A proposition

to this frontispiece.

This booke containing emblems, ’twas thought fit,
A title-page should stand to usher it,
That’s emblematicall: And, for that end,
Our author, to the graver did commend
A plaine invention; that it might be wrought,
According as his fancy had forethought.
Instead thereof, the workman brought to light,
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite
The true designe: And, so (with pains, and cost)
The first intended frontispiece, is lost.

The author was as much displeas’d, as hee
In such adventures, is inclin’d to bee;
And, hauing resolv’d, to cast this piece aside,
As nothing worth: but, having better ey’d
Those errors, and confusions, which may, there,
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appeare’d;
Hew saw, they fitted many fantasies
Much better, than what reason can devise;
And, that, the graver (by meere chance) had hit
On what, so much transcends the reach of wit,
As made it seeme, an object of delight,
To looke on what, misfortune brought to light:
And, here it stands, to try his wit, who lifts
To pume the secrets, out of cabalists.
If any thinke this page will, now, declare
The meaning of those figures, which are there,
They are deceiv’d. For, destinie denies
The uttering of such hidden mysteries,
In these respects: first, this containeth nought
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth, ought;
The present age: moreover, this ordain’d,
That, none must know the secrets contain’d
Within this piece; but, they who are so wise
To finde them out, by their owne prudencies;
And, hee that can unriddle them, to us,
Shall stand be, the second oedipus.
’Tis, likewise, thought expedient, now and then,
To make some worke, for those all-knowing men,
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see
The secret-meanings, of all things that bee.
And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there are,
Who best affect inventions, which appeare
Beyond their understandings; this, we knew
A representation, worthy of their view;
And, here, wee placed it, to bee, to these,
A frontispiece, in any sense they please.
A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With METRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, both MORAL AND DIVINE: And disposed into LOTTERIES,

That INSTRUCTION, and Good Counsell, may bee furthered by an Honest and PLEASANT RECREATION.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The First Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by A. M. for Henry Taunton, and are to be sold at his Shop in Saint Dunstan's Church-yard. MDCXXXV.
Rerum suis hoc Poëma, cui titulum est (A Collection and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Moderne) in quo nihil reperio, quod minus cum utilitate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses proxime sequentes Typis mandetur, hæc licentia sit omnino 

Ex ædibus Lambithanis

Londin. 1634.

GVL. BRAY.
A WRIT OF PREVENTION
Concerning the Authors Dedication
of the four following Bookes, to those
Royall, Princely, and Illustrious Personages, whose Names are mentioned
in this Leaf.

I have not often us'd, with Epigrams,
Or, with Inscriptions unto many Names,
To charge my Bookes: Nor, had I done it, now,
If I, to pay the Duties which I owe,
Had other means; Or, any better Ways
To honour them, whose Virtue merits praise.

In ARCHITECT, it giveth good content,
(And passeth for a praiseful Ornament)
If, to adorn the FORE-FRONTs, Builders rear
The Statues of their Sovereigne-Princes, there;
And, trimme the Outides, of the other SQUARES
With Portraitures of some Heroicke PEERES.

If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie
This Portion of my MUSES Gallery)
Do, here, presume to place the NAMES of those
To whose Deserts, my Love remembrance owes,
I hope'twill none offend. For, most, who see
Their worthy mention, in this Book, to bee,
Will thinke them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may
(To their high praise) be found, another day,
That, in these Leaves their Names will stand unrac'd,
When many fairer STRUCTURES, are defac'd.

In this Hope, I have placed on the Fore
Front (or before the First Book of
these Emblems) a Joint-Inscription
To the King and Queen's most
excellent MAJESTY.

Upon the Right-Side-Front of this Build-
ing (or before the Second Book) One
Inscrip-
Inscription to the most hopefull Prince, Charles, Prince of Wales; And, another to his deare Brother, James, Duke of Yorke, &c.

On the other Side-Front, (or before the Third Booke) One Inscription to the gratious Princesse, Frances Dutchesse-Dowager of Richmond and Lenox; And, another to her most noble Nephew, James Duke of Lenox, &c.

On the Fourth Front of our Square, (Or before the Fourth Booke) One Inscription to the right Honourable Philip Earle of Pembrooke and Montgomery, &c. And another to the right Honourable, Henry Earle of Holland, &c.
To the Majestie of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, the Most Illustrious King,

CHARLES;

And his excellently beloved, the most gracious Queen MARY. 1632.

Ev'n yeares are full expired, Royall Sir,
Since laft I kneel'd, an offering to preferre
Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw
To pay once more, the Tributes which I owe.

As many yeares are past, most beauteous Queen,
Since witnesses, mine ears and eyes, have beene
Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame
Hath founded forth, in honour of your Name.

And, both your beaming splendors (oh yee faire,
Thrice blest, and most fidy-matched Paire)
Upon each other, make such bright reflections;
And have so sweetly mingled your affections,
Your Praise, your Pow're, your Vertues, and your Beautie:
That, (if prefering of my Sovereigne dutie,
This may be said) you do appear, to me,
Two Persons, in One MAJESTY, to be;
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration)
Of your large Worth) the right of some Oblation:
And, best, I thought, my Homage would be done,
If, thus, the tender were to Both-in-One.
Which, in this humble Gift, my Love presents;
And, wifhest it may add to your Contents.
Perhaps it shall: For, though I dare not shew
These Figures, as well meriting your view;
Nor boast, as if their Moralls couched ought,
By which your sacred Wisdomes may be taught:
Yet, I have humble Hopes, that, they might
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight;
Since, meane and common Objects, now and then,
Beget contentments in the greatest-men.

But, that before this Booke, I should propose
Your pruifeful Names, there is (as I suppose)
A faire inducement: For, considering these
Arc Emblembs, whose intention is to please
And profit vulgar Judgements (by the view,
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)
And, I well knowing, that your MAJESTIES
Set forth before my Booke, in Emblem-wise,
Throughout your Lands, more Virtues might convey,

Than many Volumes, of these Emblems, may;

It seemed Petty-tooion, to omit

This good occasion of endeavouring it.

For, (if your Majesties, well needed, were)

You, double-treble-four-fold Emblems are;

Which, fully to illustrate, would require

The Wit I want; or, means to raise, that, higher

Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath flowne

By no encouragements, but by her owne.)

Of all the Virtues Oeconomicall,

Of Duties Moral and Politicall,

Your Lives are Patterns, and faire Emblems; whether

Considered apart, or both together.

Your Childhoods were bright Mirrors, which did show

What Duties, Children, to their Parents owe:

And, by the sequel, we now understand,

That, they who best obey'd, can best command.

The glorious Virtues of your Nuptiall-State,

Your Courtiers, find so hard to imitate,

That, they admire them, rather; and, would sweare,

(Had others told, what, now they see and hear.)

That, all the former Times, were not acquainted,

With such a Paire, when Kings and Queens were Sainted.

The chastest Cupids, and the gamesomst Graces,

Are alwayes mingled in your Dear-embrace.

The mutuall enterchanges of your Loves,

May teach affection to the Turtle-doves:

And, such as are, with goodly fites, delighted,

May see in You, all Excellence united.

You, SIR, who bear, lover Thunders in your Fift,

And, (make this Island Empire, when You lift)

Did never in your Orbe, a Tempest move.

But, by the Beautious Mistraife of your Love

It might be calmd; And, in your lofty Sphere,

Most lovely QUEENE, Your Martyrs ever were

So smooth, and, so direct; that, none can lay,

They have withdrawne his Royal heart away

From lust Desigues; Which, loudly speaks your Praise,

And, intimates much more, than, yet, it faces.

Yea, both Your Splendors doe so glorious growe,

And, You, each other, have out-vyed so,

In these, and other Virtues, that, on You,

Should I conferrre what praise I think, is due,

My Lines, (which from that flame have, yea, beene cleare)

Would Flatterly scene, unto an envious ear.

But, what needs Flattery, where the Truth may teach

To praise, beyond immodest Flatteries reach?

Or, what needs he to feare a flandrous mouthe,

Who feekes no heed, nor utteres more than Truth?

Your Princely Virtues, what can better flow,

Than Peace, and Plenty, which have thrived so,
Whilst you have reign'd that, yet, no people see,
A Richer, or more Peacefull time, than wee?
Your Civil Actions (to the publicke eye)
Are faire examples of Morallitie,
So manifest; That, if he Truth did sing,
Who said, The World doth imitate the King;
My Muses dare, with boldneffe to preface,
A Chart, a Pious, and a Prosperous Age:
And, that, the stormes which, late, these Realmes deterr'd,
Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd
Till you ascend; And, future times have scene,
That, your Examples have no: followed beene.
Thus, you are living Emblems, to this Nation:
Which being mark'd with heedfull speculare:
May serve, as well, to help us how to see
Our Happinesse, As, what our Duties be,
And, if I might unlocke all Mysterie,
Which doe declare, how in a fourc-fold-wife,
Your Lives are usefull Emblems; I, perchance,
Should vexe blind Zeale, or anger Ignorance:
And, teach well-temper'd Sprites, how to see,
That, we, for Blessings, oft, Unthankfull be.
For, as you, Both, Prime Children are of those
Two Sifter-Churches, betwixt whom, yet, growes
Unceemely strife; So, you, perhaps, may be.
An Emblem, how those Mothers may agree.
And, not by your Example, onely, thou,
How wrought it may be; but, effect it so.
Yea, peradventure, God, united you,
That, such a blessed Union might ensue:
And, that, Your living-lovingly, together;
Your Christian hopefullaesse, of one another;
Your milder forbearance, harsh attempts to proove;
Your mutual-wating, until God shall move
By some afinne-voice, or peacefull inspiration,
That Heart Which needeth better Information;
And, that, your Charities, might give a signe,
How, all the Daughters, of the Spous Divine
Might reconciled be; And, shew, that, Swords,
Flames, Threats, and Furies, make no true Accord.
God grant a better Union may appeare:
Yet, with I not the tollerating here,
Of Politicke-Agreements; Further than
Our wholesome Laws, and, Cruell-vowses to man,
With Piety, approved: but, such, as may
Make up a belted Concord, every way:
Might it be so; your Virtues, would become
A Glorious Blessing, to all Christendome:
Your Emblem should, by future Generations;
Be plac'd among the famous Constellations,
And, after times (though, Meth, this Age despifes)
Would think, these Verses, had beene Prophecies.
The Epistle, &c.

What ever may succeed, my Pray'rs and Pour's
Are this way bent; with Hope, that You or Yours
Shall Helps (at least) become, that Breach to close;
Which, in the Seamles-Robe, yet, wider growes.
So Be It: And, let bright your Glories bee,
Forever, though You never shine on Me.

Your Maiesties

most Loyall Subject,

Geo: Wither.
TO THE READER.

If there had not been some Bookes conceitedly composed, and suitable to meane capacities, I am doubfull, whether I had ever beene so delighted in reading, as thereby to attaine to the little Knowledge I have: For, I doe yet remember, that things honestly pleasant, brought mee by degrees, to love that which is truely profitable. And as David said, His Heart thowed him the wickednesse of the Vngodly; meaning perhaps, that hee felt in himselfe, some Experiments, of the same natural Corruption, by which they are overcome, who refift not evill suggestions at their first motions: Even so, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne Experience hath shownne mee so much of the common Ignorance and Infrmity in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, how those things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.

Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to encourage men to Vertue, than hath already beene said in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by these Endeavours, to bring that, the oftner into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed; and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Vniger, Salt, or common Water, (which are very meane Ingredients) make Sauces more pleasing to some taste, than Sugar, and Spices. In like manner, plain and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little Pleasantness, and relished with a moderate Sharpnesse, works that, otherwhile, which the most admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, wee have had frequent proofs, that a blunt left hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious Discourse.

I take little pleasures in Rymes, Fictions, or conceited Compositions, for their owne sake; neither could I ever take so much pains, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth, without Study; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in Wordy Flourishes, But, chiefly, because those Verball Conceits, which by some, are accounted most Elegant, are not only (for the greater part) Emptie Sounds and impertinent Clinches, in themselves; but, such Inventions, as do sometime, also, obscure the Sense, to common Readers; and, serve to little other purpose, but for Witty men to shew Tricks one to another: For, the Ignorant understand them not; and the Wise need them not.

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who most need instruction) may be made use of, to stirr up the Affections winne Attention, or help the Memory, I approve, and make use of, to those good purposes, according as my leisure, and the measure of my Facultie will permit; that, Vanitie
To the Reader.

might not, to worse ends, get them wholly into her Possession. For, I know that the meanest of such conceits are as pertinent to some, as Rattles, and Hobby-horses to Children; or as the A. B. C. and Spelling, were at first to those Readers, who are now past them. And, indeed, to despise mean Inventions, Pleasant Compositions, and Verball Elegancies, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or to banish them out of the world, because there be other things of more excellence, were as absurd, as to neglect and root out all Herbes, which will not make Potage; or, to destroy all Flowers which are less beautiful than the Tulip, or less sweet than the Rose.

I (that was never so full of wise) have always intermingled Sports with Seriousness in my Inventions; and, taken in Verball-conceits, as they came to hand, without Affectation; but, having ever aimed, rather to profit my Readers, than to gain their praise, I never pump’d for these things; and, among while, content’d to seem Foolish, (yea, and perhaps, more foolish than I am) to the Overweening-Wife; that, I may make others Wiser than they were: And, (as I now do) am not ashamed to set forth a Game at Lots, or (as it were) a Puppet-play in Pictures, to allure men to the more serious observation of the profitable Morals, cou’d in these Emblems. Neverthelasse, (if some have said, and thought truly) my Poems have instructed, and rectified many People in the Course of Honest-living, (which is the best Wife-come) much more than the Authorer Volumes of some critical Authors; who, are by the Common-fort, therefore only, judged Wise, because they compos’d Books, which few understand, save they who need them not.

In these Lots and Emblems. I have the same aim as which I had in my other Writings: and, though I have not dress’d them suitably to curious Fancies, yet, they yield wholesome nourishment to strengthen the constitution of a Good-life; and, have solidity enough for a Play-game, which was but accidentally compos’d; and, by this Occasion.

These Emblems, graven in Copper by Crispinus Passerus (with a Motto in Greek, Latin, or Italian, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or Verfes) in one of the same Languages, periphrasing those Motto’s) came to my hands, almost in use an hundred years past. The Verfes were so mean, that, they were afterward cut off from the Plates; And, the Collector of the said Emblems, (whether he were the Verfifier or the Graver, was neither so well advis’d in the Choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true Proprieties belonging to every Figure, as he might have been.

Yea, the Workmanship being judged very good, for the most part; and the rest excusable; some of my Friends were so much delight’d in the Gravers art, and, in these Illustrations, which for mine own pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that, they requested mee to Moralize the rest. Which I confided unto; And, they had beene brought to view many years agoe, but that the Copper Prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland, upon any reasonable Conditions.

If they were worthy of the Gravers and Printers cost, being only
To the Reader.

...they... Figures, little useful to any but to young Gravers or Painters, and as little delightful, except, to Children, and Childish-gazers; they may now be much more worthy; seeing the life of Speech being added unto them, may make them Teachers, and Remembrancers of profitable things.

I do not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the Learned; ye if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these Emblems, and their Morals, may remember them, either of some Dutie, which they might else forget, or mind them to beware of some Danger, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the Vulgar Capacities, may from them, in many ways both Instructed, and Remembred; yea, they that have most need to be Instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructions, and Remembrances, by the common Course of Teaching, and Admonishing) shall be, hereby, informed of their Dangers, or Duties, by the way of an honest Recreation before they be aware.

For, when levittie, or a childish delight in trifting Objects, hath allowed them to looke on the Pictures; Curiosite may urge them to peep further, that they might seeke out also thei? Meanings, in our annexed Illustrations; In which, may lurke some Sentence, or Expression so evidently pertinent to their Esteates, Persons or Affections, as will (at that instant or afterward) make way for those Considerations, which will, at last, wholly change them, or much better them, in their Conversation.

To seeke out the Author of every particular Emblem were a labour without profit; and I have beene so far from endeavouring it, that I have not so much care to find out their meanings in any of these Figures; but, applied them, rather, to such purposes, as I could thinke of; at first sight; which, upon a second view, I found might have beene much bettered, if I could have spared time from other employments. Sometime, also, I was Constrained, by obliging my selfe to observe the same number of lines in every Illustration; and, otherwise, I was thereby constrained to conclude, when my best Meditations were but now begonne: which (though it hath pleased some, by the more comely Vnformitie, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my Mule.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, both Literall and Matterall, and some Errors of the Gravers in the Figures. (as in the Tetragrammata, in the Figure of Arion: and in the Proprieties due to some other Hierogliphicks: but, for the most part, they are such, as Common-Readers will never perceive: and I thinke, that they who are Judicious, will, plainly finde them to be no faults of mine, that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertaine: and, You, to accept of these Play-games as you please: I bid you Farewell.
To the Reader.

The Occasion, Intention, and Use of the Four
Lotteries adjoynd to these four Books
of Emblems.

Stultorum plena sunt omnia. The world is grown so in Love
with Folly, that the Imprinting of over-solid and serious SPECIFICS
would undoe the Book-sellers; especially, being so chargeable
as the many costly Sculptures have made this Book: therefore,
to advance their Profits, rather than to satisfy my owne judg-ment.
I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely
to please the vulgar Capacitie, without hindrance to my chiefest End. And, though that which I resolved on, be not so Plausible
to Criticall understandings, yet I am contented to hazun among
them, so much of my Reputation, as that comes to.

I have often observ'd, that where the Summer-bowers of
Recreation are placed near the Church, it draws thinner people
from the remote Hamlets, than would else be there. Now,
though I praise not their Devotion, yet I am glad if any thing
(which is not evil) in itself) may be made occasion of Good:
(because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for
Conscience sake, which were at first begun upon vain occasions)
and, have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion
the more frequent notice of the Morals, and good Counsels
tended in their Illustrations; hoping that, at one time or other,
some shall draw those Lots, which will make them the better,
and the happier, whilst they live. I confess that this Device may
probably be censur'd, as unsuitable to the gravity expected in my
riple yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorun, as erecting an
Ale-houfe at the Church-flle; yet, the same having had beginning
in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of
it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be
someway ayeable: and perhaps, if the Wiser did otherwise,
when they walk abroad, to Vncertaine purposes, take up this
Booke, and (without Superstitious Conceites) make tryall what
their Lots would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; Is
might, now and then, either occasion better Proceedings, or pre-
vent Mischieves.

Some Games were ever in use; ever, I thinke, will be, and
for ought I know, ever may be without exception. And, I believe,
this Recreation, will be as harmless as any, if it be used accordin-
to my Intenstions. For, my meaning is not, that any should
use it as an Oracle, which could signifie, infallibly, what is divin-
ely allotted; but, to serve only for a Morall Pastime. And, that I
may no way encourage the secret entertaining of such a Fantast,
I doe before hand affirm unto them, that none but Children, or
Ideots may be tolerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.

Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot wherein his Secret vices
are reproved; or some good Counsels proposed, which in his owne
understanding are pertinent to his welfare, lest not such as those,
passe them over as mere Casualties to them; for, whatsoever
these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they are to all these,
To the Reader.

made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular Knowledges and Occasions.

Some will think perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde means to reprove mens vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) so ayme at particular persons: For, if any who are notoriously Guiltie, shall by drawing their Chances, among other Companions, be so fitted with Lots, (which may now and then happen) that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knowes them guilty; they do therin make their owne Libels; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not; I doe here warne all such as are worthily suspected of Haymous crimes, and Scandalous conversations, either to forbear these Lotteries; or to excuse me if they be justly shamed by their own Act.

Having thus declared the Reason of this Invention, and made these Anticipations; every man hath his choice, whether hee will make use of those Lotteries or no; hee that will, is left to his Chance, of which, how hee shall make tryall, direction is given in the two last Pages of this Booke.

This Game occasions not the frequent crime, Of Swearing, or mispending of our Time; Nor losse of money: For, the Play is short, And, ev'ry Gamester winneth by the sport.

Wee, therefore, know it may aswell become The Hall, the Parlor, or the Dining-room, As Chess, or Tables; and, we think the Price Will be as low; because, it needs no Dice.
What I WAS, is passed by,
What I AM, away doth fly;
What I SHAL BEE, none do see;
Yet, in that, my Beauties bee.

The AUTHORS Meditation upon
sight of his PICTURE.

When I behold my Picture, and receive,
How vain it is, our Portraitures to leave
In Lines, and Shadowes, (which make shewes to day,
Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)
And, thinke, what means Relimblances at best,
Are by Mechanical Instruments express'd;
I thought it better, much, to leave behind me,
Some Draught, in which my living friends might find me
The same I am; in that, which will remaine,
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:
And, which, in absence, will more truly show me,
Than outward Formes, so those, who think they know me.

For, though my gracious Maker made me such,
That, where I love, belov'd I am, as much
As I desire; yet, Forme, nor Features are,
Those Ornaments, in which I would appeare
To future Times; Though they were found in me,
Farre better, than I can beleive they be.
Much lesse, affect I that, which each man knowes,
To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,
Wherein, the Painters, or the Gravers tooke,
Befriends alike, the Wise-man, and the Foole:
And, (when they please) can give him, by their Art,
The fairest Face, that had the fairest Heart.

A Picture, though with most exactnesse made,
Is nothing, but the Shadow of a Shade.
For, ev'n our living Bodies, (though they seeme,
To others more, or more in our esteeme)
Are but the Shadowes of that Real Being,
Which doth extend beyond the Flethy-seeing;
And, cannot be discerned, till we rise
Immortal Objects, for Immortal eyes:

Our Everlasting Substance lies unseen,
Behind the Foldings, of a Carnall Screen,
Which is, but, Vapours thickned into Blood,
(By due concoction of our daily food),
And, still supplied, out of other Creatures,
To keepe us living, by their wasted naturrs:
Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,
Until that Vaile must be remov'd away.

For, this liv'd Fleth, wherewith, yet cloth'd we go,
Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;
'But, rather, something which is taken in,
To serve instead of what hath wasted bin,
In Wounds, in Sicknesses, in Colds, and Heates,
In all Excrecions, and in Fumes, and Sweates.

Nor,
Nor shall this present Flesh, long stay with us:
And, we may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.

For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that be
In Landskip drawne; Even so, me thinks, I see
A Glimpse, farre off, (through Faith's Prospective
Of that, which after Death, will come to passe; glasse)
And, likewise, gained have, such means of seeing,
Some things, which were, before my Life had being,
That, in my Soule, I should be discontent,
If, this my Body were, more permanent;
Since, Wee, and all God's other Creatures, here,
Are but the Pictures, of what shall appear.

Yet, whilst they are, I thankfully would make
That use of them, for their Creator's sake,
To which bee made them; and, preserve the Table,
Still, Fair and Full, as much as I were able,
By finishing, (in my alloted place)
Those Workes, for which, bee fits me by his Grace.
And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenn's just height shall soare,
No Eagle, for an Eagle, can doe more.

If therefore, of my Labours, or of Me, Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,
Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,
My Makers Image, was in me renew'd:
And, so declare, a dutifull intent,
To doe the Work I came for, ere I went;
That, I to others, may some Pattern be,
Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,
Have bee, whilst I had life: And, let my daies
Be summed up, to my Redeemer's praise.
So this be gained, I regard it not,
Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.
By Knowledge only, Life wee gaine,
All other things to Death pertain.
The Man that hath true Wisdom got,
Continues firm, and wavers not.

Till fixt, and with triumphant Laurel crown'd,
Is truest Wisdom; whom, expressed thus,
Among the old Impres't, we have found;
And, much, this Emblem hath instructed us.
For, hence we learn; that, Wisdom doth not flow
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry Blast,
Or small Occasion, turneth to and fro;
But, from a Settled head that standeth fast.
Who ever shoulders him, he gives no place;
What Storme soe're, his Times or Fortunes, breath,
He neither hides his Brow, nor turns his Face;
But, keepes his Lookes undaunted, ev'n in Death.
The Laureat head, upon the Pillar set,
Thus signifies; And that Baywreath doth show
That constant Wisdom will the conquest get,
When giddy Politie prevails not so.

If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,
Propose good Ends with honest Means thereto,
And therein Constant be, till thou hast brought
To perfect end, that Work, thou haft to doe.
Let neither flattering Pleasures, nor Disgrace,
Nor scoffing Censures, nor the cunning Sleighs
Of glazing Sycophants, divert that Race
To which, a harmelesse Prudence, thee invites.
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,
Keeps thou a plaine right Path; and let their Course,
For no advantage, make thee change from thine,
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.
He, thus that workes, puts Politic to Schoole,
And makes the Machavelian prove a fool.
The Law is given to direct;
The Sword, to punish and protect.

Hen God Almighty first engrav'd in stone
His holy Law; He did not give the same
As if some common Act had then beene done;
For, arm'd with Fires and Thunders, forth it came.
By which, that great Law-maker, might inferre
What dreadful vengeance would on those attend,
Who did against those holy Precepts err;
And, that, his Power, well doers could defend.
Thereto, this Emblem, also doth agree;
For, loe, before the Tables of the Lawe,
A naked Sword is borne, whose use may bee
As well to keep in Safety, as in Awe.
Whence, Princes (if they please) this note may take;
(And it shall make them happily to reign)
That, many good and wholesome Laws to make
Without an Executioner, is vain.
It likewise intimates, that such as are
In Soveraigne place, as well obliged be
Their zeal for true Religion to declare,
As, what concerneth Manners, to foresee.
It lastly, showeth that Princes should affect
Not only, over others to Command,
But Swords to weare, their Subjects to protect;
And, for their Guard, extend a willing hand.
For, Laws, or Peace to boath of; and, the whiles,
The Publique-meale, to weaken or disarm;
Is not the way to hinder Civill Broyles,
Nor to secure it from a Foraigne barme.
For, As by Laws a Land is kept in flame;
So, Armes is that, which must protect the same.
Occasions past are sought in vain; but oft, they wheel about again.

Nwife are they that spend their youthfull prime
In Vanities; as if they did suppose
That men, at pleasure, might redeem the time;
For, they a faire advantage fondly lose.
As ill-advis'd be those, who having lost
The first occasions, to despairing runne:
For, time hath revolutions; and, the most,
For their affairs, have seasons more, then one.
Nor is their folly small, who much depend
On transient things, as if their powre
Could bring to passe what should not have an end;
Or compass that, which time will not devour.

The first occasions, therefore, see thou take
(Which oftred are) to bring thy hopes about;
And, minde thou, still, what haste away they make,
Before thy swift-pac't houres are quite runne out.
Yet, if an opportunity be past,
Despair not thou, as they that hopelesse be;
Since, time may so revolve againe, at last,
That new occasions may be offered thee.
And see, thou trust not on those fading things,
Which by thine owne endeavours thou acquir'st:
For, time (which her owne births to ruine brings)
Will spare, nor then, nor ought which thou desir'st.
His properties, and yes, what they are,
In-vaine observ'd will be, when he is fled:
That, they in season, therefore, may appear;
Our emblem, thus, hath him deciphered;
Balde sawe before, and standing on a wheel:
A razor in his hand, a winged heel.
By Labour, Vertue may be gain'd;
By Vertue, Glorie is attain'd.

Illust. V.

Book I.

Suppose you Sirs, those mimicke Ape's you meet,
In strange fantasticke habits e or the Rabble,
That in gay clothes embroider out the street,
Are truly of Worshipfull or Honorable?
Or can you think, that, To be borne the Sonne
Of some rich Alderman, or ancient Peer,
Or that the Fame our Predecessors wonne
May claim those Wreathes which true Deserving weare?
Is Honour due to those, who spend their days
In courting one another e or confuming
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabb's and Playes?
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?
Not so. For, (though such Foole's, like children, place
Gay Titles on each other) Wise-men know
What slaves they be; how miserably base;
And, where such Attributes would better show.

An idle Body clothes a vicious Mind;
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the fame,
is nothing else, but thinking Smoke and Winde;
Or frothie Bubbles of an empty Fame.
True Glory, none did ever purchase, yet,
Till, to be Vertuous they could first attain;
Nor shall those men faire Vertues favour get,
Who labour not, such Dignities to gaine.
And, this Impresa doth inferre no lesse:
For, by the Spade, is Labour here implide;
The Snake, a vertuous Prudence, doth expresse;
And, Glorie, by the Wreath is Typided.
For, where a vertuous Industry is found,
She, shall with Wreaths of Glory, thus be crown'd.
Though Fortune prove true Vertues Foe,
It cannot worke her Overthrowe.

Nnappy men are they, whose Ignorance
So haves them to the Fortune of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of Chance)
Neglect by Fortue, and Deserts, to clime.
Poore Heights they be which Fortune rearres unto;
And, fickle is the Favour she bestowes:
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undo;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.
On case Wheels, to Wealth, and Honours high,
She windes men oft, before they be aware;
And, when they dreame of most Prosperity,
Downe, headlong, throwes them lower then they were.

You, then, that fecke a more affur'd estate,
On good, and honest Objects, fixe your Minde,
And follow Fortue, that you may a Fate
Exempt from fear of Change, or Dangers, finde.
For, he that's Fortunate, whether high or low
His Fortune feemes (or whether soule or faire
His Path he findes) or whether friend, or foe,
The World doth prove; regards it not a hair.
His Loss is Gaine; his Poverty is Wealth;
The Worlds Contempt, he makes his Diadem;
In Sickness, he rejoyceth, as in Health:
Yea, Death it felle, becommeth Life, to him.
He feares no disrespect, no bitter scorne,
Not subtle plottings, nor Oppressions force;
Nay, though the World should topsie-turvie turne,
It cannot fright him, nor divert his Course.
Above all Earthly powres his Fortue reares him;
And, up with Egles wings, to Heau'n it beares him.
A fickle Woman wanton growne,
Preferes a Crowd, before a Crowne.
This Ragge of Death, which thou shalt see, 
Consider it; And Pious bee.

Hy, Silly Man! So much admirest thou
Thy present Fortune? Overvaluing so
Thy Person, or the beauty of thy Brow?
And Glory'd, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe?
Why dost thou live in riotous Excess?
And Boast, as if thy Flesh immortal were?
Why dost thou gather so? Why so oppress'd?
And, O're thy Fellow-creatures, Domineere?
Behold this Emblem, such a thing was hee
Whom this doth represent as now thou art;
And, such a Fleshless raw bone (halt thou bee,
Though, ye, thou seeming to act a comelier part.
Observe it well; and marke what Vglinefse
Stares through the sightlesse Eye holes, from within:
Note those lean Cagigs, and with what Gaslinefse,
That horrid Couatenance doth seeme to grin.
Yea, view it well; and having seen the same
Plucke downe that Pride which puffes thy heart so high;
Of thy Proportion boast not, and (for shame)
Repent thee of thy sinfull Vanity.
And, having learn'd, that, all men must become
Such bare Anatomies; and, how this Fate
No mortall Powre, nor Wit, can keepe thee from;
Live so, that Death may better thy estate.
Consider who created thee; and why:
Renew thy Spirit, ere thy Flesh decays:
More Pious grow; Affect more Honestie;
And seek hereafter thy Creators praiie.
So though of Breath and Beauty Time deprive thee,
New Life, with endless Glorie, God will give thee.
Before thou bring thy Workes to Light,
Consider on them, in the Night.

ILLVSTR. IX.

N Owle (the Hieroglyphicke us'd for Night)
Twixt Mercury and Pallas, here takes place,
Upon a crown'd Caduceus fixt upright
And, each a Cornucopia doth imbrace.
Through which darke Emblem, I this Light perceive
That, such as would the Wit and Wealth acquire,
Which may the Crowne of approbation have,
Must wake by Night, to compass their desire.
For, this Mercurian Wand, doth Wit express;
The Cornucopia, Wealthiness implies;
Both gained by a studious Watchfulness;
Which, here, the Bird of Athens signifies.

Nor, by this Emblem, are we taught alone,
That, (when great Undertakings are intended)
We Sloth, and lumpish Drowsiness must shunne;
But, Rashness, also, here is reprehended.
Take Counsell of thy Pillow, (faith our Saviour)
And, ere in weighty Matters thou proccede,
Consider well upon them; lest they draw
Some Afterclaps, which may thy Mischiefe breede.

