makes of her and for that reason practised it more than Musick, otherwise she would have done.

Upon occasion when some had been greatly taken with the melody she made, both by her voice and instrument, yet how
A warm Prayer or heavenly conference sweetest of all to her.

Lord's days most welcome to her; dancing days wearisome, are but these pleasant.

A diligent Writer of Sermons.

Loseth her meals rather than opportunity for prayer.

The exemplary Life, and lamented short (faith she) doth this come of a warm Prayer, or heavenly Conference? and indeed she found it so many a time, when her heart which hath been heavy and sad, at first, hath by such Prayers and Conferences gone away greatly cheered and revived, but never could find the like effects from her Musick only.

No day of the Week unto her so welcome and desirable as the Lord's Day; dancing dayes were alwayes wearisome, but these pleasant to her, and therefore usually (it much illness hindered not) she was up more early on these days than any other, and spent less time in putting on what she wore; her head on these dayes of late years she never dreft, and for that reason alwayes went close covered with her hood. She was very diligent and attentive at the publick Ordinance, carefully writing the Sermon, and examining her notes when she came home, which she would not fail to mend by such help as she could get, either at the repetition in the Family, or otherwise, and as constantly re-enforced all by Prayer for a blessing upon it, when she could get opportunity and place convenient, either in her own closet, or elsewhere, and would rather lose her Supper or come late to it, then miss of her aim herein.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Yet here it must be remembred that it was not always thus with her upon these dayes, nor at other times; for she sometimes complained of her own heart, and how wearisome these holy duties were to the flesh; how apt she was to be taken off by divertisements in the Family occasions; that many times when she came down in a morning with a resolution to keep her mind and intent upon God all the day, she was frequently disappointed therein, and still taken off by one busines or other, or by some temptation unto vanity, that was ready to surprize her. The consideration whereof at other times much troubled her, Is much kept her under a sense of own her weakness, comforted at and caused her sometimes to break forth the thoughts in these or the like words. O! how sweet of Heaven, will Heaven be! where there will be no interruption by sin, or wearisomeness of the terruptions flesh! What a perpetual rest will that be, will be. when we once come to enjoy it!

By her good will she would not be ab- By her good sent at any time when the Lord's Supper will never was administered, of which having always misit the a weeks warning, she failed not with great Lord's Sup- care to examine her own heart, and put up per. strong cries to God for a fitness to so great a Duty, and so high a Priviledge; and indeed sometimes had more fear than ordi-
The exemplary Life, and lamented nary of her unworthiness to partake of it, as appeared by her discourse, which usually was much upon this subject all that Week. So desirous was she not to be found at that Feast, without her wedding garment; it was no small trouble to her sometimes to think what general mixtures there are in that fellowship, in all places throughout the Land; yet being persuaded that to such a sincere receiver, as could not have it otherwise, God would come in with his presence and blessing; she attended upon it in the place where God by his Providence had cast her lot.

Sinful alterations in publick Worship she very much feared, and that she might the better understand the pure Institutions of Christ, and what is contrary thereto, she took great care to inform her self therein, by reading of such Books as she could get the clearest light from. Much enquiry she made after the Martyrs, as well of antient times, as in later dayes, what they suffered for, and upon what occasion, desiring and resolving, if she had lived, to have read over the history thereof.

And because she perceived that the Romish Religion, and whatever else is a kin to it, is an undoubted piece of Anti-christianism, that every true servant of Christ ought
ought to bear testimony against, in these parts of the world, and knew not how soon her self with others might possibly be called to it; therefore she betook her self to the getting a good information in those truths that were likely to be most opposed, especially about the worship of God. Such Books as lately came forth upon these subjects, she endeavoured to get, and diligently read. Among other subjects, that of the reign of Christ upon earth was very pleasant to her; for though her belief reached not so far as to conclude that Christ shall come to reign personally on earth again, yet she rejoiced exceedingly, that he shall certainly reign in this world by the effusion of his Spirit, at least, in the hearts of men, and that then Antichrist shall be wholly ruined, and that glorious song of triumph sung, The Kingdoms of this world, are become the Kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ.

And because the Book of the Revelations points at those times wherein these desirable changes shall be, she thought it not improper for her, (though of the female of the Revel-sex) to pry into it with humble reverence. Readest the whole Book, and therefore sate down one day with another friend, to read over that whole Book at one time, which accordingly they
The exemplary Life, and lamented they did; beginning at the first Chapter, and never ceasing till they had read over the whole two and twenty. This she did about three months before her Death, and the reason why she did so, was, that she might take the better notice of the whole Prophecy, and have a full prospect thereof, as it were, all at once; and that which made the reading of it the more pleasant and profitable to her, was the light which she had gained before, in the knowledge of this Book, by twice or thrice reading over that judicious Comment upon it, published by Mr. Francis Roberts before mentioned, in his Key of the Bible.

She had a very compassionate heart towards the suffering servants of Christ, whether by imprisonment or otherwise; pitied them much; spake often of them, sometimes with tears in her eyes; and prayed for them constantly with great affection.

Some of her acquaintances, and very dear friends, such as the Lady Willowby and some others, not here to be named (who highly valued her, and desired her Company as oft as might be) she frequently visited for several years together, while under their restraint in the Tower of London; to whom after a sweet & more spiritual con-
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Converse otherwise, she would sing and play with all alacrity imaginable, to comfort them in their sadness; accounting it an high honour to her, that she was any way able to be a refreshment to those that she thought were dear to God. To such persons and to such places as they were in, though the closest prisons, she went readily and joyfully; but when invited to any Musick-meeting in London, where the choicest ears, and most skilful Masters of Musick coveted to hear and admire her, though never so earnestly desired, she was still backward to it. One time above the rest, prevailed with very great importunity she was strongly with to go to be set upon by some Gentlemen of special Revel's or acquaintance, to be present at the Revels dancing Balls, or dancing Balls, but being left free to her own choice, whether she would go or not (at which she was very glad) she absolutely & irrefragably refused it, as thinking it no way suitable, either to her Person or Profession of Religion.

Nor were the Musicks aforesaid, which she so freely imparted to her said friends in Prison, all the comfort they had from her, but her Spiritual and Christian converse also, was a delight to them, (as is before hinted) as theirs likewise was to her; insomuch that when she returned home from
visiting them, her discourse was so raised, and her affections so quickned, that she would sometimes say, O! how brave a thing is to suffer for Christ! who would not wish to be among the souls under the Altar, that cry, how long Lord will it be, ere thou revenge our blood on them that shed it? Thus triumphing, as it were, with a kind of heroick spirit of Martyrdom before hand; further adding, that since a Death must be undergone, what better or more noble death can there be, than thus to die? Yet at other times she had as great fears upon her, saying, that if she were called to suffering, she doubted she should not hold out; only the consideration of good Company, a good cause, and especially of a good God (the said) would encourage one much.

Among her other gracious qualifications, this was not the least, (especially of latter times) a very tender conscience, as might be instanced in many particulars, wherein she rested not till she received satisfaction to all doubts, from such arguments as were cleared by Scripture, and approved of by persons able to judge in the case.

To which also must be added, that when she perceived any, especially such as she had a reverence to, remained unsatisfied in any
any of her actions, she was always ready resolves to upon knowledge of it, from their own deny her mouths, to forbear it, out of a tenderness self in that of grieving any of the generation of the particular. just, or any way scandalizing her Profession, though as to her own particular, she at the same time did think what she was so desired to forbear warrantable in it self.

As for black spots or patches, as they are called, she abhorred them with her very soul, and was so far displeased at the sight thereof, that when any of the Gentlewomen made use of them, she seldom or never left, till she had prevailed with them, to forbear that so uncivil a dress, or else desired her Mother to take them off from them.

As great an enemy she was to any uncomely attire; nor did she affect rich laces, or any thing over costly, but what was most neat in a plain garb, much more minding the Ornaments of the hidden man, which in the sight of God are of greatest price.

It was a great abashment to her, when some unwisely uttered high praises of her to her face, and thereby put her into a blush; the fear whereof, made her often modestly refuse to come into such Company at other times: Indeed she knew God had
The exemplary Life, and lamented had blessed her with some of those little things (as she was wont to call them) which the sensual world magnified too much, and she desired to be very thankful for them, but withal was much afraid of being lifted up with pride, and therefore entreated friends in that respect to pray for her.

As she was always ready to assist her Mother in Law in the Family and School, so she had a particular reverence and very dear affection to her own Father, whose cheerfulness and content, was one of the greatest pleasures she had in this world; & his sadness and trouble at any time, as great an occasion of grief to her; and therefore did what she could to minister all manner of comfort to him, by the performance of those dutiful and tender respects, which as a child she owed him.

As for her condition in respect of a single life, it was not for want of proposals from several that would gladly have obtained her, but through dissatisfaction in the qualifications of the Persons, she being resolved (God assisting her) never to marry any, were his worldly advantages never to great, unless she were well assured (as far as charity could judge) of the goodness of his spiritual state, and his likely-hood of his being a real help to her in the way to Heaven.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Heaven. Had she lived to a perfect recovery from sickness, divers considerable offers (known to some friends) would speedily have been made to her, of which she might have taken her choice; but now God hath otherwise declared his pleasure in the highest and best disposing and preferring of her, even by making her a Bride in Heaven, to him who for some years past, had gotten her heart from all other Objects; and to whom she stuck with all faithfulness, till at last after a sore fit of sickness, she dyed in his arms; the occasion whereof I now hasten to.

In Whitsun Week, at the earnest desire of a very dear friend, she went to London, where (as Providence ordered it) she was unhappily lodged in damp Linnen, which in the night time clung fast about her, and had left that in her, which she her self said (as soon as she awaked) would prove her Death; whereupon in the morning it being made known, the best means that could be, were used to prevent the danger of it, but the Lord was not pleased to give success therein; and so after three or four days she returned home, (upon Saturday June the 8th.) to her Father's House at Hackney, where all her mind from that time, still ran upon the thoughts of her own Death.
The exemplary Life, and lamented Death; the strong apprehensions whereof put her upon a great improvement of her remaining time, both in Reading, Praying, and Discoursing, like one that expected shortly to leave the world; for she said she felt that about, her which would carry her away quickly, and was much worse inwardly, than perhaps any one thought; and therefore exhorted one of her Sisters, whom she dearly loved, and conversed most with, to mind eternity, to think much of her change, and labour to be prepared for it; acknowledging the goodness of God to her self, who had spared her so long. After this time she grew worse and worse, till on Saturday June the 22. (14. dayes after her return home) she took her bed, in order to her grave; where being seized upon by a Violent Feaver, her strength was so wasted, and her spirits gone, that upon the Thursday after at mid-night, (being June the 25.) she was hardly able to chatter, and so sent for her Father, Mother, and Sisters, to see them once more, and take a solemn leave of them; who when they were come and sate weeping about her, with great lamentation, after a little space, as if strength had been renewed on purpose for that end, she began to utter her affections and desires to them about many things, wherein she expresses...
Death of Mrs. Susanna Peirwich.

pressed her self, with so much prudence, Discourseth discretion, and composedness of mind, and excellently this for almost four hours together, with with inter-
some intermissions, that it was marvellous missions for
to behold; among other things the much divers hours,
perswaded to the preservation and streng-
thening of a love and unity among
all Relations. At last as she was say-
ing, that she had nothing to leave them With her Fa-
in memorial of her, presentely her Father ther's leave
told her, he gave her free liberty, to dispose gives all she
of whatever she had; at which she was had to seve-
very much pleased, and thanking of him, vall friends.
distributed to every one according to her
own mind; her several Rings to be worn di-
 distinctely, as she directed, by her Father,
Mother, and Sisters; two of her Rings she
put upon her fingers, and taking them off
again, gave them to be kept for her two Distributes
Brothers beyond Sea, as a token to them her Rings,
from her dying hand; all her Clothes, her Clothes,
Watch, and a certain piece of Plate mark-
ed with her own Name, she gave to one Books and
Sister; all her Works and Instruments of Instruments.
Musick to be divided betwixt three other
Sisters; her Books also she disposed of; and
as a Legacy to all the Gentlewomen of the
School; she commended her dying desires Her Legacy
and requests to them, that they would not to the Gen-
spend their time in reading of vain Books, the women of
but instead thereof, to betake themselves the School.
The exemplary Life, and lamented to the best Book of all, the Bible, and such other choice Books, as might do their souls most good; as also that they would be constant in the use of private Prayer; that they would be careful to sanctifie the Lord's Day, and not waste those precious hours in over-curios dressing; and that they would behave themselves reverently at the pubrick Ordinances, it having been a great offence to her formerly when any have done the contrary.

Then falling into speech about her Funeral, in what Room she desired her Herse might stand, where she should be Buried, and other particulars about the manner of it; she desired that all might be done decently, and that Dr. Spurstow, by whose Ministry she had been much edified and comforted, might Preach at her Interment, in all which she submitted to her Father's pleasure.

But that which was very remarkable in this her large Discourse, she shed not one tear, nor seemed at all sadded at her approaching Death; and when she was told that her Father's heart was ready to break, who fate weeping and groaning by her all the while; she said she was sorry for it, and asked why he would do so? adding farther, that for her part, she was in God's hand, and
and willing to yield up to him, hoping that all friends would endeavour to do the like; and so being now quite spent with speaking (for she desired not to be interrupted, till her whole mind was uttered) she lay still the rest of the Night.

The next Day being VWednesday, June the 26. Dr. Spurstow came to visit her, VWhat propos who asking her what she found in her self? nise she re-what she thought concerning her own spi- lyed upon, ritual State? as also what evidence she had though in of Gods Love? or Promise to rely upon? the dark. She answered, that she was in the dark as to her own evidences, and that they were not so clear to her as she could wish; yet that she was not without hope; that she had found much sweetness in many passages of Scripture; but from that chiefly (Romans the 8. and 28.) All things shall work together for good, to them that love God. After Discourse ended, she desired of the Doctor, that she might once more hear him Pray, and accordingly had her desire therein.

The same Day in the afternoon, she was more strongly assaulted than before; for now to her Feaver, and almost exhausted strength, convulsive motions were added, and risings of the Mother, by which when she had been greatly afflicted, and beyond all hope
hope recovered again out of them, she called to her Sister sitting by, and asked what day of the Month it was; who enquiring after the reason of that question, was told by her, that if she lived, she would celebrate it for ever hereafter, in a thankful remembrance of her being thus revived again, as it were like another Lazarus.

The next day lying in a slumber, as her Sister thought, she suddenly turnses her head to her, and hastily tells her, that she had a Call to be gone; a Call, faith she, by whom? God hath Called me, replyed she, to be gone from hence, and I must die: why, how do you know it? said the other, very well faith she, I am sure it will be so, and therefore do not reckon upon my Life.

One coming not long after to visit her, and to pray with her, asked her how she did; I am going to Heaven, said she, as fast as I can.

Three nights after this, God in a wonderful manner supporting her under continual pains, so that friends hoped she might wear them out; well, faith she, for all this I shall dye, and be at rest in Heaven with my dear Lord, before the morning comes; yet it proved not so, for she lived almost four dayes after, sometimes giving new hope of recovery, and then falling back again.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

All the time of her sickness she was very patient, earnestly praying that God would enable her to be, and that she might not murmur while his hand lay heavy on her. Ever and anon she would cry out, little doth any know what I feel; but I hope, faith she, God will strengthen me to the end. She often enquired whether any were seeking God for her, which when she was assured of, blessed be God, faith she, he will reward them for it.

Three things she desired might earnestly be sought for from God on her behalf, patience under her so grievous sickness, clear evidences of God’s Love, and an ease passage, if God should call her out of this Life; in all which she was graciously answered, as every one that attended her from first to last, can witness.

One time she seemed to lye in a kind of Agony, and suddenly breaking out with these words, said, shall I say that God her, but pref- hath forsaken me? no, I will not. All the fently va-time after she seemed well satisfied, and much at peace in her mind concerning her future state, nor had any fear at all upon her; for being told by her Sister, that she was persuaded, if God should be pleased to take her from hence, she should be happy with him; she replied, I doubt it not in D the
The exemplary Life, and lamented the least, and was never heard to let fall one word to the contrary all the while after.

Being asked (as she often was) how she did? she answered, in pain all over, even as God will have it; the Physician I see can do me no good, but one word from God can help all, if he please.

At another time she looked about her, and said to the standers by, God might have made you all like me, and I might have been in your case, if it had seemed good to him, but his holy Will be done.

Upon the Lord's Day before her Death, when speech almost quite failed her (though not her senses nor understanding, which she had even to the last) she softly uttered these words in the midst of very great pains, which all that day universally seized on her, the Goodness of God is the best goodness, the Goodness of God is the best goodness; often repeating of it, as if her heart were holy taken up with that Meditation.

When a near friend stood by her praying earnestly, for her in this extremity, at every sentence she testified a very great affection, by such a lifting up her eyes and hands towards Heaven, as if her whole soul had ascended in every petition, which occasioned some heavings of the Mother; and be-
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

being told, that since it came by the zeal of her heart in Prayer, God would sweeten it to her; she replyed, I question it not.

On the Monday morning, she often muttered out very softly, these words, two dayes and an half more, and then I shall be at rest; which the repeated two or three times; and accordingly from that very time, she did live two dayes and an half, to wit, till Wednesday Noon following, and then began to draw on apace towards her last breath.

Indeed her pains now seemed to leave her, or her strength rather, being able no more to struggle; and so lying in a kind of quiet sleep, at last panting for breath a short space, in a small silent groan, gave up her precious soul into the hands of God, whose Angels carrying it away to Heaven (as we have comfortable ground of hope to believe) left us all in bitter mourning and wailing over her dead Body.

When she was laid out in the Chamber where she dyed, dressed in her Night clothes, one would have thought she had been in a kind of smiling slumber; and now the Gentlewomen, with the rest of the Family, and some neighbours coming to see her, and give her their last salute, it would have broken ones heart, to have heard
The exemplary Life, and lamented

heard and seen the many cries, tears, and lamentations, that the Room was filled with.

So dear a child she was, and of such high deserts (as hath been already related) that her Father and all friends, thought her worthy of a very decent Burial, and accordingly upon Saturday the sixth of July, she was attended to the grave with a numerous Company, in manner following.

The Herse covered with Velvet, was carried by six servant Maidens of the Family, all in white; the sheet was held up by six of those Gentlewomen in the School, that had most acquaintance with her, in mourning Habit, with white Scarfs and Gloves; a rich costly Garland of gum-work, adorned with Banners and Scutchions, was borne immediately before the Herse, by two proper young Ladies, that entirely loved her. Her Father and Mother, with other near Relations, and their Children, followed next the Herse, in due order, all in mourning; the Kindred next to them, after whom came the whole School of Gentlewomen, and then persons of chief rank, from the Neighbour-hood, and from the City of London, all in white Gloves, both Men, Women, Children, and Servants, having been first served with Wine.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

When the Herse first entered the Church, the rest of the Schools were all there, in their respective places, affectionately sympathizing with the rest of the Mourners. I know not whether Hackney Church hath often had more weeping eyes; and aking hearts in it, on such an occasion, so greatly and generally was she beloved.

The Herse being set down, with the Garland upon it, the Reverend Dr. Spurstow applied himself to the proper work of the season, and preached upon those words, preached up.

1 Cor. 3.22. Death is yours. From whence, on at her after he had declared at large the sweetness Funeral.

that lies in this word Death, as it is a part of Christ's Legacy to a Believer, he made such useful inferences and applications, as were proper for the occasion.

This done, the rich Coffin anointed with sweet Odors, was put down into the Grave, in the middle Alley of the said Church, un-

The place of the same stone, where Mrs. Anne Carew, her Burial.

one of the great beauties of England in her time, and formerly a Gentlewoman of the School, and intimately acquainted with her, was buryed; being the second of those five Gentlewomen onely, which have dyed out of her Father's House, among thole eight hundred, that have been educated there, within the compass of seventeen years.
The exemplary Life, and lamented

And now what follows after all this? is it not a fair warning to us, that yet survive her, to bethink ourselves of our own condition? and whether we be ready for death, if we should be suddenly called, as she in a manner was? should we not make it our constant prayer, and utmost endeavour, to number our days, and so to number them, as to apply our hearts to wisdom, even to that wisdom only, which will make us fit to dye? All the days of my appointed time will I wait (faith Job) till my change come. O let that be our saying too, and our practice also.
Upon the aforesaid
Mrs.

SUSANNA PERWICH.

I.

Among the many Female Glories,
Which may be seen sometimes in
Let candid Readers shew us where (stories;
She can be found, that may compare
With Her this paper now sets forth,
Far short of her rare parts and worth.
Her Person comely, Red and White,
Mix'd curiously, gave great delight.
Pure snows, with Rich Vermilions stream,
Strawb'ries i'th' Silver dish of Cream.
Fresh-blown Cornations, Queen-like reigns,
While Violets tincture all her veins.
Straight, Proper, Handsom, every Feature,
Set in due place, made her a Creature.
Much lov'd; let's take a special view,
Look where you will, you'll find it true.

A Description of her Person.
The exemplary Life, and lamented
Her dark brown Hair, her double mould,
More lovely were, than sparks of Gold.
Her own meer natural curious Tresses,
Out-shine all adventitious Dresses.
Round Argent Brows! whoever marks,
Her smooth high Fore-heads Eban-Arks;
Tranlucent Temples, through her Locks,
Peer out like Alabaster Rocks.
From her black jetty Harry Eye,
Ten thousand sparkling Lustres fly.
Brave gen'rous Spirits siderial,
Move quick about each nimble Ball.
Under a Velvet Coverlet,
Each glittering Star doth rise and set.
Such Eye-lids, fittest Caskets be,
For such bright Gems effulgency.
Ouches of Gold, encircling passes,
About this pair of burning-glasses.
Two Hemishears, with two such Suns,
O're Microcosm's seldom runs.
Midst these twin-flames, a marble Mount,
Mounts ridge-wise up, down from her front.
On each side of which ridge you'll spy,
Aurora's Rosy blushes lie.
(ples,
Her sanguine Cheeks, like two Queen-ap-
Natures great Artist neatly couples.
Her two Ambrosial ruddy Lips,
In deepest Scarlet dye she dips.
Who views her well-set polish'd Teeth,
Will think two ranks of Pearls he seeth.
'Twixt
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

'Twixt these matcht milk-white Ivory rows,  
A sweet breath'd Aromatick flows,  
All down 'long to her swan-like Neck,  
Her fine Complexion hath no speck.  
Her pair of round Crown'd rising Hills,  
Each moment with new panting fills.  
Her sleek soft downy checker'd Wrists.  
Small Azure threads, finely entwists.  
Her Lilly Hands, long woodbine Fingers,  
Hang ever quivering, never lingers,  
In trembling strokes, which alwayes she,  
Tunes into sweetest Harmony.  
I scarce ere see them, but the sound,  
Of Musick seems thence to rebound.  
No Unions, no choice Jewels are,  
Found any where, that may compare,  
With th'very Nails, or Joyns, or Bones,  
That her ten sister-fingers owns.  
You'd scarce know which are richest things,  
Her knuckle bones, or Di'mond Rings.  
More curious is each Sattin limb,  
Than th'filken trails that cover him.  
Thus if you take her every way,  
How lovely she's! what shall I say?  
Her Head, her Face, her every part,  
Most graceful was, there need no Art,  
Be us'd at all, her to adorn,  
With Paints or Pearls, she being born,  
Natures own Master-piece; white Skin,  
Rose-lips, fair Breasts, sweet Smiles, and in Her
Her gestures such a compound Grace,
Made her to beautifie the place
Where e're she came, her goodly look,
At first sight the beholders took;
And won their hearts immediately,
With her thenceforth to live and dye.