I, for my seriu'lt Muses, chufe the Night;
(More friend to Meditation, then the Day)
That neither Noyse, nor Objects of the Sight,
Nor bus'nesses, withdraw my Thoughts away.
By Night, we best may ruminate upon
Our Purposes; Then, best, we may enquire
What Actions wee amisse, or well, have done;
And, then, may best into our Selves retire:
For, of the World-without, when most we see,
Then, blindest to the World-within, are wee.
An Innocent no Danger fears,
Flow great soever it appears.

Hen some did seek Arion to have drown'd,
He, with a dreadsffe heart his Temples crown'd,
And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,
He play'd on his melodious Instrument,
To shew, that Innocence disdain'd Fear
Though to be swallow'd in the Deepes it were.
Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe
A Dolphin took him, for his Mufick's sake:
To intimate, that Virtue shall prevail
With Brutes Creatures, if with Man it fail.

Most vain is then their Hope, who dreame they can
Make wretched, or undo, an Honest Man:
For, he whom Vertuous Innocence adornes,
Injures o're Cruelties: and, Perill Scornes.
Yea, that, by which, Men purpose to undo him,
(In their delight) shall bring great Honoirs to him.

Arion-like, the Malice of the World,
Hath into Seas of Troubles often hurl'd
Deserving Men, although no Cause they had,
But that their Words and Workes sweet Mufick made.
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them;
Nor means, nor hopes of Comfort have beene left them;
But such, as in the Houfe of Mourning are,
And, what Good-Conscience can afford them there.
Yet, Dolphin-like, their Innocence hath read:
Their Heads above those Danger that appear'd.
God hath vouch saf'd their harmelesse Cause to heed,
And, ev'n in Thrallome, so their Hearts hath freed,
That, whilst they seem'd opprest and forlorne
They joy'd, and Sang, and Laugh'd the World to scorn.
Some text from the image...
As to the World I naked came,
So, naked stript I leave the same.

His Minde above that pitch the Worldling flies,
And by his Contemplations, hovers where
He viewes things mortall, with unbleared eyes.
What Trifles then doe Villages and Townes
Large Fields or Flockes of fruitfull Castell seeme;
Nay, what poore things are Misters, Scepters, Crownes,
And all those Glories which Men most eeteeme;
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,
Brave things imagines them (because they blinde
With some false Luftre his beguiled fight)
He that's above them, their meane-Worth may finde.

Lord, to that Blessed-Station me convey
Where I may view the World, and view her so,
That I her true Condition may survey;
And all her Imperfections rightly know.
Remember me, that once there was a Day
When thou didst weane me from them with content;
Ev'n when shut up within those Gates I lay
Through which the Plague-inflicting Angel went.
And, let me still remember, that an Hour
Is hourly comming on, wherein I shall
(Though I had all the World within my powre)
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.
But minde me, chiefly, that I never cleave
Too closely to my Selfe; and cause thou me,
Not other Earthly things alone to leave,
But to forfake my Selfe for love of Thee:
That I may say, now I have all things left,
Before that I of all things, am bereft.
To him a happy Lot befalls
That hath a Ship, and prosp’rous Gales.

O wonder he a prosp’rous Voyage findes
That hath both Sailes and Oares to serve his turne,
And, still, through meanes of some propitious Winds
Is to his wished Harbour, swiftly borne.
Nor is it much admir’d, if they that lacke
Those aydes (on which the Common faith depends)
Are from their hoped aymes repelled backe,
Or made to labour for unfruitfull ends.
Yet neither in the Ship, Wind, Oares, or Sailes,
Nor in the want of Outward meanes, alone,
Consists it, that our Hope suceedes or failes;
But, most in that, which Men least thinke upon.
For, some endeavour, and their Paines are blest
With Gales which are so fortunate, that they
Fly safe, and swiftly on, among the best,
Whil’t others labour, and are cast away.
Some others, on this Worlds wide Ocean flote,
And neither Wind, nor Tide assistant have,
Nor Saile, nor Oare, nor Anchor, nor found Boate,
Nor take so much as heede themselves to save;
And yet are safe: A third sort, then, there are
Who neither want fit Meanes, nor yet neglect
The painfull Industring, or honest Care,
Which Need requires; yet find small good effect.
Therefore, let that which you propofe, be just;
Then, use the fairest Meanes, to compasse it:
And, though Meanes faile, yet foster no mistrust;
But fearlesly, to God, your Course commit;
For, Hee, to Faithfull Hearts; and Honest Mindes
Turnes Loss to Gaine; and Stormes to prosp’rous Winds.

Though
Though he endeavour all he can,
An Ape, will never be a Man.
Beleeve I pray you, how the greedy Flame
The Fewell, on an Altar doth consume.
How it destroyeth that which feedes the same,
And how the Nourisher away doth consume.
For, so it fares with Parents that uphold
Their thriftlesse Children in unlawfull Pleasures:
With Care, it weares them out, ere they are old;
And ere their Lives consume, consumes their Treasures.
So fares it with such Wantons as doe feede
Vnchaft Desires; for, ev'ry day they grow
Vntil their Longings, their Supplies exceede,
And, quite devour those men that fed them so.
So fares it with all those that spend their Youth
In lab'ring to enrich ungratefull Men,
Who, growing Great, and Wealthy, by their Truth,
Return them Smoke and Ashes backe agen.
So fares it with good State Men, who to keepe
A thankelesse Commonwealth in happy Peace,
Deprive their Minds of Rest, their Eyes of Sleepe,
And, waste themselves, that others may encrease.
And, so it fares with Men that passe away
Their time in Studies, (and their Healths impaire)
That helps to other men become they may,
And, their defective Knowledges, repaire.
But, let my Flesh, my Time, and my Estate,
Be so consumed; so spent; so wasted bee,
That they may nourish Grace, and perfec that
For which all these were first befooke'd on me:
So when I quire am vanisht'd out of seeing,
I shall enjoy my Now-concealed-Being.
When we observe the Ball, how to and fro
The Gamesters force it; we may ponder thus:
That whilst we live we shall be played with to,
And that the World will make her Game of us.
Adversities, one while our hearts constraine
To stoope, and knock the Pavements of Despair;
Hope, like a Whirlwind mounts us up again,
Till it lofe us in the empty ayre.
Sometimes, above the Battlements we looke;
Sometimes, we quite below the Line are toste.
Another while, against the Hazard strooke,
We, but a little want, of being loft.
Detraction, Envy, Mischief, and Despair,
One Partie make, and watchfully attend
To catch us when we rise to any Height;
Left we above their hatred should ascend.
Good Fortune, Praisers, Hopes, and Industries,
Doe side together, and make Play to please us;
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
More great they make our Fall, and more displease us.
Yea, they that feke our Loss, advance our Gaine;
And to our Wishes, bring us off the higher:
For, we that else upon the Ground had laine,
Are, by their striking of us lifted higher.
When Balls against the Stones are hardest throwne,
Then highest up into the Aire they fly.
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:
And, when they smite us quite unto the Ground,
Then, up to Heav'n, we trust, we shall rebound.
Till God hath wrought us to his Will,
The Hammer we shall suffer still.

ILLUST. XVII.

But that foolish world discourage Men,
In just endurances or bid them shunne
Good Actions, 'cause they suffer now and then,
For doing well, as if some ill were done:
Ere plates extended are, they must abide
A thousand hammerings; and, then that which fill'd
So little room, it scarce your Hand could hide,
Will serve a goodly Monument to gild.
So, he that hopes to winne an honest Name,
Must many blows of Fortune undergo,
And hazard, oft, the blast of Evil Fame,
Before a Good Report her Trumpet will blow.
A thousand Worthies had unworthily
Been raked up in Ashes and in Clay,
Unknowne and bury'd in Obscurity,
If Malice had not fill'd their Ruft away.
But, lo; their lasting prayers now are spread,
And rais'd, by Adverse Chance, to such a height,
That they most glorious are, now they are dead;
And live in Injuries, and Deaths, despitful.
For, by Afflictions, man refined growes,
And, (as the Gold prepared in the Fire)
Received such a Forme by wrongs and blowes,
That he becomes the best we desire.
To thee therefore, Oh God! My Prayers are
Not to be freed from Griefes and Troubles quite;
But, that they may be such as I can bear;
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight,
This please me still, though all my Life time, I
Betweene thine Anvil and the Hammer, lie.
From thence, where Nets and Snares are laid, Make-hast; lest els you be betray’d.

He nimble Spider from his Entrailes draws A little Thread, and curious art doth shew In weaving Nets, not much unlike those Laws Which catch Small-Thieves, and let the Great-ones goe. For, as the Cob-web takes the leffer Flies, When those of larger size break through their Snares; So, Poore-men smart for little Injuries, When Rich men scape, whose Guilt is more then theirs. The Spider, also representeth such Who very curious are in Trifling things, And neither Cost, nor Time, nor Labour grutch, In that which neither Gaine nor Pleasure brings. But those whom here that Creature doth implye Are chiefly such, who under cunning shewes Of simple-Meanings (or of Curtesie) Doe silly Men unwarily abuse. Or else, it means those greedy Cormorants Who without touch, of Confidence or Compassion, Seek how to be enrich by others wants, And bring the Poore to utter Defolation. Avoyd them therefore, though compell’d by need; Or if a Storme inforce, (yea lab’ring Bees) That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed From their Commerce, when Calmer your passage frees. Much more, let wastful Gallants haste from these; Else, when those Idling-painted Butterflies, Have flutter’d out their Summer-time, in cafe, (And spent their Wealth in foolish Vanities) The Blasts of Want may force them to be brought For shelter thither, where they shall be caught.
When thou a Dangerous Way dost goe,
Walke surely, though thy pace be flowe.

Xperience proves, that Men who trust upon
Their Nat'rall parts, too much, oft lose the Day,
And, faile in that which els they might have done,
By vainely trifling precious Time away.
It also shewes, that many Men have sought
With fo much Rashness, those things they desir'd,
That they have brought most likely Hopes to nought;
And, in the middle of their Courses, tir'd.
And, not a few, are found who fo much wrong
God's Gratiounness, as if their thinking were,
That (seeing he deferres his Judgements long)
His Vengeance, he, for ever, would forbear:
But, such as these may see wherein they faile,
And, what would fitter be for them to doe,
If they would contemplatte the slow-pac'd Snail;
Or, this our Hieroglyphicke look into:
For, thence we learn, that Perseverance brings
Large Workes to end, though slowly they creepe on;
And, that Continuance perfects many things,
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.
It warnes, likewise, that some Affairs require
More Heed then Hastie: And that the Course we take,
Should suited as well our Strength, as our Desire;
Elle (as our Proverbe faith) Hastie, Waste may make.
And, in a Mystickke-sense, it seemes to preach
Repentance and Amendment, unto those
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond God's reach;
Because, he long deferres deserved Blowes:
For, though swift Vengeance moveth like a Snail,
And slowly comes; her comming will not faile.
Some Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it ever so vaine)
Proceed as if their Projects were as sure,
As when Sound Reason did their Course maintayne:
And these not much unlike those Children are,
Who through a Storme advent'ring desperately,
Had rather on their Heads a Shew to beare,
Then Cour'sies, that may serve to keepe them drye.
For, at a distance that perchance is thought
A helpfull Shelter; and, yet, proves to those
Who need the fame, a Toy, which profits nought;
Because, each drop of Raine quite through it, goes.
So, they, whose foolish Projects, for a while,
Do promisie their Projectors hopfull ends,
Shall finde them, in the Tryall, to beguile;
And, that both Shame and Want, on them attends.
Such like is their eflare, who, (to appeare
Rich men to others) doe, with Inward-payne,
A gladsome out-ward Port desire to beare;
Though they at last nor Wealth nor Credit gaine.
And, such are all those Hypocrites, who strive
Fals Hearts beneath Faire spoken Words to hyde:
For, they o'evaile themselves but with a Shew,
Through which, their purposes at length are hyde.
And, then, they either woefully-lament
Their Brutish-folly, or so hardned grow
In Sinning, that they never can repent,
Now, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.
But no false Fable can serve (when God will smite
To save a Scorn, or an Hypocrite.)
Death is no Loss, but rather, Gaine; For wee by Dying, Life attain...
MY hopeful Friends at thrice five yeares and three,
Without a Guide (into the World alone)
To seeke my Fortune, did adventure mee;
And, many hazards, I alighted on.
First, Englands greatest Reverence I sought,
Where VICE and VERTUE at the highest sit;
And, thither, both a Minde and Bodie brought,
For neither of their Services unfit.
Both, woo'd my Youth: And, both persuaded so,
That (like the Young man in our Emblem here)
I stood, and cry'd, Ah! which way shall I goe?
To me fo pleasing both their Offers were,
VICE, Pleasures best Contentments promis'd mee,
And what the wanton Flesh desires to have:
Quoth VERTUE, I will Willsome give to thee,
And those brave things, which noblest Minds do crave.
Serve me said VICE, and thou shalt some acquire
All those Achievements which my Service brings:
Serve me said VERTUE, and I'll raise thee higher,
Then VICES can, and teach thee better things.
Whil'st thus they strove to gaine me, I espied
Grim Death attending VICE, and, that her Face
Was but a painted Fiend, which did hide
The foul'st Deformity that ever was.
LORD, grant me grace for evermore to view
Her Vgliness: And, that I viewing it,
Her Falsehoods and allurements may eschew;
And on faire VERTUE my Affection set:
Her Beauties contemplate, her Love embrace,
And by her safe Direction, runne my Race.
He lick'rish Beare to rob the Honey Bees
Among their flinging-Swarms thrnfts in his pawes;
Adventur eth to clime up hollow Trees,
And from their Cells, the well-fil'd Combes he drawes:
Right fo, the Sensuall Man that he may gaine
His bruitish Luft, a thousand prills dares;
And, that his Lawlesse-will he may attaine,
Nor Conscience, Credit, Cost, nor Labour spares.
'Twere shamefull baseness, therefore, if that he
Who knoweth Vertue, and is thought her Lover,
Should fo by any Perills frighted bee,
To make him such Affections to give-over.
For, why should that Vaine-Crew whose Valour springs
From beastly Fury, or inflamed-Passion,
Enabled be to compasse bolder things;
Then Sober.Wit, and Grave Consideration?
Or, why should lifping Wantons, for their Luft
So much adventure as one finger, there,
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust
For Vertues Glory, if it needfull were?
For, though her Sweetnesse fast is closed-in
With many Thorns, and such a Prickling-guard,
That we must smart, before that Prize we winne,
The Paine is follow'd, with a Rich Reward,
By Suffering, I have more Contentment had,
Then ever I acquir'd by Slothfull Eafe;
And, I by Griefe, so joyfull have beene made,
That I will beare my Croffe, while God shall please.
For, so at last my Soule may joy procure,
I care not, in my Flesh what I endure.
Who by good Means, good things would gaine,  
Shall never seeke, nor ask in vaine.

N vaine faire Cynthia never taketh paines,  
Nor faints in follow'ing her desired Game;  
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straikes,  
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.  
Her Picture, therefore, in this place doth shew  
The Nature of their Minds who Cynthia-like,  
With Constancy their Purposes pursue,  
And faint not till they compass what they seeke.  
For, nought more God-like in this World is found,  
Then so Resolved a man, that nothing may  
His Resolution alter or confound,  
When any task of Worth, he doth affay.  
Nor, is there greater Baseness, then those Minds  
That from an Honest-purpose, can be wrought  
By Treasurings, Bribes, Smooth-Gales or Boys'rous Windes,  
What ever colour or excuse be brought.  
You then, that would, with Pleafure, Glory gaine,  
Diana-like, those modest things require,  
Which truly may becomce you to attaine;  
And strouely follow that which you desire:  
For, changing though the Moon to us appeare,  
She holds a firme Dependence on the Sunne;  
And, by a Constant-Motion, in her Sphere  
With him, doth in Conjunction often runne:  
So, Constant-men, still move their hopes to winne;  
But, never by a Motion-indirec;  
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,  
Vn'till they bring their purpose to effect.  
For, whosoever Honest things requires,  
A Promise hath of all that he desires.
Oft Shooting, doth not Archers make;
But, hitting right the Mark they take.

Hen to the Fields we walk to looke upon
Some skilfull Mark-man: so much heede we not
How many Arrows from his Bowe are gone,
As we observe how nigh the Mark he shot:
And, justly we deride that Man who spends
His Time and Shafts, but never ayre doth take
To hit the White; or foolishly pretends,
The number of the Shots, doth Archers make.
So, God, who marketh our Endeavours, here,
Doth not by tale, account of them receive;
But, heedeth rather how well meant they were,
And, at his Will how rightly aym'd we have.

It is not mumbling over thrice a day
A Set of Ave Maries, or of Creeds;
Or many houres formally to pray;
When from a dull Devotion it proceeds:
Nor is it, up and downe the Land to seek
To finde those well breath'd Lecturers, that can
Preach thrice a Sabbath, and five times a weeke,
Yet be as fresh, as when they first beganne:
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by Number
Which God respects: Nor doth his Wisedome crave
Those many Vainties, wherewith some cumber
Their Bodies, as if those their Soules could live.
For, not Much-doing, but Well-doing, that
Which God commands, the Doer, justifies.
To pray without Devotion, is to Prate;
And, Hearing is but halfe our Exercise.
We ought not, therefore, to reward, alone,
How often, but how Well, the Work be done.
With Patience, I the Storme sustaine;
For, Sun-shine still doth follow Raine.

He little Squirrel, hath no other Food
Then that which Nature's thrifty hand provides;
And, in purveying up and downe the Wood,
She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.
She lyes not heartlesse in her Mossie Drey,
Nor feareth to adventure through the Raine;
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,
Vntill the Season waxeth calme again.
Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;
For, when we first into the World were brought,
We found but little, for our Vfe prepar'd,
Save that, which by Hard-Labour, must be sought.
In many Stormes, unheeded, we are faie
To seeke out needfull things; and, smilingly
To jest, at what some others would complaine:
That, none might laugh at our Necessity.
Yea, some have liv'd on Huskes, whil'st others fed
On that which was their Labours due Reward;
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.
Yet, by Enduring, they out-liv'd the Blast
Of Adverse-Fortune; and, with good successe,
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,
Arrived at the Port of Happinesse.
Their Saffring much, hath made their Saffrings none;
And brought forth Hopes, by which, perceive they may,
That Nights have but their Turnes; and (they once gone)
Their Darkeness, makes much welcome, the Day.
All Griefe shall have an ending, I am sure;
And, therefore, I with Patience, will Endure.
Where Hellen is, there will be Warre;  
For, Death and Lust, Companions are.

Heir foolish Guise, I never could affect;  
Who dare, for any cause, the Stewes frequent:  
And, thither, where I justly might suspect  
A Strumpet liv'd, as yet, I never went.
For, when (as Fools pretend) they goe to seeke  
Experience, where more Ill then Good, they see;  
They venture for their Knowledge, Adam-like;  
And, such as his, will their Achievements bee.
Let, therefore, those that would loose Truths detest,  
Converse with none, but those that modest are;  
For, they that can of Whoredome make a Jeff,  
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.
Chaft Company, and Chaft Discourse, doth make  
The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;  
And, frequent viewes of Wantonneffe, will take  
The Sense and Hatred, of the Vice away.
Some, I have knowne, by Harlots Wiles undone,  
Who, but to see their Fashions, first pretended;  
And, they that went for Company, alone,  
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their Dayes have ended.
For, in the Lodgings of a Lustfull Woman,  
Immodest Impudence hath fill her Being;  
There, Furies, Fraud, and Cruelties are common:  
And, there, is Want, and Shame, and Disagreing.
Evn Beauty, of it fedle, stirres loose Desires,  
Occasioning both Jealousies, and Feares;  
It kindleth in the Breast, concealed Fires,  
Which burne the Heart, before the Flame appears:  
And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;  
That, there, where Hellen is, Troyes Fate will bee.
No Inward Grieve, nor outward Smart, 
Can overcome a Patient-Heart.

Illustr. XXVIII. Book. I.

Some Trees, when Men oppresse their Aged Heads, 
(With weighty Stones) they frustrate the more; 
And, when upon some Herbs, the Gard'ner treads, 
They thrive and prosper, better then before:

So, when the Kings of Egypt did oppresse 
The Sonnes of Jacob, through their Tyrannies; 
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease, 
Till they grew greater then their Enemies. 
So, when the Jews and Gentiles, joy'd their Powre 
The Lord, and his Annoy'd, to withstand; 
(With raging Furies, lab'ring to devour 
And roote the Gospel, out of Ev'n Land)
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd, 
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murdered; 
The more, the Faithfull, still, were multiply'd: 
And, still, the further, their Profession spread. 
Yea, so it spread, that quite it overthrow 
Ev'n Tyranny it felte; that, at the last, 
The Patience of the Saints, most pow'rfull grew, 
And Persecutions force, to ground was cast. 
The selfe-same Pow'r, true Patience, yet retaines, 
And (though a thousand Sufferings wound the same) 
She still hath Hope enough to eafe her paynes; 
That Hope, which keepeth off, all Fear and Shame: 
For, 'tis not Hunger, Cold, nor Fire, nor Steele, 
Nor all the Scomes or Slander, we can heare, 
Nor any Torment, which our Flesh can feele, 
That conquers us; but, our owne Tray'trous Fear. 
Where, Honest MIndes, and Patient Hearts, are Mates; 
They grow victorious, in their Hardest Fates.
By many Strokes, that Work is done,
Which cannot be perform'd at One.

Elpaire not Man, in what thou oughtst to doe,
Although thou faile when one Attempt is made;
But, add a New-Eavour thereunto,
And, then another, and another, addde:
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,
Persist in seeking what thou shouldst desire,
For, he that falleth from a good Intent,
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.
Rich Treasures, are by Nature, placed deepe;
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the Rocks:
Such Perills, also, them, as Guardians keepe,
That, none can winne them without wounds and knockes.
Moreover, Glories, Thrones are so sublime,
That, whosoever thinkes their Top to gaine,
Till many thoufand weary steps he clime,
Doth foole himelfe, by Mufings which are vaine.
And, yet, there is a Path way, which doth leade
Above the highest things that Man can fet;
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread
The Common-Trail) it may ascended be.
As, therefore, none should greater things presume
Then well becomes their strength; So, none should feare
(Through Folly, Sloth, or Bafenefte) to assume
Those things upon them, which befeeming are.
In Time, and by Degrees may things be wrought,
That seem'd impossible to have beene done,
When they were first conceived in the thought;
And, such as these, we may adventure on.
Mine Arm, I know, in time will fell an Oke;
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a Stroke.
Afflictions Fire consumeth Sinne;
But, Vertue taketh Life therein.

Hether the Salamander be a Beast,
Or Precious-Stone, which overcomes the Flame,
It skills not; Since, by either is express
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:
Both brooke the Fire unhurt; And (more then so)
The fiercer and the longer Heats there are,
The livelier in the same the Beast will grow;
And, much the brighter, will the Stone appeare.
This Crowned-Salamander in the Fire,
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie
Those, who in Fiery Charriots, doe aspire
Elijah-like, to Immortality:
Or, those Heroick-spirits, who unharm'd
Have through the Fires of Troubles, and Affliction,
(With Vertue, and with Innocencie arm'd)
Walkt onward, in the Pathway, of Perfection.
The Fiery Tryall, which like Wood and Hay,
Consumes the Workes of e'ry Wicked-one;
(And maketh all their Hopes to fume away)
Doth purifie what Faithful-men have done.
Thy triumph in the Flames, and shall obtaine
The glorious Crowne of Endlesse-Happiness,
When all that show of Bliss appeareth vaine,
Which Woldly men have seemed to possesse.
For, though some Sinnes and Follies, gilded are,
And shine like purest Gold, and Precious-Stones;
This Test, will finde of what Allay they were,
And, make them knowne but Counterfeited Ones:
For, in this Furnace, all such Wormes expire;
And, none but Vertue liveth in this Fire.
Hee, over all the Starres doth raigne,
That unto Wifdome can attaine.

Am not of their Minde, who thinke the Sun,
The Moone, the Planets, and those glorious Lights
Which trim the Spheres, doe in their Motions run
To no more purpose, then to please our Sights,
Nor for distinguishing of Nights, and Days,
Or of the Seasons, and the Times, alone,
Can I suppose the Hand of God displays
Those many Starres, we nightly gaze upon:
For, both by Reason, and by Common-sense
We know (and often feel) that from above
The Planets have, on us, an Influence;
And, that our Bodies vary, as they move.
Moreover, Holy Writ inferres, that these
Have some such pow'r; even in those Places, where
It names Orion, and the Pleiades,
Which, Starres of much inferior Nature are.
Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the Minde
Is by the Starres constrained to obey
Their Influence; or, so by them inclin'd,
That, by no means reful the same we may.
For, though they forme the Bodies temperature,
(And though the Minde inclineth after that)
By Grace, another Temper we procure,
Which guides, the Motions of Supposed Fate.
The Soule of Man is nobler then the Spheres;
And, if I gain the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth, the Rule it bears,
But, is the Lord, of all that God hath made.
Be wise in him; and, if just cause there bee,
The Sunne and Moone, shall stand and wayr on thee.
A Prince's most ennobling Parts,
Are Skill in Armes, and Love to Arts.

Right blest are they on whom God hath beftowne
A King, whose Vertues have approved him
To be an Ornament unto his Throne,
And as a Lustrze to his Diadem.
Hee feekes not onely how to keepe in awe
His People, by those meanes that rightfull are;
But, doth unto himfelfe, become a Law,
And, by Example, Pious Wares declare.
He, loveth Peace, and after it pursues;
Yet, if of Warre a jult occasion come,
Doth nor Bellona's Challenges refufe,
Nor feare, to beat Defyance on his Drum;
He is as ready, also, to advance
The Lib'ral Arts, and from his Lands to drive
All false Religion, Schifme, and Ignorance,
As other publike profits to contrive.
And, such a Prince is not a Casuall-thing,
The Glories of a Throne, by Chance, possesing;
Nor meerely from his Parents, doth he spring,
But, he is rather Gods immediate Blessing.
If thou defireft such a Prince to be,
Or, to acquire that Worth which may allure
Such Princes to vouchsafe some Grace to thee;
Their Kingly Vertues, labour to procure.
In Military Practices delight,
Not for a wicked, or vaie-glorious end;
But, to maintaine the Caufe that is upright,
Or thy deftrifed Country to defend.
And, strive that thou, as excellent mayft bee
In Knowledge, as, thou art in thy Degree.
True-Lovers Lives, in one Heart lye, Both Live, or both together Dye.

Illustr. XXXIII.

He that shall say he Loves, and was againe So well-belov'd, that neither Hee nor Shee Susp. &ts each other, neither needs to gaine New proofes, that they in all Desires agree; And, yet, shall coole againe in their Affection, (And leave to Love) or live till they are Lovers The second-time; It some groffe Imperfection In One (if not in Both) of them discovers.

It was not Love which did between them grow; But, rather, somewhat like unto the fame; Which (having made a faire deceiving Show) Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.

For, False-Affections will together play So lovingly; and, oft, to act those Parts Which reall seeme; that, for a time, they may App:are the Children of Unsign'd Hearts: Yea, Many-times, true Turtles are deceiv'd By counterfeited Passions, till their Love Of her true Object finde: her selfe bereav'd; And, after it, is forced to remove:

But, where True Love begeteth, and enjoys The proper Object, which shee doth desire, Nor Time, nor Injury the same destroyes; But, it continues a Perpetuall Fire.

Like am'rous Thisbe to her Pyramus,
On all occasions, it continues true:
Nor Night, nor Danger, makes it timorous;
But, through all Perills, it will him pursue. Thus, both in Life, in Death, in all estates, True Lovers will be true-Associates.
When Two agree in their Desire,  
One Spark will set them both on Fire.

Illustr. XXXIV.  

When Western Indians, when they want a Fire  
To warm their naked limbs, or dress their Food,  
At every need, accomplish their Desire,  
By often rubbing of two Sticks of Wood.  
From whence, these Observations we may take;  
First, that in them whole Natures gentlest are,  
A long Contention such a Change may make,  
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.  
Next, that when Two in Opposition bee,  
Whole power and strength and Malice is the same,  
Their striving Hearts but seldom doe agree,  
Till they beget, a Selfe devouring Flame.  
And, thirdly, it informes, that those shaft Fires  
Which on Lodes Altars keepe a Lasting Heat;  
Are those, which in two Hearts, two Like Desires  
Vpon each other, mutually beget.  
Hence, therefore, learneth, first, not to contemne  
Their Mildness, who to anger are not prone;  
Left, many wrongs doe stirre up Fires in them,  
And worketh Mischiefe, when thou lookst for none.  
Be wary, next, though thou thy selfe be strong;  
How with a powr'ful Foe thou doft contend;  
For, they that wrestle in Contention, long;  
Will, fire, be thou their Madnesse, in the end.  
And, if to warme thee by Lodes Fires thou seeke,  
Thy Pece in Teares, and Manners, pray to finde;  
Let both your Anges, and Longings, be alke;  
Be one in Faith, and Will; and, one in Mynde;  
So, you shall reap the fruits of your Defire,  
And warme each other with a kindly Fire.  

Hee
He that delights to Plant and Set,  
Makes After-Ages in his Debt.

Hen I behold the Havocke and the Spoyle,  
Which (ev'n within the compass of my Dayes)  
Is made through every quarter of this isle,  
In Woods and Groves (which were this Kingdomes praise)  
And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,  
We feeke the present Gaine, in every thing;  
Not caring (so our Lust we may possesse)  
What Dammage to Posterity we bring:  
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,  
That, some of thofe, whom they have caufe to hate,  
Should come in Future-times, their Heires to be:  
Or else, why should they fuch things perpetrate?  
For, if they thinke their Children shall succeed;  
Or, can believe, that they begot their Heires;  
They could not, surely, doe fo foule a Deed,  
As to deface the Land, that should be theirs.  
What our Forefathers planted, we destroy:  
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,  
And all our owne, we lavishly impoy  
To serve our present Lusts; and, for no more.  
But, let these carelesse Wasters learne to know,  
That, as Spoyl-Spoyle is open Injury;  
Selfe love, for none, but for it selfe, doth care;  
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine;  
But, Charity for others doth prepare;  
And, joyes in that, which Future-Time shall gaine.  
If, After-Ages may my Labours bleffe;  
I care not, much, how Little I possesse.
To Have, and not to Use the same;
Is not our Glory, but our Shame.

He Effridge (though with many Feathers trimm'd,
And deckt with goodly Plumes of no meane size)
Is so unwieldy, and so largely limb'd,
That, up into the Aire he cannot rife.
And, though in Wings and Feathers, he appears
A goodly Fowle, and bears his Head so high,
As if he could oerstep the lower Spheres;
And, farre above the towering Eagles flië;
So ufelesse are those Feathers, and those Wings,
To gaine him Name among their airy Race;
That, he must walke with such Inferiour things,
As in this Common-Region, have their place.

Such Fowles as thefe, are that Gay-plumed.Crew,
Which (to high place and Fortunes being borne)
Are men of goodly worth, in outward view;
And, in them selues, deserve not their good name.
For, though their Trappings, their high-lifted Eyes,
Their Lofty Words, and their Much-feared Pow'rs,
Doe make them feeme Heroïc, Stout, and Wise;
Their Hearts are oft as foud, and fain as our.
Such Animals as thefe, are also thofe
That Wise, and Grave, and Learned Men doe feeme
In Title, Habit, and all Formall flowers;
Yet, have nor Wit, nor Knowledge, worth efteme.

And, laftly, such are they, that, having got
Wealth, Knowledge, and thofe other Gifts, which may
Advance the Publike Good, yet, use them not;
But Feeds, and Sleep, and laze their time away.

He, may be but a Goose, which weares the Quill;
But, him we praise, that ufeth it with Skill.
He, that his Course directly Steers,
Nor Stormes, nor Windy-Censures feares.

To the Sea, this World may well compare;
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a Pilot, to some Peasell there,
Of little size, or else of larger frame.
Some, have the Boats of their owne Life to guide,
Some, of whole Families doe row the Barge,
Some, governe petty Townships too, beside,
( To those compar'd, which of small Barkes have charge)
Some others, rule great Provinces, and, they
Resemble Captaines of huge Argoses:
But, when of Kingsomes, any gayne the Sway,
To Generalls of Fleets, we liken these.
Each hath his proper Course to him assign'd,
His Card, his Compass, his due Tacklings, too;
And, if their Business, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplish all they have to doe.
But, most Men leave the Care of their owne Course,
To judge or follow others, in their wayes;
And, when their Follies make their Fortunes worse,
They curse the Destiny, which they should praye.
For, Waves, and Windes, and that oft-changing Weather
Which many blame, as caufe of all their Losses,
(Though they obserue it not) helps bring together
Those Hopes, which their own: Wisedome, often crosset.
Regard not, therefore much, what those things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy Way;
Nor, how, rash Lookers-on will cenfuse thee;
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assay:
For, it thoukst not from this Counsell vary,
Let my Hopes faile me, if thy Hopes miscarry.

A sudden
A sudden Death, with Shame, is due
To him, that, sweares What is untrue.

Hen th'Ancients made a solemne League or Vow,
Their Custoome was to ratifie it, thus;
Before their Idol God, they slew a Sow,
And sayd aloud; So be it unto us,
Implying, that, if otherwise they did
Then had been vow'd; or, if within their Brest
A Fraudulent Intention had beene hid,
They merited such Viage, as that Beast.
For, by the Swine that they had slaughtred so,
(Which, during Life, was helpful unto none)
Of Life deprived by a sudden blow,
And, then, cast out, that none might feed thereon;
They, mystically did inferre: that, he
Who falsify'd that Oath which he had sworne,
Defvely'd, by Sudden Death, cut off to be;
And, as a Beast unclean, to lyeforlorne.
That Heathenish Hieroglyphick, doth implye
This Christian Doctrine; that, we shoulde in Vowes,
In Leagues, and Oathes, assume no Liberty,
But, what sincerest Honesly allowes.

By Swine, the babbling Sophisters are meant,
In Hieroglyphicall Signification;
Which wee doe Sacrifice, when our intent
Is free from Falsehood, and Equivocation.
And, this, let ev'ry Man endeavour for,
Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd;
Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre,
At least, the Danger let him well regard:
For, to pursue him, Vengeance never leaves,
That falsely Sweares, or willingly Deserves.
Troubled Mind, ore-charged with Desires,  
Betweene great Hopes, and no leffe Feares oppref't,  
And payned inwardly with secret Fires,  
Was thus, by some, in former times expref't.  
A Smoking Heart, they placed just betwixt  
A Fastned Anchor, and a Bended Bow;  
To which a Barbed Arrow seemed fixt,  
And, ready from the Strapned Stringe to goe,  
The Smoke doth Sigh, the Anchor doth declare  
That Hope, which keeps us from Despairing quite;  
The Bowe and Arrow, signific that Feare,  
Which doth, perpetually, the Soule affright.  
And, by this Emblem, it appears to me  
That they which are with strong Desires oppref't,  
(Though good or bad the Obj. et of them be)  
In faking Pleasures, finde no small unrect:  
For, they are not by Feares, alone, disturbed,  
But, as the Wifeman faith, ev'n Hope-Delayd  
Torments the Heart; and, when Desire is curbed,  
The Soule becommeth fad, and ill-apayd.  
A Groundleffe-Hope, makes entrance for Despaire,  
And with Deceiving-flowes the Heart betrayes:  
A Careleffe-Feare, doth Reasons force impaire,  
And, terrifies the Soule, in doubtfull wayes.  
Yet, quite neglect them not; For, Hope repells  
That Grieve sometimes, which would our Hearts opprefse.  
And, Feare is otherwhile the Sentinel  
Which rouzen us from dang'rous Careleffe.  
Thus, Both are good; but, Both are Plagues to such,  
Who either Fouldly feeare, or Hope too much.
Hen ycu doe next behold the wanton Eyes
About the shining Candle, come to play,
Vndill the Light thereof hath dimm'd their Eyes,
Or, till the Flame hath sing'd their Wings away:
Remember, then, this Emblem; and, beware
You be not playing at such harmefull Games:
Consider, if there be no Female there,
That overwarms you, with her Beauties Flame.
Take heed, you doe not over dally so
As to inflame the Tinder of Desire,
But, shun the Mischiefe, c're too late it grow,
Left you be scorched in that Foolish Fire.

For, as these Wandring-Fires which in the Night,
Doe leade unwary Travellers astray,
Alluring them, by their deceiving Sig'ls,
Till they have al together loft their way:
Right fo fantastick Beauty doth amaze
The Luft full Eye, allures the Heart a Clyde,
Captives the Senses (by a sudden blaze)
And, leaves the Judgement wholly stupify'd.
Nay, if Men play too long about these Torches,
Such is the Nature of their wanton Flame,
That, from their Bodies (unawares) it seethches
Those Wings and Feet, on which they thither came.
It wasteth (even to nothing) all their Wealth,
Consumes their precious Time, destroys their Strength,
Befpots their Honest Fame, impaires their Healtb,
And (when their Fatall Thread is at the length)
That thing, on which their Hope of Life is plac't,
Shall bring them to Destruction, at the last.
Let him, that at God's Altar stands,  
In Innocence, with his Hands.

Ilustr. XLI. Book 1.

When (Reader) thou hast first of all survey'd  
That Reverend Priest, which here ingraven stands,  
In all his Holy Vesture's array'd,

Eadavouring for Purified-Hands;  
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appeare  
To offer Sacrifice of Praise or Prayer,

Thou oughtst the Robes of Righteousness to weare,  
And, by Repentance, thy defects repair.

For, thou, that, with polluted Hands presum'ft  
Before God's Altar to present thy Face;  
Or, in the Rags of thine owne Merits com'ft,
Shalt receive Displeasure, where thou look'lt for Grace.

Then, if thou be of those that would aspire  
A Priest, or Prelate, in God's Church to be;  
Be sure, thou first those Ornaments acquire,

Which, may be fitting to that High-Degree.

Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,  
With Gifts unfit, or by an Evill mean't:  
Desire it with a right Intention too;

And, seek to keepe thy Conversation clean;

For, they that have assum'd this Holy-Calling,  
With Hands impure, and Hearts unansw'rd,  
Defame the Truth: give others cause of Falling,

And, scandalize their Brethren, too, beside:

Yea, to themselves, their very Sacrifice  
Becomes unhallow'd; and, their Thankes and Prayers,

The God of Puri, doth fo despise,

That, all their Hopes, he turneth to Despaires:  
And, all their best Endeavours, countermands,

Till they appeare with unpolluted Hands.
No Heart can thinke, so what strange ends,
The Tongues unruly Motion tends.

ILLUSTR. XLII. Book, I.

Ell-worthy of our better Heeding were,
That Holy Pen-mans Lesson, who hath sayd,
We should be slow to Speake, and swift to Hearre;
If, well, the nature of the Tongue we weighd.
For, if we let it loose, it getteth Wings,
And, flies with wanton Carelesnesse, about;
It prateeth in all places, of All things;
Tells Truth and Lyes, and babbleth Secrets out,
To speake, of things unknowne, it taketh leave,
As if it had all Knowledge in Possession;
And, Mysteries (which no Man can conceive)
Are thought fit Objects for the Tongues Expression.
With Truth it mixeth Errors, sayes, unfayes;
And, is the Preacher of all Heresies.
That Heart, which gives it motion, it betrayeth;
And, uttereth Curses, Oathes, and Blasphemies.
It spreads all Slanders, which base Envie raiseth;
It moveth Anger, and begetteth Hates:
It blameth Vertue, filthy Deeds it praiseth;
And, caufeth Vproares, Murthers, and Debates.
Yea, tis the chiefest Factor for the Devill;
And, yet, with Speeches feignedly-fincere,
It otherwhile reproveth what is Evill,
And, will in Lowly-words, a Saint appeare.
Now this is knowne; we, next of all, should learne,
How we may hunne the Mischiefe being knowne;
How, we bad Tongues, in Others, may dicerne;
And, how to guide and moderate our Own.
And, reason good, for, none can apprehend,
What Mischiefe doth an Evill Tongue attend.
Heart, which bore the figure of an Eye
Wide open to the Sunne; by some, was us'd,
When in an Emblem, they would signify
A Mind, which on Celestiall Matters mus'd:
Imlying, by the same, that there is nought
Which in this lower Orbe, our Eyes can see,
So fit an Object for a manly thought,
As those things, which in Heav'n above us be.

God, gave Mankind (above all other Creatures)
A lovely Forme, and upward-looking Eye,
(Among the rest of his peculiar Features)
That he might lift his Countenance on high:
And (having view'd the Beauty, which appears
Within the outward Sights circumference)
That he might elevate above the Spheres,
The piercing Eye, of his Intelligence.
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise
His Contemplations Eyes, till they ascend
To gain a glimpse of those eternal Rayes,
To which all undepraved Spirits tend.

For, 'tis the proper nature of the Mind
(Till fleshly Thoughts corrupt it) to despise
Those Lufts whereeto the Body stands inclin'd,
And labour always, upward to arise.
Some, therefore, thought those Goblins which appear
To haunt old Graves and Tombes, are Souls of such,
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,
Because, they doted on the Flesh too much.
But, sure we are, well-minded Men shall goe
To live above, when others abide below.
Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month of May,
We see both Leaves and Blossomes on the Tree,
And view the Meadows in their best array,
We hopefull are a Joyfull Spring to see;
Yet, oft, before the following Night be past,
It chanceth, that a Vapour, or a Frost,
Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste;
And, then, their Sweetness and their Beauties lost.
Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:
In Youth, our Glories, and our Lufs we shew;
We fill ourselves with ev'ry vaine Delight,
And, will most thinke on that which may influe.
But, let us learne to heed, as well as know,
That, Spring doth passe; that, Summer stales away;
And, that the Flow'r which makes the fairest show,
E're many Weekes, must wither and decay.
And, from this Emblem, let each Lab'ring Swaine
(In whatsoever course of life it be)
Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,
That, of his Travails, he good fruits shall see.
The Plow'd and Harrow'd Field, which, to thine eye,
Seemes like to be the Grave, in which the Seeds
Shall (without hope of rising) buried lye,
Becomes the fruitfull Wombé, where Plenty breeds.
There, will be Corne, where nought but Mere appeares;
The Dusty Seed, will forme a greenish blade;
The Blade will rise to Stemmes with fruitfull Eares;
Thosse Eares, will ripen, and be yellow made:
So, if in honest Hopes, thou persever,e,
A Joyfull Harvest will at last appease.
As soone as wee to bee, begunne,
We did beginne, to be Vndone.

IIllustr. XLV.
Book 1

Hen some, in former Ages, had a meaning
An Emblem, of Mortality, to make,
They form'd an Infant, on a Death's-head leaning,
And, round about, encircled with a Snake.
The Child so picture'd, was to signify,
That, from our very Birth, our Dying springs:
The Snake, her Tail devouring, doth implye;
The Revolution, of all Earthly things.
For, whatsoever hath beginning, here,
Beginnes, immediately, to vary from
The same it was; and, doth at last appeare
What very few did think it should become.
The solid Stone, doth molder into Earth,
That Earth, e're long, to Water, rarifies;
That Water, gives an Airy Vapour birth,
And, thence, a Fiery Comet doth arise;
That, moves, untill it felte it so impair'd,
That from a burning Meteor, backe againe,
It sinketh downe, and thickens into Aire;
That Aire, becomes a Cloud; then, Drops of Raine;
Those Drops, descending on a Rocky Ground,
There, settle into Earth, which more and more,
Doth harden, still; so, running out the round,
It growes to be the Stone it was before.

Thus, All things wheele about; and, each Beginning,
Made entrance to it owne Destruction, hath.
The Life of Nature, entrench in with Sinning;
And, is for ever, wayted on by Death:
The Life of Grace, is form'd by Death to Sinne;
And, there, doth Life-eternal, straight beginne.
Though very small, at first, it be,
A Sprout, at length, becomes a Tree.

Eee finde it common (but not comely thou)
That, when a good Endeavour is begot,
Valente, at very first, it equall grow
With our Expectance, we regard it not.
Nor Wit, nor Patience, have we to conceive,
That ev'ry thing, which may by Man be wrought;
Proportional Time, and Means, must have;
Before it can be to Perfection, brought.

Yet, ev'ry day, in things of ev'ry kinde,
Experience hath informed us, herein;
And, that, in many things, a change we finde,
Which, at the first, would scarce believd have bin.

For, though a Gosling will not prove a Swan,
Vnruly-Colts become well-trayned Steeds;
A Silly Child grows up a Mighty-Man,
And, Lofty-Trees doe Spring from Little Seeds.

Learne, therefore hence, that, nothing you despise,
Because it may, at first, imperfect seem;
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to prise,
Although, you give them not the best esteem.

From hence, moreover, learne, not to despaire,
When you have just occasion, to pursue
A toylike some worke, or any great affaire:
Since, all things, at the first, from nothing, grew.
And, I my selfe will, also, learne, from hence,
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence;
But, rather joy in what besalleth mee.

For, though my Hopes appeare but meanely growne,
They will be Great, when some shall thinke them none.
When we above the Cross can rise,
A Crown, for us, prepared be.

ILLUSTR. XLVII.

When the Serpent rais'd above the Letter Tau,
Aspiring to a Crown, is figur'd here:
Which worth our good-regarding will appear.
For, by those Characters, in briefe, I see
Which Way we must to Happiness ascend;
Then, by what Means, that Path must clim'd bee;
And, what Reward, shall thereupon attend.
The Cross, doth shew, that Suffering is the Way;
The Serpent, seemes to teach me, that, if I
Will overcome, I must not then, assay
To force it; but, my selfe thereto apply.
For, by embracing what we shall not flanne,
We winde about the Cross, till we arise
Above the same; and, then, what Prize is wonne;
The Crown, which overtops it, signifies.

Let me, O God, obtaine from thee the Grace,
To be partaker of thy Blessed Passion;
Let me, with Willingness, thy Cross imbrace,
And, share the Comforts of thy Exaltation.
To beare that Part, whereeto I doomed am,
My Heart, with Strength, and Courage, Lord, inspire:
Then, Crucifie my Flesh upon the same;
As much as my Corruption shall require.
And, when by thy Assistance, I am receiv'd
Above that Burthen, which lyes yet upon me;
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)
Shall, during Life-time, be inflicted on me;
Among those Blessed Soules, let me be found,
Which, with eternall Glory, shall be Crown'd.
In Death, no Difference is made,  
Between the Scepter, and the Spade.

Et no man be fo fottifh as to dreame,  
Though all Men in their Death made equall are,  
That, thencefore, they may gather by this Theme,

That, Parity, in Life-time, sitting were.  
For, as the Bodies Members (which in Death  
Have all the like efteme) had their Degrees,  
And Honours, differing in time of breath;

The fame (in States) Discretion comely sees.  
Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just  
To diffeeme the breathlesse Carcasses  
Of Kings and Princes, when they sleepe in Dust;

For, Civill Reverence is due to these.  
Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply  
The Truth, which by this Emblem is declar'd,  
The Dignities of Men to vilifie;

Or, bring upon their Persons leffe regard.  
That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,

If he be great; let him remember, then,  
That (since, nor Wealth, nor Title, can procure him  
Exemption from the Doomes of other Men)  
He ought to seke, how Virtue may secure him.

If he be Poore; let him this Comfort take,  
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,  
Yet, Death may him as fully happy make,  
As he, that doth a Crowne Imperiall wear.

For, when his Fatall-blow, Death comes to strike,  
He, makes the Beggar, and the King, alike.
What cannot be by Force attain'd,
By Leisur, and Degrees, is gain'd.

Some Foolish Boys (and such a Boy was I)
When they at Schoole have certaine hours to passe,
(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)
Much time they spend in shaking of the Glass:
Thus, what they practise, to make short their stay,
Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force
The Sands, to runne more speedily away,
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worse.

Right so, in other things, with us it fares;
(And seeming wise, we act a foolish part)
For, otherwhile, what Time alone prepares,
We seeke to make the subject of an Art,
Sometimes, by Rashnesse, we endeavour what
We ought with Leisure, and Advice, to doe:
But, if a good Success doth follow, that,
Our Wit was nothing helpefull thereunto.

Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing
By Violence; when our desir'd effect,
No other meanes so well to passe can bring,
As Love and Gentlenesse, which we neglect.

But, let this Emblem teach us to regard
What Way of Working, to each Worke pertaines:
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.
Some things are strong, and, other some are weake;
With Labour, some; and, some with Ease he wrought:
Although the Reed will bend, the Axe will break;
And, what mends one thing, makes another naught.

Marke this; And, when much haste will marre thy Speed,
That, then, thou take good Leisure; take thou Heed.

H
Of Little-Gaines, let Care be had;
For, of small Eares, great Moymes are made.

Mong the many Faylings of the Time,
This Emblem giveth Cause to mention one,
Which, unto me, doth seeme the greater Crime,
Because, to many, it appeareth none.
I finde, that petty things are so neglected
(Well nigh of all) in Losings and in Winnings,
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,
Subsifted without Members, or Beginnings.
The Man, that loseth every Month a Penny,
May sawpe-up Twelve-months Losses, with a Shilling.
But, if of other Losses he hath many,
To save a Pin, at length, he shall be willing.
For, he that sees his Wine-fill'd Vessel drop,
(Although a Drop, in value, be but small)
Should, thence, Occasion take, the Leake to stop,
Left many Drapings drain him drye of all.
Moreover, they, that will to Greatness rise,
A Course, not much unlike to this, must kepe:
They ought not Small-Beginnings to despite;
Nor, strive to runne, before they learn to crepe.
By many single Eares, together brought,
The Hand is full'd, by Handsfulls, we may gaine
A Sheafe; with many Sheaves a Barne is fraught:
Thus, oft, by Little, we doe much obtaine.
Consider this; And, though I wish not thee
To take, of Trifling-things, too great a care;
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it shall will bee,
If all things may be weighed as they are:
By slender Losses, great-ones are begunne;
By many trifling Gains, much Wealth is wonne.

Finis Libri primi.
THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

1

Hou, dost overmuch respect
That, which will thy harme effect;
But, some other things therebee,
Which will more advantage thee:
Search thy heart; and, thou shalt, there,
Soone discover, what they are:
Yea, thine Emblem shewes thee, too,
What to shunne; and, what to doe.
See, Emblem 1.

2

It is a little fear'd, that you
Are to your owne Desigines, untrue;
And, that, if you more constant were,
You would be richer, then you are,
(It may be, also, wiser, too)
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:
Then, follow it, and, you will say,
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.
See, Emb. II.

3

How rich or poore soe're thou be,
Thou, art a Prince, in some degree;
And, o're thy selfe, thou shouldst command,
As doth a Monarch, in his Land.
Within thy Heart, therefore, engrave
The Lawes, that Grace and Nature gave;
For, thus (to counsell thee) inclines
That Emblem, which, thy Lot allignes.
See, Emb. III.

4

Much Liberty, thou haft assum'd;
And, heretofore, so much presum'd
On Time, which, alway rideth past,
That, for awhile, some Hopes are crost.
Per, loe, to keepe thee from Despaire,
And, thy Misfortune, to repaire,
Marke, what to thee, by Lot, befell,
And, practifie, what is counsell'd, well.
See, Emb. IV.
The First Lotterie.

5
Thou seekst Honour, to obtaine,
By means, which frustrate all thy paine.
Thy Predecessors rich were made,
By using of the Plough and Spade:
Thou, honourable wouldst be thought,
By taking Courses, that are naught;
But, if, right noble, thou wilt be,
Looke, what thine Emblem counsells thee.

See, Emb. V.

M 6
This Man, whatever he may seeme,
Is worthy of a high esteeme:
Though Fortune may, his person, grind;
She, cannot harme him, in his Minde.
Right blest, this Company would be,
If all of them, were such, as He.
Reade that Impresa, which he drew;
For, that, in part, the fame will shew.

See, Emb. VI.

M 7
If some, now present, this had got,
They, would have blushed, at their Lot;
Since, very fit, the fame doth prove
For one, that's either light of Love,
Or, troubled with a fickle Mate:
If you enjoy a better Fate,
Yet, hearken, what your Lot doth say;
Left, you, hereafter, need it may.

See, Emb. VII.

8
For ought, that, plainly, doth appeare,
You may out-live the longest, here;
Yet, seeing, now, of all this crew,
The Lot of Death, you, onely, drew,
See what, your Emblem hath injoyned;
And, still, that Morall, beare in minde:
So, Deaths deform'd and ghastly Shade
Shall, Means of Life, to thee, be made.

See, Emb. VIII.

9
Though you have Wit, and, know it well;
That, rash you are, your Friends can tell;
Yea, Sleepe, and Ease, possesse you so,
That, some doe feare, you'll fottish grow:
But, lo, your hindrance, to prevent,
This Lot, was, peradventure, sent;
For, in the Moralls, that, influe,
Are Counsells, fit, for such as you.

See, Emb. IX.
The First Lotterie.

You, have beene wronged, many wayes,  
Yet, patient are; and, that's your praise:  
Your Actions, also, seem'd upright;  
Yet, some there are, that, bear you spite:  
Left, therefore, you discourag'd grow,  
An Emblem, you have drawne, to show  
What other Innocents have borne,  
And, how, the worlds despites, to sorne.  
See, Emb. X.

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,  
Or, some other Bus'nee, doing;  
Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,  
Or, much hazzard all your paine:  
Yea, if good, your meanings are,  
Do not honest means forbear;  
For, where things are, well, beginne,  
God, oft, workes, when Man hath done.  
See, Emb. XI.

Be not angry, if I tell  
That, you love the World, too well;  
For, this Lot, perhaps, you drew,  
That, such Faults, you might eschew.  
Marke, to what their Soules aspire,  
Who, true Blessednesse, desire:  
For, if you can doe, like those,  
Heaven you gaine, when Earth you lose.  
See, Emb. XII.

You love the Rich; and, honour them;  
The needie person, you contemne:  
Yet, Wealth, nor want of Wealth, is that,  
Which, wretched makes, or fortunate:  
From other Causes, those things flow;  
Which, since, you either doe not know,  
Or, heede not much, this Emblem came,  
That, you might learne to minde the same.  
See, Emb. XIII.

Thy Chance is doubtfull; and, as yet,  
I know not, what to say of it;  
But, this I know, a foe thou art  
To what thine Emblem hath, in part,  
Expressed by a Mimicke Shape;  
Or, thou, thy selfe, art such an Ape.  
Now, which of these, pertaines to thee,  
Let them, that know thee, Judges bee.  
See, Emb. XIV.
The First Lottery.

15
Thy Vertues he may wrong, that sayes
Thou spend't thy selfe, in wanton wayes;
But, some have thought, and sayd of late,
That, those thou lov'st, confume thy state:
Yet, spare not time, nor Substance, tho,
Where, then, thou oughtest to bestow;
But, to thine Emblem turne, and, see
When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.

16
Though Troubles, you may have (or had);
Enough, to make some others mad;
Yet, be content: for, they, that are
As weake, have had as much to beare;
And, that, which Malice did contrive,
To make them poore, hath made them thrive.
That Emblem, which, by Lot, you drew,
Prognosticates, as much, for you.

17
Though, you suffer blame and paine,
You, at last, may Comfort gains,
(Sharing Honours, truly gotten,
When, your Foes are dead, and rotten)
For, of this, you have a pawne,
In the Lot, that you have drawne;
And, by that, it may appeare,
What your paines, and wages, are.

18
Take you serious heed, I pray,
Whither, you doe goe to day;
Whom you credite; and, for whom
You, engag'd, shall become;
And, unless you wish for Sorrow,
Be as provident, to morrow:
For, there are some traps and Snares,
Which, may take you unawares.

19
Your Wit, so much, you trust upon,
That, weaker Means, hath yours out-gone;
Sometime, you runne, when there is need
Of much more Warneresse, then Speed.
But, you, to God ward, worse have err'd;
And, yet, Amendment is defer'd.
See, therefore, what your Chance doth say,
And, take good Counsell, while you may.

Take
The First Lotterie.

20
Take heed, you doe not quite forget,
That you are daunting in a Net:
More, then a few, your Course doe see,
Though, you, suppose, unforeen to be.
Your Fault, we will no nearer touch;
Me-thinkes your Emblem blabs too much:
But, if, you minde, what is amisse,
You, shall be here the worse, for this.

See, Emb. X X.

21
Let such, as draw this Lot, have care,
For Death, and Sorrow, to prepare
All times, to come, left one of these,
Their Persons, unexpected, seize:
For, them, or some of theirs, to slay,
Pale Death, draws nearer, ev'ry day.
Yea, let them not, disheartened be:
For, in their Emblem, they shall see,
Death, may (though, in appearance, grim)
Become, a blessing, unto them.

See, Emb. X X I.

22
With Mary, thou art one of those,
By whom, the better part, is chose;
And, though, thou tempted art, astray,
Continu't in a lawfull way.
Give God the praise, with heart unsaign'd,
That, he, such Grace to thee, hath dain'd;
And, view thy Lot, where thou hast see,
What Hag, hath layd a Trap, for thee.

See, Emb. X X I I.

23
Although, that, thou demure appeare,
For Pleasure, there is no man here
Will venture more: And, some there are,
Who thinke you venture over farre:
Hereof, consider well, therefore,
E're, so, you venture, any more;
And, in your Lotted Emblem, see,
For what, your Sufferings ought to bee.

See, Emb. X X I I I.

24
If ought, thou purpose, to allay,
Purse the same, without delay;
And, if thou meanes to gather fruit,
Be constant in thy Hopes pursuit:
For, by thine Emblem, thou mayst finde,
Thy Stars, to thee, are well-inclin'd;
Provided, thy Attempts be good:
For, that, is ever understood.

See, Emb. X X I V.

Take
Take heed, thou love not their deceipt,  
Who Number give, in feed of Weight,  
Nor, let their Fancies, thee abuse,  
Who, such-like foolish Customs, use.  
Perhaps, it may concern thee much,  
To know the Vanities of such;  
And, who they are: Marke, therefore, what  
Thine Emblem, will, to thee relate.

See, Emb. XXV.

Thou, to Impatience, art inclin'd;  
And, hast a discontented Minde;  
That, therefore, thou mayst Patience leaze;  
And, thine owne Over-joys, discern,  
Thy Lot (as to a Schoole to day)  
Hath sent thee to the Squirrels Dray;  
For, she instructs thee, to indure,  
Till, thou, a better state, procure.

See, Emb. XXVI.

Your Lot, is very much to blame,  
Or else, your person, or, your Name  
Hath injur'd beene, or, may have wrong  
By some loose wanton, erc't be long;  
Therefore, ere, hence, you passe away,  
Marke, what your Emblem, now, doth say.  
Perhaps, by drawing of this Lot,  
Some Harmes prevention may be got.

See, Emb. XXVII.

Vpon your head, those weights were laid,  
Which, your Endeavours, downeward weigh'd;  
For, those, who doe your weale envie,  
Much feare, your top will spring too high;  
Nay, yet, some Burthen, you sustaine:  
But, what their Malice will obtain,  
Your Emblem prophesies; if you,  
With Patience, Honest-ways, pursue.

See, Emb. XXVIII.

This Lot, befell thee, for the nonce;  
For, if things come not, all at once,  
Thou, to despairing, foone, dost runne,  
Or, leav'ft the Worke, that's well begun:  
Which, to prevent, regardfull be  
Of what thine Emblem counsells thee.

See, Emb. XXIX.
Afflictions, are thy chiefeft Lot;
Ye, great ones, too: yet, murmur not.
For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,
And, from their Droffe be purify'd.
Therefore, though this, in sport, be done,
Thy Morall'd Emblems, looke upon;
And, learne, those Virtues to acquire,
Which, will not perifi in the Fire.

See, Emb. XXX.

You feeke a Lot, which, proving bad,
Would, peradventure, make you fad;
But, this may please: for, you are taught
To mend a Fortune, that is naught;
And, armed, with fuch Counsell, here,
That, you, no Destiny, need feare.
Now, if you come to Harme, or Shame,
Upon the Starres, lay not the blame.

M

In Court, thou mayft have hope, to clime,
This prefent, or some other time;
But, fomething thou doft want, as yet,
Which, for that place, must make thee fit.
Presume not, therefore, on thy Lot,
Till, thofe accomplishments are got,
Which, in thine Emblems, are expreff;
And, then, march on, among the beft.

See, Emb. X XI.

Some thinke, you love; 'tis true, you doe;
And, are as well beloved too:
But, you (if we the truth shall fay)
Love not fo truely, as you may.
To make a perfect Love, there goes
Much more, then ev'ry Lover knowes.
Your Embleme, therefore heed, and, then,
Beginne, anew, to love aken.

See, Emb. X XIII.

Now, some good Counfell, thou doft need;
Of what we fay, take, therefore, heed.
Beware, left thou, too much, offend
A meeke, and, gentle-natur'd, Friend:
Though pow'r thou haft, be carefull, too,
Thou vex ne' er long, thine able Foe;
And, e're thou love, be sure to finde
Thy Match, in Manners, and in Minde.
If thou demand a Reason, why,
To thce, thine Embleme will replie.

See, Emb. X XIV.

I

Beware
The First Letterie.

35
Beware, thou share not in their crime,
Who care, but for the present time:
For, by thy Let, wee may suspect,
Or that, or things, to that effect.
If so it be, or if thy Minde,
To such an Error, be inclin'd,
Thy Chance, unto an Emblem, brings,
Which, will advise to better things.

See, Emb. X X X V.

36
You, love to see me; this, all Men see:
But, would you lov'd, as well, to bee.
If, also, better life were made
Of those good Blessings, you have had;
Your praise were more. Marke, therefore, well,
What Morals, now, your Emblem, tell;
And, gather, from it, what you may,
To let you in a better way.

See, Emb. X X X V I.

37
To escape a Storme, great thought you take;
But, little heed, what means you make.
You, love your ease, and, Troubles, fear;
But, careless are, what Course you steer.
Which Indiscretions, to prevent,
You, to an Emblem, now, are sent:
Whereof, if you regardfull are,
You, less will fear, and better fare.

See, Emb. X X X V I I.

38
What you have, done, consider, now;
For, this your Chance, doth seeme to show
That you have sworn, or vow'd, of late,
Or promised (you best know what)
Which, you have, since, unwilling bin,
To keepe; or, else, did faile, therein.
If it be so, repent, or els,
What will befall, your Emblem tells.

See, Emb. X X X V I I I.

39
Thy Hopings, and thy Feares, are such,
That, they afflict, and paine thee, much;
Because, thou giv'st too great a scope
Unto thy Fear, or to thy Hope:
For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But, lo; thin Emblem, if thou please,
Instructs thee, how, to managhe these.

See, Emb. X X X I X.
Let them, who get this Chance, beware.

Left Cupid snare them in a Snare:

For, by their Lot, they should be apt

To be, in such-like Giness, intrapt.

Some helpe, is by their Emblem, got,

If they, too late, obserue it not;

But, then, no profit will be done them:

For, Counsell will be loit upon them.

See, Emb. X L.

Whether, meerely, Chance, or no,

Brought this Lot, we doe not know:

But, received, let it be,

As, divinely, sent to thee:

For, that, merits thy regard,

Which, thine Emblem hath declar'd;

And, the best, that are, have need,

Such Advicements, well to heed.

See, Emb. X L I.

Thou, haft already, or, e're long,

Shalt have some damage by the Tongue:

But, fully, yet, it is not knowne;

Whether the Tongue shall be thine owne,

Or else, another's tongue, from whom

This Mischiefe, unto thee, shall come:

But, much the better, thou haft speed,

If, now, thine Emblem, well thou heed.

See, Emb. X L I I.

Unworthy things, thou do'st affect,

With somewhat overmuch respect;

Vnto the World, inclining so,

As if thy Hopes were all below:

But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,

Good Counsell comes in happy time.

Make use thereof; and, thinke it not

Meere casuall, or a needlesse Lot.

See, Emb. X L I I I.

Thou, either, too much love, haft plac't

On things, that will not alway last;

Or else, thou art a little scare'd

Because thy Hopes are long deferr'd:

Nay, thou art touch'd, in both these.

Thy Profite, therefore, and thine eafe,

It will effect, if well thou minde

What, in thine Emblem, thou shalt finde.