II.

Yet this is but the out-side, we
By looking inwardly shall see,
More Orient Beams; within her shin'd
The choicest Beauties; she was lin'd,
With stiffe more costly there; such Rayes
of Radiancy the thence displayes,
As if the Pangloretta she,
Of her whole Sex was made to be.
Her sharp, sublime, and pleasant Wit,
Made her Companion very fit,
For the rich pregnant genious,
Of those were most ingenious.
Fine jests, quick answers readily,
Flow'd from her tongue most fluently.
Rhet'rick she had, and Eloquence,
As if she'd been at great expence
In learned Schools: fine sentences
Dropt from her, great dependences
Were in her words; the sense and matter
Was useful, solid, she'd not scatter
Vain talk, but what best profited
Her self and others, that she fed
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Their eares withal; what she had learn'd
From well-read Books, and what she earn'd
By her industrious Meditations,
Or by her careful observations
From others speech, that she laid up,
And therewith made her guests to sup,
When they came in to visit her,
And to them was an Instructer.

III.

Not rash, but most deliberate
In all things, and considerate;
Prudent she was, discreet, and wise,
Humble and meek, no lofty eyes
In her were seen: she never frowned
With angry looks, such as abound
In rugged tempers; modesty
In bashful blushes constantly
Colour'd her Face; no garishness,
Or any wanton foolishness
Stain'd her at all; she much defi'd
These vices, and them ever fly'd.
Most gentle, affable, and kind,
She was to all, you scarce could find
One so benign; few of this Age,
'Mong young folks, or among the Sage,
Beyond her went in courtesie,
More ready was to gratifie
Favours receiv'd: she would requite
Such kindnesses with all her might.

Her moral Virtues.
She had a **noble generous heart**,  
As she was **able to impart**.

IV.

Where need requir'd she, suffer'd none  
In vain to her to make their moan.  
The meanest **Beggar** at the door.  
She pittied, and reliev'd the **Poor**.  
By her good will, no one should want,  
**Specially those in Covenant**:  
For them it was her **chiefest care**,  
When they were sick, hungry, or bare,  
Most to refresh: she would be sure  
**Them food and raiment** to procure,  
Whoever wanted, they should not,  
If **succour** for them could be got.

V.

**Christ's suffering Members** she would visit,  
As oft as time serv'd, she'd not miss it.  
The **Exile and Imprisonment**,  
Of some dear **Friends** she'd much lament.  
Was their **blood shed**? she felt the dart,  
That wounded them, 'twent to her heart,  
To think what dark, close, dungeons they  
Were stifled in, both Night and day.  
Great pity caused her to **yearn**  
For them, and all her **bowels** turn  
Within, when she got them among,  
**Tears** from her eyes; and from her tongue  
Sad
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Sad language flow'd: she did partake
Their sorrows, head and heart did ake,
At thought of what they suffered; she
Could not forbear to go and see (shent,
How't far'd with them, though she were
And many a precious hour she spent,
To comfort them what she was able,
In this their case so lamentable.

VI.

Mourn'd others? she in sympathy
Would mourn also, when they did lye,
In any doleful misery.
Their griefs she always made her own,
And ever greatly did bemoan
Their sad calamities: her heart
In sorrows deep did bear a part.
Did Parents sigh? she sigh'd too;
Grieved they? she knew not what to do,
Till she had found out some relief,
To ease the pain of Parents grief.
Were any of her neer Relations,
Afflicted by sad alterations
In health, estate, or comforts any,
Her groans were such, her tears so many,
As if alone concern'd: so deep
Were her resentments, she'd so weep,
As if her heart would break asunder,
And the great burden truckle under.

VII.
VII.

Peace was the darling of her heart,
So that to her no greater smart
Could come, then when a diff'rence rose
Among dear Friends, she'd interpose,
And by her wise calm moderation,
More firmly knit each dear Relation.

VIII.

Next her improved breeding high
You will perceive now by and by.
No quality or rare perfection,
But 'twas her own, make what election
You please of most desired skill,
That Females glory in, she will
Excel them all throughout the Town,
Yea Kingdom too, and wear the Crown,
Of a renowned veneration,
From all the rest of the whole Nation.

IX.

First for her Musick, who can give
Sufficient praise? or cause it live,
As it deserves in memory?
And that to all posterity?
Ask Rogers, Bing, Coleman, and others,
The most exactly skilful Brothers:
Ask Brian, Mell, Ives, Gregories,
Hows, Stifkins, all, in whom there lies,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Rare Arts of Musick, they can tell,
How well she sung: how rarely well
She play'd on several Instruments,
What high admir'd accomplishments,
She had attain'd to; Angels hands,
On Lute or Viol scarce commands
A sweeter touch; she never shall,
Be equall'd by the Nightingale.
If Kings and Princes claim the best,
Of Melodies above the rest,
'Twas she could give them, she alone,
Whether from Art, or natures tone.
So tun'd a voice! so shrill a sound,
In Male or Female rarely found!
Each Crotchet, Quaver, Minnun, Note,
Kept time within her warbling throat.
Soft, deep, high Arains, in treble Song,
Flow'd sweetly from her sugered tongue.
No strings of Harp, no Organ Pipe,
Strech't or reach'd higher, she was ripe
Ev'n for the heavenly Chorus; she
Of all forts, gave such Harmony.
Where she was singing had you come,
By chance into the blissful Room,
You'd thought by the melodious Air,
That Quiers of Angels had been there.
Laws, Sympson, Polewheel, Jenkins, all
'Mong the best Masters Musical,
Stand ravish'd while they hear her play,
And with high admiration say,
The exemplary Life, and lamented
What curious strains! what rare divisions!
Are we not 'mong Celestial Visions!
This is no humane hand! these strokes,
The high immortal Spirits provokes
To listen to her! she playes so,
That after her none takes the bow,
To play again; it is too much,
To take the confidence to touch,
The Instrument which she laid down,
Or go about to win the Crown,
Which she had set on her own head,
With Lawrels all enamelled.
No, no, they must wholly despair,
To give one such delicious Air
Of which she millions gave; each touch
To most judicious ears was such,
So sweet, so quick, so dainty, rare,
That nothing could therewith compare.
No strain but was incomparable,
And by mens Art insuperable.
The deepest grounds where utmost skill,
Of a rich fancy lay, she still
Most finely nick'd; her nimble Arm,
Still made a most delicious Charm.
Quick numerous motions she would show,
With her swift, gliding, jumping bow.
Even in a moment she would measure,
Thousands of strokes, with ease and pleasure,
Where others hundreds scarce could reach,
Though such as most profess to teach.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

All this, both by her hand and brain,
Without the least toil, labour, pain.

X.

No Antick gestures, or bold face,
No wrigling motions her disgrace.
While she's at play, nor eye, nor head,
Hither or thither wandered.
Nor nods, nor heaves in any part,
As taken with her own rare Art.
All vain conceited affectation,
Was unto her abomination.
With body she ne're sat askew,
Or mouth awry, as others do.
Careless she seem'd, as if her mind,
Were somewhere else, and yet we find
Performances to admiration,
And our exceeding delectation.

XI.

As hand and tongue, her feet also,
She curiously had taught to go.
Her motions measure all the ground
Exactly, while sweet Musicks found:
That who so e're observ'd her tread,
Must needs be much enamoured.
If French or English Dances were
An ornament, how finely there!
Did she out-do all she came neer;
To th'wonderment of them that see her?
XII.

As Lessons she, so Dances too, (new.
When old were spent, could make more
Masters themselves, found at the closure,
A curious skill in her composure.
Then to preserve her memory,
Oh let them always practis’d be!
And to keep up their Authors fame,
Oh let them also bear her Name!

XIII.

She writ well, cypher’d, cast account,
Could tell to what the sums amount
Spent in the House, and greater too,
If need requir’d, as oft as you
Demanded it; fair letters write,
Pregnant, with sense, worthy the sight
Of learned Secretaries. She
In needles Art attain’d to be

XIV.

Perfectly curious; every work
In which a cunning skill did lurk,
She had it at her fingers end,
And lov’d therein fit time to spend.
In black-works, white-works, colours all,
That can be found on earths round ball,
She did excell. Wax, Straws and Gum,
Silks, Gems, and Gold, the total sum
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Of rich materials she dispos'd
In dainty order, and compos'd
Pictures of men, birds, beasts, and flowers,
When leisure serv'd at idle hours.
All this so rarely to the Life,
As if there were a kind of strife,
'Twixt Art and Nature: Trees of fruit,
With leaves, boughs, branches, body, root,
She made to grow in winter time,
Ripe to the eye, easy to climbe.
Buds, blossoms, foldings, Sunny beams,
In checkered shadowings finely streams,
Among the thickest clusters there,
Whether of Apple, Cherry, Pear.
Here hangs a Plum, a Strawberry,
An Orange there, a Gooseberry,
An Hony-suckle, July sower,
Wetted as 't were from a fresh shower.
The Rose, the Violet, the Lilly,
The goodly Tulip, Daffodilly,
With many more varieties,
Of natures chiefest rarities.

X V.

All these rich qualities she had,
Most beauteously and bravely clad
With ornaments of every kind,
Whether for body or for mind.
And yet which was the Crown of all,
She was not touch'd with pride at all.

Her great humility in
the midst of
all her excellencies.
No vain conceit puff'd up her heart,
With thoughts of this her great desert.
Although there was a glorious sound,
Vent of her worth, all England round.
In London, when great meetings were
Of curious eares, which here and there
Lay scatter'd, and were got together,
And one much pleased with another,
In their own Musicks, yet she still
The Lawrel bears, not any will
Farther contend when she hath play'd,
But down their Instruments all lay'd.
Yet notwithstanding this, when ever
She was again desir'd, she never
By her good will would come again,
'Twas not her pleasure, but her pain,
To hear her own admired Name
Sounded with golden trump of fame.
When commendations 'fore her face,
Her high encomia's did enchase;
When tongues of Strangers could not hold
Till they her praise to all had told,
Yea to her self too, yet her ear
Ne're listen'd to't, 'twas her great fear,
Left some black evil her should seize,
If puff'd up by such things as these.

XVI.

Blessing she did acknowledge them,
And often said, she should condemn

Her
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Her self of much ingratitude,
And not her duty understood,
Unless she very thankful were
To him that of all gifts that are,
The fountain is, to him alone,
She joy’d to give what was his own:
And with the best of all she had
Sincerely serve him, and make glad,
Her pious friends, that earnestly,
Pray’d for this her humility.

XVII.

Black spots to her abominable
Were always held, nor was she able
To bear their sight, she did complain,
Till they were taken off again,
Where e’re she saw them, herself ever
So much detested them that never
Durst she wear them, for well she knew,
If she had don’t she must renew
Repentance for’t: she’d ne’re disgrace,
God’s workmanship in her own face,
Whose lustre never shineth less,
Than when in such an whorish dress.

XVIII.

Nor naked was her back or breast,
What was most chaste she loved best.
Whisks, Handcherchiefs, she’d always wear,
Where others shamelessly went bare.

They
The exemplary Life, and lamented
They yet live whom she carefully Consulted, what most lawfully In all parts of her garb she might Wear without sin, and do what's right. She ne're would in the least desire, Uncomeliness in her attire.

Delights in decent and modest attire. Decent she lov'd, and neat to be, As best befitted her degree. Her Whisks, Quoifs, Hoods, and silver purles Suited her garments silken furles.
Fine Bracelets, Ear-rings, Neck-laces, Sometimes those parts encompasses, That when the led the Dances 'mong The many beauteous Ladies young, Which to her Mother's Scool were sent, She might give them the more content.
Yet this to her no pleasure gave; For she had rather been more grave; But that the business of her place Required such an handsome grace.

A transition from morals to supernaturals. Thus we a little now have seen What were the virtues of this Queen Of Diamonds, in moral things, But that which lifts her on the wings Of highest fame, is yet behind, The best endowments of her mind.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

In works of grace and holiness,
Let's see her now in that brave dress.

XXI.

That which first wrought upon her soul,
And did her happy name enrole
Among true Converts, was the Death
Of a dear friend, whose mortal breath
Gone suddenly, left such impression,
(According to her own confession)
That she enquiring of her God,
What was the meaning of this rod,
'Twas plainly told her, reformation
And not at all her desolation:
But that her souls eternal good
Was only sought; at which she stood,
Pausing a while, and then she said,
Is this the reason God hath laid
His rod upon me? I'll repent
Of every sin, I'll now relent;
I'll search my heart, I'll try my ways,
I'll hearken what my conscience sayes,
Concerning mine eternal state,
And what is like to be my fate;
Left I likewise surprized be,
By sudden death as well as he.

XXII.

Thus first resolving she proceeds,
Examins Thoughts, and words, and deeds,
Her self-examination.
Compares them with God's holy Word,
To see wherein her dearest Lord
Offended was, and what the spring,
Such filthy noisome streams did bring,
Wherewith she was polluted so,
And did a fresh still overflow
So fast upon her; last the spyes
Whence 'twas, and then aloud she cryes

XXIII.

O my great Sin Original,
Hence, hence, my soul corruptions all
Boil up, break forth, contaminate
What e're I do, communicate
Abominations ugly stain
To my best actions; hence my pain,
Even from the grand iniquity
Of Father Adam wickedly
Rebelling 'gainst his Maker, when
In's loyns lay all the sons of men.
Then I among the rest was there,
And in that fin had equal share.
Oh how I am indrencht all o're,
In that abominable gore!
How filth, and sin, and misery,
And even a Hellish slavery
Inthrals me now! what hideous crimes
Grow thick upon me! how betimes
Each morning doth my naughty heart
Cast forth its filth! how many a dart
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

All the day long do I send out
'Gainst Heaven in my rebellion stout!
As full of poison as the Toad!
Or Serpents which lye on the road,
With speckled skin, but venom'd head,
Indangering all that on them tread!

XXIV.

Satan still tempts me every day,
Yea hour and minute, there's no way
Left open for me to escape
His fierce assaults, the ugly shape,
Of some new guilt or other still
Deforme my heart, my mind, and will.
No sooner are his evil motions,
Suggested to me, or his potions
Of poys'nous lusts in's golden cup,
To my vile tenes offer'd up,
But I embrace them, and comply
With his allurements presently.
Base my affections! base my heart!
Oh how the dread of 't makes me start!
To think how dangerous is my case,
And that the only proper place,
For such a sinner is to fry,
In Hell's hot fire eternally.

XXV.

Thus, thus, she muses, and then prays. Cryes out to God would not leave her in these ways Of
Of sin and death, Oh no said she!
Let God do what he will with me,
Chastise, afflict, break, bruise, correct;
So he'll vouchsafe me to direct
In path of Life, and me translate.
Out of this sinful cursed state,
In which I now by nature lye,
And crown me with the dignity
Of his high favour, mercy, grace,
And cause my feet to run the race.
Of his Commandements, then I
Nor care to live, nor fear to dye.
When once sweet influences of Love,
All melt my heart, drop from above.
This, this, is all my soul requires,
O let it burn in these pure fires!
These Aromaticks! let them give
Their powerful odors, I shall live.
Best in these flames; O what a change
Is here! O tell me, is 't not strange!
That she should make such blessed use
From her friend's Death, thus to produce
Life in herself! therefore it was
She joy'd so much, as often as
She spake thereof, and plainly found,
God's love to her did more abound,
In taking of that friend away,
Then if he had liv'd to this day.
Such great good sometimes God intends,
When he some sharp affliction sends.
'Twas
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

'Twas her own frequent saying too,
Thar all things put together do
Work for the good of those that fear,
And love God, with an heart sincere.

XXVI.

The ground-work thus begun in her
'Bout four years since, she did bestir
Her self to carry on the building,
With precious stones, and costly guilding.
Her time far spent, she now makes haste,
And by her good will doth not waste
One minute more; she will redeem
The time that's lost, a great esteem
She puts on every person, thing,
That helpt reform her wandering.
Now she keeps close to th' good old way,
Careful no more to go astray,
But wisely walks with circumspection,
And often makes a sad reflection
Upon her former course of life,
Contending with an holy strife,
To go the faster unto bliss,
Nor stopt till come where now she is.

XXVII.

What pains she took fully to know
Sweet heavenly Truths! how she would go
From Book to Book! to catechise,
Her self where the foundation lyes.
In Perkins, Baal, or any other
That could teach better than other,

XXVIII.

The paper Books, and Sermon notes,
She left behind, plainly denotes,
With how much reverend care she did
Receive God's Word, and wisely hid
It in her heart; she would repeat
Choice passages, and made the seat
Of what she heard her heart to be,
More than her writing Book we see.
When she came home, she did retire,
On the Lord's Dayes, and much enquire
What she had miss'd of what was said,
And when her Notes she over read,
Soon mended, if they wanting were
With a devout Religious care.

XXIX.

This being done it was not all
Sh'was wont to do, for she would call
For blessing on't, with bended knees,
From him whose eye in secret sees.
Ejaculations from her heart,
She'd frequently to Heaven dart.
No time so pleasant as the Night,
When she might most be out of sight.
No place by her so much desir'd,
As where she might be most retir'd,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwic.

Far from all noise and observation,
To pour out her souls warm devotion.
When she sometimes could not be found,
She'd hid her self, where the sweet sound
Of her deep sighings, sobs, and cries,
Might secretly to Heaven rise,
Unheard of any but his ears,
Who knew her thoughts, and saw her tears.

XXX.

Vain wanton Books her soul abhor'd,
As an offence to her dear Lord.
The Bible was her chiefest Book,
In which her practise was to look
And read, and meditate all day,
As oft as she could get away
From other bus'ness; her great care
Was to grow rich in knowledge there.
Hard questions sometimes she would put,
And lik'd the Answers which best cut
All knots; she was inquisitive,
That she her heart as a large hive,
Might fill with honey combs of Truth,
On which she suck'd thus in her Youth.
Such Keyes she used frequently,
That open'd Wards which easily
Would not give way without: her minde,
With heavenly thoughts she thus refin'd.

XXXI.
XXXI.

What good Books she read, and what was her evening and morning Work.

The Works of Watson, Shepherd, Love, Goodwin, and Spurston, to improve Was her endeavour and delight, As much as might be, day and night. Some one of these she always kept At her Beds head, and 'fore she slept, Did read an hour and sometimes more, That laden with a precious store, She might take rest, and when her eyes First open'd, 'fore she 'gan to rise, She did revolve what she had read, The night before within her Bed. While in the morning others slept, She meditated, pray'd, and wept.

XXXII.

Sins of omission many times, Touch'd her as much as acted crimes. If she were heavy, dead, or dull At Holy Duties, it did pull Her heart much more with inward grief, Than if by hands of wretched Thief Her choicest treasures all were lost, Wherein was greatest worth and cost.

XXXIII.

Her delight When Sabbaths came or Sacrament, in the Sab- Her devout soul then strongly went
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

To celebrate those blessed seasons,
With ardent zeal: no carnal reason
Prevail'd with her, to take her off;
Nor aking head, nor painful cough

XXXIV.

Could ever cool her hot affection,
Yet still complain'd of imperfection
In all her duties, and then cry'd,
Oh wo to me! had not Christ dy'd
To purifie my holy things:
Thus by her Faith she often brings,
What Christ had done and suffer'd too,
To her own heart; and this she'd do.
Continually, on all occasions,
When Satan came with his invasions.

XXXV.

Pure Doctrine, Worship, Discipline,
In her soul's eye did brightly shine.
To these her heart was so endear'd,
That their pollutions she much fear'd.

XXXVI.

Sighing she said, O how shall I
Suffer for Christ! him to deny
How grievous is't! and yet how weak
Am I to bear! sure 't will soon break
My feeble spirit in bonds to lye,
When I am call'd to testify

bath, and
the duties
of it.

She sees a
need of
Christ in all.

She is care-
ful about
Christ's pure
Worship.

She fears
her own
strength if
called to
suffering.
The exemplary Life, and lamented

The truths I own: the times may come,
When a fierce cruel Martyrdom,
May true Believers portion be;
And if it chance to fall on me,
What shall I do? I'm full of care,
Left I in sufferings lose my share.
And yet I tremble at the thought
Of those sad sorrows may be brought
Upon me, for the Gospel's sake,
Of which I now profession make.
However I will learn to trust
Him whose performances are just,
His many gracious Promises
Contain in them great sallaces,
Which ne're yet fail'd, when trusted on,
And by true faith rely'd upon.
Besides I'm much refreshed by
The thoughts of that good Company,
Which in their sufferings altogether,
Will much encourage one another.

XXXVII.

She had many offers for marriage.
Many there were sought her good will,
Rich, handsome, beautiful, but till
She them refus'd, she ne're would Wed,
Or cared for the marriage Bed,
Till such a one a Suiter came,
That felt the love, ador'd the Name
Of her dear God: till she could say,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

He was a man could warmly pray,
And first in Christ's own bosom lay.

XXXVIII.

So sweet she was, courteous and kind,
And in all hearts so much entwin'd,
That whosoever knew her would
Do to the utmost what they could,
With Father, Mother, to prevail
For her converse: they would not fail,
As oft as might be, her to get
Abroad with them, and scarce would let
Her return home in many dayes,
Desiring rather she alwayes
Might stay with them. But oh the fate!
That by such means she felt of late!
For when at a friend's house she meets,
And lodgeth there, behold damp sheets
Cling close about her in the bed,
At which she waking said, I'm dead:
And so it prov'd, alas! for wo!
At thought on't I'm afflicted to!
That brinish tears drop from mine eyes,
My heart with throbs, and inward cryes,
All broken is! what shall I say?
She's thus untimely snatcht away!
Shall I the careless maid go blame?
And tell her what a horrid shame,
It is, that by her negligence,
So choice a one is lost from hence?