See, Emb. X L V.
45
When thou hast Changes, good, or bad,
Ore-joy'd, thou art, or over-fad;
As if it seemed very strange
To see the Winde or Weather, change:
Lo, therefore, to remember thee,
How changeable, things Mortall, bee,
Thou, art affifted by this Lot;
Now, let it be, no more, forgot.
See, Emb. X L V.

46
Of thy just Aymes, though means be flight,
Thou mayft attaine their wished height;
Vnleffe, thy Folly shall deftoy
The Weale, thou feckest to injoy,
By thy Defpaire, or by neglect
Of that, which, may thy Hopes effect:
For, by thine Emblem, thou mayft know,
Great things, from small Beginnings, grow.
See, Emb. X L VI.

47
Thou must have Crosses; but they, shall,
To Blessings, be converted, all;
And Sufferings, will become, thy Praife,
If, Wisedome order, well, thy wayes:
Yea, when thy Crosses ended are,
A Crowne of Glory, thou shalt weare.
Yet, note, how this to paffe is brought:
For, in thine Emblem, it is taught.
See, Emb. X L V I I.

48
If they, who drew this Lot, now be
Of great Eflate, or high Degree,
They fhall ere long, become as poore,
As those, that beg from doore to doore.
If poore they be, it plain appeares,
They fhall become great Princes Peeres:
And, in their Emblem, they may know,
What very day, it will be, so.
See, Emb. X L V I I I.

49
You, have attempted many a thing,
Which, you, to paffe, could never bring;
Nor, that, your Worke was hard to doe,
But, caufe, you us'd wrong Means, there to.
Hereafter, therefore, learne, I pray,
The Times of Working, and, the Way;
And, of thine Emblem, take thou heed,
If, better, thou desire to speed.
See, Emb. X L IX.
The First Lotterie.

50
If you, to greater Wealth, will rise,
You must not, flender Gaine, despise;
Nay, if, you minde not, to be poore,
You must regard flight Losses, more:
For, Wealth, and Poverty, doe come,
Not all at once, but, some and some.
If this, concerneth you, any ways,
See, what your Emblem, further, sayes.

See, Emb. L.

51
Your Fortune, hath deserved thank,
That she, on you, beflows a Blank:
For, as you, nothing good, have had;
So, you, have nothing, that is bad.
Yea, she, in this, hath favour showne,
(If, now, your Freedom, well be knowne)
For, you, by Lot, these Emblems, mist,
That you, may chuse out, which you lift.

52
You, by an Emblem, seeke to get
What Counsel your Affairs may fit;
But, in particular, there's none,
Which, you, by Lot, can light upon:
And, why? because, no Morall, there,
Doroth, worthy of your Heed, appeare?
No; but because you rather, need,
Of ev'ry Emblem, to take heed.

53
The Sunnes, are, now, no friends of your,
Or this is not their lucky hour:
For, at this time, unto your Lot,
They, by an Emblem, answer not.
If, therefore, you desire to know,
What good advice they will allow,
Some further Means, you must assay,
Or, trye your Chance, another day.

54
You, in your secret thoughts, despise
to thinke an Emblem should advise,
Or give you cause to minde or heed
Those things, whereof you may have need:
And, therefore, when, the Lot, you try'd,
An answer, justly, was deny'd.
Yet, (by your leave) there are but few,
Who, need good Counsell, more then you.
The First Lotterie.

55

In some extreme, you often are,
And, shoot too short, or else too farre;
Yea, such an error, you were in,
When, for a Lot, you mov'd the Pin:
For, one touch more, or less, had layd
Our Index, where it should have stay'd.
But, if you can be warn'd, by this,
To keepe the Meane, which oft you misse,
You have obtain'd as good a Lot,
As any one, this day, hath got.

56

Among these Emblems, none there be;
Which, now by Lot will fall to thee;
However, doe not thou repine:
For, this doth seeme to be a signe,
That, thou, thy Portion, shalt advance
By Fortune, not by fickle Chance.
Yet, nere thelesse, despise thou not
What, by good Fortune, may be go t.

FINIS.
A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMES, ANCIENT AND MODERNE:

Quickened With METRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS: And, disposed into LOTTERIES, both Moral and Divine.

That Instruction, and Good Counsell, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant Recreation.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The Second Booke.

London,
Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEUDES.
MDCXXXIV.
A COLLECTION
OF
ENGLISH AND
ANCIENT
POEMS
OF
VARIOUS
NATURE
0
TO

THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, CHARLES, Prince*
of WALES, &c.

Air of Blossoms of our hopes; and Morning-starre
To all these Islands, which inclosed are
By Neptunes armes, within our Northern climes;
And who (wee truft) shall rise, in future times,
To be thebrightest Light, that, then will shine,
Betwixt the Artick-Circle, and the Line.

To You (as now you are) that I present
These Emblems, 'tis not so impertinent
As those may thinke it, who have neither seene
What, of your Cradle-spots, hath heeded beeone;
Nor heard how many serious Questionings,
Your Child-bood frameth, out of trifling things:
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,
I come not overfoone with such a Booke.

So long as in this Infant-Age you are,
(Wherein, the speechlesse Portratures appeare
A pleasurablefull delight) your Highnesse may
Among our Emblems, finde a Harmless-play:
And, those mute Objects will from time to time,
Still Riper, seeme, till you to ripenesse clime.
When their dumb Figures, no more sport can make;
Their Iustrations, will begin to speake;
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclofe,
Untill your Judgement to perfection groves.

They likewise, who their Services, to do
Frequent your Presence, may have pleasure too,
From this your Play-game: yea, and some perchance,
May cure a Folly, or an Ignorance
By that, which they shall either heare or view
In these our Emblems, when they wait on You;
Or, shall be called, by your Excellence,
To try what Lot, they shall obtaine from thence.

It may, moreover, much increaseth: sport,
Which is allowed in a vertuous Court;
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,
Shall draw forth private Censures of their Sin,
And, heare their **Emblems**, openly, display,
What, others dare not, but in _private_, say:
Nor will, to _Yo_ _v_ , the **Morals** be _in_ vaine,
Ev’n when to manly Knowledge you attaine;
For, though to _Teach_, it will _not_ them become
To be **Remembrancers**; they may presume:
And, that which in their _child-bood_, men _shall_ heed,
Will _soonest_ come to minde, in _time of need_.

Incourag’d by these _Hopes_ , I thought it meet
To lay this humble _Present_ at your _feet_.
_Accept it, now_; and, _please to favour me_,
_When I growe old_, and, _You a Man_ _shall be_.

\[To your Highness\]

most _humbly_ devoted,

Geo: Withr.
TO

THE MOST HIGHBORNE

and hopeful Prince JAMES,

Duke of YORK, &c.

Sweet Prince;

Your hand I kiss; and, thus my Lines address'd

Unto your wife, and virtuous* Governess.

For, Madame, (as his Proxy) it is fit,

That, You both Read, and answ're for him, yet.

To You for Him, therefore tender, here,

To receive in the New-beginning Yeare,

This harmelesse Play Game; that, it may have place,

When somewhat riper Daies, shall Make his GRACE;

Affect such Objects; which, to looke upon

May pleasure yield him, e'this Yeare be gone.

'Tis not the least Discretion, in great Courts;

To know what Recreations, and what Sports

Become young Princes; or, to find out those,

Which may, with harmelesse pleasurableness, dispose

Their Minds to VERTUE: neither in their Cradles,

Should this be heeded lesse, than in their Saddles:

Because, when first to know, we doe begin,

A small Occasion, lets much Evill in.

Among those things, which both Instruct and please;

'But few, (for Children) are surpassing these:

For, they, to looke on Pictures, much desire;

And, not to Looke alone, but, to enquire

What things those are, that represented be,

In every Map, or Emblem, which they see.

And, that which they shall view, or shall be told,

('By means of any Figure they behold)

Experience breedes; as it steth Memory;

Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie:

And, if those Formes to good Instruction tend,

Oft leads them, also, till their lives have end.

Then, since e'en all of us, much Good receive

By Vortuous Princes; and should, therefore, strive

To adde some helps, whereby they might acquire

That Excellence, which wee in them desire.

I (being

* The Countesse of Dorset.
I (being able, to present his G R A C E,
With nothing but a Rattle, or a Glasse,
Or some such Cradle-play-game) bring, to day,
This BOOKE, to be as useful as it may:
And, how, and when, it will most usefulness grow,
Without my Teaching, YOV can fully show.

For, what is of your Ableness belief'd,
Through all these famous lands, hath receiv'd,
A large applause; in that, from out of those
Which ablest were, both King and State have chose
Your Faith and Wisdom, to be TRES(interp.
SE
Of their chiefest jewels; and the GOVERNESSE
Of our prime Hopes. And, now if this have weight'd,
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,
But, (having pray'd your HONOURED to receive
This PRESENT for the T. V. K. E) to take my leave,
And Versifie to him, some other day,
When Hee can understand mee, what I say.

Till then, let it please your Honour sometimes to
remember Him, that

I am his Graces
daily and humble

Orator.

GEO: WITHER.
We best shall quiet clamorous Thronges,  
When, we our selves, can rule our Tongues.

Illustr. I.

When I observe the Melanchollie Owles,
Considering with what patience, they sustaine
The many clamours, of the greater Birds;
And, how the little Chirpers, they disdaine:
When I remember, how, their Injuries
They slight, (who, causeles give them an offence)
Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes
To looke upon that foolish Insolence.

Me thinkes, by their Example, I am taught
To slight the flaunders of Injurious Tongues;
To set the scoffes of Censurers, at naught,
And, with a brave negleñ, to beare out Wrongs.

Hee, doubtes, whom the Pyszms, long agoe,
Vnto a lonely Desert-Owle compar'd,
Did practice thus; And, when I can doe so,
I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.

And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood gaine-say)
Yet, sure, to stopp the malice of Despight;
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:
Since, Rage by Opposition gathers Might.

Good God! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strength,
That (though I have not yet, such Patience gott)
I may attaine this happy gift, at length;
And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.

Though me, my Neighbours, and my Foes revile;
Make me of all their words, a Patient-bearer:
When e'r I suffer, let me be, the while,
As us the silens Lambe before the Shearer.

So; though my speakings, cannot quiet any,
My Patience may restraine the Tongues of many.
When wee by Hunger, Well dome gains,
Our Guts, are wiser then our Braine.

Our Guts, are "storeful in their Grubs,"
(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)
Her Belly, teacheth her, this course to take:
She flies, and fetcheth many Pebbles thither,
Then, downe into the Vessell, lets them drop;
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,
As may advance the water to the top.
From whence, we might this observation heed,
That, Hunger, Thirst, and thofe necessites,
(Which from the Bellies craving, doe proceed)
May make a Fool, grow provident and wise.
And, though (in sport) we say, the braines of some,
Not in their Heads, but in their Guts, doe lye;
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser shoulde become,
Differeth not from true Philosophy:
For, no man labours with much Willingness,
To compeffe, what he nought at all defires;
Nor seeketh fo, his longing to posfesse,
As, when some urgent neede, the fame requires.
Nay, though he might, a willingnesse, retaine,
Yet, as the Belly, which is ever full,
Breeds fumes, that caufe a dull-witted-braine;
So, plenteous Fortunes, make the Spirits dull.
All, born to Riches, have not all times, witt
To keep, (much less, to better) their degree:
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passaige get,
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to bee:
Yea, Poverty and Hunger, did produce,
The best Inventions, and, of chiefeft ufe.
Though Musick be of some abhor'd,
She, is the Handmaid of the Lord.

I L L U S T R. III.

By Musick, and the Muses, many bear
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends
Their soul-delighting-Raptures tuned are,
Such peevish dispositions, it offends.
Some others, in a moral way, affect
Their pleasing Strains (or, for a sensual use)
But, in God's Worship, they the same suspect;
(Or, take it rather) as a great abuse.
The first of these, are full of melancholy;
And, Pitty need, or Comfort, more than blame;
And, soon, may fall into some dangerous folly,
Valese they labour, to prevent the same.
The last, are giddy things, that have befooled
Their judgements, with beguiling fantasies,
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)
Will plunge them into greater Vanities.

For, Musick, is the Handmaid of the Lord,
And, for his Worship, was at first ordyned:
Yea, therewithall the sily doth accord;
And, where devotion thriveth, is retyned.
Skee, by a nat'ral power, doth helpe to raise,
The mind to God, when joyfull Notes are founded:
And, Passions fierce Distemperatures, alas!
When, by grave Tones, the Melody is bounded.
It, also may in Musick sense, imply
What Musick, in our souls, ought still to be;
And, that our jarring-lives to certifie,
Wee should in Voice, in Hand, and Heart, agree:
And, sing out, Faith's new-songs, with full concert,
Into the Lawes, ten-stringed Instrument.
Mark, what Rewards, to Sinne, are due,
And, learne, uprightnesse to pursue.

ILLVSTR. IIII.

A Sword unheathed, and a strangling Snake,
Is figur'd here; which, in dumbe Showes, doe preach,
Of what the Malefactor should beware;
And, they doe threaten too, alwell as Teach.
For, some there are, (would God, that summe were leffe)
Whom, neither good Advise, nor, wholesome Lawe,
Can turne from Pathwaies of Vnrighteousnesse,
If Death, or Tortures, keepe them not in awe.
These, are not they, whose Conscience for the fake
Of Goodnesse onely, Godliness, pursues;
But, these are they, who never scruple make
What Guilt, but, what great punishment ensues.

For such as these, this Emblem was prepar'd:
And, for their sakes, in places eminent,
Are all our Gallows trees, and Gibbets, rear'd;
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.
Let, therefore, those who feele their hearts inclin'd
To any kind of Death, deserving Crime,
(When they behold this Emblem) change their mind,
Left, they (too late) repent, another time.
And, let not those our Counsell, now, contemne,
Who, doome poor Thevets to death; yet, guilty be
Of more, then most of those whom they Condemne:
But, let them Learne their peril to foresee.
For, though a little while, they may have hope
To seem upright, (when they are nothing lefe)
And, scape the Sword, the Gallows, and the Rope,
There is a Judge, who sees their wickednesse;
And, when grim Death, shall summon them, from hence,
They will be fully plagi'd for their offence.

That
That Kingdome will establisht bee,
Wherein the People well agree.

That, Kingdome, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Soveraignety.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best affitance that he can:
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-seed,
The men of all Degrees, doe duly carry
Their Aides to publike-workes, in time of need,
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary:
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the glorieft height,
Then shall the Kingly-Tite be renown'd;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.

But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall,
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.

I L V S T R . V.
Book. 2

Crowned Scepter, here is fixt upright,
Betwixt four Fowles, whose postures may declare,
They came from Coasts, or Climates opposite,
And, that, they differing in their natures are,
In which, (as in some others, that we finde
Amongst these Emblems) little care I take
Precisely to unfold our Authors minde;
Or, on his meaning, Comments here to make.
It is the scope of my Intention, rather
From such perplexed Inventions (which have nought
Of Ancient Hieroglyphick) sense, to gather,
Whereby, some useful Morall may be taught.
And, from these Figures, my Collections be,
That, Kingdomes, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Soveraignety.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best affitance that he can:
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-seed,
The men of all Degrees, doe duly carry
Their Aides to publike-workes, in time of need,
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary:
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the glorieft height,
Then shall the Kingly-Tite be renown'd;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.

But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall,
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.

That, Kingdome will establisht bee,
Wherein the People well agree.

That, Kingdome, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Soveraignety.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best affitance that he can:
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-seed,
The men of all Degrees, doe duly carry
Their Aides to publike-workes, in time of need,
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary:
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the glorieft height,
Then shall the Kingly-Tite be renown'd;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.

But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall,
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.

That, Kingdome will establisht bee,
Wherein the People well agree.
From that, by which I somewhat am,
The Cause of my Destruction came.

He little Sparks which rak'd in Embers lie,
Are kindly kindled by a gentle blast:
And, brands in which the fire begins to die
Revive by blowing; and, flame out at last.
The selfe same wind, becoming over strong,
Quite bloweth out againe that very flame;
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)
That wafting subsance, which maintain'd the same.
    Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,
    As soone as they the golden Meane exceed;
And, that, which keeping Measure, profit brings,
May, (by excess) our losse, and ruine, breed.
Preferments (well and moderately fought)
Have helpt those men, new Virtues to acquire,
Who, being to superiour places brought,
Left all their goodness, as they climed higher.
A little wealth, may make us better able
To labour in our Callings: Yet, I see
That they, who being poore, were charitable,
Becomming rich, hard-hearted grow to be.
Love, when they entertaine it with discretion,
More worthy, and more happy, maketh men;
But, when their Love is overgrovne with Passion,
It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.
Yea, this our Flesh, (in which we doe appeare
To have that being, which we now enjoy)
If we should overmuch the same endeare,
Would our Well-being, totally destroy.
For, that which gives our Pleasures nourishment,
Is oft the poyson of our best Content.
By Guiltines, Death entred in,  
And, Mischief still pursueth Sinne.

Illustr. VII.  

Xion's wheel, and he himselfe thereon  
Is figur'd, and by way of Emblem here,  
Set forth, for Guilty men to looke upon;  
That, they, their wicked Courses might forbear.  
To gain a lawlesse favour he desired,  
And, in his wicked hopes beguil'd was;  
For, when to claspe with Luna, he aspired,  
In stead of her, a Cloud, he did embrace.  
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull Doome,  
(Which well besifted his presumptuous Crime)  
A terror, and, a warning, to become,  
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.  
As did his longings, and his after Pain,  
So, theirs affeeth, nor effecteth ought,  
But, that, which proveth either false or vaine;  
And, their false Pleasures, are as dearly, bought:  
Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest Hope,  
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)  
To clime the Gallows, and to stretch a Rope;  
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they sped:  
Ev'n thither, where, the never-standing-Wheel  
Of everlasting Tortures, turneth round;  
And, racks the Conscience, till the soule doth feel  
All Paines, that are in Sense, and Reason found.  
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow;  
Declining Day-light: Nor, with Nimble Motton  
Can wavyes, each other, downe their Channell follow,  
From high-rais'd Mountaine, to the bigg-womb'd Ocean,  
Then, Justice will, when she doth once begin,  
To prosecute, an Unrepented Sin.
When we have greatest Griefs and Feares,  
Then, Consolation sweet'st appears.

ILLVSTR. VIII.  
Book 2

When all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,  
And, while sweet Flowers, and Sunshine, every day,  
(As oft, as need requireth) come betwene  
The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.  
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,  
Doth make us to be sensel's of the good:  
And, if it sometime flie not our possession,  
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.

Had we a Winter, Sommer would be thought  
Not halfe so pleasing: And, if Tempests were nor,  
Such Comforts could not by a Calme, be brought:  
For, things, save by their Opposites, appeare not.  
Both health, and wealth, is tattles unto some;  
And, so is ease, and every other pleasure,  
Till poore, or sicke, or grieved, they become:  
And, then, they relish thefe, in ampler measure.

God, therefore (full as kinde, as he is wise)  
So tempereth all the Favours he will doe us,  
That, wee, his Bounties, may the better prize:  
And, make his Chastisements leffe bitter to us.

One while, a fcorching Indignation burns  
The Flowers and Blofomes of our Hopes, away;  
Which into Scarrie, our Plente turns,  
And, changeth uncomone-Grasse to parched Hay;  
Anon, his fruitfull showers, and pleasing dewes,  
Commixt with cheerefull Rayes, he sendeth downe;  
And then the Barren-earth her crop renewes,  
Which with rich Harvests, Hills, and Valleys Crowne:  
For, as to relish Rayes, he forrow fends,  
So, Comfort on Temptation, still, attends.
To bristle for Gaine, the Cocke doth slight;
But, for his Females, he will fight.

Some are so quarrelous, that they will draw,
And Brawle, and Fight, for every toy they see,
Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw;
And, (otherwise) for leffe then that may be.
Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe;)
But, when they Lye, they cannot brooke to heare
That any should be bold to tell them so.
Another fort, I know, that blomes will take,
Put up the Lye, and give men leave to say
What words they please; till spoile they seeke to make
Of their estates; and, then, they'll kill and slay.
But, of all Hacklifers, farre the fiercest are
Our Cockrills of the game, (Sir Cupid's knights)
Who, (on their foolish Coxcomb) often wearc
The Scarres they get in their Venerean-fights.
Take heed of these; for, you may pacifie
The first, by time: the second, will be pleas'd
If you submit, or else your words denie;
The third, by satisfaction, are appeale'd:
But, he that for his Female, takes offence,
Through Icaloufy, or madneffe, rageth so;
That, he accepteth of no recompence,
Till he hath wrought his Rivals overthrow.

Such Fury, shun; and, shunne their Vulgar minde,
Who for base trash despitefully contend;
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)
Thy Vertuous Mistrefse, lawfully defend.
For, he, that in such cases turns his face,
Is held a Capon, of a Dunghill Race.
If safely, thou desire to goe,
Bee nor too swift, nor overflow.

ILLUSTR. X.

Vr Elders, when their meaning was to shew
A native-speedinesse (in Emblem wise)
The picture of a Dolphin-Fish they drew;
Which, through the waters, with great swiftness, flies.
An Anchor, they did figure, to declare
Hope, stayednesse, or a grave-deliberation:
And therefore when those two, united are,
It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.
For, as the Dolphin putreth us in minde,
That in the Courses, which we have to make,
Wee should not be, to slothfulnesse enclin'd;
But, swift to follow what we undertake:
So, by an Anchor added thereunto,
Inform'd wee are, that, to maintaine our speed,
Hope, must bee joyn'd therewith (in all we doe)
If wee will undiscouraged proceed,
It sheweth (also) that, our speediness,
Must have some staydnesse; left, when wee suppose
To prosecute our aymes with good success;
Wee may, by Rassiness, good endeavors lose.
They worke, with most securitie, that know
The Times, and best Occasions of delay;
When, likewise, to be neither swift, nor slow;
And, when to practice all the speed, they may.
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,
(Through this life's Ocean) shall their Bark attend;
This double Vertue, will procure their cafe:
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.
By Speediness, our works are timely wrought;
By Staydnesse, they, to passe are, safely, brought.
They that in Hope, and Silence, live,
The best Contentment, may achieve.

If thou desirest to cherish true Content,
And in a troublous time that course to take,
Which may be likely mischief to prevent,
Some use, of this our Hieroglyphick, make.
The Fryers Habit, seemeth to import,
That thou (as ancient Monkes and Fryers did)
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,
And, in repredness, lye closely hid.
The clasped-Books, doth warn thee, to retain
Thy thoughts within the compass of thy breast;
And, in a quiet silence to remaine,
Vntill, thy mind may safely be express’d.
That Anchor, doth inform thee, that thou must
Walke on in Hope; and, in thy Pilgrimage,
Bear up (without despairing or distrust)
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine Age.

For, whenfoeuer Oppression groweth rift,
Obscureness, is more safe than Eminence;
Here, that then keepes his Tongue, may keepe his Life,
Till Times will better favour Innocence.
Truth spoken where untruth is more approved,
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwise, a wicked man is moved
To escape from wrong, if no man him oppose.

Let this our Emblem, therefore, counsell thee,
Thy life in safe Repredness, to spend:
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts referred bee,
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.
And, whilst most others, give their Fancy scope,
Enjoy thy selfe, in Silence, and in Hope.
Let none despair of their Estate,
For, Prudence, greater is than Fate.

Booke II.

Be merry man, and let no causeless feare
Of Constellations, fatal Desinie,
Or of those false Decrees, that publisht are
By foolish braines, thy Conscience terrifie.
To thee, these Figures better Doctrines teach,
Than those blind Stoics, who necelitate
Contingent things; and, arrogantly teach
(For doubtless truths) their dreams of changeless Fate.
Though true it bee, that those things which pertain,
As Ground-workes, to Gods glorie, and our blisful,
Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.
God, gives men power, to build on his Foundation;
And, if their workes bee thereunto agreeing,
No Power-created, brings that Variation,
Which can disturb be, the Workmans happy being.
Nor, of those workings, which required are,
Is any made unpossible, untill
Mans heart begins that Counsell to preferrre,
Which is derived from a crooked-will.
The Starres, and many other things, incline
Our nat'rall Constitutions, divers wayes;
But, in the Soule, God plac'd a Power-divine,
Which, all those Inclinations, overturnes.
Yea, God, that Prudence, hath infused, by Grace,
Which, till Selfe-will, and Luft, betrayes a man,
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,
From whence, no Constellation move him can.
And this is that, whereof I notice take,
From this great Starre, enclosed by a Snake.
Their Friendship firme will ever bide,
Whose hands unto the Cross are tied.

Illustr. XIII.

When first I knew the world, (and was untaught
By tried experience, what true Friendship meant)
That I had many faithfull friends, I thought;
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.
For, few so young in yeares, and meanes in fortune,
Of their Familiars, had such troopes, as I,
Who did their daily fellowship importune;
Or, seemed to pleased in their company.
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;
And, of the Quorum, in their honest game:
By day or night, I seldom fare alone;
And, welcome seemed, wherefoere I came.
But, where are now those multitudes of Friends?
Alas! they on a sudden flasht away.
Their love begun, but, for some senfuall ends,
Which flaying them, it would no longer stay.
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,
They, nor their painses, nor purses, would have spared;
But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,
Small showes of kindnesse, had bin then declared.
Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or three,
Are left me now, which (yet) as Friends I prize;
But, none of them, of that great number be,
With whom I had my youthfull Jollities.

If, therefore, thou desire a Friend, on Earth,
Let one pure-faith betwixt you bee begot,
And, seekke him not, in vanities, or mirth,
But, let Afflictions tye your true-love-knot:
For, they who to the Cross, are firmly tyde,
Will fast, and everlafting Friends abide.
A Candle that affords no light,  
What profits it, by Day, or Night?

Here be of those in every Common-meale,  
Whom to this Emblem we resemble may;  
The Name of none I purpose to reveale,  
But, their Condition, here, I will display.

Some, both by gifts of Nature, and of Grace,  
Are so prepared, that, they might be fit  
To stand as Lights, in profitable place;  
Yet, loose their Talent, by neglecting it.

Some, to the common Grace, and natural parts,  
(By helpe of Nurture, and good Discipline)  
Have added an accomplishment of Arts,  
By which, their Light may much the brighter shine.

Some others, have to this, acquired more:  
For, to maintaine their Lampes, in giving light,  
Of Waxe, and Oyle, and Fainefle, they have store,  
Which over-flowes unto them, day and night.

And, ev'n as Lampes, or Candles, on a Table,  
(Or, fixt on golden Candlesticks, on high)  
To light Assemblies, Great and Honourable,  
They, oft, have(alfo) place of Dignitie.

By means of which, their Splendor might become  
His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:  
They might encrease the Lights of Christendome,  
And, make them see, who sit in shades of Death.

But, many of them, like those Candles bee,  
That stand unlighted in a Branch of gold:  
For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,  
Than wee in grosseft darknesse, may behold.

If such there be, (as there bee such, I fear)  
The question is, For what good use they are.
The Sacrifice, God loveth best,
Are Broken-hearts, for Sin, oppress.

No Age, hath had a people, to profess
Religion, with a shew of holiness,
Beyond these times; nor, did men sacrifice,
According to their foolish fantasies,
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes
On pious works, the hundredth part, of those
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seazed,
And, thinkes his God, in that, is highly pleased.

Another, of her dues, the Church bereaves:
And, yet, himselfe a holy man conceives,
(Yea, and right bountifull) if he can spare
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth share,
To some new Lecture: or, a Chaplainke keepes,
To please Himselfe, or, preach his Wife asleepe.
Some others, thinke they bring sincere Oblations,
When, fir'd with zeal, they roare out Imprecations
Against all those, whom wicked they repute:
And, when to God, they tender any flute,
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,
By praying-long, with Repetitions vaine.

With many other such like Sacrifices
Men come to God: but, he such gifts despises:
For, neither gifts, nor works, nor any thing
(Which we can either doe, or say, or bring,)
Accepted is of God; until he finde
A Spirit-humbled, and a troubled-minde.
A contrite Heart, is that, and, that alone,
Which God with love, and pitie, looks upon.

Such he affects; therefore (Oh Lord) to thee:
Such, let my Heart, and, such, my Spirit bee.
A King, that prudently Commands,  
Becomes the glory of his Lands.

He Royal-Scepter, Kingly power, implies;  
The Crowne-Imperiall, Glorie, signifies:  
And, by these joyn'd in one, we understand,  
A King, that is an honour to his Land.  
A Kingdom, is not alwaies eminent,  
By having Confines of a large extent;  
For, Povertie, and Barbaroufness, are found  
Ev'n in some large Dominions, to abound:  
Nor, is it Wealth, which gets a glorious Name;  
For, then, those Lands would spread the widest Fame,  
From whence we fetch the Gold and Silver-ore;  
And, where we gather Pearsles upon the shore:  
Nor, have those Countries highest exaltations,  
Which breed the strongest, and the Warlike Nations;  
For, proud of their owne powre, they sometimes grow,  
And quarrel, till themselves they overthrow.  
Nor, doe the chiefest glories, of a Land,  
In many Cities, or much People, stand:  
For, then, those Kingdomes, most renowned were,  
In which Unchristian Kings, and, Tyrants are.  
It is the King by whom a Realme's renowne,  
Is either built up, or overthrowne.  
By Solomon, more fam'd was Judah made,  
Then, by the Multitude of men it had:  
Great Alexander, glorified Greece,  
Throughout the World, which, else had bene a piece  
Perhaps obscure; And, Caesar added more  
To Rome, then all her greatnesse did before.  
Grant, Lord, these Isles, for ever may be blessed;  
With what, in this our Emblem is expressed.
Thynke you would be wise, for, most men seeme
To make of Knowledge very great esteeme.
If such be your desires, this Emblem view;
And, marke how well the Figures, counsell you.
Wee by the Bird of Athens, doe expresse,
That painefull, and that usefull watchfulness,
Which ought to bee enjoynd, unto them,
Who seek a place, in Wisdomes Academ.
For, as an Owle mewes up her selfe by Day,
And watcheth in the Night, to get her prey;
Ev'n fo, good Students, neither must be such,
As daily gad; or nightly sleepe too much.
That open booke, on which the Owle is perched,
Affords a Morall, worthy to be searchd:
For, it informs, and, darkly doth advise,
Your Watchings be not after Vanities;
(Or, like their Wakings, who turne days to nights,
In following their unlawfull appetites)
And, that, in keeping Home, you doe not spend
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.
But, rather in good Studies; and, in that,
By which, true Knowledge, is arrived at.
For, if your Studies, and your Wakings, bee
To this intent; you shall that Path-way see
To Wisdom, and to Honour, which was found,
Of them, whose Knowledge hath been most renownd.
But, if your Watchings, and Retrednesse,
Be for your Lufs, or, out of Satisfyesse;
You are not, what th'Athenian-Owle implies,
But, what our English-Owles signifies.
When Mars, and Pallas, doe agree,
Great workes, by them, effected bee.

ILLVSTR. XVIII.

When Mars and Pallas are continuall Mates,
And those affaires but seldome luckie be,
That Common-wealth, in which, good Arts are found
Without a Guard, will soone receive a wound:
And, Souldiers, where good-order beares no way,
Will, very quickly, rout themselves away.
Moreover, in our private Actions too,
There must bee both a Knowledge, how to doe
The worke propos'd, and strength to finish it;
Or, wee shall profit little by our Wit.
Discretion takes effect, where Vigour failes;
Where Cunning speeds not, outward-force prevails;
And, otherwhile, the prize pertaines to neither,
Till they have joyn'd their Vertues both together.

Consider this; and, as occasions are,
To both of these your due respectts declare,
Delight not so in Arts, to purchase harms
By Negligence, or Ignorance of Armes:
If Martiall-Discipline thou shalt affect;
Yet, doe not honest-Policie, neglect.
Improve thy Minde, as much as e're thou may;
But foole thou not thy Bodies gifts away.
The Vertues both of Body, and of Mind,
Are, still, to be regarded in their kind.
And, wee should neither of the two disgrace;
Nor, either of them, raise above his place:
For, when these two wee value as wee ought,
Great works, by their joints power, to passe are brought.
They, after suffering, shall be crown'd,
In whom, a Constant-faith, is found.

Illvstr. XIX.