F

Her company was loved, and much desired by friends.

Alas!
Alas! alas! it is no boot,
She was permitted thus to do't,
God's own o're-ruling Providence
Was pleas'd it self thus to dispense.

XXXIX.

What I therefore shall further do,
Will our sad grieves yet more renew,
In telling what her sickness was,
And that therein she lay ev'n as
Upon a rack, in torments great,
The pain whereof made her to sweat,
And us to weep 'bout her beds side,
And with our floods raise a full tide.

XL.

O God! O God! she often cry'd,
And on his Goodness still rely'd,
To be supported and preserv'd,
Till she with Patience fully serv'd
His holy Will; 'midst all her grief
This was to her a great relief,
To think that still within his hand
She safely lodg'd, and his command
As much obey'd in what she felt,
As when upon her knees she knelt.
No froward word, fell from her lips,
When tortures wrested hands and hips,
Convulsive motions, Mother fits,
New sorrows night and day begets,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

And yet she’s silent, ’cause she knows, ’Twas God alone that sent these throws.

XLI.

One time a little fear her seiz’d,
But presently her heart was eas’d,
As careful standers by did find
By th’sweet expressions of her mind.
Shall I think God hath me forsaken
Saith she? since Christ the load hath taken
Of all my sins; no, I’le not dread
Nor sin, nor Satan, when I’m dead,
I doubt not, but in Bliss to be,
And beatifick Visions see.

XLII.

When God was pleas’d her to revive
A little, and make her alive
Again, as ’twere, from pangs of death,
These words she utter’d at next breath.
Pray Sister tell me, what’s the date
Of this good day? I’le celebrate
Its mem’ry, if I longer live,
And God shall please more time to give.
Then thee and I’le both strive to be
Better by far; the world shall see,
Our business is in grace to grow,
And hand in hand to Heaven go.

A cloud of fear comes, but vanish-eth again.

Her thankfulness when a little eased.
The exemplary Life, and lamented

XLII.

She calls for friends to take leave of them.
The last Tuesday i’th’month of June,
Finding her self much out of tune,
And that her time ’gan to draw nigh,
When she undoubtedly must dye,
Her Father, Mother, Sisters all
At midnight she thought fit to call,
Of them to take her solemn leave,
And so go hasten to receive
A better life, when this should end,
As God at this time did intend.

XLIV.

Her speeches to them.
For severall hours such exhortation
She gave them all, to admiration,
Speeches so grave, so wise, so good,
And all so plainly understood,
So sage, so serious, so religious,
So full of prudence, so ingenious,
That every word went to the heart
Of those that heard them, every part
Of her discourse so profited,
That all the while their tears were shed
So much the faster, and the thought
This precious Life could not be bought
At any rate, but must be lost
From all friends here, O how it cost
Thousands of groans all that night long!
At every word fell from her tongue.

XLV.
When she had spoke her mind at large,
And to all there had given charge,
Of love, sweet unity, and peace
After she should have her release
From hence, then with her Fathers leave,
'Twas her desire each should receive
Some token from her, to be kept
By them that round about her wept.
Her Rings, her Books, her Instruments,
Her Works, her Cloaths, her Ornaments,
Of every sort, she parted so,
That every one their own might know.

But among all her Legacies,
Some of the very best were these.
To the young Ladies of the School,
The holy Scriptures Cristal pool
She did commend, to wash their eyes,
When they first in the mornings rise.
By sweet devotions she desir'd,
They'd labour to get their hearts fir'd
As oft as might be; wanton Books
To throw away, and sober looks
Bring always when they did attend
The publick Ord'rance, and to spend
Their precious time on the Lord's Day,
Not in vain dressings, but to pray,
Read, meditate, and so improve
Those holy hours in purest love
The exemplary Life, and lamented

To heavenly things. Thus far she went,
And then began to be quite spent.

XLVII.

Her mind is Heaven-ward.

When a friend ask'd her how she found
Her self next day? with a low sound
She said, I go to Heaven, I
Now hasten thither, thither flye
As fast as may be, on the wings
Of faith and hope, where Angels sings.
Yet after this she lingers out
Another full whole week about,
And some hours more, in torments great,
Yet not perceiv'd at all to fret
Against Gods hand, but quietly
Resign'd her self in peace to dye.

XLVIII.

She foretels the hour of her Death, which proved accordingly.

On Monday Morning 'fore she dy'd,
Two days and half she often cry'd,
And then shall my soul be at rest,
In my Lords bosom, and be blest.
She said so, and it proved so,
As if her Lord was pleas'd to show
This secret to her, for at noon
Next Wednesday, her breath, how soon
Was't gone? in a weak silent groan,
And we left mourning all alone!
You that late toll'd her passing-bell,
May hasten now to ring her Knell.

She's
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

She's dead! she's dead! there's no more hope
Of her Life here, the onely Scope
She aim'd at, now she doth enjoy,
Whilst sore affictions us annoy.

XLIX.

All she sought was a better Life,
And to become the Lambs dear Wife.
His Jewels, Bracelets, righteous Robes,
His blood, his Spirit, his Starry Globes,
Her eye and heart were eager after;
The hopes of these fill'd her with laughter
Amidst the many screeks and tears,
She met with from the King of fears.
Faith, Love, Humility, each grace
Shin'd bright in her, the lovely face
Of her dear Lord when first she spy'd,
She car'd not then how soon she dy'd.
That thus adorn'd she might be bold
To stand before him, and behold
Those radiatures that glitter there,
Where the eternal blisses are.
How swift her motions were! that thither
She might come richly laden, whither
Pure spirits flye, till she had got
The place where lay her goodly lot.
How restless was she! therefore flies
On wings of Angels 'bove the skies,
Before we thought on't, up she goes,
In glorious Chariots, where no foes
The exemplary Life, and lamented
Of sin or death molest her more,
Which wrack'd her here with pains so sore.

L.

While she lyes dead upon the floor,
How friends stand weeping at the door!
While she is in her Night clothes drest,
How sweet her smiles are 'bove the rest
That yet survive! how many kisses
On her dead face! there's none that misles
To take their farewell. Oh! how many
Came crowding in! there was not any
But long'd to see her once again,
While the above ground did remain.
What floods of tears there now did meet
On her pale cheeks, and winding-sheet!
All eyes about her full of bubbles,
And all their hearts too, full of troubles.
They wring their hands, lift up their voice
Aloud in cries, and mournful noise.

L I.

And now when these sad tydings came
Abroad i'th' Town, and when the same
Began to spread the City round,
And the whole Country. Oh the found!
Of deep fetched sighs that you might hear,
In ev'ry place! how many a tear
Fell from the eyes of all that knew,
How great, how sore this loss! more true,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

And general griefs were never known,
In any age, for such an one.
She liv'd desir'd, lamented dy'd,
Who lov'd her now 'twas fully try'd:
Both far and neer all England o're
She'll be bewail'd by thousands more.

L I I.

No Father e're more dearly lov'd
A child; no child yet ever prov'd
More gracious, dutiful, and tender
To a dear Father, she would render
What e're to th'utmost she could give,
To make her Father's comforts live:
The chief staff of his age she was,
The greatest stay. Alas! alas!
What stays are these to lean upon!
Broken so soon! and so soon gone!

L I I I.

At her sad parting Funeral,
What num'rous eyes were weeping all!
What aking hearts! what heavy looks!
What overflowing spreading brooks
Of surging sorrows! mourning blacks,
Scarfs, Gloves, Wine's given, nothing lacks
To celebrate the Obsequies
Of her that thus lamented dyes.
Great pity 'twas, said old and young,
As she i'th'room stood them among,

How dutiful she was and tender of her aged Father.

Her Funeral solemnity.
The exemplary Life, and lamented
In Velvet Herse, with Garlands crown'd,
And her Companions weeping round.

Friends, Neighbours, and acquaintance all
Came flocking in both great and small,
To mourn for this rare flower of youth,
And follow her to the graves mouth.

At her Interments lamentation,
So crowded was the Congregation,
That He the Word did then dispense
Scarce saw a greater audience,
On such occasion, in that place:
'Tis Hackney Church, where her sweet face
Now hidden lyes, cover'd with dust,
While her blest soul among the just
Sings and triumphs. Well! she is gone,
What now remains more to be done?
Though her griefs end, our agonies
Thus now begin sad Elegies.

An Elegy
upon her
Death.

Deep sighs! torn hearts! wet eyes! bemoan
The Mistress of our joys; each groan
Lament the loss that Ages past
N'ere knew so n'sifold, make haste
To drop your Pearls upon her Heise,
And cause her live in mournful Verse.

Come Parents dear, weep o're your child,
On which you have so often smil'd.
Come Musick Masters, hear the tone
She trils forth in her dying groan.

Come
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Come Ladies lay your Ivory hand
On her soft skin, a while here stand,
To see what difference sickness makes
On fairest beauties, when it takes
Colour, and freshness quite away,
As 'twill from all of you one day.

Come Brethren, Sisters, Kindred all,
And see how vain it is to call
Her back again, she hears no more,
Now she's arriv'd at th' other shore.

Come Strangers which so ravish'd were
With many a curious dainty Air,
That she was wont to melodize
Into your ears, before your eyes.

Come young ones see what here lyes cropt,
A Rose in'ts bloom, the Tree is loft,
While yet the fruit remain'd upon't,
Before't had time to ripen on't.

Come all her old acquaintances,
See now in deaths black ballances
What your weight is, when life is gone,
It may be your own case anon.

Come Virgins wreath your flowers about
Your Garlands, as you carry her out,
Your turns will come ere long to go,
The same may too, it must be so.

Take Patterns from her Virtues rare,
That you with her in bliss may share.

L V.
L V.

Mean while, Alas! what shall we say, 
From whom she's now thus fled away? 
The fables of the darkest night 
Take place while she is out of sight, 
The beauteous heaven ne're shed such beams, 
As flow'd from her in golden streams. 
Lustres of Grace out-shine the rayes 
Of the bright Sun, ev'n at noon dayes. 
Now these absenting disappear, 
What have we left our hearts to cheer? 
The Garden which she' visitted, 
No Garden is now she is dead. 
No Walks, no Arbors, beds of flowers 
Smel sweet, no artificial bowers 
Give us content, now she is gone, 
And we left in them all alone. 
Within doors there's no Company, 
For want of her Society. 
Her single self was more than many, 
Too full her room up there's not any, 
'Mong our remaining的社会 left, 
Alas! alas! we are bereft, 
Of such a full Confort in one, 
That all our Musicks now are gone. 
Lute, Viol, Song-book, altogether, 
Cannot make up such another. 
Where once her measuring feet did tread, 
Alas! we now our tears do shed,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

And wet the floor, our trembling hearts
In sorrowing motions act their parts.
No Dances, Voices, Lessons, more,
We must expect from her; our sore
Is very grievous! who can tell
How such strong passions to repel?
Which in renewed surges rise,
From our sad hearts and watry eyes.

L VI.

Indeed if she could once again
Appear as formerly, our pain
Would soon asswage; her warbling arm,
Soft touch, sweet voice, would quickly charm
Our doleful plaints, her Musick strains
More cordial were than all the grains
Of rich Ingredients Doctors give,
To make their dying Patients live.
If precious, Powders, Pearls, or Gold
Could save Life, she had liv’d till old.
No Syrups, Liquors, Julips, Gems,
Can so far sap dry wither’d items,
As to revive them, one cold breath
Quite kills them, from the mouth of death.
But stay a while, methinks I hear
Her rare set melodies so clear,
As if her own well tuned head,
At sound thereof rose from the dead.
Others when neither heart nor life
Seem’d to remain in them, the strife
The exemplary Life, and lamented
Betwixt her hand and Instrument,
So fill'd them with a rare content,
That out of deepest sadness they
Cheerful and pleasant went away.
And may not such effects as these
Give us also a little ease?
From the same Musicks? Alas! no!
All that now proves but a vain show.

LVII.

What once we heard, must hear no more.
Our business now is to deplore
What cannot be recall'd, and strive,
To do as she did when alive.
Pray, Read, Discourse, and Meditate
Of what concerns our future state.
This was her work, her greatest joy,
She counted all the world a toy,
Compar'd with this. Her heavenly King
She long'd to go to, long'd to sing
In that loud Chorus, sweeter layes,
And from her soul tune higher praise,
Then lungs or fingers here could make,
Even then when oft her head did ake.
Her Viol-strains, her Vocal trils,
We ne're would miss with our good wills,
Though she was wont oft to complain,
She play'd and sung in no small pain.
Willing she was at any time,
To help such hearts, as fain would climb
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Into celestial thoughts, all these,
In love to Christ, she lov'd to please.
Thinking no better use could be,
Of her sweet Musicks harmony.

LVIII.

At last when she had run her race
Alotted here, she speeds apace
To her dear God, with many a groan
She cryes to him, and makes her moan,
That weary of this world she'd fain
Return her spirit to him again.
And so she did, to Heaven she hy'd,
Where now she lives Christ's joyful bride.

His ornaments are now upon her,
His glorious eyes now fixed on her,
Before under her pained head,
While she lay in her dying bed,
His arms enclofed her; but now
He hath fulfill'd his marriage vow,
And taking her up to his Throne,
Gives thousand smiles for every groan.
With new embraces, follaces
He kindly now her compasses.
In stead of this worlds clam'rous noise,
Much sweeter Musick feeds her joyes.
Her songs are now all Hallelujah,
To her eternal King Jehovah.
Oh thither let our souls desire
In divine ardours now expire.

LIX.
But shall I leave her thus? Ah no!
Methinks I cannot let her go.
Methinks I see her in the Walks
About the Garden, where she talks
With her own soul, unto her Lord
Of those sweet things which in his word
She then and there had newly read,
And therewith her heart fully fed.
Methinks I see her in the room,
Where she was daily wont to come,
At meal times still, with some good Book,
Which always she 'long with her took,
Within her hand, under her arm,
That she her precious soul from harm
Might safely keep, while thus employ'd,
All her life time untill she dy'd.
Methinks I see her in the front,
'Mong the young Ladies she was wont
To lead up, on the dancing dayes,
When friends and strangers came alwayer.
Methinks I see her take the Viol,
That such as would have no denial,
She might in great civility,
With her sweet Musick satisifie.
Methinks I see her, here and there,
Above, below stairs, every where,
With pleasant look, with cheerful eye,
And kind salutes, still passing by.

A review of her.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Alas! alas! shall I no more
See her, as I was wont before!
She's gone! she's gone! what shall I say?
We must all follow the same way.
Who knows how soon, we must all come,
As well as she to the cold tomb.

L X.

Shall we then any more delay
Speedy repentance? since each day,
Each hour, each minute, may cut off
Our thread of life? since one small cough
May quickly waste us? or consumption
Soon end us? Oh! let no presumption
Possess the healthy, lusty, young,
Though ne're so well, though ne're so strong,
In flower of Age, in heat of youth,
In vigor, fresh...s, yet how doth
Death seize on them with his cold blast;
And cause them fall at's foot as fast
As leaves from Trees? fears he to blow
On any mortal wight? ah no!
When their time's spent, and hour is come,
To others they must yeld their room.
What do we talk of weeks, dayes, hours?
When we can't say one moments ours;
The distance 'twixt our life and death,
Is't any more than one short breath?

An exhortation to repentance, and preparation for death.
The richest ransoms cannot give
The greatest Dons the least reprieve.
No heaps of gold, no Counsels deep,
Can anyone from a grave keep.
No honours, beauties, riches, wealth,
Wisdom or learning can give health,
Or save ones life a moment more,
Then was appointed long before.
As goodness, to nor greatness can
Prolong the time of our short span.
Dukes, Nobles, Earls, Kings, Princes, Queens
As well as others, deaths black screens
Shall surely visit, the same shades
They must pass through, same dismal glades
Shall seize on them too, they shall have
Experience of the darksom grave.
Where smell, nor colour in their dust
Shall make a difference, they all must
Be equall there; Scepters and Spades
Are much as one, where death invades.
Gyants and Babes are both alike
To him, when his keen darts do strike.
He gives to all a conquering charge,
And in that war there's no discharge.
Monarchs and Beggars the same rate
Have after long, or later date.
Nor Robes, nor Crowns, nor splendid Thrones
Fence Royal hearts from dying groans.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

No Kingdoms, Armies, Empires can
Here privileged the mightiest man. (Sure
Then midst great banquets, sports, and plea-
Should not the greatest Prince find leisure,
To meditate on this sad fate,
Which him also early or late,
Most certainly will seize upon?
He ne're grows wise till this be done.

L X I I.

This being so, and needs must be
Without prevention, as we see,
Shall we remain still in the deep
Of sins security; and sleep
Our selves to death? shall we not rise
With quickest speed, and rub our eyes?
That we may clearly see the way,
Where we were wont to go astray,
It to avoid? and choose the road,
That they went in, whose blest abode,
Is now in Heaven? if we do not
Thus here, even as our bodies rot
In slime and filth, our souls also
Laden with sin, to Hell must go.

L X I I I.

Should we not then be always ready
When death us calls? and with a steady
Hand of true faith take a strong hold
On Christ? that so we may be bold

The exhor-

ation to

prepare for

dearth re-en-

forced.

How to be-

come fit to

dye, and the

fruit of it.
The exemplary Life, and lamented

Deaths face to look on without fear,
When e’re he shall to us appear?
Ghostly and grim his visage is,
Yet he shall send us up to bliss.
His killing darts, his cruel ings
Ne’re hurt the good, no terror brings.

Faith, Holiness, Sincerity,
Makes death a precious Legacy
To gracious hearts; it them transmits
Thither where each believer fits

Surrounded with most glorious grace,
Reflected from his Saviours face.
And where now she’s in high content,
Whom we below here thus lament.

L X I V.

Now you young Ladies of the School,
Left your affections grow too cool.
Sit down, consider well your case,
Have any of you firmer place
Than she? in this worlds tottering frame

Are not you all o’th’ very same
Mould as she was? may not your lot
Be th’ very next to her? are not
The same infirmities in you?

Same weakness, frailties, causes too
Of sin and death? have you exemption
More than the rest? can a redemption
Be gained for you more than other,

By power, or favour, ’bove another?

A serious exhortation
to the Gentlewomen,
that either are or have been of the School.
Death of Mrs. Sufanna Perwich.

Tell me, what is the privilege
That you can for your selves allege?
Are you young? handsome? beautiful?
Could not she lay as much to the full
As most of you? have you rare parts?
Or are you skill'd in curious Arts
In Works? or Musicks? any thing?
That's excellent? can you play? sing?
Beyond all humane expectation,
Even unto greatest admiration?
All this she did; and yet we see,
Her under stroke of death to be.
Have you more honours? riches? wealth?
A greater share in strength or health?
Well? be it so; will this avail
To give you rescue? will death fail
One moment of his time? or will
He make long stay for you, untill
You ready are; at your request?
And so spare you above the rest?
What warrant have you for't? will he
By greatest offers bribed be?
Or will he at your stern command
Forbear a while, and make a stand?
If this would cause him not to strike,
Or disappear, then sure 'tis like,
Nor great, nor small, rich, poor would dye,
But either would command or buy
Life for themselves, and still renew
Or words, or gifts, as dangers grew
From their diseases, or old age,
What e're they had, they'd still engage
New sums, for a new term of years,
To save them from the King of fears.
But let's not be deceived, Alas!
Such fine expedient never was
Yet practised, nor never will,
But we undoubtedly shall still
Find that black fate irrevocable,
Still like himself, inexorable.
If Fathers sighs, or Mothers groans,
If dear Relations doleful moans,
If friends bewailing round about
Could keep our sickness, drive death out;
If brinish tears, or lamentations,
Or the most fervent invocations;
If the Physicians care and skill,
Or richest Cordials in the bill
That he prescribed, could have prevail'd
Her to preserve, we had not fail'd
Of our desire, she had not dy'd,
Nor we so bitterly have cry'd
For our sad loss; what then remains?
But that with all your might and pains
You hasten, and your selves apply
To live so, as not fear to die.
She you a lively pattern gave,
So serious was she, and so grave,
So humble, holy, heavenly,
So much in duties constantly,

The exemplary Life, and lamented
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

So little minded she the pleasures,
The house afforded, or earths treasures;
So weaned from this world below,
So fast she did to glory go;
And all this daily in your sight,
Early i'th' morning, late at night;
That if you do not imitate
These her rich qualities, your fate
Will be most lamentable; you
Of all the rest that most her knew,
Take heed you do not carelessly
Let slip the opportunity,
That yet you have, the precious season
Of grace that yet remains, what reason
Have you to look for happiness,
Unless you practise Holiness?
As late she did, while yet alive.
Sweet Ladies, I beseech you strive
To be like her, get her renown,
That you in Heaven may wear a Crown,
As she now doth. Oh give sweet rest
To Jesus Christ betwixt your breast.
Let him your bosom-jewel be,
He was to her; I fain would see
You all enflam'd with the same love,
That she to this her Lord above
Had alwayses burning in her heart;
O labour here to act her part.
Her Legacy do not forget,
Which she among those jewels set.
She valued most, and left to you,
Her memory sometimes to renew.
Pray'd she in secret? do you go
In secret too, and pray you so.
Did she much love to read and hear
God's holy Word? and many a tear
Shed from a broken heart? did she
Always with God delight to be?
In holy thoughts, in sweet Communion,
In neer acquaintance, strictest union?
Oh that I could persuade you all
Unto the same! oh that the call
Which her example gives you, might
So work upon you in the sight,
Of all that know you, that it may
Occasion all your friends to say,
' Though her removal be your cross,
Yet 'tis your gain, and not your loss.

L X V.

Where dearest love, most sweet content
Have lost their object, where the bent
Of strong affections want the scope
They us'd to aim at, where the hope
Of some rare, choice delight doth fail,
And where no comforts can prevail,
To quiet and compose the mind,
The only remedy I find,
Is presently to hasten from
The mud-dry'd stream; and haste to come
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

To the sweet fountain of all good,
Where it will best be understood,
How deep our sorrows are, how great
Our unknown troubles, what's the heat
Of our inordinate desires,
And those hot scorching burning fires
That flame within us? Oh let's there
Drench deep, refresh our souls, take care
To quench our droughts, thence take reliefs
That may give ease to all our griefs.