Arise, well this Emblem; and, observe you thence
The nature of true Christian-confidence.
Her Foot is fixed on a squared-Stone,
Which, whether side, etc're you turne it on,
Stands fast; and, that Corner-Stone, which props,
And firmly knits the structure of our Hopes.
Shee, always, beares a Cross; to signify,
That, there was never any Constancie
Without her Tryalls: and, that, her perfection,
Shall never be attain'd, without Affliction.
A Cup she hath, moreover, in her hand;
And, by that Figure, thou mayst understand,
That, thee hath draughts of Comfort, always near her,
(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.
And, loe, her head is crown'd; that, we may see
How great, her Glories, and Rewards, will be.

Hereby, this Virtue's nature may be knowne:
Now, practise, how to make the same thine owne.
Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;
Nor yield thou to Despairing, though thou hast
A Cross (which threatens death) to be embrace;
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,
The very dregs, of Sorrowes bitter Cup:
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,
Thou hast the same Foundation to sustaine thee:
The selfe same Cup of Comfort, is prepared
To give thee strength, when fainting fits are feared:
And, when thy time of tryall, is expired,
Thou shalt obtaine the Crown, thou hast desired.

Love
Love, a Musician is profest,
And, of all Musick, is the best.

ILLVSTR. XX.

F to his thoughts my Comments have allented,
By whom the following Emblem was invented,
I'll hereby teach you (Ladies) to discover
A true-bred Cupid, from a fained Lover;
And, shew (if you have Wooers) which be they,
That worth'eft are to bear your Hearts away.

As is the Boy, which, here, you pictured see,
Let them be young, or let them, rather, be
Of sitting-yeares (which is instead of youth)
And, wooe you in the nakedness, of Truth,
Not in the common and disguifed Clothes,
Of Mimick-gestures, Compliments, and Oathes.
Let them be winged with a swift Desire;
And, not with slow-affections, that will tyre.

But, looke to this, as to the principall,
That, Love doth make them truly Musical:
For, Love’s a good Musician; and, will shew
How, every faithfull Lover may be so.

Each word he speakes, will presently appeare
To be melodious Raptures in your care:
Each gesture of his body, when he moves,
Will seeme to play, or sing, a Song of Loves:
The very looks, and motions of his eyes,
Will touch your Heart-strings, with sweet Harmonies;
And, if the Name of him, be but express'd,
Twill caufe a thoufand grievings in your breast.
Nay, even those Discords, which occasion d’are,
Will make your Musick, much the sweeter, facile.

And, such a mooving Diapason strike,
As none but Love, can ever play the like.
Thy seeming-Lover, false will be,
And, love thy Money, more than Thee.

Hat may the reason be, to many wed,
And miss the blessings of a joyfull-Bed,
But those ungodly, and improper ends,
For which, this Age most Marriages intends?
Some, love plumpe-flesh; and, those as kinde will be
To any gameesome Wanton, as to thee.
Some, doate on Honours; and, all such will prize
Thy Person, meere, for thy Dignities.
Some, fancy Pleasures; and, such Flirts as they,
With ev'ry Hobby-horse, will runne away.
Some (like this Couple in our Emblem, here)
Woee hard for Wealth; and, very kind appeare,
Till they have wonne their prize: but, then they shew
On what their best Affections they bestow.
This Wealth, is that sweet Beautie, which preferres
So many to their Executioners.
This, is that rare Perfection, for whose sake,
The Politician, doth his Marriage, make.
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,
Were confused (or did couzen) in this kind;
And, for some by-respects, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.
If this concerne thee, now, in any sense;
For thy instruction, take this warning hence:
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament
Thy pass'd crime, and, bear thy punishment.
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to err;
Then, let this Emblem be thy Counsellor:
For, I have said my mind, which, if thou flight,
Goe, and repent it, on thy wedding night.
Rather would (because it seemeth just)
Deceived be, than carefully distrust:
Yet, whom I credited; and then, how far:
Bee Cautions, which I thought worth heeding were:
And, had not this been taught me long agoe,
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.
That, others to such warinesse, may come,
This Emblem, here, hath filled up a room;
And, though a vulgar Figure, it may seem,
The Morall, of it, meriteth esteeme.
That Seeing-Palme, (endowed with an Eye,
And handling of a Heart) may signifie
What warie Watchfulness, observe we must;
Before we venture on a weightie Trust:
And, that, to keepe our kindnesse from abuse,
There is of double-diligence, an ule.
Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are loath
to truft each others Words, or Bands, or Oath:
For, though wee had in every part an Eye,
We could not search out all Hypocrifie.
Nor, by our utmost providence, perceive
How many wayes, are open to deceive.
Now, then (although perhaps thou art so wise,
To know already, what I would advise)
Yet may this Emblem, or this Motto, bee
Instead of some Remembrancer, to thee,
So, take it therefore; And, be sure, if either
This Warning, or thy Wit, (or both together)
Can, still, secure thee from deceitfull-hearts;
Thy luck exceedeth all thy other parts.
Hee, that on Earthly-things doth trust, Dependeth upon Smoake, and Dust.

ILLVSTR. XXIII. Book 2

Lord! what a coyle is here! and what a puther, To save and get: to scratch and scrape together The Rubbish of the world; and, to acquire Those vanities, which Fancy doth desire? What Violence is used, and what Cunning? What nightly Watchings, and what daily Running? What sorrows felt? what difficulties entred? What losses hazarded? what perils ventred? And, still, how sottishly, doe wee persever (By all the power, and means wee can endeavour) To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall Round, In quest of that, which never will be found? In Objects, here on Earth, we seek to finde That perfect solidnesse, which is confinde, To things in Heaven, though every day we see, What emptinesse, and saylings, in them be. To teach us better: this, our Emblem, here, Aflayes to make terrestriall things appeare The same they be, (both to our cares and eyes) That, wee may rightly their Condition prize. The best, which of earths best things, wee can say, Is this: that they are Grass, and will be Hay. The rest, may be refembled to the Smoake, (Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke) Or else, to that uncleanly Mashrum-ball, Which, in some Countries, wee a Puff-boy call; Whose out-side, is a naffie rotten skin, Containing dust, or smoking-dust, within.

This is my mind: if wrong you thinke I've done them, Be Fools; and, at your perils, dote upon them.

I have
I heare, about mee, all my store;  
And, yet, a King enjoyes not more.

His Emblem is a Tortoise, whose owne shell
Becomes that howfe, where he doth rent-free dwell;
And, in what place soever he resides,
His Arch'd-Lodging, on his backe abides.
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;
For which respects, the Tortoise represents
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;
And (by the Vertues lodging in his minde)
Can all things needful, in all places, finde.
To such a Man, what ever doth betide;
From him, his Treasures, nothing can divide.
If of his outward-meane, Theves make a prife;
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise
His inward-Riches: and, they prove a Wealth,
More useful, and leffe lyable to stealth.
If, any at his harmelesse person strike,
Himselfe hee straight contrafeteth, Tortoise-like,
To make the Shell of Suffrance, his defence;
And, counts it Life, to die with Innocence.
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payned;
If, hee, be laundred, sleighted, or disdayned;
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within him,
Which may, from those things, ease and comfort, win him.
When, him unclad, or unhoused, you see;
His Resolutions, clothes and houses bee,
That keep him safer, and, farre warmer too,
Than Palaces, and princely Robes, can doe.

God give mee wealth, that hath so little Cumber;
And, much good doe'st the World with all her Lumber.
To Learning, I a love should have,  
Although one foot were in the Grave.

Ere we an Aged-man described have,  
That hath one foot, already, in the Grave:  
And, if you marke it (though the Sunne decline,  
And horne Cynthia doth begin to shine)  
With open booke, and, with attentive eyes,  
Himselfe, to compasse Knowledge, he applyes:  
And, though that Evening, end his last of dayes,  
Yet, I will study, more to learne, he sayes.  

From this, we gather, that, while time doth last,  
The time of learning, never will be past;  
And, that, each houre, till we our life lay downe,  
Still, something, touching life, is to be knowne.  
When he was old, wise Cato learned Greeke:  
But, we have aged-folkes, that are to seek  
Of that, which they have much more cause to learne;  
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall difference.  
For, that, which they should studie in their prime,  
Is, oft, deferred, till their latter-time:  
And, then, old-age, unfit for learning, makes them,  
Or, else, that common dulnesse overtakes them,  
Which makes ashamed, that it should be thought,  
They need, like little-children, to be taught.  
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne  
As wise, as in that wecke, when they were borne.  

God, grant me grace, to spend my life-time so,  
That I my duty, still may seek to know;  
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,  
To think, that I, more Knowledge, doe not need:  
But, in Experience, may continue growing,  
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious knowing.
Good-fortune, will by those abide,
In whom, True-virtue doth reside.

Arke, how the Cornucopias, here, apply
Their Plenties, to the Rod of Mercury;
And (if it seeme not neede) leaue, to know
This Hieroglyphick's meaning, ere you goe.
The Sages old, by this Mercurian-wand
(Caduceus nam'd) were wont to understand
Art, Wisedome, Vertue, and what else we finde,
Reputed for endowments of the Minde.
The Cornucopias, well-knowne Emblems, are,
By which, great wealth, and plenties, figure'd were;
And (if you joyne together, what they spell)
It will, to ev'ry Understanding, tell,
That, where Internall-Graces may be found,
Eternall-blessings, ever, will abound.
For, this is truth, and (though some thought: in you
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)
This, ever is the truth; and, they have got
Few right-form'd Vertues, who believe it not.
I will confesse, true Vertue hath not ever
All Common-plenties, for which most indevour;
Nor have the Perfect Vertues, those high places,
Which Knowledge, Arts (and, such as have the faces
Of outward beauty) many times, attaine;
For, these are things, which (often) those men gaine,
That are more flesh, than spirit; and, have need
Of carnall-helpes, till higher they procede.
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,
As, not to want those Toys, for which wee crye:
And, I had showne you somewhat of their flour,
But, that, this Page, had room to write no more.
The Gospel, thankfully embrace;  
For God, compassed us, this Grace.

ILLUS.: XXVII.  
Book. 2

His moderne Emblem, is a mute expressing  
Of God's great Mercies, in a moderne blessing;  
And, gives me, now, just cause to sing his praise,  
For granting me, my being, in these days.

The much desired Messages of Heav'n,  
For which, our Fathers would their lives have giv'n,  
And, in Groves, Caves, and Mountains, once a year)  
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to hear;  
Or, in leafe: bloody times, at their own homes,  
To heare, in private, and obscured rooms.

Lo; these, those joyfull-stuffings, we doe live  
Amazed'd, in every Village, to perceive;  
And, that, the sounds of Gladness, echo may,  
Through all our goodly Temples, ev'ry day.

Thus (Oh God) thy doing, unto thee,  
Prolong this Mercy, and, vouchsafe the fruit,  
May to thy Labour, on the Vine-yard, just:  
Left, for our rustlesse, thy Light of grace,  
Thou, from our Golden candlestick, displace.

We doe, me thinkes, already, Lord, beginne  
To wantonize, and let that loathing in,  
Which makes thy Manna tastelesse: And, I fear,  
That, of those Christians, who, more often heare,  
Then practice, what they know, we have too many:  
And, I suspect my selfe, as much as any.

Oh! mend me so, that, by amending mee,  
Amends in others, may increased be:  
And, let all Graces, which thou hast bestow'd,  
Return thee honour, from whom, first, they flow'd.
The Bees, will in an Helmet breed;
And, Peace, doth after Warre, succeed.

Hen you have heeded, by your Eye of sense,
This Helmet, hiving of a Swarme of Bees,
Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,
And, what your Eye of Understanding sees.
That Helmet, and, those other Weapons, there,
Betoken Warre; the Honey-making, Flies,
An Emblem of a happy Kingdom, are,
Enjoying Peace, by painfull Industries:
And, when, all these together are express'd,
As in this Emblem, where the Bees, doe seeme
To make their dwelling, in a Plumed-Crest,
A Morall is implied, worth esteem.
For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,
That, Peace, and Art, and Thrift, most firme abides,
In those Re-publikes, where, Armes cherisht bee;
And, where, true Martiall discipline, resides.
When, of their Stings, the Bees, disarm'd, become,
They, who, on others Labours, use to prey,
Incourag'd are, with violence, to come,
And, bear their Honey, and, their Waxe, away.
So when a People, meerely, doe affect
To gathering Wealth; and (foolishly secure)
Defences necessary, quite neglect;
Their Foes, to spoyle their Land, it will allure.
Long Peace, brings Warre; and, Warre, brings Peace, again;
For, when the smart of Warfare seizeth on them,
They crye, Alarme; and, then, to fight, are faine,
Vntill, their Warre, another Peace, hath wonne them;
And, out of their old rusty Helmets, then,
New Bees doe swarme, and, fall to worke again.
The Heart of him, that is upright,
In Heavenly-knowledge, takes delight.

His Emblem, with some other of the rest,
Are scarce, with seemly Properties, express'd,
Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane Invention
May yield some Fruit, and shew a good Intention;
Ille, hence, as well informe your Intellecch,
As if these Figures had not those defects.
The Booke, here shadow'd, may be said, to shew
The Wisdom, and Experience, which we know
By Common means, and, by these Creatures, here,
Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.
The Winged-heart, betokens those Desires,
By which, the Reasonable-soule, aspires
Above the Creature; and, attempts to clime,
To Mysteries, and Knowledge, more sublime:
Ev'n to the Knowledge of the Three-in-one,
Implied by the Tetragrammaton.
The Smokings of this Heart, may well declare
Those Perturbations, which within us are,
Vntill, that Heavenly wisdome, we have gain'd,
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd;
And, after which, those Hearts, that are upright,
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.
To me, Oh Lord, vouchsafe thou, to impart
The gift of such a Rectify'd-heart.
Grant me the Knowledge of Inferiour things,
So farre, alone, as their Experience, brings
The Knowledge, which, I ought to have of thee,
And, of those Duties, thou requir'st of me:
For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,
Of truest Wisdom, the Perfections are.
Where Labour, wisely, is employ'd;
Deserved Glory, is enjoy'd.

Do men suppose, when God's free-giving Hand,
Doth, by their Friends, or, by Inheritance,
To Wealth, or Titles, raise them in the Land,
That, those, to Lasting-glories, them advance?
Or, can men think, such Good, or Gifts of Nature,
As Nimble-rememberings, Memory,
An Able-body, or, a comely Feature
(Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?
May Sloth, and Idleness, be warrantable,
In us, because our Fathers have been rich?
Or, are we, therefore, truly honourable,
Because our Predecessors, have been such?
When, nor our Fortunes, nor our natural parts,
In any measure, are improved by us,
Are others bound (as if we had defects)
With Attributes of Honour to bely us?
No, no; the more our Predecessors left,
(Yea, and, the more, by nature, we enjoy)
We, of the more esteem, shall be bereft;
Because, our Talents, we do misemploy.
True Glory, doth on Labour, still attend;
But, without Labour, Glory we have none.
She, crowns good Workmen, when their Works have end;
And, Shame, gives payment, where is nothing done.
Laborious, therefore, bee; But, left the Spade
(which, here, doth Labour mean) thou art in vaine,
The Serpent, thereofunto, be sure thou adde;
That is, Let Prudence guide thy taking-paine.
For, where, a wise Endeavour, shall be found,
A Wreath of Glory, will inclose it round.
Behold, you may, the Picture, here,  
Of what, keepes Man, and Childe, in feare.

Here, are the great'ft Afflictions; most men have;  
Even from their Nursing-cradle, to their Grave:  
Yet, both so needfull are, I cannot see,  
How either of them, may well spared bee.  
The Rod is that, which, most our Child-hood feares;  
And, seems the great'ft Affliction that it beares:  
That, which to Man-hood, is a plague, as common  
(And, more unufferable) is a Woman.  
Yet, blush not Ladies; neither frowne, I pray,  
That, thus of women, I presume to say;  
Nor, number mee, as yet, among your foes;  
For, I am more your friend, then you suppose:  
Nor smile ye Men, as it, from hence, ye had  
An Argument, that Woman kinde were bad.  
The Birch, is blamelesse (yea, by nature, sweeter,  
And gentle) till, with flubborne Boyes, it meet:  
But, then, it smarts. So, Women, will be kinde,  
Vntill, with froward Husbands, they are joyn'd:  
And, then indeed (perhaps) like Birchen boughes,  
(Which, else, had bee a trimming, to their House)  
They, sometimes prove, sharpe whips, and Rods, to them,  
That Wisdom, and, Instrucion doe contenme,  
A Woman, was not given for Correction;  
But, rather for a furtherance to Perfection:  
A precious Balm of love, to cure Mans griece;  
And, of his Pleasures, to become the chiefe.  
If, therefore, the occasion any smart,  
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part:  
For, like sweet Honey, the, good Stomackes, please;  
But, paines the Body, subject to Diseases.
Ilen, on this Child-like figure, thou shalt looke,
Wh ch, with his Light, his Hour-glasse, and his books,
May be, in a watching-pasture, formed here;
And, when thou hast perus'd that Motto, there,
On which he layes his hand: thy selfe apply
To what it counsellth; and, learne to die,
While that Light burnes, and, that short-houre doth last,
Which, for this Lesson, thou obtainedst.
And, in this bus'neeze, use thou no delays;
For, if the bigger Motto truely, sayes,
There is not it unto thee, one whole Watch,
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.
It was no more, when first thy Life begunne;
And, in thy Gla
dest of that: Watch be rume:
Which thou observing, shouldest be put in minde,
To husband well, the space that is behind.
 Endeavour honestly, whilst thou hast light:
Deferre thou not, thy Journey, till the night;
Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the prime,
And, sloor of thy most acceptable time.
So watchful, rather, and, so careful be,
That, whenloere the Bridegroom seens thee,
And, when thy Lord returns, unlooked for, home;
Thou mayst, a Partner, in their joyes, become.
And, oh my God! so warie, and so wise,
Let me beware that, this, which I advise
To other men (and really have thought)
May still, in practice, by my selfe be brought:
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,
Through humane frailties, or, forgetfulness.
What ever God did fore-decree, 
Shall, without faile, fulfilled be.

"E thinkes, that Fate, which God weighs forth to all, 
May partly shew; and, let my Reader, see. 
The fate, of an Immutable-decrees;
And, how it differs, from those Destinies, 
Which carnall understandings, doe devise.
   For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, to-come,
   Was, by a steady, and, by equall doome, 
   Weigh'd out, by Providence; and, that, by Grace.
   Each thing, each person, ev'ry time, and place,
   Had thereunto, a power, and portion given;
   So proper to their nature (and, to even
To that just measure, which, aright became
The Workings, and, the being, of the same)
As, best might helpe the furthering of that end,
Which, God's eternall wisdome, doth intend.
And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,
Who, of God's Closer, seeme to keep the Key;
   (And, things, for absolute Decrees, declare,
Which, either false, or, but Contingents are)
Yet, in his Will-reveal'd, my Reason, sees
   Thus much, of his Immutable-decrees:
That, him, a Doome-ernall, reprobatech,
Who longeth Mercy; or, Instruction hatch,
   Without Repenting: And, that, whensoever,
A Sinner, true amendment, shall indevour;
Bewaile his Wickednesse, and, call for grace;
There shall be, for Compassion, time, and place.
And, this, I hold, a branch of that Decree,
Which, Men may lay, shall never changed be."
My Fortune, I had rather bear;
Then come, where greater perils are.

Arke well this Caged-eowle, and, thereby, see,
What, thy estate, may, peradventure, be.
She, wants her freedom; so, perhaps, dost thou,
Some freedoms lacke, which, are desired, now;
And, though, thy Body be not so confin'd;
Art straitned, from some liberty of Minde.

The Bird in thrall, the more contented eys,
Because, the Hawke, so neere her, she spyes;
And, though, the Cage were open, more would feare,
To venture out, then to continue there:
So, if thou couldst perceive, what Birds of prey,
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,
To seize thy Soule (when she abroad shall goe,
To take the Freedom, the desir'd do)
Thou, faire more fairefull, wouldst of them, become,
Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.

Not Precepts, but Experience, thus hath taught me;
Which, to such resolutions, now have brought me,
That, whatsoever mischieues others doe me,
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;
And, seldom struggle from them, till I see,
That, worse fortunes will secure be.

What spite fore my Foes, to me, can doe,
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two:
For, though the World, and I, at first, believe,
My Sufferings, give me cause enough to grieve;
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)
That, better Fortunes, might faire worse have made me.

By some young Devils, though, I scratched am,
Yet, I am hopeful, I shall scape their Dam.
The more contrary Windes doe blow,
The greater Vertues praise will grow.

Illustr. XXXV. Book. 2

Observe the nature of that Fiery-flame,
Which on the Mountains top so brightly showes;
The Windes from every quarter, blow the flame,
Yea, and to blow it out, their fury blows;
But, lo, the more they florme, the more it shineth;
At every blast, the Flame ascends higher;
And, till the Fuells want, that rage confineth,
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious Fire.
Thus fares the man, whom Virtue, Beacon-like,
Hath fixt upon the Hills of Eminence,
At him, the Tempefts of mad Envy strike,
And, rage against his Piles of Innocence;
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more
They seek to keepe his worth from being knowne,
They, daily, make it greater, then before;
And, cause his Fame, the farther to be blowne.
When, therefore, no selfe-doting Arrogance,
But, Virtues, cover'd with a modest vaile,
Breach through obscurity, and, thee advance
To place, where Envy shall thy worth affaire;
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stand the shockes
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarl and bite;
Pursue thee, with Detraction, Slanders, Mockes,
And, all the venom'd Engines of Despight,
Thou art above their malice; and, the blaze
Of thy Celestiall fire, shall shine so cleare,
That, their befouled foules, thou shalt amaze;
And, make thy Splendours, to their shame, appeare.
If this be all, that Envy is rage can doe,
Lord, give me Virtues, though I suffer too.
Even as the Smoke doth passe away;  
So, shall all Worldly-pompe decay.

ILLVSTR. XXXVI.  

Book. 2

One better Arguments, then yet I see,  
I must perceive; and, better causes, why,  
To those gay things, I should addicted bee,  
To which, the Vulgar their Affections tye.  
I have consider'd, Scepters, Masters, Crownes,  
With each appurtenance to them belonging;  
My heart, hath search'd their Glories, and Renouns;  
And, all the pleasant things about them thronging:  
My Soule, hath truly weigh'd, and, tooke the measure,  
Of Riches (which the most have so desired)  
I have distill'd the Quintessence of Pleasure,  
And, scene those Objects, that are most admired.  
I, likewise feele all Passions, and Affections,  
That helpe to cheat the Reason, and perfwade  
That those poore Vanities, have some perfections,  
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.  
Yet, when that I have rou'd my Understanding,  
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,  
Which hinders in me Reason's free commanding,  
And, shewes, things, without vaile's, or interruption;  
Then, they, me thinkes, as suifileste doe appeare,  
As Nubbles (wherewithall young-children play)  
Or, as the Smoke, which, in our Emblem, here,  
Now, makes a show, and, straight, consumes away.  
Be pleas'd, Oh God, my value may be such  
Of every Outward-blessing, here below,  
That, I may neither love them overmuch,  
Nor underprize the Gifts, than shall bestow:  
But, know the use, of all these fading Smokes;  
And, be refresh'd, by that, which others chokes.
Death, is unable to divide
Their Hearts, whose Hands True-love hath tyde.

In the Emblem, stands
A Burning-heart, and, therewithall, you see
Beneath Death's head, a pair of Loving-hands,
Which, close, and fast-united, seem to be.
These modern Hieroglyphicks (vulgarly
Thus bundled up together) may afford
Good-meanings, with as much Propriety,
As both, with common Judgments, will afford.
It may imply, that, when both Hand and Heart;
By sympathizing deareness are invited,
To meet each other's natural Counterpart;
And, are by sacred Ordinance united:
They then have entered that strict Obligation,
By which they, firmly, ev'ry way are tied;
And, without means (or thought of separation)
Should in that Union, till their Deaths, abide;
This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoever thou be
(Whose Marriage-ring, this Covenant, hath sealed)
For, though, thy Faith's infringement, none can see;
Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed;
Left thou [as over a great number do]
Of thine owne person, make a Privy-deed,
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.
For, though there be, nor Church, nor Chappell, nigh thee
(Nor outward witnesses of what is done)
A Power-invisible doth always eye thee;
And, thy pretended Law; so lookes upon,
That, if thou be not, till thy dying, true;
Thy Falsehood, till thy dying, thou shalt rue.
False Weights, with Measures false eschew,
And, give to ev'ry man, their Due.

Orth of a Cloud (with Scale and Rule) extended
An Arm (for this next Emblem) doth appeare;
Which hath to us in silent flowers, commended,
A Purse, that is often wanting, here.
The World, is very studious of Deceipts;
And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.
False measures, and, Adulterated-weights,
Of many dues, the needy-man bereaves.
Ev'n Weights to sell, and, other Weights to buy
(Two sorts of weights) in practice are, with some;
And, both of these, they often falsifie,
That, they to great, and sudden wealth, may come.

But, Conscience make of raising your estates,
By such a base, and such a wicked way:
For, this Injustice, God expressly hates;
And, brings, at last, such thirivers to decay.
By Weight and measure, He, on all-betrothes
The Portions due; That, Weight and Measure, then,
Which Man to God, or to his Neighbour owes,
Should, justly, be returned back again.
Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:
Give honour, where an honour shall be due;
Where you are loved, let your love be shewn;
And, yield them succours, who have succour'd you.
Give to thy Children, breeding and Corrections;
The Charities, ev'n to thy Foes extend:
Give to thy wife, the best of thy Affections;
To God, thy selfe, and, all thou hast, commend:
And, lest thou fail, Remember who hath sayd,
Such measure, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.
He needs not fear, what sight can doe,
Whom Vertue friends, and Fortune, too.

IIIIustr. XXXIX.

[Image of an emblem with a griffin perched on a winged ball.]

Hen, in this Emblem here, observe you shall
An Eagle, perched, on a Winged-ball
Advanced on an Altar; and, have ey'd
The Snakes, allaying him, on every side:
Me thinkes, by that, you straight should apprehend
Their flate, whom Wealth, and Vertue, doe befriend.

My Judgement, by that Altar-stone, conceives
The tolickneffe, which, true Religion gives;
And, that fault-grounded goodness, which, we see,
In grave, and sound Morality, to be.
The Flying-ball, doth, very well, expresse
All Outward blessings, and, their sickleness.

Our Eagle, meaneth such Contemplatives,
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,
By fo possling that which they have got,
As if they card not, though, they had it not.
The Snakes, may well re semble those, amongst them,
Who, merely out of envy, feke to wrong them;
And, all these Figures (thus together layd)
Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:

That man, who builds upon the best foundation,
(And spreads the widest wings of Contemplation)
Whilst, in the flesh, he bides, will need some props
Of earthly fortunes, to support his hopes:
And, other-while, those things, may means become,
The springs of Envy, to seare him from.
And, hence, I learns, that, such, as will abide,
Against all Envy, strongly fortify'd,
Mu't joyne, great Vertue, and great Wealth, together.
God helpe us, then, poore-soules, who scarce have either!
Time, is a Fading-flowre, that's found
Within Eternities wide round.

ILLVSTR. X.L.

Ive Termes, there be, which five, I doe apply
To all, that was, and is, and, shall be done.
The first, and last, is that Eternity,
Which, neither shall have End, nor, was begunne.
Beginning, is the next; which, is a space
(Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,
Made, when the first Material, formed was;
And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.
Time entred, when, Beginning had an Ending,
And, is a Progresse, all the works of Nature,
Within the circuit of it, comprehending,
Ev'n till the period, of the Outward-creature.
End, is the fourth, of those five Termes I mean;
(As brieve, as was Beginning) and, ordain'd,
To set the last of moments, to that Scene,
Which, on this Worlds wide Stage, is entertain'd.
The fifth, we Everlasting, fitly, call;
For, though, it once begunne, yet, shall it never
Admit, of any future-end, at all;
But, be extended onward, still, for ever.
The knowledge of these Termes, and of what actions,
To each of them belongs, would render end,
To many Controversies, and Distractions,
Which doe so many trouble, and offend.
Time's nature, by the Fading-flowre, appears;
Which, is a Type, of Transitory things;
The Circled Snake, Eternity declares;
Within whose Round, each fading Creature, springs.
Some Riddles more, to utter, I intended,
But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.
When great Attempts are undergone, 
Joyne Strength and Wisedome, both in one.

ILLVSTR. XLI. Book. 2

If (Reader) thou desirous be to know
What by the Centaur, keemeth here intended;
What, also, by the Snake, and, by the Bowe,
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:
Learne, that this halfe-a man, and halfe-a horse,
Is ancient Hieroglyphicke, teaching thee,
That, Wisedome should be join'd with outward force,
If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.
His Upper-part, the shape of Man, doth beare,
To teach, that, Reason must become our guide.
The hinder-parts, a Horse's Members are;
To thew, that we must, also, strength provide:
The Serpent, and the Bowe, doth signify
The same (or matter to the same effect)
And, by two Types, one Morall to implying,
Is doubled a fore-warning of neglect.
When Knowledge wanteth Power, despis'd we grow,
And, know but how to aggravate our paine:
Great strength, will work it owne sad overthrow,
Vnlesse, it guided be, with Wisedomes owning.
Therefore, Oh God, vouchsafe thou so to marry
The gifts of Soule and Body, both, in me,
That, I may still have all things necessary,
To worke, as I commanded am, by thee.
And, let me not possesse them, Lord, alone,
But, also, know their use; and, so well know it,
That, I may doe each duty to be done;
And, with upright intentions, alwayes doe it.
If this be more, then, yet, obtaine I may,
My will accept thou, for the deed, I pray.
The Ground brings forth all needful things:
But, from the Sunne, this vertue springs.

ILLVSTR. XLII.

E do acknowledge (as this Emblem showes)
That Fruits and Flowers, and many pleasant-things,
From out the Ground, in e'ry season growes;
And, that unto their being, helpe it brings.
Yet, of it selfe, the Ground, we know is dull,
And, but a Willing-patient, whereupon
The Sunne, with Beames, and Vertues wonderfull,
Prepareth, and effecteth, what is done.
We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our eyes
Indowed are with faculties of Seeing,
And, with some other natural properties,
Which are as much our owne, as is our Being.
However, till the Sunne imparts his light,
We finde, that we in darkness doe remaine,
Obscure in an everlasting night;
And, boast our seeing faculties, in vaine.

So, we, by nature, have some natural powers:
But, Grace, must those abilities of ours
First move; and, guide them, still, in moving, thus,
To worke with God, when God shall worke on us:
For, God so workes, that, no man he procures
Against his nature, ought to chafe, or flurn:
But, by his holy-Spirit, him allures;
And, with sweet mildness, proveth e'ry one.
The Sunne is faultlesse of it, when the birth
Of some bad Field, is nothing else but Weeds:
For, by the selfe-fame Sun shine, fruitfull Earth
Bears pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.
Thus, from ourselves, our Fices have increase,
Our Vertues, from the Sunne of lightnesse.
No passage can divert the Course,  
Of Pegasus, the Muses Horse.

This is the Poets-horse; a Palfray, Sirs,  
(That may be ridden, without rod or spurres)  
Abroad, more famous then Bucephalus,  
Though, not so knowne, as Banks his horse, with us;  
Or some of those fleet-horses, which of late,  
Have runne their Masters, out of their estate.  
For, tho'fe, and Hobby-horses, best best  
The more, and practice of their moderne wit.  
Who, what this Horse might meane, no knowledge had,  
Vntill, a Taverne-signe, they saw it made.  
Yet, this old Emblem (worthy veneration)  
Doth figure out, that winged Contemplation,  
On which the Learned mount their best Invention;  
And, clime the Hills of highest Apprehension.  
This is the nimble Gennet, which doth carry,  
Their Fancie, thorow Worlds imaginary;  
And, by Ideas feigned, shews them there,  
The nature of those Truths, that reall are.  
By meanes of this, our Soules doe come to know  
A thousand secrets, in the Deepes below;  
Things, here on Earth, and, things above the Skyes,  
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.  
No thorny, miry, flope, nor craggy place,  
Can interrupt this Courser, in his race:  
For, that, which others, in their passage troubles,  
Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.  
Thus, fares the Minde, infused with brave defires;  
It flies through Darkenesse, Dangers, Floods, and Fires:  
And, in despit of what her ayme resifieth:  
Pursues her hopes, and takes the way she listeth.
The Husbandman, doth sow the Seeds;
And, then, on Hope, will Harvest, seeds.