A fountain 'tis so calm, so cool,
So healing too, a silver pool
So clear, so fresh, so pleasant taste
It gives to all, that we but waste
Our precious time while we refuse
Its dainty streams; oh let us chuse
This safe, sure help, above all others
That Brethren, Sisters, Fathers, Mothers,
Can us afford, in our distress.
All put together give much less
Support or comfort, one small drop
From this high spring, down from the top
Of that gold Mountain where it runs,
Gives more refreshments than whole tuns
Of these low muddy waters here,
Even when they seem to run most clear.
If we then haste to wash, bath, drink
Of this sweet font, we ne're shall sink
I 'th' Sea of our own passions wide,
But bear up 'gainst the strongest tyde

Or
The exemplary Life, and lamented.

Of sorrows, while this is the helm
Of our hopes, what can overwhelm
Or drown us? we shall never split
Our Ship with shelves, or sands, or hit
Against hard rocks, no boistrous blasts,
Or surging storms shall hurt our masts.
Where doleful plaints immoderate are;
And endless, these aloud declare
We lov'd too much what we lament
In such excess, and must repent
Of this great sin, shall we not rest
In what God doth, as ever best?
Shall we not suffer him fulfill
His own all-wise and sovereign will?
Are we so angry 'cause the flower
Is cropt by him, who hath the power
To take his own when e're he please?
What though we plead such things as these?
Ah! 'twas a flower, so sweet, so fair,
So beautiful, so choice, so rare,
A flower we lov'd to look upon
With great delight, that flower alone,
Which we rejoys'd in most of all,
Above the rest on the round ball.
Well't may be so; perhaps we smelt
Too much unto't, perhaps we felt
Our hearts too much engag'd, our hand
Too much upon't, our eye to stand
Upon this flower, and there to pore
On the fine streaked colours more,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Then we should do; how many a flower
Have we oft spoil'd in one short hour,
With our warm hand, and our hot breath,
Have we not wither'd it to death?
Apes hug their young and lose them so,
When we in our great folly go
The same way too, is't any wonder,
If the wise God doth put asunder
Us and our comforts? let's be wise
At last, oh let us now advise
What our great duty is, surely
'Tis to be silent, not ask why
God hath done this? when he consumes
Man for his sin, can all his fumes
Or frets within give any ease?
Or cause the hand of God to cease
From the least stroke? ah no! how vain
Is't? and how sinful to complain?
Shall sorry man thus with his Maker
Contend so fiercely? be partaker
Of so great guilt, and not submit?
But still remain in's sullen fit,
If we continue to do so,
May it not bring some greater blow
Down quick upon us? let's Take heed
Left God in his great wrath proceed
Us more to punish; we should rather
Seek to find him our tender Father,
By humble, patient, child-like fear,
Let us adore him and revere

His
His holy Name. He's a good God
If we please him, his very rod
All dip in honey shall relieve
And comfort give, when we most grieve.
As for our friend that now is gone,
Our dear Relation we bemoan,
So much, so long, let us rejoice,
That though no more we hear her voice
'Mongst us poor mortals, yet she's where
Much better friends, Relations are.
She sings much sweeter tunes than ever,
She plays unwearied strains that never
Shall have an end, her aking head
Now akes no more, her restless bed
Pains her no more, her cryes and groans
Are all turn'd to melodious tones;
Her cares, her griefs, her brinsh tears
Are now all lost, and all her fears
Are vanish'd quite, she's laid to rest
In her Lords bosom, there's a neft
Of such strong comforts she ne're knew,
So fresh, so springing up a new,
That if we lov'd her, we must needs
Rejoyce to think what she there feeds
Upon for ever, what sweet smiles
She lives among? and what high piles
Of wealth and store she there enjoyes?
While we remain still in the noise
Of a loud, clamorous, roaring world,
Where we from toyl to toyl are hurl'd,
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Toss’d, vex’d, tormented more and more
With turmoils, crosses, troubles sore,
All sorts of sins, temptations, crimes
Still us annoy i’th’ best of times,
We e’re yet met with: every kind
Of wants, diseases, griefs of mind,
Sollicite m, we ne’re are quiet,
Nor ne’re shall be, till the same diet
She now feeds on, be ours also.
Oh! thither let’s make haste to go
In our affections first, and then
At our last dissolution, when
God shall appoint; mean while let us
Be in deaths oft, for we best thus
Befriend our selves, by frequent lights
Of Death’s black face, do cause the frights
Thereof to cease; familiar talk
With a Death’s head in every walk,
’Midst all our mirths and banquettings,
If we discern deaths glimmerings,
If in our gardens and our bowers,
And our converse among sweet flowers,
Still we with death acquainted are,
And for his darts always prepare,
It ne’re shall take us suddenly,
Nor yet find us unfit to dye.

L X V I.

Now in the close of all I le next,
Tell you the seasonable Text,
Upon the words of the
The
Text. 1 Cor. 3. 22. Death

The Exemplary Life, and lamented

The Reverend Doctor pleas'd to take, And did a useful Sermon make

At her Interments. Words were these, Sweet Death is yours. Death gives you ease, That Death which all Believers dye, And by which though their Bodies lye In slimy Valleys of the grave, Yet those same filthy slimes they have So sweeten'd by Christ's rich perfume, (His odours sure will ne're consume) That there they lye as if in beds Of fragrant Roses, he that lhes Salt tears upon them doth but mingle Bitter with sweet; there's no one single, No, nor yet compound smell that can Match th' Aromaticks of that man, In's very grave, that dyes a Saint, His Sepulcher needs no rich paint. Though what lyes there all putrid be, Though spoyle'd in the fine symmetry Of every part, yet I dare say That at the Resurrection day That dust shall blossom; a new flower Shall bud and blow from thence; that power That urn'd it there, with better scent Shall sweeten't, and make redolent. Most costly odours never gave So rich a scent as that shall have. This very dust, is dust of Gold, Bought with vast sums, can ne're be told. Christ's
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Christ's own heart blood, that precious thing
Was all paid for the purchasing
This very dust; this rotten mould
Blest Angels one day shall behold
Quicken'd again, immortaliz'd,
With Christ's own body simuliz'd
As vile as 'tis, splendors of Glory
Shall brighten it, the highest story
Of bliss it shall be mounted to,
So high, so very high, that you
Shall see the twinkling starry globes
Beneath this dust, the costly robes
It shall be vested with out-shine
The Sun at Noon, all beams combine,
When this dry dust unites again,
To fix upon it, and remain
In their full lusters. Purity
Most incorrupt, agility
Most quick and active, then shall be
The new rais'd bodies property.
If thus this casket as before,
Shall be embroidered all o're
With richer things then Gems or Gold,
More then empearl'd. We may be bold
To think the jewel lately pent
Within it much more Orient.
That Diamonds all glittering Angles
More sparkling are than all the spangles
We elsewhere see. The difference must
Be vastly great betwixt this dust

And
The exemplary Life, and lamented
And that which quicken'd it: the glory
As we do find by sacred story,
Which hath a reference to the tomb
And fleshly part, is yet to come.
But now the Nobler part, the mind,
If we consider well, we find,
Is in possession presently,
When it doth from its body fly.
Next moment is it not transpos'd
From Earth to Heaven? and reposed
I'th' bosom of sweet rest and peace?
Hath it not gain'd a full release?
From sins? temptations? miseries?
From all sorts of calamities?
Hath it not left a world behind,
In which we nothing else can find,
But vanities and sore vexations,
With thousand thousand molestations?
Hath it not blisses now, and store
Of such high joys 't ne're knew before?
Is't not enrob'd, enthron'd, encrown'd?
With brighter glories, circled round
With lusters more intense by far
Than any in those orbes that are
Now visible to humane eyes?
Doth not Christ's own sweet Vision rise
Into emperial culminations,
Of unapproached coruscations?
What is the spangled Canopy
Compar'd with this bright fulgency?
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Seated in this high chair of State
Doth not the glorious soul now hate
Sins snares below? this mire and clay
Which here 'twas clog'd with th'other day?
Doth it not now with scorn behold
This our contemptuous dirty mould?
Is not the very dust it treads
Now made of Stars? are not the beds
Where now it takes repose the same,
Which Christ himself 'long'd till he came
Unto, when he his life had shed
And for poor sinners to death bled?
While thus in goodly dignity
It fits aloft, sublime, and high,
While Angel-like it is array'd,
And all its golden beams display'd
Before its Soverains beauteous face,
Spouse of his heart, and of his Grace
The large replenish'd subject is,
And reigns thus in eternal bliss:
While 'tis bedew'd, embalm'd, o're-run
With streams from this ne're setting Sun,
While all sweet influential Powers
And virtues down upon it showers,
While Union, Vision, Joy and Rest,
Peace, Light, and Glory makes it blest,
While his love warms, melts, and inflames
The soul, while all the pregnant names
By which all future good is shown,
Unto this blessed soul are known,

H
The exemplary Life, and lamented
While it partakes, sucks, feeds upon
All this, as if it self alone
Injoy'd it all, and this for ever,
Must keep it always, lose it never.
Tell me I pray what is thy thought
Of that sweet death, such things hath
For this rais'd soul? what Legacy (wrought
More rich could well be given by
Him, that by death gives such a life,
So full of bliss, so free from Arise?

L X V I I.
The character of a Believer's death.

These things consider'd, now I shall
Proceed with Truth sweet death to call,
A silver bridge that passeth o're
All good souls to the other shore.
A golden key made to unlock
The gates of Glory to Christ's Flock,
To open Wardrobes, Treasuries,
Where all rich stores and jewels lies.
A sweet sleep in perfumed bed
Where just men rest their wearied head.
An Officer that gives possession
To him that makes sincere profession
Of all his hopes and expectations
With full compleat remunerations.
Accomplisher of his desires,
And what by true Faith he requires.
Performer of sweet Promises,
That easeth of all grievances.
Death of Mrs. Susanna Perwch.

Remover of his cares and fears,
Answers all pray'rs, wipes off all tears.
That turns the seed into its crop,
Rich grace into its gallant top
Of Glory; roots to full-blown flowers.
Grie's drops into the golden showers
Of joy; that crowns the Conqueror.
Who fought for Christ, the laborour
In Wine-press of afflictions great,
Rewards his sufferings, sorrow, sweat
Which he with patience underwent,
Self-abnegation, and content.
A ship that through surging Sea
Bears a true Christian quite away,
From Rocks and quick-sands to his port,
Which he seeks after, that strong fort
Which men and devils too cannot
Or hurt, or batter, with their shot.
The ladder by which up we climb
To th' place not measur'd out by time.
The Mid-wife of a purer birth;
An Inlet to the sweetest mirth;
That to the Bridegroom gives his Bride,
Knits knots no more to be unty'd
Betwixt them, puts the glittering Crown
Upon her, and the sumptuous Gown
Of needle-work in Ophir Gold,
The garment which ne're waxeth old.
That with August inauguration,
Seats her in highest installation

H 2

'Mong
The exemplary Life, and lamented

'Mong those bright mansions which before
Prepared were, and evermore
Stand firmly fix'd. That dwelling place
'Mong beams which from a Saviour's face
Create whole myriads of blisses
Perpetually, and never misles.
If this be all the alteration
That death makes by a separation
Of soul and body for a space
Till both meet in so high a place,
Shall we not count it our best friend,
That brings us to so brave an end?
ACROSTIGKS.

I.

S orrows how great! How fast they come
U pon our hearts! how burdensom!
S ighs, sobs, griefs, tears, most bitter moans
A re our food now! more deep fecht groans
N e're came from any; we are left
P ast remedy; this sudden theft
E ver surprizeth where he can
R ich, poor, small, great, there is no man
W hate're he be must look to scape
I ts killing stroke; upon his nape
C ruel assaults will give their blow
H is life to end before they go.

II.

S ore griefs must needs afflict us when
U ntimely death the best of men
S natcheth away, when Virgins young
A re cropt i' th' bud, and plac'd among
N ight-sepulchers; when we do see
N ew blossom'd Roses scatter'd be
A t deaths black foot: may not we say?

P itty, oh pity us! we pray
ACROSTICKS.

E specially since our sad griefs
R eturn so fast, and no reliefs
W ill ease our heavy sinking hearts,
I n midst of our most doleful smarts.
C ome Lord, true grace, peace, comfort give
H ear us, give answer, while we live.

III.

S he's blest no doubt, now she is gone
U nto her Lord; Him, him alone
S he most desir'd, and lov'd to meet
A s Mary did, where his blest feet
N ew tidings brought, of such sweet peace
N one knew before; she'd never cease
A t any time to labour after

P art of these toys, that fill with laughter
E ternally; where she might find
R est, Pleasures, Blisses for her mind:
W here she might sing above the skies
I n sweeter notes new melodies.
C hrift had her heart, his bosom she
H ath now got her repose to be.

SUSAN-
SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I.

SIN'S WAN CAEVAR UP.

IS SIN WAN? let's CHEAR UP our hearts
Tis struck dead by Christ's own keen darts.
Though it leave mortals, pale, WAN, dead,
Yet 'twas it self first conquered.
Our WAN looks shall revive again, (reign
Let's CHEAR UP; when Christ 'gins to
Sin lives no more : well 'twas may look WAN
When it lyes sprawling, and ne're can
Get up again : its deadly wound
Admits no cure. How sweet's the sound
Of this good news unto our ears!
With how great joy our hearts it CHEARS!
Doth she CHEAR UP? is her base sin
Turn'd to rich Grace? her drossy tin
Into pure gold? And her WAN looks
To beauties? do joyes pleasant brooks
Fill her with a Felicity
Ineffable, Eternally?
Let us CAEVAR UP too, may not we
Hope for the same as well as she?
No doubt we may, if we but live,
As she did us example give.
Then we (as she) may hope no more
To SIN or look WAN as before.

H'4 SU-
SUSANNA PERWICH.

Anagram I I.

PURCHASE SWAN-IN.

SWANS sing most sweetly when they dye,
Saints do the like most usually.
But what's the IN such SWANS as these
Take harbour in with well tun'd layes?
Is't not bright Heav'n, that blissful port,
The chiefest of all Inns of Court?
Fair lodgings there were furnished
For our sweet Songster that is dead.
Dove-like she liv'd, Swan-like she dy'd,
And Phenix-like to Heav'n fly'd,
From that low moorish River here
She rais'd with many a brinish tear (sought
This Heavens SVVAN-IN she therefore
Of whom, and for what, 't might be bought.
And when at last the understand
No other price but Christ's heart blood
Could PURCHASE it, she then made bold
From thence to fetch huge heaps of gold
And paid down for't, whereby she made
A gainful PURCHASE: there's no trade
Like this with Christ to buy and sell
This her experience knew full well.

(IN
So this brave PURCHASE heavens SWAN-
She makes, and now she dwells therein.

S II-
SUSANNAH PERWICHE,
Anagram III.
AH! IC HEAV'NS PURE SUN.

AH! I Csee now (late dim half-Moon)
Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN in'ts glorious Noon.

Moon-like before my squallid motions
Swell'd all my banks with brinish lotions.
Broad streams, high tydes flow'd and reflow'd,
So that huge Vessels might have row'd
I'th' lowest waters, my griefs made
So deep no foot therein could wade.
But now methinks I look more blith
Now I'm got in conjunction with
My blissful SUN and source of light
My day's now come, my darksom night
Is gone and past; my cold mist drops
Are all dry'd up: I'm on the tops
Of spicy Hills: Olympian beams
Send rowling out such flaming streams
As me ingulf; I'm circled round
With glomera.tions which abound
Where shades were wont: black miry earth
I've changed for HEAV'N by a new birth,
Death kill'd me not, but gave a life
Above all sorrow, sin, and strife.

What
What wisdom is't on earth to stay,
For any that get HEAV'N may?
Who would not turn his dross to Gold?
Pebbles to pearls? his dirty mould
To all-translucent glittering beams?
Foul muds into PURE Christal streams?
His pricking thorns to softest downes?
His clods to stars? crosses to Crowns?
Who would not change bitter for sweet?
Vile gall or bony? with running feet
Haste quick away to that brave place,
Where he may see in's Saviour's face
Ten thousand smiles, joyes, beauties, blisses,
And thence receive millions of kisses
Sweeter by far, than any Nectar;
Which for our tears is an Elixir
That turning them to silver balls,
Stills all our groanings, cries and brawles?
I'm blind to earth now I Csee HEAV'N
I'le feed no more on sins sourre leav'n.
In stead of rags, I here wear Robes,
And under feet tread spangling Globes.
Here I walk round from Tower to Tower,
And pass along from Bower to Bower.
Here Angels sing, there Cherubins,
Arch-Angels here, there Seraphins.
I stand and listen in a gaze,
I hear and see what doth amaze
My ravish'd soul. Dominions high
Here sit enthron'd, and there doth flie
A winged Chorus. Melodies
To what shrill mounted strains they rise!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
How they chant to great Jehovah!
Lutes, Viols, Harps, Cytherns, Gettars
Compar'd with these, oh what harsh jars
Do they send forth! and what sad lowers
Sit on the looks of fairest flowers,
Colours, or beauteous faces here
Compar'd with the bright objects there!
Visions I see incomparable,
Rare tunes I hear unutterable.
Fast am I held by ears and eyes,
Yet mine imagination flies
Farther and farther; therefore I
Away with speediest motions hye
To view where th'mighty Potentates
And all the rest o' th' glorious states
Do reign and rule; where all the Powers
And Principalities down showers
Their more than golden lusters; where
The several Heav'nly places are
I read of in that holy Word,
First did the knowledge me afford
Of these rare things: but most of all
I view the Seat Imperial,
Where HEAV'NS PURE SUN with glitter-
Sits, and his Majesty displayes
With most corruscant emanations,
Commanding lowliest adorations
From highest Powers. Oh what pure lights
Doth he transfund! what dazling sights
Gives he! 'tis true all Heaven o're
I see high Thrones, myriads, and more:
Yet all these are but th'glimmerings, he
Sheds from his own dread effulgency.
All Crowns Vibrat from his great Crown;
Whole Thrones from his great Throne drop down;
Not single beams, but Suns, whole Suns
From this PURE SUN still streaming runs.
As sparks from huge great Di'monds fall
While cut in numerous Angles all:
Or as Gold Oar from mighty Mountains,
Rowl in small sands through silver fountains.
The Heav'n of Heav'ns shines in his face,
He brightens Glory 't self: the place
Where he's enthron'd all flaming is,
So ever radiantizing 'tis,
That were it not refracted to
Created eyes, it would undo
The boldest Angels to behold
In glimpse not a minute old
The splendors of't, in one straight line
So unapproach'd is't in its shine.
Oh glorious object! what intense
And condens'd pleasures fetch I thence!
Would't not me prove a very sot,
If I all ravished should not
Break out in wonders? therefore now
Without all blame you'll me allow
To joy that my half-Moon's thus drown'd
I'th' Ocean lusters me surround;
And as one wrapt up in a Trance,
Wondering my wonders still t'advance,
And say, Ah! I Csee with m'own eye,
Bright HEAV'NS PURE SUN eternally.

E P I T A P H.

Here Beauties, Odors, Musicks lye,
To shew that such rare things can dye.
Weep Passenger, weep, sigh, and groan,
When was e're such another known?
From Heav'n she came with Melodies,
And back again to Heav'n she flies.
Here follow certain Copies of Verses, composed by some of the friends of the Deceased.

*In memory of that eminently Vertuous, his much honoured Cozen, Mrs. Susanna Perwich. (grown

And what! is death of late so meal'd mouth'd
As to slieght courser, and to feed on none
But nature's choicest dishes? must her heart
Needs feel the point of his all-conquering dart?
Could neither Beauty, Vertue, him provoke
To hold his hand from this sad fatal stroke?
Could they have don't, then certainly we may
Conclude that she had liv'd still to this day.

's no Hyperbole to say her mind
Others in rarest ex'clencies out-shin'd.
The Vertues which elsewhere lay scattered,
Within her breast were all concentred.
But why do I thus stammer out her worth?
There needs an Angel's tongue to set it forth.
Yet now she's gone; let not her dear friends weep,
For she's not dead, but only fall'n asleep;
Rather rejoice, that God them honour'd so,
Such a rich gift upon them to bestow.
With whom we leave her, and shall add but this,
In heavenly joys her soul now solved is;
Warbling out sweetest Anthems 'bove the skies,
Not such as are found in the Lythurgies.
Well! what remains, but this one wish, that we
Who stay behind, may be as good as she?

S. R.

Some serious thoughts let forth for my deceased
Friend, Mrs. Susanna Perwich.

Oh help me Muses, you that softly sing,
In solitaries, bring me on your wing,
Where grief may melt me, and my tears extend,
To touch, each loyal heart that means to spend
Some select mournings, that our lives may be
The perfect Emblems of true Piety.
We know our frailties, and we can't express
It more to purpose (mortals) see this Herie
Whereon doth lye, the body of our Friend,
A soul too good, too great, too soon to end;
And yet her star is not extinct, for she
Triumphs in glory over misery.
What mean then thus our thoughts to mourn, oh
Do they complain? will still my watery eye (why
Dissolved be in tears? stop, stop, no more
Of thy distillings; peace, 'tis time, give o're.
Lift up thy down-cast senses, see her set
In beams of brightness, labour thou to get
To her preferment, and thou maist be sure
Thou wilt exchange thy dross for what is pure.
Call home thy dunghil cogitations, be
An imitator of her charity.
Abound in goodness, and let love invite
Thee to her pattern, for her sole delight
Was to be pious, courteous, sweet to all;
Not vainly proud, nor subject to have gall.
Free to forgive the greatest wrongs, and she
Never took pleasure in much jolity;
But wisely ponder'd in her serious cell
'Twas best becoming wisdom for to dwell
Within its proper walls, and there to be
Protected from injurions falsity.
In sum, her life was such as might have been
A Nautick-card, to guide the best of men.

I. H.
Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Susanna Perwich, the miracle of her Age, for all Excellencies, both Spiritual and Temporal.

What ails my thoughts? I'm haunted so with grief, that to my mind nothing can yield relief.
What do I ask the reason? it is plain, Ha'nt every face an Elegiack strain?
Great sorrow can't be smother'd, in each eye appear the sad complaints of misery.
What are we mortals now at last bereft, Even of that little which the Fall had left?
What is that Lady struck by death's keen darts, In whom concentr'd all the heavenly Arts?
Thus sad were mortals, when Astraea flew To Heaven, and bid the cursed earth adieu.
I'm nought but storms within, they'll not be pent.
My heart must break, or I must give them vent.
Come then my Muse, try if rais'd by her fall, Thou canst her image to my mind recall:
Her beauty and rare features I'll forbear, Left thinking on them, I should surfeit there.
Upon that incomparable Lady,
I'lle boast not of her blood, though in her face,
Both Lancaster and York had equal place:
But she was Musick's Master-piece, a wonder,
Oh that I could but run division on her.
What means this sudden stroke? did Pallas fear
(Musick's great Goddes') to be challeng'd here
In her own Art, and lose that glorious name,
Which hath so founded in the trump of fame?
Or wa'n't the heavenly Lyra sweet alone,
To make aConsort? is she thither gone?
When hospitality out of England went,
She's said to'ave yeelded up her breath in Kent;
So Musick in her, whom we now bemoan,
I fear will prove to'ave given its last groan.
If she unseen did sing, I wish'd to be
All ear; if after that I her did see,
My wish was chang'd, I fain would be all eye,
That so I might her glorious gifts espie.
Sure nature framed her for this intent,
That of their wishes men might still repent.
Orpheus his well tun'd soul in her did live,
If to Pythagoras we may credit give;
He made the eared Oaks dance to his layes,
And duller stones the walls of Thebes to raise.
But what is more, she stony Rocks could move,
Rough tempers mild after her play would prove,
But if you look on skill in Musicks Art,
What is most rare, she had a well-tun'd heart:
For although others the sphere's harmony
Could never hear, because 'th' noise and cry
Of worldly things, yet sure she this had heard,
Her soul to Heaven was so often rear'd:
She ne'er was so well pleas'd with Musick's airs,
As when she rose to Ela in her prayers:
'Twas far more pleasure to her, and content,
To tune her heart, than tune her Instrument.
Those rarities that in her breast did lye,
She cloathed all with rich Divinity.
When the three Goddesses did each contend
For th'golden Ball, Paris did recommend
It unto Venus; but she unto Grace,
On th'contrary did give the chiefest place;
For though those earthy Syrens did their part,
That each might gain that golden Ball, her heart;
Yet she did stop her ears to all their strife,
And gave it unto Christ, the Lord of Life.
She was our Phenix, but this breaks my heart,
Her ashes can't another Life impart:
But is she dead? and did not every thing,
Rush into its first Chaos once again?
Upon that incomparable Lady, Mrs. Sul. Per.

For since the harmony o' th' world is gone,
I expect nothing but confusion.

Philosophy now fails, that argument
It us'd to prove the Heavens are permanent,
In her's confuted, for her perfect form,
Could not discharge her body from the worm.

E. B.

UPON

Mistris

Sure there are mysteries hid in this Name,
Under it's comprehended so great fame.

Search well the Holy Language, Rabbins all,
And see what mean the letters radical.

E're were a Females parts improv'd so high,
Nature in her did meet with industry:

And every letter in this Name sure will
Prove Hieroglyphicks of her various skill.

Equal to her were none, for parts, or worth,
Religion yet did chiefly set her forth.

(way,

Weep Reader, weep, this fair one's snatcht a-

In her best years she felt her strength decay.

Can any read this without sighs, and say,

Here lyeth a mirror wrapped up in clay?

Idem.
An elegie on that peerless Virgin, Svianna PerWich, Paragon of all Vertue, the Lovelyshing glory of her sexe, Who lately deceased, DDCCLLLLLLLLLXXVIII.

(sobs give way,

Woul'd tears permit, would sighs and
My honest Muse her mournful debt
(would pay

Unto thy Herse, dear Saint. Can grief give time, Or knows it measure, can't compose a rhyme? Strong duty bids it try, though't be confus'd, Grief to trim dress, or Order is disrupt'd.

Now from the fortress of my love-stor'd heart Officious words would sally, to bear part I'th'rites, but by an ambushment of tears Surpriz'd: I'll try again devoid of tears.

Now try we if't be true, or meer furnishes, That from the Phenix urn another rises: If this prove true, 'twil give our grief a bank, Whose prouder swelling laughs at bound or bank.
An Elegie on that peerless

Were I in Sell a Petrolitan
Holding that mannerly devotion ran
Through th' Conduits of the Saints: her Name
I would adore, at her shrine make my moan.

If not by Precept, but by Precedent
(A breathing Precept) Vertue best is sent
Into the soul, behold a perfect Guide,
In whom all Vertues are exemplifi'd:
Courted by strong Temptations to be proud,
Yet in Fames silver Trumpet sounds aloud
Her great Humility; which was the ground
Whereon her other Vertues flower'd were found.
This Vertue is the ground on which the rest
Run sweet division in a fair contest.
On this firm Basis that bright Fabrick stands,
Which kisst Heaven and the Clouds commands,
So many excellencies were her lot,
One in another's beauty is forgot.
As calm she was in words as in desires,
Knew not her Sexes tempests nor their fires.
Some are but fairer Æolus his Dens,
In which the winds and blustering storms he pens.

Beauty, Proportion, Colour do define,
To which some graceful motion well adjoyn;
Where to may voice be added, all these here

Con
Virgin, Mrs. Susanna Perwich, &c.

Conspir'd to place her fame above a Peer.

Though chaste and comely seldom we do see
In high degrees (at least) conjoyn'd, yet she
Was Beauties darling, Modesties delight,
Giving as rare as ravishing a sight.

Hackney, the Ladies University.
Of Female Arts the famous Nursery;
Which in their kind at least, may well compare
With those of the other Sex; what Arts so rare
Which are not liberally furnish'd here?

Mathematicks they count within their Sphere;
Arithmetick in music couch'd you'll find;
Geometry hath in their dancing shin'd.
Astronomy's best read i'th' Ladies eyes;
Rhetorick first from women did arise;
Their Logick, Will, our Reason doth defie;
There are Grammarians for Orthography. (Muse
Tongues there abound. Blame not in improper
In Elegies still Elogies we use.

This University she grac'd, wherein
To the chief Colledge Students she did win.
She there proceeded highest Graduate,
Mistress of Arts that are profess thereat.
How great a loss that University
Of her bereft sustain'd! how great's the cry

Of
An Elegie on that peerless
Of that fam'd Colledge, which she did adorn
Which knows but one long night without a morn?
How dumb's their Musick and their dancing lame!
Or if both's good, yet neither is the same.
Those pretty Doves eyes with grief's needle feil'd,
They prick their fingers till their works blood
In all the needles Curiosities (yeeld.
Exactly she was read, view, wipe your eyes.
In dancing reach'd perfection of the foot,
Yet not with labour much gave her mind to't.
Her Musick jars Division in this strife,
Whether she sang or plaid more to the life,
That subdivided, whether on the Lute
Or Viol best her fingers sweet did sute.
Her Hand and Ear fell out which should be best
The Hands none such by all she is confess,
In all her Exercises shawn such Art
Neglectedly concerned in each part,
As if to her they all were natural,
Or she to them were supernatural;
And so in truth she was, her nobler Fire
Unto a higher Region did aspire.
This by her bearing is well figur'd out,
Which rightly doth her represent devout.
The Field is Argent; charge, a Chevron sable
Betwixt three Eaglets, which to view are able

Her Crest, a Southern Sun, in Noon-tide glory,

Thus Eagles prove their young, in Natures story.

Not silken Arts, nor graceful steps, nor dresses,

Not modish ordering heart-ensnaring Tresses,

Not Art with Nature, Instrument with Voice

Can make a Female Glory to rejoice;

Nor Natures paint, but much less that of Art,

By which your Dames of pleasure make their mart,

But a bright burnish’d mind, whose lustre vies

With the Celestial Lamps, dazling all eyes.

I th’ Heavenly Academy she was verst,

Knowledge there’s tasting, things are not rehearst

But done, not only for a blaze prefeft,

But Action there with constant heat is blest;

In the Celestial University

She now degrees of Glory takes more high.

She once blest Earth, while acting on this stage

Now gives Heavens Book of Bliss another Page,

Which gives me greater Amours, and much

I long to read it now, than e’re before. (more

You’ll say, my Muse soars not so high a flight

As justly rates her worth; confess, ’tis right

One cause is this, her wings with grief are wet,

Or else her Lute had strain’d a nobler set.

S. B.
To the READER.

Courteous Reader.

Some pages of this sheet being left void for want of matter, rather than they should stand empty, I have filled them up with short practical Quæries, grounded (for the most part) upon such pregnant Scriptures as have the answer still perspicuous in them, the rest may be supplied with answers from the mind of the Reader, either negatively or affirmatively, according to the nature of the Quæries. And because my aim is to speak something that hath a particular reference to all sorts of sins and duties, I have therefore put my Quæries accordingly; and for the more delight and variety, disposed them into a miscelaneous order. At first indeed, I thought to have filled up this sheet only, and no more, but my hand being in, I proceeded to a double century and somewhat more, and have divided them into Decads, for the better help of memory, and to prevent weariness: so remaining an hearty well-wisher to thy souls best good, I subscribe,

John Bachiler.
I. DECAD.

1. Whether the imputed Righteousness of Jesus Christ by Faith, be not the true formal cause of a Believers Justification? whether the satisfaction he hath made to his Father's Justice on behalf of the Elect, be not sufficient? whether the merits of his Active and Passive obedience, do not arise from the dignity of his Person? and whether he that denies this, doth not make the Gospel void? Esa. 53. throughout, 2 Cor. 5. 21. Mat. 3. 17. Heb. 7. 25, 26, 27. compared with Rom. 4. 14. Gal. 3. from 17. to 27. & Chap. 4. 5.

2. Whether he that affirms total and final falling away from special Grace, be not a down-right Arminian, and Cozen-German to a Papist?

3. Whether he that holds the power
mer of nature (otherwise called Free-will) may not strongly be suspected to be unknown to himself, or at least not to take due notice of the workings of sin and Grace in his own heart?

4. Whether one may not be a zealous Preacher against sin, and for inherent Grace, in order to justification thereby, and yet be a Jesuit, or every whit as bad, whatever his pretence may be to the contrary? and whether such may not be accounted upholders of the doctrine of merit, and establishers of their own Righteousness? 

Rom. 10. 3.

5. Whether it be possible to cover a sinner's spiritual nakedness with any other garments, but those which Christ wears on his own back? Rev. 3. 18.

6. Whether the Righteousness of Christ applied by Faith, be not both coat of Mail and cloth of Gold; and such too, as nothing can either pierce or
or fully? and whether he that hath this upon him, be not both securely and bravely arrayed from head to foot? Eph. 6. 11. compared with Rev. 1. 13.

7. Whether any other robes have such rich embroideries, or are hung with so many, and so costly jewels, as those robes of Christ, which both himself and his People wear? Es. 61.

10. Cant. 1. 10, 11.

8. Whether Christ hath any Dowry with his Bride? and whether her Wedding clothes are not of his providing, Ezek. 16. 13, 14. compared with Rev. 21. 2.

9. Whether it was not an unparalleled love for Christ, to account the day of Espousals, with one that had neither Beauty, Parentage, nor Portion, to be the day of the gladness of of his heart? Cant. 1. 6. Eze. 16. 3, 4, 5, 6. compared with Cant. 3. 11.

10. Whether by the Queens, her being all glorious within (Psal. 45.
13.) and by her clothing of wrought Gold, be not meant, the splendors of Grace in the heart, and the shine of them in the Life?

II. DECAD.

11. Whether, if Grace be the Flower, sincerity and godly simplicity, be not the lasting fragrancy and beauty of that Flower?

12. Whether the Flames of Divine Love are not most vehement, even flames of God? and whether those flames are not raised and maintained from the sweetest Fuels? Cant. 8. 6. compared with Chap. 1. 12.

13. Whether these flames shall ever go quite out for want of fuel, or can be extinguished, either by men or devils? Jer. 31. 3. compared with Rom. 8. 35. to 39.

14. Whether the very best duties of the best Saints, have not need of Christ's perfumes, to sweeten them, and
and whether much incense be not therefore added to their Prayers, because they are in themselves very unsavory, and from very noysom hearts? Rev. 8. 3.

15. Whether in the golden Vials (mentioned Rev. 5. 8.) though the Prayers are the Saints, the odours are not Christ's? and whether the reason why they are all called odours, be not, because the denomination is always from the better part?

16. Whether fervent Prayers from holy hearts, make not as sweet a smell in Heaven, as their praises make melodies? Psal. 141. 2. Cant. 2. 14.

17. Whether a soul can truly live without Christ any more than the Body without wholesome food, Job. 6. 27, 32, 33.

18. Whether the highest Angels feed on better dainties than the meanest Saint? and whether the Love of God be not a full and a sumptuous Feast? Psal. 36. 7, 8. & 34. 8. compared with Esa. 25. 6. 19. VVhe-
19. Whether the hardest heart doth not drink in the Love, and melt in the Blood of Christ, as sugar sucks up, and melts in wine? Rom. 5. 5.

20. Whether one can begin too soon to love God? or can love him too much? or can suffer or lose, or do too much for him? and whether he doth not deserve the very best of all we have? the best of our time? the best of our affections? the best of our enjoyments? and accordingly whether he doth not expect it? Deut. 6. 5. Gen. 4. 4. compared with Mal. 1. 8.

III. DECAD.

21. Whether true saving Faith may not well be said to have an Eagles eye, since in a right line it can look on the brightest Sun, the Sun of Righteousness? Esa. 45. 22. compared with Mal. 4. 2.

22. Whether a weak Faith, like a palsy hand, may not lay hold on a pardon or purse of gold? the woman came

23. Whether the lowly grace of Humility, like the delicate scented Violet, that even kisseth the earth, and as 'twere hides it self under its own leaves, be not as sweet as any of the Taller graces? and whether this be not a thriving Grace? Psal. 25. 9. Prov. 29. 23. Jam. 4. 6. 1 Pet. 5. 5.

24. Whether they have not the quickest and best hearing, who have an ear in their heart that listens to, and hears the smallest motions of the Spirit of Grace? Esa. 30. 21.

25. Whether Faith and Love are not a pair of golden wings, with which a gracious heart flies to Heaven every day? Psal. 111. 1. & 143. 9.

26. Whether the lowest sighs from a broken heart, do not make the loudest Prayers? and whether a Prayer upon the knee, will ever reach Heaven, unless it be a Prayer on the wing too? Psal. 51. 17. Esa. 37. 4.

27. Wha-
27. Whether all the day long, wheresoever or howsoever employed, the sending up of frequent ejaculations to Heaven, be not to drive a secret, but thriving trade for Grace, and the comforts of it? Psal. 139. 17, 18. Esa. 26. 8, 9.

28. Whether any one truly penitent groan, was ever unheard of God? or one penitent tear unseen or unbottled up by him? and whether God will defer the deliverance of his afflicted People one moment longer than is necessary? 2 King. 20. 5. Psal. 56. 8. 1 Pet. 1. 6.

29. Whether he that suffers or loseth most for Christ, be not the greatest gainer? Mat. 5. 11, 12. Rom. 8. 17, 18. 2 Cor. 4. 17.

30. Whether by some mens lives and actions, it may be supposed, that they do really believe there is a God, a day of Judgement, an Heaven and an Hell?
IV. DECAD.

31. Whether the death of many righteous in a few months time, be not a sad prognostication of much evil to come? and whether every day of our life, we ought not seriously to think of, and carefully prepare for the hour of our death? Esd. 57. 1. Job 14. 14. Psal. 90. 12.

32. Whether a covert under the wings of the Almighty, be not a safe and a warm place in stormy times? and whether they may not reckon themselves secure whom God keeps? Psal. 91. 1, 4.

33. Whether the bottom of God be not the sweetest, highest and brightest place in Heaven? and whether it be not the place where Abraham lies? Luk. 16. 23.

34. Whether his case be not to be lamented, who makes it his business to live, as to dye a fool? and whether a poor Lazarus be not in an happier...
condition than he? "Luk. 12. 20. & Chap. 16. 22.

35. Whether he that refuseth to answer God's Calls and Counsels in the time of his Life, can expect God's answers to his calls and cries at the hour of his death? "Prov. 1. 24 to 31.

36. Whether Fornicators, Adulterers, and other such like, shall not do well to consider, that God's eye is broad open upon them at midnight, when no candle is in the room, no company there, and the curtains drawn round about them? And whether he doth not see their thoughts too, as well as their actions? "Psal. 90. 8. & 139. 1 to 14. "Heb. 13. 4.

37. Whether, if every idle word must be accounted for, as certainly it shall, "Mat. 12. 36. it will not be said with them, whose mouths belch forth nothing but oaths, cursings, blasphemies, scurrilities, all manner of filthy communications, and bitter revilings against God, his ways and Peo-
38. Whether the righteous God be not engaged to a severe punishment of the wrongs and injuries done to him and his? and whether present forbearance will pass for payment, or doth not make way rather for the heavier blows at last? Psal. 37, 12, 13. Eccles. 8. 11, 12. Prov. 11. 21.

39. Whether God will be mocked, or doth not take notice of the intolerable insolencies of prophane scoffers at his Holy things, especially his servants the Prophets, and the messages which they bring? and whether this was not one great cause of all that wrath that brake out against Judah, when they were carried away captives into Babylon? 2 Chron. 36. 16. Gal. 6. 7.

40. Whether the terrible Judgments of God, in the present death of four of the Actors of the passion of Christ, upon the very place where, and while
while they were acting it (mentioned by Philip Melanthon) are not to be taken notice of by such as adventure on such bold attempts?

V. DECAD.

41. Whether Idolatry were not one principal sin, that sent the ten Tribes into perpetual captivity? and whether the practice of it among Christians, be not one great hindrance of the conversion of the Jews, who having Smarted so much and so long together for that sin, do they not now dread to come where it is, or to embrace that Religion that is defiled with it? 2Kings. 17. 7. to 19.

42. Whether the worshipping of the true God, after a false manner, be not Idolatry in the Scripture account, as well as the worshipping of a false God? and whether God cares for any worshippers, but such as worship him in Spirit and Truth? Ezek. 43. 8. John 4. 24.
43. Whether a little pollution, mixt with the pure Doctrine, Discipline and Worship of God be not like a little spider in a cup of rich wine, which may poison it as well as a bigger? and whether God doth not expect full as great care and caution about the matter and manner of his Worship in the days of the Gospel, as he did in the days of Moses, who was not to vary in the least, from the pattern that was shewed him in the Mount? Exod. 35. 40. Ezek. 44. 7, 8.

44. Whether it be not the peculiar Office of the Spirit of God, to teach his People to pray? and whether any prayers will be accepted, but such as he dictates? Rom. 8. 15, 26, 27. Psal. 10. 17.

45. Whether seeming grace or holiness, will qualify a man for happiness, any more than real sins? and whether those Scribes and Pharisees, which our Saviour calls Hypocrites, in their external acts of worship, and
publick profession of Religion, were not in appearance very devout men?
Mat. 23. 14, 25, to 30. Phil. 3. 4, 5 6.

46. Whether any leaven so sowers the Conscience? any thorn so sharply pricks it? any dagger so deeply wounds it, as by pocrisie? 1 Cor. 5. 8. Prov. 18. 14.

47. Whether Swearers, Drunkards, Whore-masters, or any other prophane persons and lewd livers, be any whit the better men, because they go to Divine Service twice a day, and perhaps can say all the Prayers without book too (being so often used to them) unless they truly repent and reform? Esa. 29. 13. Jer. 7. 9, 10, 11.

48. Whether the Gospel should not be preached in season and out of season? and whether, where vision fails, the people are not in danger of perishing? 2 Tim. 4. 2. Prov. 29. 18.

49. Whether the darkness, occasioned among a People, by the ab-
fence of the Sun of Righteousness, and his shining Gospel, be not far greater, and more terrible than that of Ægypt, it being a deprivation of a more glorious Light? Luk. 1. 79.

50. Whether they that cannot endure the light of the Gospel, have not sore eyes? and they that cannot see the light of it when it shines brightly, are not stark blind? and whether they that do their utmost to extinguish it, are not willing to have themselves and deeds undiscovered, and so go to Hell without stop? Joh. 3. 19, 20. Eph. 5. 13. 2 Cor. 4. 3, 4.

VI. DEcad.

51. Whether Christ his local descent into Hell, were an Article of the Christian Faith, the first 400 years after Christ? and whether those words of our Saviour upon the Cross, It is finished, (Joh. 19. 20.) do leave any ground to believe that he suffered any pain, or felt any farther wrath of
of God afterwards, as-common People are apt to conceive, by those words of his, Descending into Hell?

52. Whether the words of that Article in the Creed, Crucified, dead and buried, do not sufficiently express Christ his remaining in the state of the dead, without the addition of any other words? and if they do, whether then the following words must not be taken in a distinct sense? or else be liable to the danger of a Tautology?

53. Whether the Lords day doth not consist of as many hours as any other day? and whether it ought not to be wholly set apart, either for personal duties in secret; or for private duties in the Family; or for publick duties of Piety in the Congregation, and of charity among Neighbours, as occasion requires? Exod. 20. 8, 9, 10, 11. & Chap. 31. 13, to 18. Levit. 19. 3, 30. Mat. 12. 1, to 9.

54. Whether a great and strict charge doth not lye on Parents and Go-
Governours of Families, to Catechize Children and Servants, and to instruct them in the admonition and nurture of the Lord? and whether the want of this be not one great hindrance to the work of the Gospel in the publick ministration of it? Deut. 6. 6, 7. Prov. 22. 6. Eph. 6. 4.

55. Whether the want of frequent and plain Preaching and pressing the fundamentals of Religion, by the Ministers of the Gospel, be not one chief occasion of the great ignorance and confusion, that is ordinarily found in the minds of People, about matters of Faith and Practice, and of their aptness to be seduced into errors?

56. Whether it may be ever hoped for in this world, that all men shall be just of a mind, or of the same opinions and apprehensions (in matters disputable at least) any more than all to be of one and the same complexion and feature in their faces? 1 Cor. 1. 12. & Chap. 3. 3, 4, 5, 6. & Chap. 12. 4, 5.

57. Whe-
57. Whether Parents ought not to bear a great reverence towards their Children, in doing and saying nothing in their sight and hearing, which they are unwilling to have them learn or practise? and whether evil communication in them as well as others, doth not corrupt good manners? 1 Cor. 15. 33. Eph. 4. 29.