He paintfull Husbandman, with sweaty browes,
Confumes in labour many a weary day:
To breake the stubborn earth, he diggs and ploughes,
And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay:
When that is done, he harrovess in the Seeds,
And, by a well cleans'd Furrow, layes it dry:
He, frees it from the Wormes, the Moles, the Weeds;
He, on the Fences, also hath an eye.

And, though he see the chilling Winter, bring
Snowes, Flouds, and Frosts, his Labours to annoy:
Though blasting-windes doe nip them in the Spring,
And, Summers Meldewes, threaten to destroy:
Yea, though not onely Daies, but Weekes, they are
(Nay, many Weekes, and, many Months beside)
In which he must with paine, prolong his care,
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.

For this respect Hope's Emblem, here, you see
Attends the Play, that men beholding it,
May be instructed, or else minded be,
What Hopes, continuing Labours, will befit.

Though, long thou toyled haft, and, long attended
About such workings as are necessary;
And, oftentimes, ere fully they are end'd,
Shall finde thy plaines in danger to miscarry:
Yet, be not out of hope, nor quite dejected:
For, buried Seeds will sprout when Winter's gone;
Unlikely things are many times effect'd;
And, God brings helpe, when men their best have done.
Yea, they that in Good-works their life impoy;
Although, they some in tears, shall escape in joy.
Things to their best perfection come,  
Not all at once; but, some and some.

Hen, thou shalt visit, in the Moneth of May, 
A costly Garden, in her best array; (Bowers, 
And view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd 
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of plesant flowers, 
With all the deckings, and the fine devices, 
Perteyning to thofe earthly Paradifes, 
Thou can't not well suppose, one day, or two, 
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe. 
Nor doft thou, when young Plants, or new-fowne Lands, 
Doe thrift for needfull Warrings, from thy hands, 
By Flood-gates, let whole Ponds amongft them come; 
But, them besprinkleft, rather, some and some; 
Left, else, thou marre the Flowers, or chill the Seed, 
Or drowne the Saplings, which did moyture need. 
Let this experiment, which, to thy thought, 
May by this Emblem, now perhaps, be brought, 
Perfwade thee to consider, that, no actions, 
Can come, but by degrees, to their perfections; 
And, teach thee, to allot, for every thing, 
That leisurely proceeding, which may bring 
The ripenesse, and the fulnesse, thou expected: 
And, though thy Hopes, but slowly thou effectest, 
Difcourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove 
Most prosperous actions, which at leifure move. 
By many drops, is made a mighty Flowre; 
And many minutes finish up an houre: 
By little, and by little, we poiffe 
Assurance of the greatest Happiness. 
And, oft, by too much haste, and, too much cost, 
Great Wealth, great Honours, and, great Hopes, are lost. 
Affliction,
Affliction, doth so many add
More value, then, before, they had.

Hough I am somewhat soberer to day,
I have been (I confess) as mad as they,
Who think those men, that large Possessions have,
Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)
On whom, the title of Rich, we should impose.

But, having, by experience, understood
His words, who sayd, his troubles did him good,
I, now perceive, the Worldly-rich are poor,
Vnlefe of Sorrowes, also, they have store.
Till from the Straw, the Flail, the Corne doth beat;
Vntill the Chaffe, be purged from the Wheat,
Yea, till the Mill, the Graimes in pieces teare,
The richnesse of the Flowre, will scarce appeare.

So, till mens persons great Afflictions touch
(If worth be found) their worth is not so much,
Because, like Wheat, in Straw, they have not, yet,
That value, which in threshing, they may get.
For, till the bruising Flails of God's Corrections,
Have threshed out of us our vaine Afflictions;
Till those Corruptions, which doe misbecome us,
Are by thy Sacred Spirit, winnowed from us;
Vntill, from us, the straw of Worldly-treasures;
Till all the dully Chaffe of empty Pleasures;
Yea, till his Flail, upon us, he doth lay,
To thresh the huske of this our Flesh away;
And, leave the Soul uncover'd; nay, yet more,
Till God shall make, our very Spirit poore;
We shall not up to higheft Wealth aspire:
But, then we shall; and, that is my desire.
Though Fortune, hath a powerfull Name,
Yet, Vertue overcomes the same.

Illustr. XLVII.

Snake, (which was by wife Antiquitie
Much us'd, the type of Prudencie to be)
Hemmes in a Winged-ball, which doth imply,
That Fickle-fortune, from which, none are free.
Above this Ball, the Snake advanceth too.
The Laurell, and the Sword; which, Emblems are,
Whereby our Author maketh much ado,
A Conquest over Fortune, to declare.
And, well enough this purpose it befits,
If (Reader) any one of those thou be,
Whose Fortunes must be mended by their Wits;
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate
Can, by Misfortunes means, become so bad,
But, Prudence (who is Mistreffe over Fate)
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.
Though Fortunes outlawes, on thy Riches prey,
By Wisedme, there is means, of getting more;
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,
Shall make thee walke more safely, than before.
Nor Poverty, nor Paines, nor Spightfulness,
Nor other Mischiefes, that Mischance can doe thee,
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distress,
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.

Lord, give me such a Prudence: for my Fortune
Puts many foyle, and cruell thralls upon me:
 Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;
And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.
Still, daigne me thy assistance, Lord, and, than,
Let all Misfortunes, doe the worst they can.

A life,
A Life, with good-repute, fhe have,
Or, winne an honourable Grave.

INNISTR. XLVIII. 

Book 2

N this our Emblem, you shall finde expreff:
A Man, in countrouing with a Savage-beast;
And, he refolveth (as his Motto fayes)
To live with honour; or, to dye with praiſe.
I like the Resolution, and the Deed,
In which, this Figure teacheth to proceed.
For, us, me thinkeſs, it counfelleth, to doe,
An act, which all men are obli̧gd unto.
That ugly Bore(wherewith the man in strife
Here feemes to be) doth meane a Swinish-life,
And, all those beaſtly Vices, that affay
To root becoming Vertues quite away;
Those Vices, which not onely marre our feature,
But, alſo, ruinate our manly natures.
The harnefull fury, of this raging Bore,
Oppôte couragiouſly, left morce and more,
It get within you; and, at laſt, appeare
More prevalent, then your defences are.
It is a large-grownne Pig, of that wilde Swine,
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine
Our Safeties Forre: Twas he, which long aſe,
Did fecke the Holy Vineyards overthrow:
And, if we charge him not with all our power,
The Sire, or hee, will enter and devour.

But, what's our strength, O Lord! or, what are we
In ſuch a Combate, without ayde from thee?
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this Figh;
And, let us be inabled in thy might:
So, we ſhall both in life-time, Conquests have;
And, be victorious, alſo, in the Grave.
She shall increase in glory, still,
Until her light, the world, doth fill.

Hat in this Emblem, that man's meanings were,
Who made it first, I neither know nor care;
For, whatsoever, he purposed, or thought,
To serve my purpose, now it shall be taught;
Who, many times, before this Task is ended,
Must pick out Morals, where was none intended.

This knot of Moones (or Crescents) crowned thus,
Illustrate may a Mystery to us,
Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,
As from old Hieroglyphicks, eres not much)
Old-times, upon the Moone, three names beflow'd;
Because, three diverfe ways, her felfe she show'd:
And, in the sacred bookees, it may be shewn,
That holy-Church, was figur'd by the Moone.

Then, thefe three Moones in one, may intimate
The holy-Churches threecold blestestate.
The Moone, still, biding in our Hemisphere,
May typifie the Church, confulting, here,
Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light
Among us here, in portions of the night;
The Church it figures, as confult she may
Of them, whose bodies in the Grave doe stay;
And, whose blest spirits, are ascended thither,
Where Soul and Body meet, at last, together.
But, when the Moone is hidden from our eyes,
The Church-triumphant, then, she signifies;
Which, is a Crescent yet, that, some, and some,
Must grow, till all her parts together come:
And, then, this Moone shall beames, at full, display;
Lord, hasten this great Coronation-day.

True
True Virtue is a Coat of Maille,
Gainst which, no Weapons can prevail.

Ord, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care
Their Pistols, and, their Swords doe they prepare,
To be in readinesse? and, how they load
Themselves with Irons, when they ride abroad?
How wise and wary too, can they become,
To fortifie their persons up at home,
With lockes, and bars, and such domestick Armes,
As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?

However, when all's done, we see, their foes
Breake in, sometimes, and worke their overthrowes.
For, though (about themselves, with Cable-quoiles,
They could incluse a hundred thoufand miles)
The gunflot of a flanderous tongue, may finite,
Their Fame quite through it, to the very White.
Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were free)
They wounded, by themselves, to death might be,
Except their Innocence, more guards them, than
The strength of twenty royall Armies, can.

If, therefore, thouthy Spoylers, wilt beguile,
Thou must be armed, like this Crocodile;
Ev'n with such nat'tall Armour (ev'ry day)
As no man can belewe, or take away:
For, spitefull Malice, at one time or other,
Will pierce all borrowed Armours, put together.
Without, let Patience durifie thy Skin;
Let Innocence, line thy heart within;
Let constant Fortitude, unite them so,
That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:
And, when thou thus art arm'd, if ill thou speck;
Let me sustaine the Mischief, in thy stead.

Fina Libri secundi.
THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

1

Of friends, and foes, of thine, there be,
That make a wondering flocke of thee;
Some other over-much, of late,

To thy dishonour boldly prate,
And, peradventure, to thy face,
Ere long, they'll doe thee some disgrace:
Thine Emblem, therefore, doth advise
That thou shouldst make them no replies;
And shoues that silent-patience, than
Shall stead thee more then Answers can.

See, Emblem. I.

2

By such as know you, it is thought,
That, you are better fed than taught:
And, that, it might augment your wit,
If you were sometimes hunger-bit.

That Emblem, which by Lot you drew,
To this effect doth somewhat shew:
But twill goe hard, when you are faine,
To feed your Bowels, by your Brain.

See, Emb. II.

3

Perhaps you may be one of those,
Whom, from the Church, an Organ blowes;
Or, peradventure, one of them,
Who doth all melody contemne:

Or, one, whose life is yet untaught,
How into tune it should be brought.
If so, your Lot, to you hath sent
An Emblem, not impertinent.

See, Emb. III.

4

God blest thee, who soere thou art,
And, give thee still an honest heart:
For, by the fortune of thy Lot,

That Sword, and Halter, thou hast got,
Which threatens death, with much disgrace:
Or, promises the Hang-mans's place.

R 2  

Bur,
But, be not griev'd; for, now and than,
The Gallows makes an honest man;
And, some, who scape an outward curse,
Both in their lives and deaths are worse.

Thou would'st be loth, we should suspect,
Thou didst not well thy King affect;
Or, that, thou should'st be to ingrate,
To fleight the welfare of the State:
Yet, thou, perchance, art one of those,
Who discord through the Kingdom's lownes.
We know not, but if such thou be,
Marke, what thine Emblem teaches thee.

In you, a natural desire
Beginnes to blow Affection's fire;
But, by discretion, guide the blast;
Left, it consume you, at the last;
Or, by the fury of the same,
Blow out some necessary Flame.
Yea, that, which doth your Profit breed,
May harme you, if you take not heed.

Be carefull, what you goe about;
For, by this Lot, there may be doubt,
That you, some wickedness intend,
Which will undone you, in the end.
If you have done the deed, repent:
If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.
Elfe, though in jest, this Counsell came,
In earnest, you may rue the same.

Thou art afflicted; or, ere long
Shalt sing some lamentable Song:
And, of those troubles, take some share,
Which, thou art very loth to beare.
But, be not overmuch dismayd,
Nor pine, what ere on thee be layd,
For, comfort shall thy joy restore,
And, make thee gladder, then before.

If this thy Chance hath done thee right,
Thou art, or ha'ft beene apt to fight;
And, wilt upon occasion small,
Beginne, sometimes, a needless brawle.
To shew thee, therefore, thy defect;
Or, that thy folly may be check'd;
And, fit thy minde for better things,
Thine Exempla, some good consellings.

Sec, Emb. I X.

What thing soere thou undertak'st,
Thou seldom good conclusion mak'st;
For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,
Thou art too hastily, or too slow;
And, from that equall temper stray'st,
By which, thy worke effect thou mayst.
To mend this fault thou councell'd art,
Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.

Sec, Emb. X.

Thou haft in publicke lived long,
And, over freely us'd thy tongue;
But, if thy safety thou desire,
Be silent, and, thy selfe retire.
And, if thou wilt not be undone,
Possesse thy joyes, and hopes, alone:
For, they, that will from harmes be free,
Multas, and obscured, bee.

Sec, Emb. X I.

Thy Fortune, thou dost long to heare,
And, what thy Constellations are:
But, why should'st thou desire to know,
What things, the Planets doe foretell,
Seek, rather, Wisedome to procure,
And, how, all Fortunes to induce:
So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,
And, be the Master of thy Fate.

Sec, Emb. X II.

Thou seem'st to have great store of friends,
But, they affect thee, for their ends.
There is, in those, but little truth,
Who love, for profit, mirth, or lust.
Learne, therefore, when, thou may'st be sure,
Thy Friend's affection will induce;
And, that this knowledge may be got,
Good notice take thou of thy Lot.

Sec, Emb. X III.

It is conceiv'd, that means thou haft,
Or, might'st have had good means, at least,
To bring those matters to effect,
Which thou dost carelessly neglect,

And,
And, good for many might'ft have done,
Who, yet, haft pleasur'd few, or none.
If this be true, thy Lot peruse,
And, God's good gifts, no more abuse.
See, Emb. X I V.

Religious thou wouldst faine be deem'd,
And, fuch, to many thou haft seem'd:
But, to this matter more there goes,
Then zealous lookes, and formall shoves.
Looke, therefore, that thy heart be true,
What e're thou feeme in outward view.
And, if God's favour thou wouldft have,
Observe what Off' rings, he doth crave.
See, Emb. X V.

That Emblem, which this Lot will bring,
Concernes the honour of a King:
How, therefore, thee it may concern,
By thy discretion fiece to learne.
Perhaps, the Royall pow're hath seem'd
To thee, not fo to be esteem'd,
As well it merits, to be priz'd.
If fo, now better be advis'd.
See, Emb. X V I.

Both learn'd, and wife, thou wouldft become,
(Elfe thou haft much deceived some)
But, if thy hopes thou wilt effect,
Thou must not likely meanes neglect;
And, what the likelyest meanes may bee,
Thine Emblem hath advis'd thee:
For, by a Fowle, that's blockish thought,
Good counsell may to thee be taught.
See, Emb. X V I I.

If, to preferment thou wilt rise,
Thou must not Arts, nor Armes, despise;
Nor fo in one of these delight,
That, thou the other, wholly fleight.
Nor, to thy Body be inclind,
So much, as to neglect thy Minde.
This, by thine Emblem, thou mayst learne;
And, much thy good it may concern.
See, Emb. X V I I I.

Thy fortunes have appeared bad;
For, many joys thou haft had:
And royalls too, as yet made knowne
To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.
But,
But, let nor losse, nor fame, nor smart,
From constant hopes remove thy heart:
And, as thine Emblem doth foreshew,
A good conclusion will infue.

See, Emb. XIX.

Your Lot informeth how to know
Where, best your Love you may bestow:
And, by the fame it may appeare
What Musicke most affects your care.
Denye it not; for (by your leave)
Wee by your lookes, your heart perceive.
And, this perhaps you'll thinke upon
(To purpose) when you are alone.

See, Emb. XX.

This Lot may make us all suspect,
That some wrong object you affect;
And, that, where deareneffe you pretend,
It is not for the nobleft end.
What mischief from such falfhood flowes,
Your Emblem very truely flowes;
And, may more happy make your Fate,
It counfell be not come too late.

See, Emb. XXI.

To trust on others, thou art apt;
And, haft already beene intrapt;
Or, may't er'e long be much deceiv'd.
By some, whom thou haft well believ'd.
Be heedfull, therefor, of thy Lot;
And, let it never be forgot:
So, though some hazzard thou may'st run,
Yet, thou shalt never be undone.

See, Emb. XXI I.

It seemes thou tak'st too great a care
For things, that vaine, and fading are;
Or else, doft overpris'd them fo,
As it al blisse from them did flowe.
That, therefore, thou may'st view their worth,
In Hieroglyphicke thaddow'd forth,
Thy Lot befriends thee: marke the fame,
And, be in this, no more to blame.

See, Emb. XXIII.

Though some, should thee, for one, mistake,
Whole wealth is all upon his backe,
If what thou haft, bee all thine owne,
God, hath enough on thee belowe.

A Prin-
The Second Lotteries.

A Prince ranfome, wee may bear,
In jewells, which most precious are;
And, yet, to many men may seeme,
To carry nothing worth efteme.
Therefore, though small thy substance be;
Thine Emblem, somewhat comforts thee.

See, Emb. X X IV.

25
By this your Emblem, wee discern,
That, you are yet of age to learne;
And, that, when elder you shall grow,
There, will be more for you to know:
Presume not, therefore of your wit,
But, strive that you may better it.
For, of your age, we many view,
That, farre more wisdome have, then you.

See, Emb. X X V.

26
By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,
Though think'st thy Vertue want reward;
And, that, if they their merit had,
Thou rich, and nobler shouldest be made.
To drive thee from that partiall thought,
Thou, by an Emblem, shalt be taught,
That, where true Vertue may be found,
The truest wealth will still abound.

See, Emb. X X VI.

27
By this thy Lot, thou dost appeare
To be of those, who love to hear
The Preacher's voyce; or, else of them,
That undervalue, or contemne
Those dayly bowres of wholesome words,
Which God, in these our times, affords.
Now, which soere of these thou bee,
Thine Emblem, something, teaches thee.

See, Emb. X X VII.

28
Thou deal'st, when thee thy foe offends,
As if, you never should be friends.
In peace, thou dost secure dost grow,
As if, thou coulst not have a foe.
How, therefore, Peace and Warre pursues
Each other, this thine Emblem shewes,
That, thou mayst learne, in every tide,
For future chances, to provide.

See, Emb. X X VIII.

29
What e're thou art in outward shew,
Thy Heart is ever very true,
The second Lottery.

And, to those Knowledge's aspires,
Which every prudent Soul defines:
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got
This testimonie, by thy Lot.
But, view thine Emblem, and endeavor
In search of Knowledge to persevere.

See, Emb. X X I X.

If Glory, thou desire to get,
Thy Wits, thou must on working set;
And, labour unto Prudence add;
Before true Honour will be had:
For, what thy Friends, or Parents brought;
To make thee famous, profits sought;
But, rather will procure thy shame,
Unlesse, thou shalt improve the same.

See, Emb. X X X.

The time hath beene, that of the Rod,
Thou wast more feared full, then of God;
But, now unlesse thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to fear a thron;
For, from the Rod, now thou art free,
A Woman, shall thy torment be.
At her, yet do not thou repine,
For, all the fault is only thine.

See, Emb. X X X I.

It seems, thy Time thou dost mispend:
To warne thee, therefore of thine end;
To shew, how short thy Life will be;
And, with what speed it flies from thee;
This Lot was drawne: and, may advise,
That, thou thy time shouldst better prize.
Which, if accordingly thou doe,
This, will be short, and profit too.

See, Emb. X X X II.

It may be, thou art one of those,
Who, dost not all right suppose,
Of Gods Decrees, or, of the state
Of an inevitable Fate,
That, therefore, so thou maist believe,
(And, of these Mysteries conceive)
As thou art bound, this Lot befell,
Peruse, and minde thine Emblem well.

See, Emb. X X X III.

Thou, at thy Fortune, hast repin'd,
And, seem'th imprifond in thy minde,

Because
Because thou art not straight releas'd
From those things which have thee opprest.
To thee, a Lot is therefore sent,
To qualify thy discontent,
By shewing, that thy present Fate
Preserves thee, from a worse estate.

See, *Emb. X X X IV.*

35
Thy *Virtues* and thy *Worth* are such,
That, many do envy thee much;
And, they that hate thee, take delight
To doe thee mischief and despight.
But, heart assume, and follow on
The course that thou hast well begunne;
For, all their spight shall doe no more,
But, make thee greater then before.

See, *Emb. X X X V.*

36
In outward pompe, thy pleasures are;
Thy hope of blissfull is placed there;
And, thou this *folly* wilt not leave,
Till, all content, it shall bereave,
Vnlesse, thou timely come to see
How vaine, all earthly *Glories* bee.
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast gain'd,
By which, this *Knowledge* is obtain'd.

See, *Emb. X X X VI.*

37
It may be feared, that thou hast
In publicke, or in private, past
Some promise, or else made some vow,
That's broke, or else indanger'd, now.
If so; this *Lot* is come, in time,
To mend, or to prevent this crime;
And, shew what should by them be done,
'Twixt whom *Affection* is begunne.

See, *Emb. X X X VII.*

38
Thou art reproved of *deceipt,*
In faulty *Measures,* and in *Weight*;
And, overbackward hast been knowne,
In giving ev'ry one his owne.
Thine *Emblem,* therefore, counsells thee,
That, thou more just, hereafter be.
For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,
Makes likely showes, but prosper not.

See, *Emb. X X X VIII.*

39
So highly, thou dost *Virtue* prize,
That, thou dost *Fortune* helpe despise,
The second Lottery.

As if, where Virtues present are,
Her favours always needlest were:
But, sometimes there's enough to doe,
For Fortune, and for Virtue too,
The pow'r of envious tongues to charm,
And, keepe an Innocent from harme.
Therfore, make both of these, thy friends;
For, thereunto thine Emblem tends.

See, *Emb.* XXXI.

40
Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,
Who Schismes, and Heresies advance,
Because they Times and Terms mitake;
And, difference know not how to make
'Twixt that, which temp'ral doth appeare,
And, those things which eternall are.
Thou, by thy Lot, art therefore warn'd,
To search what should of these be learn'd.

See, *Emb.* X XL.

41
Great workes to doe, thou haft a minde;
But, pow'r thereto thou canst not finde.
Sometime, thy pow'r is not unfit;
But, then thou failest in thy wit.
Such Undertakings, therefore, chuse
(If thou wilt not thy time abuse)
As to thy pow'rs, and wits agree;
And, let them both employed bee.

See, *Emb.* X LI.

42
When any Blessing thou haft gain'd,
Thou mindst not whence it was obtain'd;
But, bear'st thy selfe, as if the same
By thine owne pow'r, or merit, came:
That, therefore, thou mayst better heed
From whence, all Graces doe proceed,
Thou, haft an Emblem, by this Lot,
From which, good Cautions may be got.

See, *Emb.* X LII.

43
By this thy Lot, it should appeare,
The Muses thy acquaintance are;
Or, that thou art (at least) of those,
Who, of their Steed ambitious growes.
If thou haft wit, his Reves to guide,
Upon his backe, mount up and ride;
But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,
Forbear him, lest thy necke he break.

See, *Emb.* X LIII.

44
In many things, the worse thou art,
By thy despoyring, fainting heart;
S
And
And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,
For want of hopefulness, is lost.
This indifferency to prevent,
Thou, therefore, by thy Lot, art sent,
The Ploughman's hopefulness to see:
Observe it; and, returned bee.

See, Emb. X L I V.

As soon as e're thy seeds are sowne,
Thou fruits expectest, fully growne.
And, if they ripenot in a day,
Thou, fool'st all thy hopes away:
That wiser, therefore, thou may'st grow,
Thy Lot, an Emblem doth bestow,
To teach, that works both faire and great,
By small degrees, are made compleat.

See, Emb. X L V.

Thou hadst, or hast, or thou shalt have
Much trouble, ere thou fill thy grave;
And, may'st, when thou expectest rest,
With paine, or sorrowes, be oppressed.
But, be content, and waile not much:
For, Poverty shall make thee rich.
The paine will soon be overpast,
And, thou shalt happy be at last.

See, Emb. X L VI.

Thy Fortune, be it good or bad,
May, by thy wit, be better made;
Yea, whatsoe'er mishances fall,
By prudence, thou may'st helpe them all.
That, hopeful, therefore, thou may'st bide,
What change ever, shall beside,
Thou, by thy Lot, informed art,
What succours, Wisedome doth impart.

See, Emb. X L V I I.

A man at Armes, thou wouldst be thought,
And, hast the Crowne of Honour sought;
But, thou hast much mistooke the wages,
Which tend to well-deserved praise.
How, Honour, therefore, may be got,
Thou art informed by thy Lot;
And, with what Fees, and, for what end,
Thou shouldst be ready to contend.

See, Emb. X L V I I I.

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of those,
Who doth God's holy Church oppose;
For, over many in these dayes,
Disturb her Peace, and slight her Praise:
That her esteeme, therefore may bee
Increased, or perfected, by thee,
Thine Emblem, now, to thee, will show,
To what perfection she will grow.

See, Emb. X L IX.

Thou safety lov'it, and wouldst have Armes,
Thy person to secure from harmes:
But, most of those thou hast prepar'd,
Are but a weake uncertaine Guard,
And, if thou take not greater heed,
May fail thy trust, in time of need.
Thine Emblem, therefore, hath express'd,
What Armes, for thy defence are best.

See, Emb. L.

Of Planetary Calculations,
Of Superstitious Observations,
Of Lots, and Dreams, and Accidents,
Which have but casuall events,
Thou art so fond: and, unto such,
Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,
That, it succeedeth very well,
No Emblem, now, to thee befell:
Left, these, which onely Counsell be,
Might seeme firme Destinies to thee.

He that by drawing, here, his Lot,
Some caveat or advice hath got,
Did, peradventure, need alone
That Caution, which he lighted on:
For, unto thee, so needfull are
All Warnings, and, all Counsell here,
That, Fortune will not one bestow,
Left, thou may'st thinke thou need'lt no more.

You, may be glad, you drew not that,
Which, in your thought, you guesst at;
For, so it points out that condition,
Whereof you give a great suspicion,
That, had it such an Emblem nam'd,
As fits you right, you had beene (ham'd).
Since, then, your fault is unreveal'd,
Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

The Muses Oracle is dumbe,
Because to tempt them you are come;
The second Lotterie.

For, in your heart, you much despise,
To follow that, which they advise:
Their admonitions, you doe jeere,
And, scorne to helpe your Wisedome, here.
The Muses, therefore, leave you, still,
Tobe as foolish, as you will.

5
It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,
If, now, thy Lot had beene allow'd
To let an Emblem shadoe forth
What is conceived of thy worth.
Or, if thy Vertues were descry'd,
Perchance, thou would'st be more envy'd
Then prayled, when they are express't;
A Blanke for thee, was therefore best.

6
No Emblem, to this Lot, replyes;
Minde, therefore, well (I thee advise)
What from the Preacher's voice thou hear'st,
When in the Church, thou next appear'st:
Yea, there indeavour thou, to seeke
Thy Lot of Counsell, ev'ry weeke.
For, at all seasons, there will bee
Such Prophecies, concerning thee,
That, if of those, thou takest heed,
These Emblems, thou shalt never need.

FINIS.
A COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quicke ned:
With Metricall Illustrations, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
Lotteries.

That Instruction, and Good Counsell, may bee furthered
by an Honest and Pleasant Recreation.

By GEORGE WITHER.

The third Booke.

London,
Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEVVS.
MDCXXXIV.
TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOS
Princele, FRANCIS, Dutchesse Dowager of Richmond, and Lennox, &c.

Frame layes (great Princele) that the Pow'rs-above,
Will foone forgive; which, I desire to prove:
For, I am guiltie of a Venial-sin
Against your Grace; and, have remain'd therein
Without an Absolution, so long time,
That, now, my Conscience checks me for the Crime;
And, to reprove me for it, will not cease
Till I have, some way, sought to make my Peace.

To palliate my Fault, I could produce
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an Excuse.
But, when I mind what Favours, and what Fame
I might have purchased unto my Name,
(By taking Courage, to have done my best)
I dare not make Excuses; but, request
Your pardon, rather, and, that some Obration
May gain my Person, future acceptance.
To that intent, this humble Offering, here,
Within your gracious presence, doth appeare.
And, that it may the more content your eye,
Well-graven Figures, help to beautifie
My lowly Gifts: And, vailed are these,
A Treasury of Golden Sentences;
By my well-meaning Muse, interpreted,
That, with your Name, their Morals may be spread
And scattred, Largeffe-like, (at your commanding)
To helpe inrich the Poore in Understanding.

If you accept the Tender, I shall know,
Your Grace is pleased with your Servant, so,
As, that there may be hope, my future Actions,
Will give the more contenting Satisfactions:
And, your Encouragements, my Pow'rs may raise,
To make the Beauties of your Later days,
More glorious, far, than your fresh Youth's perfection,
Though, knowne to be, the Load-stone of Affection.

For, like the loving Vertue, you have flood
So constant, in your vowed Widow-hood;
So strictly, kept a solitarie state;
So faithfull benee, to your deceased Mate;
So firmly true, and truly kinde, to them,
Which are the Branches of his Princely-stemme;
And, perforated in so high a Straine,
The parts of Honour; that, my rustick waine,
Must raised be, before it can ascend
To fay, how much, your Fame, doth you commend.
Yet, if these Lines, (or, that they Vther in)
For me, some Passage may, anew, begin
To your Esteeme: I, may so happily,
Illustrate forth, the Golden-History

(*)
Of those Affections, which within your breast,
Have to the world remained unexpressed.
That, future times, to your applause may reade,
The matchless Patience of a Widdowed bed,
Which you have drawn, for those to imitate
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.
For, what (thereunto) yet wanteth, in my Muse,
Your Grace, as my Minerva, may infuse.
Nor, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth
Of those Perfections, truly blazed forth,
Which you may personate: Nor, shall it be
To your Content unusefull, when you see
The best part of your selfe, (as in a glass)
Disclolced, and set up, before your Grace,
To represent those Beauties, wherein lurkes,
More sweetness, than in Picture-drawers Workes;
And shew, how temp'rall Glories, and Affections,
Have hourly ripened you, for those Perfections
That, make immortal; and, which are that End,
Whereunto, all Earthly Graces, ought to tend.
Then, if your Excellence desire to heare,
Those Muses, honour you, whose prayses are
Attending Vertue; and, shall please to live
That Life of Glory, which my Verse can give;
Your Grace's favour, (when you please) hath pow'rs
To make both mee, and all my Muses yours,
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know
Your Merits, and those Duties, which wee owe,
That, wee shall raise, your Honour's Trophies high,
Though, wee our selves, upon the pavement lie.
Thus, I have made mine offering; and I stand
Attending, now, to kiss your Grace's hand.

Your GRACES

in all humilitie.

GEO: WITHER.
TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY
Prince, JAMES, Duke
of LENNOX, &c.