58. Whether often dropping savory and good speeches among those we have ordinary converse with, in design to win souls, or to quicken grace in our selves and others, be not a sowing of precious seed, that will be sure to come up at one time or another in a fruitful Harvest? and whether Abraham, Joshua, and David, with other eminent Saints in Scripture, were not wont to be much employed this way? Gen. 18. 19. Josh. 24. 15. Psal. 34. 11. Prov. 31. 1, to 10. Prov. 1. 1, 3, 4. & Chap. 10. 21.

59. Whether he that willingly and constantly neglects the duties of secret
meditation and Prayer betwixt God and his own soul, may pass in charity for a good Christian? Mat. 6. 5, 6.

60. Whether a cold, flat, dull spirit of Prayer among Gods People, be not a sad symptom, both of their unfitness to suffer afflictions, and unpreparedness for deliverance out of it? Esa. 43. 22. and whether when God intends mercy, he doth not give an heart to pray earnestly for it? Jer. 29. 10, to 15.

VII. DEcad.

61. Whether the flood-gates of all manner of sins standing open among a People, and no stop put to them, will not let in also inundations of judgments? and whether in such times there can be any more than two parties found, either such as willingly partake of the common guilt, or such as sigh and cry for the abominations committed among them? Lam. 1. 8, 9. Ezek. 9. 4.

62. Whe-
62. Whether those that live most holily, mourn for their own and the Nations sin most affectionately, and pray for their Prince most fervently, are not the best subjects? 1 Tim. 2. 1, 2.

63. Whether pure Religion, and undefiled, doth not consist in the conscientious performances of the duties of both Tables, viz. of Holiness towards God, and Righteousness towards men? and whether he that most truly fears God, doth not most truly honour the King too? and whether the second must not needs be affirmed, where the first is granted? 1 Pet. 2. 17. Act. 24. 16.

64. Whether there can be any comfort in suffering, unless it be for well doing? and whether a man hath not need of a very good and clear cause, that lyeth in a Prison for it? 1 Pet. 3. 17.

65. Whether Prayers and tears are not the Saints weapons, and af-
ter their death too? and whether by these they may not hope to prevail against their adversaries in due time, Rev. 6. 9, 10. Exod. 2. 23, 24, 25.

66. Whether injuries, especially for God's sake, are not patiently to be born, rather than revenged? and whether Christ himself give not a great example and proof of it? Luk. 6. 28, 29. 1 Pet. 2. 23.

67. Whether it was not providential, that the name of the first man that dyed for the Christian Religion (Stephen) should signify a Crown? and whether that crowned Emperor, Philip the Arabian (Successour to Gordianus) who in the time of the 7th. persecution was slain, because a Christian, was not advanced to a much higher dignity than he had before, by his being crowned with Martyrdom? 2 Tim. 4. 7, 8. Jam. 1. 12. Rev. 2. 10. & 3. 21.

68. Whether a Prison for Christ's sake, doth not become a Pallace and
place of glory, and a close stinking dungeon, a Paradise of sweetest pleasures? and whether Christ himself be not fellow-Prisoner there? Rev. 2. 10. Act. 12. 7. & 16. 25. Mat. 25. 36.

69. Whether fires of the Saints Bodies are not made of the richest fuels? and whether God smells not sweet savours from these flames? Phil. 2. 17. Rom. 12. 1.

70. Whether the Ashes of holy Martyrs, are not reserved in golden urnes? and whether the most lasting perfumes, are not found in the graves of those that dye in, and for Christ, especially since Christ himself and his odours lay in a grave? Joh. 19. 39. 40, 41. 1 Thes. 4. 14, 16.

VIII. DECAD.

71. Whether the History of the ten persecutions, especially the Martyrdoms of the Apostles, of Epagathus, Zenon, and other Noble men of Rome, of Ignatius Bishop of Antioch,
of Eustachius, one of Hadrian's most valiant Generals of his Armies, of Polycarpus Bishop of Smyrna, of Felicitas and her seven Sons, of Germanicus Sanctus, Maturus, Attalus, Laurentius, Blandina, with very many others, are not most pleasing and profitable to be read in suffering times?

72. Whether visions of God, and his holy Angels, to some of the aforesaid Martyrs, and their fellows, did not fill them with ineffable joyes in the midst of their greatest sufferings? and whether the intenseness and sweetness thereof, were not the true reason (as the Writers of these things report) why from morning to night they could endure such exquisite torments, as burning plates, scalding lead, boiling oyles, and many other such like, inflicted on their naked bodies, as if they had never felt them? 1 Pet. 4. 13, 14. Heb. 10. 35. & 12. 2.

73. Whether some may not be killed, but not hurt? and others not only...
ly dye, but be killed by death? Rev. 2. 11, 23.

74. Whether all the world be not a place of exile to him, whose Country is Heaven? and whether a Believers home can be anywhere but in his Fathers house? John 14. 2. Heb. 11. 13, 14, 15, 16.

75. Whether Holiness be not the beauty of youth, and the glory of old age? the shine of this, and of the other world? Prov. 1. 8, 9. & 16. 31.

76. Whether the Sun in the firmament hath half so many beams and influential powers, as the Covenant of Grace hath consolations? and whether the Promises are not the breasts thereof, and so full, that the Babes of Christ can never empty them by sucking? Heb. 6. 17, 18. 2 Pet. 1. 4. Esa. 66. 11, 12.

77. Whether God be not such an ever and over-flowing Fountain of Life and Grace, as sends forth millions of fresh and new streams continually?
and whether all other fountains of good are any other than so many single drops of this? Psal. 36. 8, 9. Esa. 12. 2, 3.

78. Whether all our flowers grow not in God's Garden? and whether he be not provoked to crop them, when we look too much upon them, or smell too much to them? Hos. 2. 8, 9, 10.

79. Whether engaging the heart more than is meet, in creature-comforts, be not like a surfeit from sweetmeats, that often brings death? Luk. 8. 14. 2 Tim. 3. 4.

80. Whether most men like spiders, do not suck poison from God's flowers: rather than like Bees, make honey out of them? and whether ingratitude, doth not turn his honey into gall, and presumption, his grace into wantonness? 2 Tim. 3. 2. Jude 4.

IX. DECAD.

81. Whether it be not better to suffer than to sin? and whether many
do not wish they had done so, when it is too late? 1 Pet. 4. 16. Mat. 27. 3, 4, 5.

82. Whether God will thank any man for being so over-careful or busie in providing for the peace of the Church (or his own peace rather) that he is not so careful as he should be for the purity of it? and whether it be a good way to procure its peace, by yeielding to any thing that pollutes it? Ezek. 13. 17, to 23.

83. Whether a tender conscience, that fears to offend God in the leaft thing, especially in matters of his divine Worship, be not less dangerous, than a bold conscience, that adventures far, and a large conscience that can swallow any thing for preferments sake? and whether a tender conscience be not a better guard upon the purity of Gods holy Ordinances, than a forward compliance with those precepts of men, which (if Christ himself be worthy of belief) renders the Worship of God vain? Esa. 29. 13. Mat.
Mat. 15. 7, 8, 9. Mark. 7. 6, 7, 8, 9.

84. Whether carnal pollicy, love of self and base fear, have not betrayed many a brave Cause? and whether he that steps back, and loseth but one foot of his ground, doth not draw his adversary the faster and more fiercely on him, till he be quite beaten out of the field by him? Gal. 1. 16, 17. & chap. 2. 4, 5.

85. Whether those wounds upon the Gospel, be not most gaping, and those gashes in the profession of it, the deepest, which are made by men, who being reputed truly godly, do most unworthily renounce, or at least not openly, strenuously and constantly assert, those professed Principles and practices, which with good reason, they formerly, more wayes than one declared for, and maintained, in the face of the whole world? and whether Francis Spira found not the bitter fruit of such a tergiversation from the Truth, when he subscribed to the Popes.
Popes Legat? Oh how did he cry out of the shipwrack which he had made of Faith and a good Conscience! how did he torment his own soul, with that dreadful Scripture (Prov. 14. 14.) The backslider in heart shall be filled with his own ways! which sore judgement the Lord avert (for his mercy sake) and prevent in others.

86. Whether patience under afflictions, be not best maintained in a gratious heart, by thinking well of God, and a firm belief that all things shall work together for good? and whether the consideration, that God is a creating God, and so able to create succours and means of help, when all visible hopes from second causes fail, be not a ground of great consolation to Believers when most oppressed? Rom. 8. 28. Heb. 12. 5, 6, 7, 10. Esa. 50. 2. & 59. 1.

87. Whether God intends any more hurt to his servants, when he puts them into the fire, than the Refiner
finer doth to his pretious mettals, when he puts them into the Furnace? and whether it can reasonably be imagined, that he means to consume his gold and silver, and so impoverish himself? Mal. 3. 2, 3. Zachar. 13. 9. 1 Pet. 4. 12.

88. Whether Gods actions are not always best, how cross soever they may seem to us, and done upon the highest and best reasons? and whether there be not good reason for us to conclude so, though sometimes we understand them not? Psal. 36. 5. Prov. 3. 19, 20. Job 36. 22, 23.

89. Whether God only be not the most absolute Soveraign, that by a peculiar prerogative, makes his own will the rule of whatsoever he doth, both in Heaven and Earth? and whether any thing can possibly be contingent to him, or happen otherwise (even in any the least circumstance) than he hath before decreed, ordained, and appointed? or than he orders, permits, and

90. Whether God be not greatly to be observed and admired, in all that he doth, not only in his works of Creation, but in the continued course of his renewed Providences? and whether every thing that proceeds from God, should not lead us to God? Act. 17.26, 27.

X. DECAD.

91. Whether it be not a duty to follow Providence, and not to lead it? to be led by it, and not to drive it? or whether we can have peace in doing or suffering any thing without a good warrant, or call from God? Psal. 73. 24. Heb. 5.4.

92. Whether Original Sin was not the Devils first Brat, begot upon humane nature, with its own consent? and whether millions of millions more, of all manner of transgressions, have
have not ever since been conceived and sprang from the same womb? Gen. 3. 4, 5, 13. 2 Cor. 11. 3. Rom. 5. 12, 16, 17, 18, 19. Gen. 6. 5. Eccles. 8. 11. Jam. 1. 14.

93. Whether all manner of miseries and deaths, have not come in at this door only? Rom. 5. 12, to 17. Jam. 1. 15.

94. Whether we are not worse enemies to our selves by far, than the Devil can possibly be, since he can never hurt us without our own consent? Prov. 1. 10. Psal. 50. 18.

95. Whether the heart of man before 'twas entred and possessed by sin, was not the very Paradise of Paradise, an Eden within Eden itself, even God's own sweet Garden of delight, where himself, and Son, and Spirit, did all dwell and converse together? and whether ever since it hath not been the very spawning place of all filthiness? a Cage of unclean birds? an horrible deep and dark pit, of his ling
fing stinging Serpents? and these so bedded and twisted together, and so continually multiplying, that it is utterly impossible they should ever be destroyed any other way, but by plentiful streams of Christ his own wreaking warm blood, poured hot up-on them, from his dying heart. This indeed can stifle and kill them, when nothing else can, Gen. i. 27, 28. compared with Chap. 6. 5. and with Jer. 17. 9. as also with 1 Joh. 1. 7.

96. Whether Pelagianism, that denies Original Sin, and makes death not to be the punishment thereof, but the meer necessary consequence of nature only, be not a most dangerous Heresie? and whether the doctrine of general Redemption, which grants Original Sin, but then takes it off again from all mankind, by attributing too large an extent to the death of Christ, be not every whit as dangerous? and whether both these Grand Heresies, are not against most express Scriptures?
tures? the first against, Rom. 5. 12. & chap. 3. 9, 10, 11, 12, 22, 23. Gal. 3. 23.
compared with, Gen. 2. 17.

97. Whether the roarings which some men have in their Consciences, when their own sins and God's wrath, are let out against them, even here in this Life, be not more hideous and lamentable, than those that were made by the Bull of Phalaris, or the red-hot chains and grid-irons, that some of the holy Martyrs were broiled and fryed to death by? and yet how short doth this come of Hell? Prov. 18. 14. Mat. 27. 4, 5. Mat. 22. 13. & 25. 41. Es. 33. 14.

98. Whether force and violence, upon so tender a place as Conscience, are not sore temptations? and whether, while they cause men to sin against their own light, they do not often occasion far more grievous torments inwardly, than those outward fiery tryals
tryals of affliction can possibly be, which they dread so much, and seek this way to avoid? Prov. 14. 14.

99. Whether God be not as skilful, yea infinitely more skilful, to draw good out of evil; yea the greatest good out of the greatest evil, than men are to make sovereign Triacles out of strong poisons? Rom. 8. 28.

100. Whether the blood of Christ be not the most sovereign Balsam? and whether it be possible for the least wound, that ever sin made, to be cured without it? and lastly, whether Christ be not the best Physitian, as well as Chyrugion, since none that he hath undertaken, ever miscarried under his hand, or ever can, Heb. 9. 14, 22. Mat. 9. 12. Luk. 10. 34, 35. John 6. 37.

XI. DECAD.

101. Whether all the Monarchies in the world, and millions more of the same kind, can bear equal weight with
with one dram of saving Grace? and whether they that make drudges of themselves to get wealth, but never mind the salvation of their precious souls, do not sell Heaven and Happiness for a golden nothing, and so make sad work for themselves when they lye a dying? Mat. 16. 26.

102. Whether a little Religion in great persons, doth not go a great way, and shine far? and whether such persons, in the midst of their many temptations from Honours, Riches, and Pleasures, are not rather to be pitied and prayed for, than envied? 1 Cor. 1. 26.

103. Whether Jesus Christ be not worthy to be accounted and made use of, as the most illustrious and resplendent Jewel that can be worn, either in the bosom of Noblest Ladies, or on the Diadems of mightiest Monarchs? 1 Pet. 2. 6, 7.

104. Whether Glory doth not sparkle in Grace here, as in a rich Diamond
mond full of Angles, and Grace flame in Glory hereafter, as in a bright shining Sun? and whether that which is called Grace in the cradle, be not the same, that is called Glory upon the Throne? 2 Cor. 3. 18.

105. Whether the poor Groom in the Stable, or the Scullion in the Kitchen, that hath true Faith in Christ, and sincere Love to God, shall not be sure of a place in Heaven, when the great Lord or Lady which he serves, having none of these Graces, shall never come there? Jam. 2. 5.

106. Whether it be not great pity, that one should get into the Suburbs of Heaven, but never into Heaven itself? and whether it doth not concern the fine-spun Hypocrite, and the great moralist, to think of this? Mark 12. 3.

107. Whether every one should not strive to be better than others, and to set the liveliest patterns of holiness? and whether the lowly Grace of Humility,
mility, which like the delicate scented Violet, hangs its head neer the ground, and hides it self as twere, un-under its own leaves, be not as sweet as any of the taller graces? Tit. 2. 7. 
& 3. 1. 1 Cor. 14. 12. also, Prov. 15. 33. and 22. 4. 1 Pet. 5. 5.
108. Whether many Heathen, for their moral vertues, did not out-do many of those, that in our dayes, go by the name of Christians? and whether it be not best, so to live al-ways, as one would wish to have li-ved when he comes to dye? Mat. 11. 21.
109. Whether he takes not the most desirable journey, and hath not the best company for his fellow-tra-vellers, that goes towards Heaven, and gets thither at last, though sometimes his way be dirty? Mat. 7. 14. compared with, Prov. 3. 17.
110. Whether the Saints do not alwayes walk with the best guards; for while wicked men are attended with none
none but the Devil and his Imps, are not they ever surrounded with the holy Angels, and with God to boot? Psal. 91. 9, 10, 11, 12. Heb. 1. 14.

XII. DECAD.

111. Whether it be not the wisest way to get preferment in that Court, where all are Kings? and whether a Believers Crown of Thorns, that is lined with Diamonds, be not richer, and more easie, than those Crowns of Diamonds that are lined with Thorns? Rev. 1. 6. Mat. 13. 7, 22.

112. Whether any Garden or Gallery, be so pleasant, sweet, and stately to walk in, as where Christ and his Spouse are wont to meet? and whether any nourishment be so desirable, as that honey and milk which they eat of, and those spiced Wines which they drink? Cant. 5. 1. & 7. 5. & 8. 2. Esa. 25. 6.

113. Whether the Citizens Merchandize, or the Country-mans Husbandry
bandry, the Gentlemans Revenues, and the Poor mans Labours, are not more or less prosperous, sweet and comfortable, as they have more or less interest in God, and converse with him? Deuter. 28. 2, to 21.

114. Whether any calling, employment or business, can be warrantable, which one cannot in Faith pray for, and expect a blessing on? and whether Stage-Players, makers of Popish Pictures and Images, and many others, are not concerned in this Query? Rom. 14. 23. Es. 44. 9, to 21.

115. Whether a secret curse doth not the same in some mens great Estates, that worms do at the roots of fairest flowers? and whether every thing on this side Heaven, be not either a Feather or a Thorn, vanity or vexation of spirit? Prov. 3. 33. Mal 2. 2. Job 20. 26. Eccles. 1. 2, 14.

116. Whether holy tears have not a shrill voice? and whether a right Prayer indeed comes not into Gods
ear, as soon as it is out of a Believers heart? Psal. 6. 8. Esa. 65. 24.

117. Whether one affectionate warm active Christian, among many cold ones, be not like one live coal, that enkindles many dead ones? and like a loadstone, in the midst of many needles, which draws and gives magnetique touches to them all, by vertue whereof, they draw others likewise?

1 Cor. 11. 1. Heb. 3. 13. John 1. 43, to 47. Act. 18. 24, to 28.

118. Whether passions out of order, are not like fire out of the chimney? and whether all care ought not to be used to keep them within their due place and compass? Jam. 1. 19, 20. & 3. 5, 6. Eph. 4. 26. 31.

119. Whether it be not the duty of Husbands and Wives, not only to pray for and with one another, at times of ordinary address to God, but also at special seasons in their retirements frequently set apart for that purpose betwixt themselves? and whe-
whether this be not an excellent means to procure blessings upon, and to keep all things in sweet harmony in their Families?  

120. Whether the Husband ought not to dwell with his Wife as a man of knowledge, and to be a good guide and head to her? and whether the Wife by her vertues, should not become a Crown to her Husband? and whether in this case, the Head and the Crown be not well met? 1 Pet. 3. 7. Prov. 12. 4.

XIII. DECAD.

121. Whether Kings, Princes, and Nobles, have not the greatest opportunities of doing good in their Generations? the greatest obligations upon them towards God? and the greatest accounts to make to him? Esa. 49. 23. Psal. 101. throughout, & Psal. 34. 11. 2 Chron. 29. 36. Esth. 4. 13. Nehem. 1. 4. Luk. 1. 3.
122. Whether Judges and Lawyers, of all others, have not the most frequent and lively representations of the day of Judgement before their eyes? and whether such of them as take Bribes, give wrong Judgement, undertake bad Causes, and refuse to plead good ones, shall not certainly come to their tryal, at that High Tribunal? 2 Chron. 19. 6. Levit. 19. 15. Prov. 31. 9. Esa. 1. 17, 23. Deut. 25. 1. also, Psal. 94. 21. Esa. 5. 23. Heb. 10. 30.

123. Whether those are not weak Nets, or those Nets not well managed, which will catch and hold little fishes only, but not great ones? and whether those Laws are not as weak, or at least weakly executed, that catch little offenders only, but let great ones escape?

124. Whether the pardoning of many and great crimes, be not sometimes very reasonable and necessary? and whether this be not to imitate God
God himself, in one of his most Royal Prerogatives? 2 Sam. 19. 21, 22, 23. 
Prov. 10. 12. Exod. 34. 7. Jer. 50. 20.

125. Whether he that is implacable against another, that hath causel y offended him, so as never to pardon nor forget the wrong done to him, hath any reason to hope for mercy from God, whom himself offends daily and hourly? Rom. 1. 31. Luk. 17. 2, 3. Mat. 6. 14, 15. 2 Cor. 2. 7.

126. Whether he that prays God would forgive him, as he forgives others (whom he neither doth forgive, nor ever will) doth not thereby give answer to himself, and conclude never to be forgiven? or at least, doth not his tongue contradict his heart? and that in the sight of him who knows all hearts? Mat. 6. 12, 13, 14, 15. Act. 15. 8. Luk. 6. 37. & 11. 4.

127. Whether some men do not sin fearfully, by rash vows, and obstinate resolutions, without and against all rule or president from the Word of
of God? and whether such men fall not into dreadful snares thereby? or can have any other way to deliver themselves from the sin or danger thereof, but by repenting with all speed, and nullifying such unwarrantable vows and resolutions? Judg. 11. 39. Act. 9. 23, 24. & 23, 12, 13, 14.

128. Whether it be not an unparalleled, both crime, folly and cruelty, to be irreconcileable to another for the same faults, (or perhaps less) that ones self either is or hath been guilty of, and yet reckon upon going to Heaven at last, without any greater (or perhaps not so great) evidence of repentance or reformation, than the Party he is so irreconcileable to doth give? Mat. 18. 32, 33, 34, 35.

Whether it be likely that he, who, at any time thinks it too soon to repent, or thinks it soon enough to repent, at any time, means ever to repent at all? and whether any man be truly wise, but he that is wise at last, and so wise for eternity? Heb. 3. 7, to 16. Rom. 2. 5. Prov. 19. 20. Deut. 32. 29.

XIV. DECAD.

131. Whether part of a good Mother's employment, should not be a constant endeavour to instil knowledge and grace into her Children's hearts? and the like of a Mistress to her Maids? Prov. 31. 1. 2 Tim. 1. 5.

132. Whether a disobedient Child, that truly repents, and endeavours to amend for the future, may not hope for mercy from his Father in Heaven, in case he cannot obtain none from his earthly Parents? and whether he that wants bowels to another in misfortune?
ry, may not fear he shall find as little favour himself, when he stands most in need of it? Luk. 15. 17, to 22. Prov. 12. 10. Jer. 6. 23. Jam. 2. 13.

133. Whether it be possible for Children, by all the duty and love they can express, to make full payment of what they owe to Parents? and whether they ought not to do their utmost to become comforts to them, and be grieved at the very heart if they have been crosses? Luk. 15. 18, 19.

134. Whether they are not the best neighbours, friends and companions, whose constant discourse is most heavenly, and their examples most Holy? 1 Thess. 1. 7.

135. Whether she makes not the best Wife that hath two Husbands, one in Heaven as well as one on Earth? and whether she can love the latter well, unless she love the other better? Cant. 2. 16. & 6. 3. & 7. 10.