HEN RICHMOND, your beloved Uncle, liv'd,
(For whose departure, all this Empire griev'd,
And, yet lamenting) his GRACE did not refuse
To deign respect; to my obscured MUSE;
Nor scorn, from Higher-worth, so slope so low,
As, mee, in my despis'd meekness, to know:
And, had not Bashfulness restrain'd my Wit,
From pressing on, (when he encourag'd it),
My PEGASUS, had learn'd, ere now, to rise;
Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers flies.
But, HEE hath left us; and, I thought not on
The losse I had of HIM, till he was gone;
Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,
What I was to want an Honourable-friend:
Nor, what they feel, whom Fate constrain'd, to tarry
On stormy Plaines, without a SANCTUARY.
As soon, as from among us, he made wing,
My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sing
A Mournfull-song, not easy to forget;
Because, I heard the burthen of it, yet.
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede
Appear'd not, for the publique eye to read)
But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art,
To give, the Life of praise, to his desart:
Which, if I could have equal'd with his Name,
His Death had gain'd my Verse, a living-Fame.
And, why express I this? except it give
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,
That, my decay'd Hopes I would renew,
And, faint derive them downe, from HIM to TOY?
That, as you branched from his Princely Stemm;
(Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem)
And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might
Be Lord, in mee, of that, which was his right:
And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own
A Servant, which, to you, is yet unknowne.
As Prologue, to the service I intend,
This PRESENT comes; and, without Hope, or End,
Of gaining further Grace, or more Esteeme,
That may, with humblest modestie, beesteem
His Love, and Honest-meaning, to expel;
Whose Merits have, no visible effect,
Conducive to your profit; and, from whom
The best of his intents, are yet to come.
I cannot thinke, these Lotts, or Emblems, are
So worthy in themselves, as they'll appear
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,
Such Grace to TOY, as they'll from you receive.
Yet, if TOV please, they may be, otherwise,
A profitable Means, to help beguile
A Melancholy thought; And, have the pow'r
To shorten (without loss) a tedious howre.
Sometime (no doubt) content you are to walke
In Artific Groves; Or, to admit the talke
Of Ruflick Swines (though ev'ry day you might
Your self in well-trim'd garden-bow'r's delight,
Or, heare the learned Muse, when you please;)
Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these
A Recreation finde; and, in some measure,
A Profit, intermix'd with your Pleasure.
I will not make, my Promises too large,
Less, my Performances, they overcharge
With Expectation: but, I leave them, SIR,
To Bee, and to be thought, the same they are.
And, if your EXCELLENCE, (when you behold
The Ground whereon I first became so bold,
To make this Entrance) shall vouchsafe to dignifie
These Favours which, I dare not thinke to gaine
By Meir-deferveng, you may then, perchance,
My Willingnesse, to Ablenest advance:
And reap in Meir (when ripened they are grown)
Some timely fruits, of that,which you have sowne.
Till then, let it suffice, that I profess
A cheerful, and a thankfull Readinesse
To honour TOV; and, openly to shew
The Dutie, which, is may appeare, I owe
To H1M that's gone. And, let your GRACE descend
To take this Pledge, of what I more intend.

Who am in all humilitie

YOUR GRACES to be

commanded,

Geo: Wither.
If well thou doest, and well intend,
Thou shalt be crowned, in the end.

Illustr. I.

[Emblem image: a pedestal with a wreath on it, surrounded by classical architecture]

Hen, many, for the chiefeft Garland runne,
That height of Glory, can befal but one;
Yet, Wreaths there are, for ev’ry man prepar’d,
According as he meriteth reward:
And, though the Worke deserveth little meed,
Grace, prints a worth, on ev’ry willing-deed,
Which formes it currant; and, doth gratious make
Man’s weake endeavours, for God’s promise fake.

All seek the selfe-same prize; but, do not seek,
With mindes, and, with endeavours, all alike.
Most, with the Wreath; but, few thofe things will doe,
That may be helpfull to attaine thereto:
And, fo ne (that will be doing) more delight
In doing their owne will, then doing right.

One, thinkes by airs and titles, to atchieue
The Palm he seekes; Anothe, doth believe
Tis gain’d, by giving to his Appetite,
The fulneffe of his Bodies vain delight:
To reach their aime, some others noariish hopes,
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops
Of temp’rall Riches: and, of all the wayes,
Most think this course deferves the greatest praise.

But, this our Emblem’s Motto, doth implicate,
That, nothing Man possieth outwardly
Can purchase him the Crown, that ought be fought,
Like rightly doing, what is rightly taught.
And, that God never pul’d any doome,
To bire their bliss, who righteous would become:
For, ev’n to Cain he laid (of nine detected)
If well thou live, thou shalt be well respected.

A little
A little Wit, may stand in stead,  
When Strength doth fail, in time of need.

He Squirrel, when she must go seek her food,  
By making passage through some neighboring flood,  
(And fears to be devoured by the Streame)
Thus, helps her weakness, by a Stratagem.
On hicks, or chips, which on the waves doe flote,  
She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boat
(By helpe of Windes, of Current, and of Tide)  
Is wafted over to the further side.
Thus, that, which for the Body proves unfit,  
Must often be acquired by the Wit.
And, what our outward Fortunes shall denye,  
Our providence must labour to supply.
Those Casualties, which may our need bestriue,  
We should with heedfull diligence attend;
And, watch to seize those opportunities,  
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.

Some Birds, when they an Oyster would unlock,  
Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;
And, when the Cockles on the Shores lyke gasping,  
(At ev'ry Tides approach their Shells unclafping)
Crowes cast in Pebles, and so take that meat
By craft, which by their force they could not get.
Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,
That, which at first appears above our strenght.
Ivy little Screws an entrance we may make,  
Where Barres of Iron cannot passage break.
Small Engines, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,  
That one Wise man (though poore without regard)  
May save a City, when the Men of Warre,  
And, all their Captaines, at a non plus are.
To Kings, both Sword and Mace pertaine;
And, these they doe not beare in vaine.

Hen thou behold'st, upon a Day of State,
The King (or, some inferior Magistrate)
Waketh forth in publicke, and the royall Mace,
The Sword, or Scepter borne before his face:
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,
In ostentation, or for idle shew.
These vulgar Emblems, are significant;
And, that authority, which Princes grant
To Bodies-politick, was, heretofore
Declared, by those Signes, which they bore.
The bruising Mace (although, perhaps, with us,
It be not in these times, restrained thus)
That branch of Royall-power did signifie,
Which doth by Fines, or losse of liberty,
Correct Offenders. By the Sword, they meant,
That larger branch of pow'r, to represent,
Which takes the Malefactors life away;
And, armes it selfe, when Rebels disobay.

As often, therefore, as thou shalt elpse
Such Hieroglyphicks of Authority;
Be miadefull, and advis'd (how meane foere
The Person, or the Places may appeare,
Who get this pow'r) that still thou honour them:
Left, thou in those, the pow'r of God contemne.
If not for theirs, yet for thy Sou'raigns caufe,
Whom these doe personate; Or, for the Lawes,
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;
And, suffer what Authority thinkes fit:
For, whatsoever they betharguide the Regne,
He, gave the pow'r, who gave it, nor, in vaine.
He, that concealed things will finde,  
MUST looke before him, and behinde.

ILLVSTR. IV.  
Book. 3

Hat Head, which in his Temple, heretofore,  
The well-knowne figure of old Janus bore,  
Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you finde;  
A Face before him, and a Face behinde,  
And this old Hieroglyphicke doth comprize  
A multitude of Heathenish Mysteries;  
Which, wee omitting, will insift on what  
This Emblem's Motto, chiefly poyntheth at.  
In true Divinity, 'tis God alone,  
To whom, all hidden things are truely knowne.  
Hee, onely, is that ever-present-being,  
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,  
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that are,  
That ever shall be, and that ever were.  
But, in a Morall- fenfe, we may apply  
This double face, that man to signifie,  
Who (whatsoere he undertakes to doe)  
Lookes, both before him, and behinde him, too.  
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast  
Affaires to come, who mindest not what is past:  
And, such as doe not, oft, before them looke,  
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.  
By, sometimes, looking backward, we behold  
Those things, which have been done in times of old;  
By looking wisely forward, we foresee  
Such matters, as in future-times will bee:  
And, thus, we doe not onlye fruits receive,  
From that short space of time, in which we live;  
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,  
In times to come, and, times that pass'd are.
Good Fortune will with him abide,
That hath true Virtue, for his guide.

He Gryphon, is the figure of a creature,
Not found within the Catalogues of Nature:
But, by those Wits created, who, to shew
Internal things, external Figures drew:
The Shape, in which this Fiction they express,
Was borrow'd from a Fowl, and, from a Beast;
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)
The Virtues, both of Body, and of Mind:
And, Men are sayd on Gryphons backes to ride,
When those mixt Virtues, them have dignify'd.

The Shape, in which this Fiction they express,
Of all true Virtues; That, long-winged Ball,
Which doth appear soft-linked therewithall,
The gifts of changing Fortune, doe implye:
And, all those things together, signify,
That, when by such-like Virtues Men are guided,
Good Fortune cannot be from them divided.

If this be true (as true I this believe)
We should not murmur, why repine, or grieve,
As if our Studies, or our honest pains,
Deprived were of some deserved gains:
Why should we think the world hath done us wrong,
Because we are not register'd among
Those thriving men, who purge up ev'ry day,
For twelve hours labour more then twelve months pay?
If we our pains rewarded cannot see,
Wee count our Merits greater then they be.

But if we bide content, our worth is more;
And rich we are, though others think us poore.
Veh pleasant Flowers, as here are shadow'd out
(Full-grown, well-trim'd, and strongly fenc'd about)
At first, perchance, had planting (where they stand)
And, husbanding, by some good Gard'ner's hand:
But, when to perfect ripeness,f, they are grown,
(And, shed forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)
They draw it from the Virtue of the Sunne,
Which worketh, when the Gard'ner's worke is done:
For, loft were all his Travaile, and his praise,
Vnleffe that Planet cheare them with his rayes.

In this our Pilgrimage, it fares with us
(In all our hopes, and all our labours) thus.
For, whatsoever bus'nefle wee intend,
On God, our good successes doe depend.
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we make,
Till God, to be Chiefe-builder, undertake.
To wall a City, wee may bear the cost;
But, he must guard it, or, the Towne is loft:
The Plow-man useth diligence to fowe;
But, God must bleffe it, or, no Corne will grow:
Yea, though Paul plant, and, though Apollo water,
They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse matter,
Till God, from heaven, their labours pleafe to bleffe,
And crowne their travailes, with a good increase.

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this Flowre,
(And, may be witherd, e're another houre)
Give God the praife, for making of their Seeds
Bring forth sweet Flowers, that, else, had proved Weeds:
And, me despife not, though I thrive not so;
For, when, God pleafeth, I shall flourish too.
Some Seels are found, who so believing be,
They think themselves from legal-workings free,
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare
That, with God:workes, their God offended were.
Another fort we know, who credit not
That any hope of Mercy can be got,
Till they themselves, by their extern ill-deed,
Have marryed the favours they shall need:
And, so they prize their workings; that, for Grace,
They seeme to disallow all usfull place.
Both fortes, their errors may be purged from,
When to the Fiery-trall they shall come.
So, likewise, may another Passion too,
That erre more deadly then these former doe.
These doe (forsooth) affirme, that God's decree
Before all Worlds (what Words can fouler be?)
DIS bar'd the greatest part of humane-race,
Without respecting sinne, from hope of Grace;
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,
They must continue Reprobates, for ever.
The first, are errors of Inpiety;
But, this, ascends the top of blasphemy;
Dispoyses Religion wholly of her fruits;
And, wrongeth God in all his Attributes.
These Errors, therefore shunne; and, so believe,
That wee thy Faith, may by thy Workes perceive.
So Workes, that thy believing may approve
Thou wroght'lt not for thy Wages; but, for love.
For (whatsoe're thou be) if thou doe,
Thou mayst have hopes, and, God will grant them too.
By Wisedome, things which passe away, 
Are best preserved from decay.

ILLVSTR. VIII.  
Book 3

He Laurel, which is given for a Crowne  
(To men deserving Glory, and renowne)  
Is figur'd here, those noble deeds to shew,  
For which, the Wreaths of Honour, we bestow.  
Two Serpents (WISDOME'S Emblems) twisted are  
About this branch of Laurel, to declare,  
That, Wisedome is the safest means to save  
Our Names and Actions, from Oblivion's Grave.  
The Snakes are two, perhaps, to signify  
That Moral wit, and Christian policy  
(Vnited both together) doe contrive  
The safest guard, and best preservative.

Consider this, all yee, that trust your Names  
To Marble Monuments; or, mount your Names  
By those poore means, which Fools and Knaves pursuie;  
And, may effect as easily as you:  
Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,  
When you have done the best, your wits can doe.  
I say, consider this, and, let the Pen  
Of learned, wise, and understanding men,  
Renowne your worths, and register the story  
Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;  
Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,  
Within the walls of such poore Monuments,  
As of, are built, to leave it quite forgotten,  
Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.  
Bur, you shall best preserve your Honest fame,  
Your Workes, your Hopes, and Honours of your Name;  
If you your selves be wise, and, to provide  
That Prudence, all your Workes, and Speeches guide.
Good Hopes, we best accomplish may,  
By labring in a constant Way.

Some Folkes there are, (and many men suppose,  
That I my selfe, may passe for one of thofe)  
Who many likely Businesses intend,  
Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.  
Which folly to prevent, this Emblem here,  
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.  
For, as to draw a Circle, with our hand,  
We caufe the brazen Compasses to stand  
With one foot firmly fixed one the ground;  
And move the other in a constant-round:  
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed  
In any just, and profitable deed,  
We first, shoulde by a constant-resolution,  
Stand firme, to what we put in execution:  
And, then, with perseverance, labour out  
Thofe workings, which we are employ'd about.  
For, we with constant-liking, mult elect  
Thofe Businesses, we purpofe to effect:  
Or els, our time, our labour, and our cost,  
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly loft.  
With constant-labour, we must follow, too,  
Thofe things, which we resolved are to do;  
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,  
How warily fo're we have projected.  
Long Journeys I abhorre; yet, otherwhile  
I meane a Furlong, and performe a Mile.  
I greatly fear Long-labours to begin;  
Yet, Some I finifh, when I'm entered in:  
And, if in Labour, I more constant grow,  
How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.
Before the Plowman hopefull can be made,
His untill'd earth good Hay or Corne will yeeld,
He breaks the hillocks downe, with Plough or Spade;
And, harrowes over, all the cloddie Field.
Then, from the leave'd ground, at last, he moves
That Cropp of grasse, which he had hope to gaine;
Or, there, doth escape the fruit of what he lowes,
With profit, which contents him for his paine.

Our craggie Nature must be tilled, thus,
Before it will, for Herbes of Grace, be fit.
Our high conceit, must downe be broke in us;
Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.
Before good Seed, in us will rooting take,
Afflictions ploughes and harrowes, must prepare us:
And, that the truer level, he may make,
When we are sunk too low, God's hand must reare us.

Then, neither stormings of Adversitie,
Shall drowne the Seedes of Hope, which we have sowne;
Nor shall the Sunne-beames of Prosperitie,
Dr ie up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.

Oh Lord, thou know'ft the nature of my minde;
The know'ft my bodys tempers what they are;
And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin'de
Such Fruits to yeeld, as they were made to beare.
My barren Soule, therefore, manure thou so;
So, harrow it; so emptie, and so fill;
So raise it up, and bring it downe, so low
As best may lay it levell to thy Will.

In this Desire, the worke is well begunne;
Say thou the Word, and all is fully done.
True Knowledge is a constant Friend,
Whose Friendship, never shall have end.

ILLUSTR. XI.

Looking at this Head, enwreathed with Bayes,
(And, what the Motto round about it says)
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see
What constant Vertues, in true Knowledge be.
For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will
Continue in the same condition, still:
And, though it make mens manners to be chang'd,
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a Friend,
What Fate soever, shall on us attend.

When Wealth is lost, or faileth to bested us;
She finds our honest means to cloath and feede us.
In farre, and forraigne Lands, she will become,
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;
And, travelleth, without the costly cumber,
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.
No Place can from our presence, her enclofe;
Nor is she frighted from us by our Foes.
No Pickthankes, of her Favours, can bereave us;
No Promises, can woo her to deceive us.
In Youth, in Age, in Sickness, and in Griefe,
She bringeth Consolation and reliefe:
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,
So constant (and so apt, all helps to doe us)
That, he for whom, such Knowledge, God provideth,
Enjoys a Friend, that alwaies firme abideth,
Lord, I am friendlesse left; therefore, to me,
This Knowledge, and this Friend, vouchsafe to bee:
For, thou that Wisdome art, (from heav'n descending)
Which, neither hath beginning, change, nor ending.
By Studiousness, in Vertue's waies
Men gain an univerall-praise.

Hen Emblems, of too many parts confift,
Their Author was no choice Emblemast:
But, is like thofe, that waft whole houres, to tell
What, in three minutes, might be faid as well.
Yet, when each member is interpreted,
Out of these vulgar Figure, you may read
A Morall, (altogether) not unfit
To be remembered, even, by men of wit.
And, if the Kernel prove to be of worth,
No matter from what fhill we drew it forth.

The Square whereon the Globe is placed, here,
Must Vertue be; That Globe upon the Square,
Must meane the World: The Figure, in the Round,
(Which in appearance doth her Trumpet found)
Was made for Fame: The Book he bears, may show,
What Breath it is, which makes her Trumpet blow:
The Wreath, inclosing all, was to intend
A glorious Praise, that never fhall have end:
And, thefe, in one fumm'd up, doe feeme to fay:
That, (if men study in a vertuous way)
The Trumpet of a never ceasing Fame,
Shall through the world proclaime their praitfull Name.

Now Reader, if large Fame, be thy ambition,
This Emblem doth informe, on what condition
She may be gain'd. But, (herin, me beleve)
Thy study for more prait, wilt thee deceive:
And, if thy Vertues be, but only, thofe
For which the vulgar Fame, her Trumpet blowes,
Thy Fame's a blast; Thy Vertues, Vices be;
Thy Studies vaine: and, Shame will follow thee.
Above thy Knowledge, do not rise;
But, with Sobriety, be wise.

ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book 3

Xalt thou not thy selfe, though, plac'd thou be,
Upon the topp of that old Olive-tree,
From whence the nat'ral branches prun'd have bin,
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.

Be not so over-wrse, as to presume
The Gard'ner, for thy goodnesse, did assume
Thy small Crab-Olive, to insert it, there,
Where, once, the sweetest-berries, growing were:
Nor let thy Pride those few old-boughs contente,
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient Sterm;
Because, thy new-incorporated Sprays,
Doe more enjoy the Surnes refreshing rales:
But, humbled rather, and, more awfull bee;
Left, bee that cut off them, doe break downe thee.

Be wise, in what may to thy good, belong;
But, seeke not Knowledge, to thy neighbours wrong:
Be thankfull for the grace thou hast receiv'd,
But, judge not thofe, who seeme thereof bereav'd;
Nor into those forbidden secrets peep;
Which God Almighty, to himselfe doth kepe.
Remember what our Father Adam found,
When he for Knowledge, sought beyond his bound.
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both good and ill
Are left with Knowledge, intermingled still;
And, (if we be not humble, meeke, and warie)
We are in daily danger, to miscarre.
Large, proves the fruit which on the Earth doth lie;
Winds, breake the twigge, that's grafted over high.
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be wise,
Becomes a very Foole, before he dies.
When each man keepes unto his Trade.

Then, all things better will be made.

If we were like this honest Carpenter,

Who’s Emblem, in reproofo of those, is made,

That love to meddle, farther then their Trade.

But, most are now exceeding cunning grown

In ev’ry mans affaires, except their owne:

Yea, Coblers thinke themselves not onely able,

To censure, but, to mend Apselles Table.

Great-Men, sometimde, will gravely undertake

To teach, how Broomes and Morter, we should make.

Their indiscretions, Peasants imitate,

And boldly meddle with affaires of State.

Some Housewives teach their Teachers how to pray,

Some Clarkes, have shew’d themselves, as wise as they;

And in their Callings, as discreet have bin,

As if they taught their Grandames how to spinne:

And, if these Customes, laft a few more Ages,

All Countries will be nothing els, but Stages

Of evil-acted, and mistaken parts;

Or, Gallimauftries, of imperfect Arts.

But, I my selfe (you’ll say) have medlings made,

In things, that are improper to my Trade.

No; for, the M V S E S are in all things free;

Fit subject of their Verse, all Creatures be;

And, there is nothing nam’d so meane, or great,

Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.

Both Earth and Heau’n, are open unto these;

And (when to take more libertie they please)

They Worlds, and things, create, which never were;

And, when they lift, they play, and meddle, there.
A Shepherd carefult of the Sheepe,  
At all times, faithfull Watch doth keepe. 

The Figure of a Stroke in elder dayes,  
Was us'd in Hieroglyphick, many wayes:  
But, when one Foute, thus grapp'd a Peple-ſome,  
The other being firmeſly fixed on  
The Staffe Episcopeall; in that poſition,  
It makes an Emblem, of a late edition:  
By some, thought not improper, to expreſſe  
Their painfull, and their serious, watchfulness,  
Who take uppon themſelves, the Pastorall care;  
And, in that Function, truly watchfull are.  

The Shepherds-Crooke, doth ſome expression make  
Of that regard, which, of their Flocks, they take.  
The Poble in the Foue, doth feeme to showe,  
That, these muſt farther diligence beſtowe,  
(And, use their utmost pow'r) themſelves to keepe  
From slothfull Eafe; and from intemperate sleepe;  
For, he that hath ſuch Duties undertooke,  
(And, muſt the lives of others overlooke)  
Shall finde himſelfe, unto himſelfe become  
A burthen, and a Charge more troublesome  
Then all his Flocks, unleſs, he ſtill provide  
His owne, as well as others nates, to guide.  

Now, though this Emblems Morall doth concern  
The Clergie moſt; yet, hence we all may learne  
Strict watch to keepe; ſince, unto all that bee,  
A Watchmans place belongs, in some degree.  
Which, to diſcharge, if we endeavour, ſtil,  
Our unerſaft Shepherds aide us will,  
Avidus from harmes, and error he will keepe;  
For, hee that guards, ſhall all doth not sleepe.
Our Dayes, until our Life hath end,
In Labours, and in Hopes, we spend.

Soone as our first Parents disobey'd,
Forthwith a Curse, for their offence, was layd,
Inforcing them, and their succeeding race,
To get their Food, with sweatings of the Face.
But, afterward, this Doome to mitigate,
(And ease the miseries of their estate)
God gave them Hope, that she might helpe them beare
The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.

A Woman with an Anchor, and a Spade,
An Emblem of that Mystery is made:
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,
By God's free Mercy, and our proper Sinne.
By Sinne, the Labour is on us intail'd;
By Grace, it is, that Hoping hath not fail'd;
And, if in Hope, our Labours wee attend,
That Curse will prove a Blessing, in the end.

My Lot is Hope, and Labour; and, betwene
These Two, my Life-time hath prolonged bee:en:
Yet, hitherto, the best of all my Pain,
With most of all my Hopes have beene in vaine;
And to the World-ward, I am like to waft
My time in fruitlesse Labours, till the last.
However, I have still my Hopes as faire
As hee, that hath no temptings to Delpase;
And, change I will not, my last hour's for theirs,
Whose Fortune, more desirous appears;
Nor cease to Hope and Labour, though, of most,
My Hope and Labour be adjudged lost:
For, though I lose the shadow of my Paines,
The substance of it, still, in God, remains.
Man's life, no Temper, more doth bless;  
Then Simple-prudent-harmlessnesse.

HEN from the harmlesse Turtle, and the Snake,  
Their most commended properties we take,  
(And, mixe them well) they make a composition,  
Which yields a temper of the best condition.  
Yet, wickednesse, or sorrow, doth abound,  
Where, any one of these, alone, is found:  
For, whenfoere the Serpents-braine we find,  
With which, there is no Dove-like meekenesse joyn'd,  
(Without all peradventure) thence proceeds,  
All ha. mettul fraud, and all injurious deeds.  
And, where such meeknesse as doth seeme to be  
In harmlesse Doves, divided you shall see  
From that discrision, and that polishe,  
Which in the Serpents head, is thought to lie;  
They liable to every wrong become;  
And, to it selfe, make Virtue burthenome.  
But, where these two are joyned, they procure  
A life so sweet, so rich, and so secure,  
That, all the powres of Malice cannot shake  
Their owne wronges, nor within them, terrors make.  
Vouchsafe then oh my God! vouchsafe, in me,  
That these two Vertues may united be.  
Such Prudence give, as never will disdaine  
The Dove-like Innocencie, to retaine.  
That meekenesse, grant me, which delighteth not,  
It selfe, with indiscretion, to besit:  
But, let these two, each other so defend,  
And so, in me continue, till my end,  
That simple prudence, I may still possess;  
Although the World shall count it foolishnesse.
Where e’re we dwell, the Heav’n’s are nere;
Let us but fly, and we are there.

ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book 3

Hy, with a trembling faintness, should we fear
The face of Death? and, fondly linger here,
As if we thought the Voyage to be gone
Lay through the shades of Styx or Acheron?
Or, that we either were to travell downe
Touncouth Deepthes, or up some heights unknowne?
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end
Is farther then Earths limits doe extend?
It is not by one halfe that distance, thither
Where Death lets in, as it is any whither:
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head,
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev’n there)
Where at this moment you abiding are.
This Emblem shewes (if well you looke thercon)
That, from your Glasse of life, which is to run,
There’s but one step to Death; and, that you tread
At once, among the Living, and, the Dead.

In whatsoever Land, we live or die,
God is the same; And, Heav’n is, there, as nigh
As in that place, wherein, we most desire
Our Souls, with our last breathing, to expire.
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay
Our Journey, when we summon’d are away,
(As thole infurced Pilgrims use to doe,)
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)
Nor let us dreame that we in Time, or Place,
Are farre from ending our uncertain Race.
But, let us fix’on Heav’n, a faithfull eye;
And, still, be flying thither, till wee die.
His Pace, must wary bend and flow,
That hath a Slippery-way to goe.

Travailer, when he must undertake
To seek his passage, o're some Frozen Lake,
With leisure, and with care, he will assay
The glassy smoothness of that Ice-way,
Left he may slip, by walking over-fast;
Or, break the crackling Pavement, by his hast:
And, so (for want of better taking heed)
Incur the mishiefes of Varnary Speed.

We are all Travellers; and, all of us
Have many passages, as dangerous,
As Frozen-lakes; and, Slippery-ways, we tread,
In which our Lives may loone be forfeited,
(With all our hopes of Life- eternal, too)
Unless, we well consider what we doe.
There is no private Way, or publicke Path,
But rubs, or holes, or flipp'rinefse it hath,
Whereby, we shall with Mishiefes meet; unless,
Wee walke it, with a steadfaft Warneffe.

The steps to Honour, are on Pinacles
Compos'd of melting Snow, and Icicles;
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,
Shall on a sudden slip from all their hopes.
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,
And, leads the Minde from Vanities and Folly,
Is with fo many other Path-ways croft,
As, that, by Rathesse, it may soone be loft;
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon
Those Tracts, in which our Ancestours have gone.
And, they who with more haste, then heed, will runne,
May lose the way, in which they well begunne.
Ooke here, and marke (her fickly birds to feed)
How freely this kinde Pelican doth bleed.
See, how (when other Salves could not be found)
To cure their Sorrowes, the, her selfe doth wound;
And, when this holy Emblem, thou shalt see,
Lift up thy foule to him, who dy'd for thee.
For, this our Hieroglyphick would expresse
That Pelican, which in the Wildernesse
Of this vast World, was left (as all alone)
Our miserable Nature to bemoane;
And, in whose eyes, the teares of pity ftood,
When he beheld his owne unthankfull Brood
His Favours, and his Mercies, then, contemne,
When with his wings he would have brooded them:
And, fought their endless peace to have confirm'd,
Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.
To be their Food, himselfe he freely gave;
His Heart was pierc'd, that he their Souls might save.
Because, they disobey'd the Sacred will,
He, did the Law of Righteousnesse fulfill;
And, to that end (though guiltiehe he had bin)
Was offer'd, for our Universal sinne.
Let mee Oh God! for ever, fixe mine eyes
Upon the Merit of that Sacrifice:
Let me retaine a due commemoration
Of thofe deare Mercies, and that bloody Passion,
Which here is meant; and, by true Faith, stile, feed
Upon the drops, this Pelican did bleed;
Yea, let me firme unto thy Law abide,
And, ever love that Flicker, for which he dy'd.
Hat, which we call the Sea-horse, is a Creature, Whereby the Priests of Egypt, wonted were, To typify an ill-disposed nature; And, such, as to their Parents, cruel are: Because, this Monstrer (as their Authors write) When strong he grows, becometh so ingrate, That he pursues, with violent delight, His old and weakly Sire, which him begate.

Contrariwise, the Stork, they figured, then, When they occasion had, to signify The good condition, of those honest men, Who pleasure take, in works of Piety: Because, the Storks, not only harmed none, But, holpe their aged Parents in their need; And, those offensive Serpents, prey'd upon, Which, in the Fennes of Egypt, yearly breed.

The Royall Croone, therefore, supporting thus That pious Fowle, and outtopping, here, The wicked, and the fierce Hippotamus, May serve to comfort, and to keep in fear. For, it informs, that, if we pious grow, And love our Prince (who those Parents bee, To whom all Subjects, filiall duties owe) The blessings of their Favours, we shall see. It shews us, also, that, if we affect Unrighteous ways, no Wit, or Strength of our, Nor any Encoure-place, shall us protect From being reached, by the Soveraigne-power. The way of justice, therefore, learn thou still, For love of Goodnesse, or for feare of Ill.
When Ganymede, himselfe was purifying,
Great Jupiter his naked beauty surveying,
Then Ganymede, himselfe was purifying.

For Earth, fulfills not my Deire.
Fare well, my Soule, and mount up higher.
Through many spaces, Time doth run,
And, endeth, where it first begun.

Illustr. XXIII.

Ed Sage by the Figure of the Snake
(Encircled thus) did oft expression make
Of Annual Revolutions, and of things,
Which wheel about in everlasting rings;
There ending, where they first of all began;
And, there beginning, where the Round was done.
Thus, do the Planets; Thus, the Seasons do;
And, thus, do many other Creatures, too.
By minutes, and by hours, the Spring steals in,
And, rolleth on, till Summer doth begin:
The Summer brings on Autumn, by degrees;
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees
Her Enviences. That Season, likewise, hath
To Winter ward, as leaferly a path:
And, then, cold Winter wheeleth on amaine,
Vntill it brings the Spring about again,
With all those Resurrections, which appeare,
To wait upon her comming, every yeare.
Thefe Roundells, helps to shew the Mystery
Of that immense and blest Eternitie,
From whence the Creature spring, and, into whom
It shall, againie, with full perfection come,
When those Additions, it hath fully had,
Which all the fewe ralls Orbes of Time can add.
It is a full, and fairely written Scrowle,
Which up into it selfe, it selfe doth rowle;
And, by Unfolding, and, Infolding, showes
A Round, which neither End, nor entrance knowes.
And (by this Emblem) you may partly see,
Tis that which is, but, cannot uttered be.
Each Day a Line, small tasks appears:
Yet, much it makes in three score Years.

Here's but one Line; and, but one Line a Day,
Is all the task our Motto, seems to lay:
And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing so small,
As if it were as good be nought at all.
But, be not so deceiv'd; For, oft you see
Small things (in time) great matters, rise to be:
Yea, that, which when the same was first begun,
A Trifle seem'd, (and easie to be done)
By long neglect of time, will burthen some,
And, at the last, impossible, become.

Great Clarkes, there are, who shall not leave behind them,
One good Weekes worke, for Future Times to minde them,
(In Callings, either Humane, or Divine)
Who, by composieing but each Day a Line,
Might Authors, of some famous Works appeare,
In sixtie, seventie, or in eightie yeare;
To which, ten hundred thousand have arrived
Of whom, we fee no signe that euer they lived.
And, with much pleasure, wee might all effect,
Those needfull Works, which often we neglect,
(Vntill too late) If we but, now and then
Did spare one houre to exercise the penn.

For, still, one-Line, another draweth on,
And, Line by Line, great Works at laft are done.
Whereas, dif us, and many dayes milpent,
Without their Lines, let in discouragement,
Or, bring Diffaire; which doth to lottifh make us,
That we, to no endeavour can betake us.
Markethis, and, labour in some honest Way,
As much as makes, at least, One Line a Day,
Our outward Hopes will take effect;  
According to the King's affect.

Illustr. XXV.  
Book 3

Hen [Phæbus] with a chearefull eye, beholds  
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads  
His beams abroad; behold, the Marigolds  
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:  
The Tulips, Daisies, and the Heliotropes  
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;  
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,  
Attend upon the Ruler of the Day.  
Againe, when either in the West he throwds  
His Rayes below this Horizon, or hides  
His Face behind the Curtaines of the Cloudes;  
The[y] lose their beauties, and abate their prides.  
Thus fares it with a Nation, and their King,  
'Twixt whom there is a native Sympathy.  
His Presence, and his Favours, like the Spring,  
Doe make them sweetyly thrive, and fructify:  
Yes (like fresh Groves, or Flow'rs of pleasing hew)  
The[m]selves in all their jollity they shoue;  
But, they, if with dissoleature, them he view,  
Soone lose their Glory, and contempted growe.  
All, are not Heliotropes that favour'd growe,  
In Princes Courts; nor Marigolds, that beare  
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,  
Like Daisie flow'rs, that in the Pathwayes are:  
Yer all shall selee it, when their Sov'raignes eye  
Doth browne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:  
Yea, it will finde them in Obscurity,  
By some Difheartning, or some sweet Effect.  
Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious King,  
And then my Wither'd Leaves, will freshely spring.
The Right-hand way, is Vertue's Path; Though rugged Passages it hath.