136. Whether to match with Christ be not high preferment; and whe-
whether Gods most wonderful condescension, in accepting any poor vile mortal, and making one fit to become a Spouse for his Son, be not a good document and instruction to those Parents, that sometimes find their Children match below their rank and estates, provided they meet with internal qualifications of mind, suitable and commendable in the want of other things? Mat. 22. 2. Esa. 54. 5. 137. Whether pride be not a swelling tumour, most angry, fiery, and festering, and upon the worst place of all, the heart? and whether reviling language doth not argue a blistered tongue, and slanderous lips cut like a Razor? Prov. 16. 5. & 21. 24. & 29. 22, 23. 138. Whether any two that lye in a bed together, after personal and secret liftings up of their respective hearts to God, can spend their time better before they rise, than by quickening each other with holy conference,
ference, and consulting how best to serve God all the day after? Psal. 5.3. & 63. 6. Mal. 3. 16.

139. Whether as soon as our eyes are open in the mornings, we should not prevent Satan, by giving first possession of our hearts to God? and whether it be not needful always, to set a watchful and strong guard about them, to keep the Devil out? Psal. 63. 1. & 88. 13. & 139. 18. also, Prov. 4. 23.

140. Whether the Prayer of Jonah out of the belly of the Whale, got not as quick to Heaven, and without wetting its wings too, as Solomon's did from the Holy Temple? and whether he that prays most sincerely hath not the sweetest breath, as well as he that sings most spiritually hath the sweetest voice? Jonah 2. 7. Cant. 2. 14. Rev. 5. 8.

XV. DECAD.

141. Whether God in his appointed
ted time, will not fully vindicate the honour of his own holy Ordinances, upon the prophaners, despisers, and contemners of them? and whether he hath not done so sooner or later, in all foregoing Ages? Malech. 1. 7. Isa. 5. 24. Ezek. 22. 8. Amos 2. 4, 5. 1 Cor. 11. 30.

142. Whether a quiet, but evil Conscience, be not an ulcer most dangerous, and of all others, the most incurable? Prov. 18. 14. Mat. 2. 5. Gen. 4. 13, 14.

143. Whether he be not the best Soldier, that maintains a spiritual warfare against Sin, Satan, and his own evil heart? 1 Tim. 1. 18, 19. Eph. 6. II, 12.

144. Whether the Devil, that old and subtle Serpent, be so able and cunning to deceive a man, as a man's own heart is to deceive itself? and whether Satan, with all his temptations, can hurt us without our own consent? and whether sins are not greater
greater or lesser, as more or lees of our own will is in them? Gen. 3. 13. compared with, Jerem. 17. 9. Jam. 1. 14.

145. Whether Godliness be not an hard trade or mystery, to be dili-
gently and carefully learned? and whether that Apprentice deserves, or can expect to live well hereafter, that trifles away his opportunity, and is not industrious to get the mysteries of his Trade before his time be out? Tim. 3. 16.

146. Whether all the most precious commodities that Merchants, Gold-
smiths and Jewelers deal for, are not sorry mares, in comparison of those that a good Christian trades for with Heaven? Prov. 3. 13, 14. Mat. 13. 45, 46.

147. Whether it be not a miserable thing, for one to have the chief work for his soul to do, when the glass of his Life is run out? and whether it be not in vain for him then to call time again?

148. Whether that *stubborn Impe-nitent*, which would not be reclaimed in his life-time, by all counsels and entreaties whatsoever, might not thank himself for those *horrors*, which caused him to cry out at his last breath, Oh! that I had been made a *toad under a block*, when I was made a man? *Prov. 1. 24, to 32.*

149. Whether mutual admonitions, reproofs and exhortations, are not duties that lye on *all men* in their fit seasons? and whether, when they are wisely placed, they are not like *Apples of gold with Pictures of silver?* *Heb. 3. 13. & 10. 25. Tit. 3. 10.*

150. Whether the weakest men, are not soonest and most invincibly conquered by their *own passions*? and whether he be not the *greatest slave of all*, that is a slave to his *own lusts?* *Eccles. 7. 9. Prov. 14. 17. Rom. 7. 14, 23.*

XVI. DE-
XVI. DECAD.

151. Whether he be not guilty of an high affront against God, that will not be prevailed with to imitate him, so glorious a pattern, in pardoning offenders, and shewing mercy to such as have need of it? Luk. 6. 36, 37, 38. compared with, Prov. 1. 29, 30, 31.

152. Whether he that most sympathizeth with the poor suffering Servants of Jesus Christ (be they hungry, naked, sick, or in Prison) according to his ability, shall not be well payed in the other world? Mat. 25. 34, to 41.

153. Whether he that wants such a sympathizing heart as aforesaid, and is not ready to the utmost of his power, to give ease and succour to the said suffering Members of Christ, may in charity be supposed to be any true integral part of Christ's mystical Body? 1 Cor. 12. 26, 27. Eph. 4. 25. & 5. 30.

154. Whether Jesus Christ doth not
not improve all the interest that he hath in Heaven, for the good of his Redeemed Ones, the interest of his God-head, the interest of his Son-ship, the interest of his Mediator-ship? and whether he doth not deserve, that they also should improve all the interest they have in this world, for him? Joh. 17. 12, to 26. Heb. 6. 20. & 7. 25. Psal. 116. 12, 13, 14.

155. Whether he that hath a great Estate, but not an heart to improve it for God, were not much better be without it? and whether he that hath both these, doth not either find or make opportunities, to express his great love to Christ this way, and so not only brings a blessing upon what he enjoyes here, but layes up vast treasures for himself hereafter? Luk. 16. 19, to 26. compared with, Luk. 19. 8. & Mark 10. 21. and with Luk. 16. 9.

156. Whether if Darius an Heathen Prince, thought the Present of an handful of cold water offered him in his
his Progress by Sinetas a poor Shepherd, (for want of something better) worthy to be received into a cup of gold, and then the cup itself to be given to him (as Aelian reports in his various History) will not the great God much more reward him that gives but a cup of cold water (if he be able to give no better thing) to one that bears the name of a Disciple? Mat. 10. 42.

157. Whether he that doth good with what he hath, according to his ability, while he lives, be not the best Executor to his own Estate? and whether he that is most rich in good Works, be not the richest man? 1 Tim. 6. 18, 19. Rev. 14. 13.

158. Whether Covetousness be not Idolatry, and such Idolatry, as of all others, hath most worshippers, and most hearty ones? and whether some rich pinching muck-worms, though they pay all men their dues, yet may not dye much in debt, viz. to their own backs.
backs and bellies? Colos. 3. 5. Eccles. 5. 11.

159. Whether unjust and cruel grippers and graspers, as well as profuse wasters of Estates, have not sad accounts to make? and whether this Epitaph may not be written on their grave-stones, Here lyes the worlds rich fools, who dyed miserable poor men? Luk. 12. 20. Eccles. 2. 18, to 24.

160. Whether King Cyrus his kisses to his Favorites, were not of greater value than the golden Cups he gave to strangers (as Xenophon reports?) and whether Gods special love, be not much more desirable than his common mercies? Exod. 19. 5. Cant. 1. 2.

XVII. DECAD.

161. Whether honest thrift, and ingenuous industry in mens particular Callings (alwayes provided that God hath his due share of their hearts, and their time in his Service) are not great gatherers, and fill not the bag apace?
and whether that which men get by lying, cozening, cheating, and stealing, is not wont to be put into a bag that hath many holes in it? *Prov. 10. 4. & 12. 24, 27. & 22. 29.* also, *Micah 6. 10, 11, 12. Hag. 1. 6.*


163. Whether the loss of one's inward peace, for the greatest profits and preferments in the world, can possibly be recompensed thereby, or be recovered again with ease? *Mat. 16. 26.*

164. Whether temporal things, are not first desired, and then had, but spiritual things first had, and then desired? and
and whether true desires of Grace, do not suppose and proceed from Grace? Neh. 1.11. Esa. 26. 8, 9. 2 Cor. 8. 12.

165. Whether, the Graces of the Spirit of God, may not sometimes be found in viron’d with ill natures, and thorny dispositions, as ripe Strawberries among nettles, and under briry bushes? 1 Cor. 6. 10, 11.

166. Whether the highest stars make not the quickest motions, and heavy bodies, when neerest their centers? and whether the holiest hearts do not the like, in their Heavenly motions towards God? Psal. 63. 8. & 143. 6, 9. & 119. 60.

167. Whether the speech used by a Persian Queen, when her King gave her a most costly Jewel to wear, saying, You Sir, are my only Jewel; may not most properly and truly be uttered by the Spouse of Christ, to him her Sovereign Lord and Husband? Prov. 5. 10, to 16.
168. Whether in times of deserti-
on, one may conclude, God's face will 
not shine again, any more than by a 
dark Night, that the Sun will not re-
turn in the Morning? and whether a 
burning-glass, that hath nothing in it 
at mid-night, may not the next day, 
be full of condensed and flaming beams?
Psal. 30. 5. & Psal. 4. 6. & 80. 3. 19. 
Esa. 54. 6, 7, 8. & 57. 17, 18.

169. Whether a gracious heart, 
may not interchangeably enjoy assu-
rance, and be troubled with doubt-
ings? and whether Faith of adhe-
rence, be not a good relief in the want 
of assurance, though one should live 
and dye without it? Cant. 8. 5. Job 
13. 15.

170. Whether purity of heart and 
life, be not a most necessary qualifi-
cation for Heaven? and whether those 
that want this, or scoff at it, under the 
names of Puritan, Round-head, Pha-
natick, or such other opprobrious 
terms, are ever like to come there 
with-
without Repentance? Mat. 5. 8, 20. & 12. 14. alfo, Rev. 22. 15.

XVIII. DECAD.

171. Whether Masters and Mistreses, are not answerable for the souls of their Servants, as well as their Children? and whether they ought not to train up them also, in the nurture and admonition of the Lord? Gen. 18. 19. JOSH. 24. 15. Psal. 101. 6, 7. ESTH. 4. 16. Nehem. 13. 19. Eph. 6. 9. Col. 4. 1.

172. Whether Servants, both males and females, are not then most diligent, faithful, and cheerful in their places; and do not then give that respect and reverence which is due unto them they serve, when they remember, well consider, and practice what God requires of them in his Word, especially in, Eph. 6. 6. & Colos. 3. 22. Tit. 2. 9, 10. where they are commanded to obey their Masters in all things, not with eye-service, as men-pleasers, but in singleness of heart, fearing God?

N 3 173. Whe-
173. Whether the world hath not as much need of the labour of the poor, as of the wealth of the rich? and whether the inclining of all sorts of persons respectively, to a natural affection to, and delight in, the several Callings and employments which they voluntarily choose, how mean, base, and servile forever they are, be not a great argument of the wise and wonderful Providence of God, over-ruling particulars, for the good of the whole? Esa. 28. 24, to 29. & Gen. 4. 20, 21, 22. Act. 17. 26.

174. Whether he be not the best Scholar that hath most learned Christ? and the best read in the Scriptures, that is most guided by them? Act. 4. 13. Eph. 4. 21. 2 Tim. 3. 15, 16.

175. Whether the purest and sweetest knowledge be not derived from God's own Book, the Bible? and whether there only are not the richest Mines to dig in? the fullest stores and magazines, of all desirable good things?

176. Whether the light of God's countenance cannot make day in the darkest soul at mid-night? and one kind word from him, revive the heart in the midst of the pangs of death? and whether he be in any danger of sinking, that is supported with everlasting arms? or of fainting, that is refreshed with the cordials of Divine Love? *Psal. 4. 6. & 27. 1. & 36. 9. Can. 2. 3. 4, 5. ESA. 2. 14. & 40. 11. Deut. 33. 27.*

177. Whether the same omnipotent Power of God, that is an hedge of protection to his People, and a wall of brass for their defence, is not an hedge of thorns to scratch their enemies, and a wall of fire to devour them? *Job 1. 10. Ier. 1. 18, 19. Act. 9. 5.*

178. Whether any one can possibly be devoured in a den of fiercest Lions, or drowned in the deepest waters,
ters, or burned in the most raging flames, while God is there with him, and undertakes his safety? Dan. 6. 22. & Chap. 3. 25. Exod. 14. 21, 22. Esa. 43. 2.

179. Whether the sweetest nature, that can be found amongst men, can get to Heaven without grace? and whether the least degree of Grace will not meliorate and sweeten the most crabbed and unpleasing nature? Phi. 3. 6, to 11.

180. Whether married or unmarried, young men or old, Virgins, Wives, or Widows, can live happily, or dye comfortably, without a sure interest in, union to, and Communion with Jesus Christ? Job. 14. 19. 1 Job. 5. 12. Cant. 1. 2, 3.

XIX. DEcad.

181. Whether hardness of heart, and final impenitency, be not of all Judgments the most dreadful? and whether the serious consideration thereof, would not damp the joy of the most riotous sinner in the world, and make him
him tremble every moment, for fear of his dropping presently into Hell?
Rom. 2. 5. Psal. 7. 11, 12, 13. Job 21. 12, 13, 23, 24, 25.

182. Whether that conviction which ends not in true conversion, doth not still leave a man under the power of sin, in the gall of bitterness, and the state of damnation? and whether convinced sinners should not look well to this? Mat. 18. 3. Act. 3. 19. & 8. 22, 23.

183. Whether he that never knows any more than one birth, that is, a mere natural birth only, be not sure to dye three deaths, viz. a natural, spiritual, and eternal? and whether he that passeth through two births, and so is born again, shall not be sure to escape the two later deaths, and find the other also upon the matter, no death at all, properly so called, but a sweet sleep rather? Joh. 3. 3. Rev. 20. 6. 1 Thess. 4. 14, 15.

184. Whether the death of Infants,
be not an unanswerable Argument to prove that they have sin in them, at least Original Sin, as well as those of grown age, for how else could they be subject to death, which is the wages of sin only? Rom. 3. 22, 23. & 5. 12. & 6. 23.

185. Whether a Believer, standing on the mount of a Promise, may not from thence take a pleasant prospect of Heaven, and particularly of the glorification of his own humane nature, fitting at God's right hand, in the person of his Saviour? and whether after such a sight as this, all things here below will not look dim and dusky, as colours do through Church-windows, when the Sun shines bright upon them? Acts 7. 55, 56. Heb. 11. 1, 13, 14, 15. 2 Cor. 5. 1, 2, 3, 4.

186. Whether the same flowers, that ere while were seen under a warm and a shining Sun, to display themselves with great beauty and cheerfulness, may not hang dangling soon
after with drops of rain, and be violently dashed with stormy showers, from a black and tempestuous Heaven over them? and whether such a change may not possibly befall the Graces and Comforts of Gods dearest Children, and yet they remain his Children still, as the other remain flowers? Psal. 88. throughout, Esa. 63. 7, 8, 9. Jer. 31. 18, 19, 20.

187. Whether in times of greatest afflictions, and inward seeming desertions, the Graces of holy hearts may not smell sweetest, as Flowers do after showers of rain, Spices, when most bruised, Rose-waters, in the Limbeck, and Juniper-wood, in the burning flames? Psal. 51. 17. Cant. 2. 14. & 5. 5, 6. & 8. 6, 7.

188. Whether the very excellency of holy gratitude, consists not in this, viz. as fast as our mercies grow fresh and new upon us, in what kind soever, to present them as so many new-blown flowers to God, to have the
189. Whether Christ, and the Spirit of Grace, are not two great Comforters, as well by the appointment of God the Father, as their own free consent, in which Believers only have a special interest? and whether for this reason, among others, the four Oecumenical Councils of Nice, Constantinople, Ephesus and Chalcedon, in clearing and establishing the Doctrines of Christ his Divine Person, the distinction of the two natures subsisting in it, and the Deity and Personality of the Spirit, against Arrius, Macedonius, Nestorius, and the rest of the Heretics of those times, did not eminent service unto the Gospel? Joh. 14. 16, 17, 18, 26.

190. Whether it be not a most notorious absurdity and contradiction to affirm, that the Spirit of Grace, which is supernatural, and altogether invincible in it self, can ever be so far resist-
ed or quenched, as to be totally expelled out of that heart, where it hath been once received in truth? and whether the heart of man, being deceitful above all things, full of imaginations, which are only evil, and that continually, & so desperately wicked, that none can know it, can be supposed to have any the least power to fetch in saving Grace of itself? and whether he that asserts these two dangerous points, doth not, implicitly at least, deny the absolute freeness and unchangeableness of God's love, and make his Acts of Grace valid or invalid, according to the will of his own Creature? Gen. 6. 5. Jer. 17. 9. 2 Cor. 3. 5. Joh. 15. 5. compared with, Rom. 9. 15. Mal. 3. 6. Ezek. 36. 31, 32.

XX. DECAD.

191. Whether sanctified contentment, will not make every condition sweet? and the contrary, make any thing,
thing, be it never so satisfactory and comfortable in itself, burdensome and intolerable to the restless mind? and whether true thankfulness or unthankfulness for mercies received, are not proportionable to these two? 1 Tim. 6. 6. Exod. 16. 2, to 22. Psal. 106. 24, 25.

192. Whether one may not be very poor and very rich at the same time? and whether some men in their rags, have not a great interest in God, while others in their stately robes, have none at all? Jam. 2. 5. Luk. 16. 19, to 24.

193. Whether poor Servants, and others in lowest condition, should not take arguments from their own meanness here in this world, to seek after the Kingdom of Heaven the more diligently, that so they may have as large Revenues there as any others? and whether our Saviour doth not imitate as much, where he faith, the poor receive the Gospel? Zeph. 3. 12. Mat.
194. Whether Parents that have many Children, and but little or nothing to leave with them when they dye, have not the more need to seek after Portions of Grace for them, pour forth many Prayers, and exercise much Faith in the Covenant of Grace, on Grace on their behalf? Gen. 17. 7. Acts 2. 39. Psal. 37. 29. 1 Sam. 1. 27. compared with, Chap. 2. 7. Gen. 48. throughout.

195. Whether Faith in Christ, the great Saviour and deliverer of mankind, be not the best Midwife to women in travel, and the best Nurse for them and their Children afterwards? and whether their chiefest care should not be to make sure of this Midwife and Nurse, above all others? 1 Tim. 2. 15. Psal. 91. 14, 15, 16.

196. Whether idleness be not the Devil's cushion? and whether slothfulness doth not gather filth, as standing wa-
197. Whether a firm persuasion of God's omniscience, omnipresence, hatred of sin, and of his power and resolution to punish it, where not repented of, would not prevent millions of sins that are, hourly committed throughout the whole world? *Psal. 50. 21, 22. & Ps. 90. 8. & 139. 1, to 13.*

198. Whether the bare believing that there is a God, that Christ is the Son of God, the Scriptures the Word of God, and that all men ought to walk according to them, be any other kind of faith, than the Devils themselves have? *Jam. 2. 19, Mat. 8. 29. & Chap. 4. 6.*

199. Whether to bear and forbear among Friends and neer Relations, be not excellent and most necessary duties? and yet how difficultly are they learned? and how few are there that practice them well? *Rom. 15. 1. Gal. 6. 2.*
200. Whether growing in Grace, be not the only way to thrive? and whether he doth not become richer and richer that trades at this Mart, and without fear too of losing what he hath already got? 2 Pet. 3.18. Prov. 3.13, 14, 15 & 4.7, 8, 9.

XXI. DECAD.

201. Whether the Office of Ambassadors, the Arts, cares and pains of Shepherds, Fisher-men, Husband-men, Carpenters, with divers others such like, ought not to be known to, and imitated by those Ministers of the Gospel, that have the oversight and trust of Souls? and whether they are not the best Preachers that move the hearts of their Hearers, more than tickle their heads? 2 Cor. 5.20. Cant. 1.8. Mat. 4.19. 1 Cor. 3.9, to 14. & Chap. 2.4.

202. Whether the plague upon the Streams, Rivers, Ponds, and Pools of O wa-
water, in the Land of Ægypt (Exod. 7.) were not as dreadful as any of the other plagues? and whether impurities in Universities and other Schools of Learning, be not as great a plague, as that, and as much to be dreaded and prayed against? Psal. 23. 2. Ezek. 47. 1, to 13.

203. Whether young Scholars, that take upon them the work of the Ministry, before they are well lined with Learning, and have thoroughly studied the whole Body of Divinity, are not like new rigged Ships, that are put out to Sea, without ballast or burden?

204. Whether sanctified Studies, in a Learned head and Holy heart, do not reduce Ethicks, Metaphysics, and Theology into one Science?

205. Whether many a sweet kernel, doth not lye in the Criticisms of the Original Languages of the Holy Scriptures?

206. Whether John Bradford, that blessed Martyr, was not worthily called
led Holy Bradford, who prayed as much as he studied, did both upon his knees, and seldom or never sat at meals without wetting his trencher with his tears, either of godly sorrow for sin, or from a melting warm love to God? *Psal. 6. 6. Luk. 7. 37, 38.*

207. Whether he that delights in Hunting, be it for love of the Venison, or for sport, can pick out more pertinent Scriptures to meditate upon, than the Preface of the *22. Psal.* where Christ is called the *Hind of the Morning*? and the first verse of the *42. Psal.* where David faith, that his soul panted after God, as the *Hart pants* after the water-brooks?

208. Whether *Gold-smiths* can deal any where for such pure gold, as is mentioned, *Rev. 3. 18.* or the Vintner, for such rich *Wines*, as we read of in, *Esa. 25. 6.* & *Cant. 5. 1.* & *8. 2.* and whether it is not their chiefest wisdom, to drive their whole stock there?
209. Whether a seed sman shall not do well to consider, that he that sows most tears for sin, shall have the richest crop? and the Ploughman, that his Plough in the field will speed much the better, when he is careful in the due seasons of it, to Plough up the fallow ground of his own heart too? Psal. 126. 5, 6. Jer. 50. 4, 5. Luk. 6. 21. also, Jer. 4. 3. Hos. 10. 12. 210. Whether there be just reason for any to despair, since it is not possible for the sins of any to be so great or numerous, as Gods mercies are infinite? and these most freely offered to them that have the greatest need of them? Esa. 55. 1, 2, 5, 7, 8, 9, 10. 2 Sam. 24. 14. 1 Chron. 21. 13. Mat. 11. 28, 29. Joh. 6. 37. Heb. 4. 16. Rev. 22. 17.

XXII. DECAD.

211. Whether the Pope be not Antichrist in the Judgement of Ribera himself, though a Jesuit, and many others
others of their own most learned Writers?

212. Whether the slaughter of the Witnesses, be not the immediate forerunner of the downfall of Antichrist, though the darkest dispensation is not the inlet of the happiest times that ever the world yet saw? and whether the duration thereof will not certainly end at three years and an half from the true Epocha and beginning thereof? Rev. 11. throughout.

213. Whether the doctrine of the Spiritual Reign of Christ, on earth for a thousand years in a sober sense, were not a common received doctrine by the Fathers of the first ages after Christ? and whether he that consults, Irenæus, Tertullian, Landúnius and others, without prejudice will not find it so? Rev. 20. 6.

214. Whether the Conversion of the Jews, ought not to be believed and prayed for? and whether it be
not propable, that one special means thereof may be by Christ his own appearing in the Clouds, so as every eye shall see him, as he did to Saul the Jew, when he was going to Damascus? Ezek. 36. & 37. throughout, & Chap. 39. 23, to 29. Zachar. 9. & 10. throughout.

215. Whether the Society of the Jesuits are not the richest, most subtil, potent, diffusive and influential on the affairs of the whole world, of any others? and whether they spare for any cost to procure, or want correspondents to give them the knowledge of greatest secrets in Princes Courts?

216. Whether all the Monarchs and States, both small and great upon the whole habitable earth, have so many Emissaries and Agents abroad, as one single man, the Pope? and whether they take not upon them all manner of names, shapes, habits, trades, and employments, where they come?
217. Whether the **Pope** his **craft**, in setting on foot and continuing the **Holy War** in **Palestine** for almost 200 years, was not as great as devout **Bernards** mistaken zeal was, in promoting of it? and whether the **Popes** ever since, have not been as **crafty Foxes** for themselves, among the **Princes of Europe**?

218. Whether such **unparallel'd usurpations**, **insolencies**, **uncleanlinesses**, **Sodomies**, **forceries**, **witchcrafts**, **cruelties**, **blasphemies**, and all manner of most horrible impieties, have been **ever found among any sort of men** since the **Creation of the world**, as **among the Popes**?

219. Whether **Pope Alexander** the 6th. was not rightly served, while himself was **poisoned** with the **first draught of that Cup**, which he and his **complices** had **prepared to poison others**?

220. Whether **Cæsar Borgia** his Son, the **Duke of Florens**, among all the
the plots laid by him and his crafty Secretary, Matchiavil, committed not a foul error, in not thinking of, and providing for a surprize by death? and whether himself did not see it, and repent of it, when it was too late, as the History of his life witnesseth?

XXIII. DECAD.

221. Whether much credit be to be given to the Popish Editions; of Ambrose, Chrysostom, Jerom, Augustine, and all the rest of the Greek and Latin Fathers, (whose Authorities they urge so much upon us) since their Index expurgatorius, hath been in use? and whether many of their Schoolmen, which they so much boast of, do not abound more with nice and needless distinctions, than found Divinity?

222. Whether Popery, spreading so greatly as it doth in all parts of the world, it be not a foul shame for Protestants to be so divided, and thereby weakened
weakened among themselves? and whether it be not matter of sport, even to Satan himself, to see what ir-reconcileable differences and animosities still continue among them?

223. Whether God will long bear it at the hands of his own Children, thus in his sight and presence to quarrel, fall out and fight with each other? and whether, when nothing else will quiet and reconcile them, the Rod shall not? 1 Cor. 3. 3. & 11. 18.

224. Whether since Grace is the most uniting Principle in the very nature of it, and sin the most dividing Principle, it is not just cause of wonder, that the People of God of all others, should be so much divided, and wicked men so firmly knit among themselves? and whether any reason can possibly be given for it, but the prevalence of sin on their part, and Gods just judgement in permitting it, by way of punishment on his part? Rom. 16. 17, 18. 1 Cor. 6. 1, to 9.

225. Whe-
225. Whether those Scholars are not great wasters and abusers of their time and studies, who take much pains to get all manner of Learning, except the knowledge of the Bible and their own hearts?

226. Whether a Believers habitation, be not of all others, the most stately? and whether it be not seated in the finest air, and with advantage of the bravest Prospect? Psal. 90. 1. & 91. 1, 9. 1 Joh. 4. 16. Heb. 11. 16.

227. Whether it be worth the while to live, unless it be to answer the ends of our Creation, and to be fit to dye? and whether Water-men, Marriners, and all that travel by Sea, have not as much reason as any, to be provided for death every moment? Jam. 4. 14. Job 9. 25, 26. Psal. 39. 4, 5, 6. & 90. 4, to 13. Job 14. 14.

228. Whether the leaves of Trees, that fall so fast in Autumn, and the sight of a flourishing Garden, deprived of all or most of its fair Flowers, that
that stood there but an hour before, are not lively Emblems of mans mortality, and the suddenness of his remove by death, especially in times of great sicknesses, and Epidemical diseases? Psal. 39.10, 11. & 90. 5, 6. & 103. 15, 16. Job 13. 25. Esa. 64. 6.

229. Whether among those that attend at Funeral solemnities, there be one of twenty usually, that make the sad occasion of their appearance there, the subject of their own thoughts, or the matter of their discourse with others? and whether this be not an argument of a common, and very great insensibleness among men, of the strokes of God upon them, and the hardness of their hearts under them?

230. Whether the highest Angels, & the lowest worms, are not fellow-creatures? & whether there be not an infinite distance, as well between God and the highest creatures, as between him & the lowest? and whether the consideration thereof, should not make poor
mortals, even the greatest that are, to walk humbly towards God? Job 42. 5, 6. Esa. 6. 2. Job 15. 14, 15, 16.

XXIV. DECAD.

231. Whether a clear and full sight of God, be not the only way for a man to come to the right knowledge of himself? and whether this, of all things else, is not most to be desired, and speedily sought for by him? Job 42. 5, 6. Psal. 139. 1, to 18.

232. Whether they that bear the most eminent testimonies for Christ upon earth, shall not bear the biggest palms in their hands, and stand nearest his Throne in Heaven? Rev. 7. 9, to 17.

233. Whether it be likely, that they will ever be convinced of the evil of those actions, which being once done, they are resolved to justify, and instead of amending, recriminate upon others? and whether it be not a most deplorable thing, that bitter aspirations, and mutual accusations of this nature, should be found among the
the differing parties of God's own People, in times wherein all had need to seek peace with God and among themselves, and do their utmost, by a meek healing spirit, to make up all breaches?

1 Cor. 3. 3, 4. Gal. 5. 10, to 16. & 6. 1, 2. 1 Thes. 4. 9, 10, 11. Eph. 4. 2, 3.

234. Whether God doth not touch the heart first, with his powerful magnetick Love, before it ever moves or can move in the least towards him? and whether the eye of Christ, did not first spy Zacheus in the Sycomore-tree, Nathaniel under the Fig-tree, and Mary in the Garden, before ever they spied him? 1 Joh. 4. 19. Hos. 11. 4. Luk. 19. 5. Ioh. 1. 48. & 20. 13, 14, 15, 16.

235. Whether those comforts that fail in the dried streams, as in the loss of Husbands, Wives, Parents, Children, all other near and dear Relations, Friends and Estates, with whatever else is of like nature, can be made up
up any where, so well as in and by the Original Fountain of them all, God himself? and whether it be not the greatest wisdom when all is done, to haf-ten thither with all possible speed that may be? Job 6. 15. & 19. 13, to 20. Prov. 23. 5. Habak. 3. 17, 18, 19. Psal. 36. 9, 10.

236. Whether to make an absolute, free and full resignation of ones self, and all that one hath, to the Will of God, to be disposed of as he pleaseth, be not the only way to give him the Glory of his Sovereignty? and whether to do or suffer any thing for him, with a willing and cheerful heart, doth not ar-gue much Grace, and is not to be ac-counted an high Honour? 2 Sam. 15. 25, 26. Psal. 40. 7, 8. Mat. 26. 39, 40.

237. Whether they that follow Christ in good earnest, do not deny themselves, and take up their Cross daily? and whether they are not in mind alwayes resolved, ready and pre-pared, to part with House, Land, Reve-nues,

238. Whether every Promise, Prophecy, and Threatning in Gods Word, hath not hitherto been most punctually performed, in the due season of it, in all former ages, even to a tittle? and whether there be any the least reason to doubt, that what is not yet accomplished, shall be when the fit time is come? Gen. 48. 15, 16. Exod. 12. 41, 42. Micah 7. 20. 1 King. 13. 1, to 6. compared with, 2 King. 23. 4, to 9. Gal. 4. 4. Eph. 1. 10. Mat. 5. 18.

239. Whether those that have escaped from dangerous diseases, long and wasting sicknesses, or death itself, when they were without all hope or expectation of recovery, are not in all likelihood, reserved for some great good or evil? and whether it be not a duty incumbent on them, to consider much of it, and lay it to heart? Esa. 38. throughout. 240. Whe-
240. Whether Physicians, of all others, have not the best opportunities, sometimes to deal effectually with the souls of their sick, or dying Patients, about the matters of eternity, if they have but the heart and the skill to do it? and whether God doth not expect they should improve this advantage for him, as well as for themselves and their Patients?

XXV. DE CAD.

241. Whether the guilt of very many of the sins, both in City and Country, be it drunkenness, uncleanness, swearing, Sabbath-breaking, and whatever else is of like kind, doth not lye at the Magistrates door, unless he put forth the utmost Power that God hath given him, to punish and reform them? and whether God ever intended that he should wear his sword in vain? Rom. 13. 1, to 8.

242. Whether naked breasts and black spots, do not argue foul hearts? and
and whether the Ladies that use them, would be willing to appear in such a dress at the day of Judgement? or may not meet with sore rebukes here also, as the daughters of Zion did, in Esai. 3. from v. 16, to 25.

243. Whether wanton looks, wanton guarbs, wanton words, and wanton books, be not the Devils snares to catch, and the Devils poisons to vitiate and deprave hearts? and whether all manner of unlawful sports and games, do not insensibly undo thousands here, and then before they are aware of it, trapan them into Hell, out of which there is no recovery? Esai. 3. 16, to 25. Rom. 13. 13. Gal. 5. 19. Eph. 4. 19. 1 Pet. 4. 3, 4. Job 21: 12, 13.

244. Whether false wares, false weights, false lights, false measures, and false asseverations, are not too frequent in Trades-men's shops? and whether the gain that comes in that way, lyes not under an eating, (though hap
(216)

ily at the present an undiscovered

curse? Prov. 11.1, & 12.22. Micah
6.10, 11, 12.

245. Whether nature will not be content with little, and Grace with less? and whether a Righteous man's little, be not more than a wicked man's much? 1 Tim. 6.6. Prov. 15.16, 17.
& 16.8.

246. Whether Believers have not possession of Heaven already, since their Head is there? and whether Christ be not gone thither before hand, as a Messenger or Harbinger, to trim up the Lodgings appointed for them, and to secure them for them, till they come themselves? Joh. 14.2.
Heb. 6.20.

247. Whether the soul be not a glorious Bride, when once Christ is become its Bridegroom; especially since he marries it not in its own clothes, but such as are fitted for it, out of the Wardrobes of Heaven? Mat. 25.10. Esa. 61.10. Rev. 21.2.

248. Whe-
248. Whether she be not the most amiable Virgin, and will not make the sweetest Wife, that hath Christ lying as an handful of Myrrh continually between her breasts? Cant. 1. 13. & 5. 4, 5.

249. Whether early and young Saints, are not as acceptable to God, as rare and choice fruits, set ripe on a Princes board some weeks before the ordinary seasons of them? Jer. 2. 2. Eccles. 12. 1.

250. Whether a Believer, brightly shined on by the light of God's pleased countenance, and at the same time giving out the lusters of his inherent graces to standers-by, be not a rich Diamond that sparkles in the midst of Sunbeams? Psal. 31. 16. & 110. 3. Mat. 5. 16. Phil. 2. 15.

XXVI. DEcad.

251. Whether the People of God are not his Jewels? Mal. 3. 17. yea, his Crown, his glorious Crown, and Roy-
al Diadem? Esa. 62, 3. yea, his Crown-Jewels? Zach. 9, 16, and whether he will suffer these his Jewels to lye long in the durt, or this his Crown to be alwayes trodden under the feet of his enemies?

252. Whether God having freely and most strongly tyed himself to his People, both by his Word, his Promise and his Oath (such a threefold knot, as there is none like to it) be not greatly injured by such as disbelieve, or make question in the least of his performances? Heb. 3, 12 & 6, 16, 17, 18, 19. Mat. 13, 58.

253. Whether holy Meditations do not dwell on the very Hill of Frankincense, and on the Mount of Spices? & whether every busie thought, like the nimble honey-Bee, doth not pass from blossom to blossom, from flower to flower, that is, from one Promise to another, from one Providence to another, and so through the variety of all sorts of pleasant subjects, and ga-
(219)

gather sweetness, till it hath filled its whole Hive (the heart) with the purest honey? Psal. 104. 34. & Psal. 94. 19.

254. Whether frequent and faithful examinations of ones inward state, and how things stand between God and the soul, be not a most necessary and important duty? and whether this, of all things else, ought not to be most diligently minded, whatever else be neglected? Psal. 4. 4. 2 Cor. 13. 5.

255. Whether Apostatizers, Time-servers, and all such as shamefully desert their formerly received sound Principles and holy Practices, do not consult destruction to themselves, and run the hazard of those sore curses, mentioned in, Deut. 29. 21?

256. Whether he that abounds altogether in his own sense; accounts whatever himself affirms to be as authentic as some divine Oracles is angry with, and severely censorious of, those that do not, or cannot forsake their own Principles as all false, and embrace his
his as all Truth, be not guilty, at least, of the suspicion of Pride? or whether he be not a kind of little Pope, that pretends to infallibility, whilst perhaps under strong delusion? and whether such an one be not rather to be neglected, than disputed with? Jam. 1. 12. Prov. 21. 24. 2 Theff. 2. 10, 11.

257. Whether evil thoughts are not the spawns of sin, and evil words and actions the products of those spawns? and whether Cockatrices eggs, while hatched by Cockatrices, will not bring forth their own kind? Mat. 12. 33, to 38. & 15. 18, 19, 20. Esa. 59. 4, 5.

258. Whether every man ought not to be very careful what objects he fixeth his eye and his heart upon? and whether God be not King of hearts, and deserves not that every man should give him (not a part only but) his whole heart? and whether he that doth this, doth not take the wisest course, to make the worst part of

259. Whether being imposed upon, in matters of Conscience, where Christ hath left it free, be not as grievous and intolerable from one sort of men as from another? and whether, if there be any difference, it be not most intolerable from those that are, or have been, or at least pretend to be Brethren?

260. Whether the right stating and granting of true Christian liberty, so as to prevent licentious extravagances on the one hand, and unjust severity on the other hand, would not be most satisfactory to all peaceably-minded good men? and whether till this can be done, it be not best for every one to think it possible, that he may be under some mistakes as well as his dissenting Brethren, and so resolve to allow and receive a mutual freedom in following their respective light, and
exercising a friendly familiarity, and hearty love towards one another? Gal. 5. 1. Eph. 4. 2, 3. 1 Thess. 4. 9. Heb. 13. 1. 2 Pet. 1. 7.

XXVII. DECAD.

261. Whether the most exact platform of the purest Church, both for Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline, ought not to be the constant Rule, Standard, and Pattern to all the rest? and whether such a platform can be given by any, but God himself, or is to be looked for, or can be found any where else, but in the Word of God, and in that only? Exod. 25. 40. Heb. 8. 5. & 9. 23.

262. Whether some Churches may not, as to essentials, be true Churches, though very corrupt, and so be far from conformity to their true Pattern, (as a leprous man is a true man, notwithstanding his Leprosie? ) but whether it be not the duty of every such Church, to endeavour to their ut-
utmoft, the neereft agreement attainable to the pattern aforesaid? Rev. 22. 18, 19. Phil. 3. 17.

263. Whether in cafe such Churches, as are now laft mentioned, do not profess they ought, or do not visibly intend and endeavour in good earnest, with all their might, to be every way like their Original Pattern, both in Doctrine, Worship, and Discipline; it be not the duty of every one that would live and dye with a clear and quiet conscience, to come out from among such Churches, and joyn with those that come neereft the faid Original Pattern? and whether this kind of separation, even from true Churches thus corrupted, and willing to continue so, be not as justifiable as separation from a falfé Church? yea, and whether such a separation as this, be not fo far from being blame-worthy, that it is absolutely necessary, and must be performed, by all that desire to become Gods People, and would have him
him dwell among them? 2 Cor. 6. 14, 15, 16, 17, 18.

264. Whether the great noise and cry that is abroad in the world against separation, would not be much silenced, if once the above-mentioned Rule and Standard of the first pure Churches in the Scripture, were every where agreed to, admitted, and observed? and whether in the mean time, the Papists do not think they have as much reason to account Protestants to be Separatists, as several parties of Protestants do account each other?

265. Whether the sight of any person or persons, that are very poor, beggarly, hungry, ragged, naked, wounded, maimed, diseased, deformed, or any way miserable, should not both occasion pity in us towards them, and excite us, as we are able, to comfort and relieve them; but also cause us to lift up thankful hearts, that we are not in their case? 1 Cor. 4. 6, 7.

266. Whether all that Trade in
Victualling, as Cooks, Vintners, Drawers of Ale or Beer, and such like, do not put the poison of a Curse into their own dishes and Cups, while they so greatly contribute to the sinful waste of the good Creatures of God, in supplying their gluttonous and drunken Guests with whatever they call for, till they become no better than brutes in disgorging themselves, and casting out their filthy vomits? Esa. 28:3, 8, 267.

Whether sanctification of Sabbaths, a right and holy participation of Sacraments, diligent reading and hearing of the Word of God, heavenly Conference, and other the like Duties, are not always prized, attended upon, and practiced more or less, according to the measure of Grace received by any? and whether the want of delight in them, or the accounting them a burden rather, be not an ill sign of an evil heart? Esa. 58:13. Mal. 3:16. 1 Cor. 11:23, to 30. Jam. 1:21, to 26. also, Mal. 1:12, 13. Amos 8:5.
268. Whether a Believers, both Life and Treasure, doth not lye hidden and out of sight to the world, even as the roots of fruitful Trees lye under ground, and as gold and silver Mines run in the bowels of the earth undiscovered and unthought of, by them that walk upon it? Colos. 3. 3, 4. Eph. 3. 8, 9.

269. Whether in long and lingering sicknesses, especially if accompanied with much pain and anguish, a patient acquiescence under the hand of God, a submissive acceptance of the punishment of ones iniquity therein, and a cheerful satisfaction in the Will of God, who is pleased thus to use his Rod, be not an argument of a gratious frame of heart, and of a sanctified improvement of the affliction? and whether the contrary frame of spirit, doth not produce contrary effects? Rom. 5. 3, 4. & 15. 4, 5. Colos. 1. 11. 2 Thess. 1. 3. 2 Thess. 1. 4. Heb. 6. 12. Jam. 1. 3, 4. & 5. 10, 11. Levit. 26. 41. Job
Job i. 21, 22. & 2. 10. also, Esa. 51. 20. Jonah 4. 9.

270. Whether the education of Youth, be not a weighty business, a great trust, and a work that requires much care and diligence, wisdom and skill to manage it? whether it be not an eminent service (when well done) to Church and State, yea and to Christ himself too? and whether all Parents and Guardians of Children, Tutors in Universities, School-Masters and School-Mistresses, ought not to be earnest with God in Prayer, for his constant assistance, and their comfortable success therein? Prov. 22. 6. Eph. 6. 4. 1 Sam. 19. 20.
Three concluding Queries.

1. Whether Peter, Paul, and Barnabas in their times; Polycarpus, Ignatius, Tertullian, Cyprian, Athanasius, in their times; Ambrose, Chrysostome, Augustine, in their times; our Guildas among the antient Britains; our English Wickleife, and Tindal, Oecolampadius, Martin Luther, Philip Melanthon, John Calvin, Beza, and the rest of the most famous, both German, and French-Divines, in their respective ages; yea, and whether John Knox, John Reynolds, Jewel, the Rogerses, our late Golden-mouth'd Preston, Sibbs, Reverend Usher, and thousands more; the choicest and most successful Ministers of the Gospel, did ever blunt their own Holy Zeal, dispirit their own frequent Preaching, and cool the hearts of their Hearers, with reading every word from their written papers, and so turn their Sermons into Homilies? and whether, though in some cases, to some persons, some little use of notes may be allowable, and convenient, yea, perhaps necessary; yet the constant and total use of them by others (as is practised by too many in this our present age) doth not argue lazyness, or an over-affected niceness and
(229)

and curiosity in words and language, rather then such a Passionate desire of saving souls, as becomes the faithful Ministers of the Gospel? and lastly, whether it be likely, that those who accustom themselves to this way of reading, rather then Preaching Sermons, while they are young, and their memories as well as other parts be quick and nimble, will leave it when they are old, or will be ever able to preach in the dark, or when their sight grows dim?

2. Whether the Apostle Paul by his command of doing all things decently and in order, 1 Cor. 14. 40. intended any more than the doing of all these things only, which God by him his Pen-man had commanded and positively set down, and in the self-same order and holy Method too, which he also had plainly and fully expressed? 1 Cor. 11. 34. and 16. 1, 2. Coloss. 2. 5. and whether it can be reasonably imagined, that Paul gave authority to Titus, (Chap. 1. 5.) to invent or add any the least circumstance for matter or manner, in or about the Worship of God in Crete, more then what he had formerly appointed, and himself Practiced elsewhere? and lastly, whether the Prohibition of the Apostle, in Coloss. 2. from ver. 8. to the end, That none should be subject to Ordinances, according to the Commande-
ments and doctrines of men in Will-worship, doth not extend to all following times, and all future Churches of Christ.

3. Whether he that diligently reads and considers the 6th and 7th Chapters of the Acts of the Apostles, will not find, that the only occasion of Stephen the Proto-Martyr, being accused of Blasphemy and stoned to death, was his bold and resolute defence of the Spiritual Worship brought in by Christ, in opposition to the Jewish Rites and Ceremonies, which though appointed by God himself at first, yet now are out of date & useless? and whether this very thing was not one of those pretended Crimes, that Christ himself was arraigned for in the High Priest's Hall? as appears in, Mat. 26. 57, to 69. compared with, Joh. 4. 19, to 27. and whether a good cause with a man's own innocency in the fight of God and his own conscience, be not one great support to him under the severest censures, and sharpest sufferings he can meet with from this world?

(FINIS.)