Fany covet knowledge of that Path, Which thither tends, where Peace her dwelling hath, This Emblem (being well observ'd) will show On whether side, it will be best to goe. The Left-hand way, seems to be walk'd, at ease; Through Lawnes, and Downes, and green-furrow'd Passages; And, much allureth the Traveller, to rie The many Pleasures, which doe that Way lye. The Right-hand course, is through a Plow'd-mound Of newly ploughed, and deep-furrow'd Ground; Which, as uncalfe seemeth, to be gone, As, in appearance, rough to looke upon. Yet, this is Vertue's Path: This Way uneven, Is that, which unto e'ry man is given, To travaile in; and, hath a safer ending, Then those, whereon more Pleasures are attending: And (though it leads us thither, where we see Few promiseth of outward Glories bee) It brings; (us when we passe the common fight) Through easie Tracts, to gaine our Hearts delight. The other Way (though seeming freaign, it lyes, To Pleasure's Pallaces, before our eyes) Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene Our Hopes, and Vs, will always lurke unseen; Till we are drawne so farre, that 'twill be vaine, To feeke, with safety, to returne againe. This, let us heed; and, still be carefull, too, Which Course it most concerneth us to goe. And, though the Left-hand way, more smoothnes hath, Let us goe forward, in the Right-hand Path.
I was erected for a Bound,
And I resolve to stand my ground.

ILLVSTR. XXVII.

He Bounfer-Stones, held sacred, heretofore,
Some did to superstitiously adore,
As, that they did not onely rever'ence doe them;
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of God's head, to them:
For, Terminus had many a Sacrifice,
As well as other licenlss Deities.
I am not so profane, as to desire
Such Ethnicks zacle should set our hearts on fire:
But, whis I could, Men better did regard
Those Bounders, which Antiquity hath rear'd;
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,
There, make incroachment, where they have no right.
That, ev'ry man might keep his owne Possessions,
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent Processions
(With zealous prayers, and with praiseful cheere)
To walke their Parish-Limits, once a yere:
And, well knowne Markes (which sacrilegious Hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'ed out their Lands,
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;
And, many brawls, now rife, were then unknowne.
But, since neglected, sacred Bounders were,
Most men Introuasers, and Intruders are:
They grieve each other, and their Dues they steale,
From Prince, from Parent, and from Common-weale:
Nay, more, these bold Villagers are so rude,
That, they, on Christ's Inheritance intrude.
But, that will be aveng'd; and (on his right)
Though such incroach, he will not lose it quite:
For, hee's that Bounder, and that Corner-stone,
Who all confines, and is confined, of none.
Where Lovers fitly matched be,
In mutuall-duties, they agree.

ILLUSTR. XXVIII.

Ould God, I could as feelingly infufe
A good effect of what this Emblem shewes,
As I can tell in words, what Moral bee,
The life of that, which here you pictur'd see.
Most Lovers, minde their Penny, or their Pleasure;
Or, painted Honors; and, they all things measure,
Not as they are, but as they helpfull seeme,
In compassing those toyes, they most esteeme.

Though many wish to gaine a faithfull Friend,
They seldom seek one, for the noblest end:
Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)
How Friendship should be manag'd, as it ought.
Such, as good Husbands cover, or good Wives
(The deare companions of most happy lives)
Wrong Courtes take to gaine them; yet, contente
Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:
And, left, they unawares the Marke may hit,
They blinde their judgements, and befoole their wis.

He, that will finde a Friend, must seek out one
To exercise unpreiudg'd love upon;
And, mutuall duties, must both yield, and take,
Not for himselfe; but, for his Friendship take.
Such, as doe rightly marry, neither be
With Dowries caught, nor woe a Pedegree;
Nor, meeely come together, when they wed,
To reap the youthefull pleasures of the Bed:
But, seek that fineffe, and, that Sympathy,
Which maketh up the perfect Amity.

A pare, to match'd; like Hands that wash each other,
As mutuall helpers, will sweetly live together.
When Law, and Armes, together meet,
The World descends, to kisse their feet.

ILLVSTR. XXIX.  
Book 3

The Picture of a Crowned king, here, stands
Upon a Globe, and, with outstretched hands,
Holds forth, in view, a Law booke, and a Sword:
Which plain and moderne Figures, may afford
This meaning; that, a King, who hath regard
To Courts for pleading, and a Court of Guard,
And, at all times, a due respect will carry,
To pious Lawes, and Actions military;
Shall not be Monarch, onely in those Lands,
That are, by Birth right, under his commands:
But, also, might (if just occasion were)
Make this whole Globe of Earth, his power to feare;
Advance his Favorites; and, bring downe all
His Opposites, below his pedestall.

His conquering Sword, in forraigne Realmes, he drawes,
As oft, as there is just, or needfull cause:
At home, in ev'ry Province of his Lands,
At all times, armed are his Trayned bands.
His Royall fleets, are terrors to the Seas;
At all hours, rigg'd, for usefull Voyages:
And, often, he his Navy doth increase,
That Warses Provisions, may prolong his Peace.
Nor, by the tenure of the Sword, alone,
Delighteth he to hold his awful 7 throne,
But, likewise, labours, Milichiefes to prevent,
By wholsome Lawes, and rightfull Government.
For, where the Sword commands, without the Law,
A Tyrant keepes the Land in flauish awe:
And, where good Lawes doe want an armed pow'r,
Rebellious Knaves, their Princes, will devour.

Faire-
Faire-acheues, we should not so much heed
As the Uprightness of the Deed.

Hen wee should use a Ruler, or a Square,
Or such like Instruments, as usefull are,
In forming other things; we prize not so
The carving, or the colourable show
(Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)
As when, for Usefulness, we finde them right.

A warped Bowe, though strung with silken threads,
And, crooked Arrows, tipt with Golden heads,
Delight not Archers; tyect, such useless Toyses
Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.

A skilfull Artift (in what Art see're,
He seekes, to make his ablenesse appear)
Will give large Prices, with much more content,
To buy a plaine (if perfect) Instrument;
Then, take for nothing (or, for thankes alone)
An useless Tool, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be sought,
When mere Mechanick works are to be wrought,
Such Instruments, as rather have efteme
For their true-being, then for what they seeme.

Much more, should all those Rules be such, whereby
Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;
And, build up, what in Body, or in minde,
We may defective, or impairet finde.

Elfe, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,
More faulty may become, at later end.
But, hence, I chiefly learne, to take a care,
My Life, and Actions, rather be sincere,
Then seeming such: And, yet, Ile thinke no shame,
To seeme, to be as honest, as I am.
My Substance, and my Light, are spent,
In seeking other men's content.

If this nigh-wafted Candle, you shall view,
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you.
To looke with more compassion, on their paines,
Who rob themselves, to multiply your gains.
The Taper burns, to give another light,
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite;
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,
Is to be snuff'd, by ev'ry Commer-in.

This is the Lot of some, whom I have knowne,
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowed
In such industrious labour, as appears,
To further others profits, more then theirs;
And, all their Patrimonies, well nigh spent,
The ruining of others, to prevent.
The wit, the strength, and all the pow'r they had,
(Which might, by probability, have made
Good meanes to raise them, in this world, as high,
As most, who climb to wealthy dignity)
Ev'n these, they have bestowed, to better them,
Who their endeavours, for their paines, contemne.

These are those Lamps, whose flames, from time to time,
Have through each Age, and through out ev'ry Clime,
To one another, that true Light convey'd,
Which Ignorance, had, els, long since betray'd
To utter darknesse. These, delightfull Pride
Off snuff'd; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.
But, from the brightnesse of such Lights, as they,
We got our Light of knowledge, at this day.
To them, God make us kinder; and to Him,
More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by them.
He Horne-of-plenty, which Wealth signifies,
The Hand-in-hand, which Plighted faith implies,
(Together being painted) seem to teach,
That, such as will be honest, shall be rich.
If this be so, why then for Lucre-fake,
Doe many break the Promises they make?
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and sweare?
Why practise they all Villanies that are?
To compass Wealth? And, how doe such as they
Inlarge their ill-got Portions, ev'ry day?
Or, whence proceeds it, that sometimes we see
Those men grow poore, who faithfull seem to bee?
Thus, oft it proves; and, therefore, Falsehood can,
In likelihood, much more enrich a man,
Then blamelesse Faith; and, then, the Motto here
Improper to this Emblem, doth appear.
But, well enough they fute; and, all is true,
Which these things (being thus united) shew.
Should it be then concluded, that all those,
Who poore and honest seem, have made but showes
Of reall Faith? And, therefore, plagu'd have bin
With publicke lashes, for their private sin?
Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so:
Put, know you should, that, most who richest grow,
In Outward-wealth, are very poore in that,
Which brings true Plentie, and a blest Estate:
And, that, Good men, though poore they seem to bee,
Have Riches, which the Worldling cannot see.
Now He, who findes himselfe endow'd with such,
(Whate're wee thinke him) is exceeding rich.

Poore
Poore-Theves, in Halters, we behold,
And, great-Theves, in their Chaines of gold.

ILLVSTR. XXXIII. Book.3

In you, this Emblem, well have look'd upon,
Although you cannot helpe it, yet, bemone
The Worlds blacke Impudence; and, if you can,
Continue (or become) an honest man.
The poore, and petty Pilferers, you see
On Wheetes, on Gibbets, and the Gallows-tree
Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tulle, weare.

Good God! how many hath each Land of those,
Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded
The helpless Widowes, in their great difficulty?
And, of their Portions, robd the Fatherlefe?
Yet, cenfur'd others Errors, as if none
Had caufe to say, that they amisse have done?
How many, have affliited to condemn
Poore soules, for what was never stolne by them?
And, percuted others, for that Sin,
Which they themselves, had more transgressed in?

How many worthlesse men, are great become,
By that, which they have stolne, or cheated from
Their Lords? or (by some practices unjust)
From those, by whom they had beene put in trust?
How many Lawyers, wealthy men are grown;
By taking Fees, for Causes overthrowne
By their defaults? How many, without faire;
Doe rob the King, and God, yet blamlesc are?

God knows how many! would I did so, too,
So I had pow'r to make them better doe.
Hen thou beholdst on this Burning-stone,
The melancholly Night-bird, sitting on
The fleshlesse ruines of a rotten-Skull,
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more beautifull,
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;
And, doe as thou art by the Motto taught.
Remember Death: and, minde, I thee befeech,
How soone, these Fowles may at thy window screech;
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)
To dwell in Graves, and Sepulchers, by them,
Where nothing else, but Bats, and Owls, appeare;
Or, Goblins, form'd by Fancies, and, by Fear.
If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate
Thy latter end, before it be too late,
(And, whil't thy friends, thy strength, and wits may bee
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)
There may be courtes taken, to divert
Those Frights, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,
When Death drawes neare; and helpe thee plucke away
That Sting, of his, which would thy Soule dismay.

But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,
Till thou art sinking downe that darksome-bill,
Which borders on the Grave (and doft beginne
To see the Shades of Terror, and of Sinne
To fly acrosse thy Conscience) 'twill be hard
To lerne this Lesson; or, to be prepar'd
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,
Betweene this much beloved World, and thee.
Consider this, therefore, while Time thou haft,
And, put not off this Businesse, till the last.
Doest not the golden Meane exceed,
In Word, in Passion, nor in Deed.

Measure, and Metre, and the Night,
Our Nature growes; and, as is mischievous,
Till Grace, and Reason, come to govern us.
The Square, and Bridle, therefore let us heed,
And, thereby learne to know, what helps we need;
Left, else, (they saying, timely, to bee had)
Quite out of Order, we at length, bee made.
The Square, (which is an useful Instrument,
To shape forth senseless Formes) may represent
The Law. Because, Mankind, (which is by Nature,
Almoost as dull, as is the senseless creature,)
Is thereby, from the native rudeness, wrought;
And, in the Way of honest-living taught.
The Bridle, (which Invention did contrive,
To rule, and guide the creature-sensitive)
May type forth Discipline; which, when the Law
Hath school'd the Wit, must keepe the Will in awe.
And, hee that can by these, his Passions bound,
This Emblems meaning, usefully, hath found.
Lord, let thy sacred Law, at all times, bee
A Rule, a Master, and a Glass to mee;
(A Bridle, and a Light) that I may, still,
Both know my Duty, and obey thy Will.
Direct my Feet; my Hands, instruct thou so,
That I may neither wander, nor mis-do.
My Looks, my Hearing, and my Words confine,
To keepe still firme, to e'ry Word of thine.
On thee, let also my Desires attend;
And, let me hold this temper, till mine end.

Illustr. 'XXXV.'
Wee then have got the surest prop,
When God, alone, becomes our Hope.

ILLUSTR. XXXVI.

Should not care how hard my Fortunes were,
Might still my Hopes be such, as now they are,
Of helps divine; nor feare, how poore I bee,
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.
For, they have left assurance of such aye,
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.
Yea, now I see, mee thinke, what weake and vaine
Supporters I have sought, to helpe sustaine
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,
Would undermine the Station where I stand.
Me thinks, I see how fcurvie, and how base,
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,
To men of earthly minds; and unto those,
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lose Their Wealth, (or their abus'd Authority)
And, stand as much in want of helpe as I.
Me thinks, in this new-rapture, I doe see
The hand of God from heaven supporting me,
Without those rotten Ayds, for which I whinde,
When I was of my tother vulgar-mindse:
And, if in some one part of me it lay,
I,now, could cut that Limbe of mine away.
Still, might I keepe this mind, there were enough
Within my selfe, (beside that cumbringe flusse
Wee seeke without) which, husbanded aright,
Would make mee Rich, in all the Worlds despight.
And, I have hopes, that, had thee quite bereft mee,
Of those few ragges and toyses, which, yet, are left me;
I should on God, alone, so much depand,
That, I should need, nor Wealth, nor other Friend.
None ever had a perfect Virtue, yet,
But, that most Precious stone, which God hath set
On his right hand, in beaming-Majesty,
Vpon the Ring of blest E T E R N I T I E.
And, this, is that impenetrable Stone,
The Serpent could not leave impression on,
(Nor signe of any Path-way) by temptations,
Or, by the pow'r of fly insinuations:
Which wondrous Mysterie was of those five,
Whose depth King Solomon could never dive.
Good God! vouchsafe, ev'n for that Diamond-fake,
That, I may of his preciousnesse, partake,
In all my Trials; make mee alwayes able
To bide them, with a minde impenetrable,
How hard, or oft so'ere, those hammerings bee,
Wherewith, Afflictions must new fashion mee.
And, as the common Diamonds polish'd are,
By their owne durt; so, let my errors wear
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,
Give mee the Lustr, Lord, that will endure.
Truth, oft oppressed, see may see,
But, quite suppress it cannot bee.

His is that fruitful Plant, which when it growes,
Where wholesome Water in abundance flowes,
Was, by the Psalmist, thought a likely Tree,
The Emblem, of a blessed-man, to bee:
For, many ways, it fitly typifies,
The Righteous-man, with his proprieties;
And, those true Vertues, which doe helpe increase
His growing, in the state of Blessedness.
The Palme, (in this our Emblem, figur'd,thus)
Depressed with a Stone, doth shew to us
The pow'r of Truth: For, as this Tree doth spread,
And thrive the more, when weights press downe the head;
So, Gods eternall Truth (which all the pow'r
And spight of Hell, did labour to devour)
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,
When Tyranis cruel'd it, with their crueltie.
And, all inferior Truths, the same will doe,
According as they make approaches to
The best Perfection; or, as they condace
To God's due praise, or some such pious use.

Lord, still, preserve this Truth's integrity,
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,
To splice how they may disadvantage it.
Yea, Lord, though Sinners in high place doe sit,
(As David faith) yet, let them not oppresse
Thy Vertue, by their imperiousnesse.
But, make both Her, and her Preceptors, bide
The Tez, like Silver seven times purifie.
That, all Truth's lovers, may with comfort see,
Shee may depress, but, not, oppressed bee.
They, who but slowly paced are,
By plodding on, may travaile farre.

The big-boned Ox, in pace is very flow,
And, in his travaile, step by step, doth goe,
So leisurely, as if he tir'd had bin,
Before his painfull jorney did beginne;
Yet, all the day, he stily ploddet on,
Untill the labour of the day be done:
And, seemes as fresh (though he his taske hath wrought)
As when to worke, he first of all was brought.
Meane-while, the Palfrey, which more swiftnesse had,
Hath loft his breath, or proves a Refty jade.

This Emblem, therefore, maketh it appeare,
How much it profiteth, to perseverse;
And, what a little Industry will doe,
If wee continue constant thereunto.
For, meaneft Faculties, discreetly us'd,
May get the start, of nobler Gifts, abus'd.
This, may obserued be in many a one:
For (when their course of life was first beginne)
Some, whose refined wits, aspired as high,
As if above the Spheres, they were to flye:
By Sloth, or Pride, or over-trusting to
Their owne Sufficiencies, themselves undoe.
Yea, and those forward-wits, have liv'd to see
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.
Then, learne, Great-wits, this folly to prevent:
Let Meane-wits, take from hence, encouragement:
And, let us all, in our Affairs proceed,
With timely leisure, and with comely speed.
Vn certaine, Fortunes Favours, bee,
And, as the Moone, so changest Shee.

ILLVSTR. X L.

Sir Author, peradventure, giveth us
Dame Fortune (for these Reasons) pictur'd, thus:

She hath a Comely body, to declare,
How pleasing shee doth usually appeare
To them, that love her Favours. She is blind,
(Or, hath still cloed eyes) to put in minde,
How blindly, and how heedlesly, she throwes
Her Largeffe, where her Bounty, he bestowes.
She stands upon a Ball; that, wee may learne,
Of outward things, the tottering, to discern:
Her Ball hath wings; that it may signify
How apt her Favours are, away to flie.

A Skarfe displayed by the wind, she beares,
(And, on her naked Body, nothing weares)
To shew, that what her Favorite injoyes,
Is not so much for Vpfullesse, as eyes.
Her Head is hairlesse, all, except before;
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more
To hold her famous kindnesse, always fat.
Left, the doe show thee flipp'ry tricks, at last.
And, lastly, that her changing may be showne;
She beareth in her Hand a Wylned: mone.

By this Description, you may now desery
Her true conditions, full as well as I:
And, if you still, suppose her, worth such honour,
You have my leave to move, and may upon her.
Moreover (to her credit) I confess,
This Mone falfly faith, her Ficklenesse
Is like the Moones: For, she hath frowned on mee
Twelve Moones, at least; and, yet, no Change I see.
Untill the Steele, the Flint shall smite,  
It will afford nor Heat, nor Light.
My Wit got Wings, and high had flowne;
But, Povertie did keepe mee downe.

Our little thinke, what plague it is to bee,
In plight like him, whom pictur'd here you see.
His winged-Arme, and his up-lifted-eyes,
Declare, that hee hath Wit, and Will, to rise:
The Stone, which clogs his other hand, may show
That, Povertie and Fortune, keepe him low:
And, twixt these two, the Bodie and the Mind,
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,
That, if you did not such mens wants contenme,
You could not chafe but helpe, or pitie them.
All Ages had (and, this I know hath come)
Such men, as to this misery, doe come:
And, many of them, at their Lot, to grieve,
As if they knew, (or did at least beleve)
That, had their Wealth suffiz'd them to aspire
(To what their Witts deserve, and they desire)
The present Age, and future Ages too,
Might gaine have had, from what they thought to doe.
Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be prais'd,
The clog which kept me downe, from being rais'd,
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such Dreams I had)
My thoughts, and longings, are not now so mad.
For, plaine I see, that, had my Fortunes brought
Such Wealth, at first, as my small Wit hath fough't;
I might my selfe, and others, have undone,
Instead of Curses, which I thought to runne.
I finde my Povertie, for mee was fit;
Yea, and a Blessing, greater than my Wit:
And, whether, now, I rich or poore become,
Tis nor much pleasing, nor much troublesome.
A Mischief, hardly can be done,
Where many-pow'r's are knit in one.

Illustr. XLIII.

Serve the Sheafe of Arrows, figure'd here;
And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the Beare
(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde
To breake one slender-shaft, while they are joyn'd:
Whereas, were they divided, strength but small,
Like rotten Kexes, would soone breake them all.
This Emblem, therefore, fitly doth imply
That Safeguard, which is found in Unity;
And, shewes, that, when Diff-union is begunne,
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.
The Psalmist, numerous Off-spring, doth compare
To Quivers, that with Shafts replenish'd are.
When Unity hath knit them in her bands,
They prove like Arrows in a Gyants hands.
And, though, for these, their Foes in waye have layd,
They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afraid.
Consider this, see Children of one Sire,
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious fire,
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,
Confume away the marrow of your strength;
Or, by dividing, of your joyned pow'r,
Make way for those, who studie to devour.
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,
What Lesson, by this Emblem, we are taught.
For, we are Brethren all; and (by a Blood
More precious, then our nat'rall Brother-hood)
Not knit, alone, but, mingled, as it were,
Into a League; which is, by much, more deare,
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,
Then all the Bands, that can be thought upon.
that may the reason be, that, when Desire
Hath kindled in the breast, a Loving-fire,
The Flame, which burn'd awhile, both cleere & strong,
Becomes to be extinguished, ere long.
This Emblem gives the reason; for, it shewes,
That, when Affection, to perfection growes,
The Fire, which doth inflighten, first, the flame,
Is made an equal, and a mutual flame.
The burning Torches, are alike in length;
To shew, Love equal, both in time, and strength.
They, to each otherward, their flames extend,
To teach us, that, True-lovers have no end
Pertaining to Selfe-love; and, lo, betweene
These Two, one flaming heart, is to be scene;
To signifye, that, they, but one, remaine
In Mind; though, in their Persons, they are twaine.
He, doultlesse, then, who Lov'd, and, giveth over,
Deferveth not the Title of a Lover;
Or, else, was unrequited in Affection,
And, was a Lover, with some imperfection.
For, Love, that loves, and is not lov'd as much,
May perfect grow; but, yet, it is not such,
Nor can be, till it may that object have,
Which gives a Heart, for what it would receive:
And, lookes not so much outward, as to heed
What seems within, to want, or to exceed.
Whether our Emblem's Author, thought of this,
You need not care; nor, will it be amisse,
If they who perfect Lovers, would be thought,
Doe mind, what by this Morall, they are taught.
Where many-Forces joyned are,  
Unconquerable-pow'r, is there  

An Emblem's meaning, here, I thought to consider;  
And, this doth rather fashion out a Monster,  
Then forme an Hieroglyphicke: but, I had  
These Figures (as you see them) ready made  
By others; and, I mean to moralize  
Their Fancies; not to mend what they devise.  
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,  
This Picture (though I like it not) displays  
The Morall, which the Motto doth imply;  
And, thus, it may be said to signify.  
He, that hath many Faculties, or Friends,  
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)  
And, fits them so; and, keeps them so together,  
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,  
As if so many Hands, they had been made;  
And, in One-body, usefull being had:  
That man, by their Affittance, may, at length,  
Attaine to an unconquerable strength;  
And, crowne his honest Hopes, with whatsoever  
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.  
Or, else, it might be said; that, when we may  
Make our Affections, and, our Sense, obey  
The will of Reason, (and, so well agree,  
That, we may finde them; still, at peace to be)  
They'll guard us, like so many Armed hands;  
And, safely keepe us, whatsoever withstands.  
If others thinke this Figure, here, inferre  
A better fense; let those interpreters  
Variddle it; and, preach it where they please.  
Their Meanings may be good, and so are these.
The Hearts of Kings are in God's Hands;
And, as He lifts, He Them commands.

Know this, He should be honoure'd, whom the King,
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.
Why should they blame their Kings, for fav'ring such,
Whom, they have thought, scarce merit to much?
God rules their Hearts; and, they, themselves deceive,
Who dream, that Kings exalt, without God's leave.
Why murmur they at God, for guiding so
The Hearts of Kings, as oft they see him doe;
Or, at his Workes, why should they take offence,
As if their Wit, could teach his Providence?
His just, and his all-seeing Wisdome knows,
Both whom, and why he crownes, or overthrows;
And, for what cause, the Hearts of Princes, bee
Inlarg'd, or shut; when we no cause can see;
We sometime know, what's well, and what's amisse;
But, of those Truths, the root concealed is;
And, False-hoods, and Uncertainties, there are,
In most of those things, which we speak, or hear.
Then, were not Kings directed by God's hand,
They, who are best, and wisest in the Land,
Might oft misguide them, either by receiving
A False report, or, by some wrong believing.
God's Grace it is, that Good-men rays'd have bin:
If Sinners flourish, we may thank our Sin.
Both Good and Bad, so like in out-sides be,
That, Kings may be deceiv'd, in what they see;
And, if God had not yul'd their Hearts aright,
The World, by this time, had been ruin'd quite.
A Virtue hidden, or not us'd,
Is either Sloth, or Grace abus'd.

He World hath shamelesse Boasters, who pretend,
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,
That, were they pleas'd, to their hours to spend;
They say, they could in many things excell.

But, though they make their hearers to believe,
That, out of Modesty their Gifts they hide,
In them we very plainly may perceive,
Or Sloth, or Envy, Ignorance, or Pride.

When other mens endeavours they pursue,
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;
Or else of Arrogance doe those accuse,
Who, to the publike view, their Works commend.

If these men say, that they can Poetize,
But, will not; they are false in saying so:
For, he, whose Wit a little that way lies,
Will doing be, though he himselfe undue.

If they, in other Faculties are learned,
And, still, forbear their Talents to imploy;
The truest Knowledge, yet, is undiscovered,
And, that, they merit not, which they enjoy.

Yea, such as hide the Gifts they have received,
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)
Are like fayre Eyes, of ufefull sight bereaved;
Or, lighted Candles, underneath a Table.

Their glorious part, is but a Painted-cloath,
Whole Figures, to the wall-ward, still are hung.
Their hidden Fortunes, are apparent Sloth;
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:
For, they doe reap the Fruits, by many found,
And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.
The Moone, which is decreasing now,
When shee returnes, will fuller, grow.

Never, yet, did murmuringly complaine,
Although those Moones have long been in the Waime,
Which on their Silver Shields, my Elders wore,
In Battells, and in Triumphs, heretofore.
Nor any mention have I ever made,
of such Eclipses, as those Crescents had;
Thereby, to move some Comet, to reflect
His fading light, or daigne his good aspect.
For, when I tell the World, how ill I fare,
I tell her too, how little I doe care,
For her desights: yea, and I tell it not,
That, helpe, or pitie, might from her be got;
But, rather, that her Favourites may fee,
I know my Waynings, yet, can pleased bee.

My Light, is from the Planet of the Sunne;
And, though the Course, which I obliquely runne,
Oft brings my outward Fortunes to the Waime,
My Light shall, one day, bee renew'd againe.
Yea, though to some, I quite may seeme to lose
My Light; because, my follies interpose
Their shadowes to eclipse it: yet, I know,
My Crescents, will increase, and fuller, grow.

Affoone as in the Flesh, I beeing had,
I mov'd on in Courses retrograde,
And, thereby lost my Splendor: but, I feel
Soft motions, from that great Eternall Wheel,
Which moveth all things, sweetly moving mee,
To gain the Place, in which I ought to bee:
And, when to Him, I backe returnes, from whom
At first I came, I shall at Full become.
Some write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)
That they, who neere unto the Deserts dwell,
Where Elephants are found, doe notice take,
What trees they haunt, their sleeping flocks to make;
That, when they rest against an haffe-fawne stemme,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part Historick, may erre,
The Morall, which this Emblem doth inferre,
Is overtrue; and, feemeth to imply,
The World to bee so full of Treacheries,
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,
In which, from Falsehoods Engines, wee are free.
I have observ'd the Citie; and, I finde
The Citizens, are civil, grave and kinde;
Yet, many are deluded by their showes,
And, cheated, when they trust in them repose.
I have been oft at Court; where I have spent,
Some idle time, to heare them Complement;
But, I have seene in Courtiers, such deccit,
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.
I doe frequent the Church; and, I have heard
Gods judgements, by the Preachers, there, declar'd,
Against mens Falsehoods; and, I gladly heare
Their zealous Prayers, and good Counsells there;
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,
Will watch to doe a mischief, if they may.
Nay, those poore sneaking Clowmes, who fecke their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;
Ev'n those, their wits, can (this way) so apply,
That, they'll soone confen, wiser men, than I.
Here is no Day, nor minute of the Day,  
In which these are not many sent away  
From Life to Death; or, many drawing-on,  
Which must within a little while be gone.  
You, often, view the Grave; you, often, meet  
The Buriers, and the Mourners, in the street,  
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,  
Which must, ere long, your dwelling-place become.  
You see the Race, of many a youthful Sonne  
Is finish'd, ere his Father's Course is done;  
And, that, the hand of Death, regardeth neither  
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.  
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare  
The groares of Death, and, view your Children there,  
Your loving Parents, or, beloved Wives,  
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their lives.  
Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the paines  
Of Sickness, in your Bowels, and your Vains.  
The Harbingers of Death, sometime, begin  
To take up your whole Body, for their time.  
You bear their heavie Saches, on your back;  
You feele their twinges, make your heartstrings crack;  
And, sometime, lye in prifon'd, and halfe dead,  
With Age, or with Disease, on your bed:  
Yet you deferre your ends; and, still contrive,  
For temp'ral things; as if you thought to live  
Sixe Ages longer: or had quite forgot,  
That, you, and others, draw one common Lot.  
For, that, you might not, all, the same forget.  
This Emblem, and this Moral, here were set.
THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

1

The Wreathes of Glory, you affect,
But, means to gain them, you neglect;
And, though in doing, you delight
You doe not, always, what is right:
Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,
To know, to whom the richest Prize
Doth appertaine, nor what it is.
But, now, you are inform'd of This.

See, Emblem I.

2

Though you are weak, you much may doe,
If you will let your Wit thereto.
For, meaner Powres, than you have had,
And, meaner Wit, good shift have made,
Both to contrive, and compass that,
Which abler men have wondered at.
Your Strength, and Wit, unite, therefore,
And, both shall grow improve'd the more.

See, Emb. I I.

3

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of them,
Who, Civil Magistrates contemne;
And slighteth, or else, stouteth at
The Ceremonies of Estate.
That, thou maist, therefore, learne to get,
Both better Manners, and more Wit,
The Sword, and Mace, (by some despiz'd)
Is, for thy sake, now moraliz'd.

See, Emb. I I I.

4

By this thy Lot, wee may misdoubt,
Thou look'dt not warily about;
But, huldeft onward, without heed,
What went before, or may succeed,
Procuring loffe, or discontent,
Which, Circumstance, might prevent.
Therefore, with gracefullnesse, receive
Those counsells, which our Moral give.

See, Emb. I V.

Cc 2

Thou
The Third Lotteries.

5
Thou hast, unworthily, repin'd,
Or, been displeased in thy mind,
Because, thy Fortunes doe not feeme
To fit thy Worth (in thy esteeme :)
And loe, to check thy discontent,
Thy Lot, a Morall, doth prefent;
And shewes, that, if thou verious bee,
Good Fortune, will attend on thee.
See, Emb. V.

6
When thy Desires have good successe;
Thine owne Endeavours, thou doft bleffe;
But, seldome unto God thou giv'ft
Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv'ft.
Thine Emblem, therefore, tells from whom
The fruits of good Endeavours, come:
And, shewes (if thou to thrive intend)
On whom, thou, always, must depend.
See, Emb. V I.

7
It may bee, thou art one of those,
Whose Faith, more bold, than fruitful growes;
And (building on some false Decree)
Disheartneft those, that Workers be
To gaine (with awfull joy) that Price,
Which, unto no man, God denies,
That works in Hope, and, lives by Faith.
Marke, therefore, what thine Emblem faith.
See, Emb. V I I.

8
Thou hast been willing, that thy Name,
Should live the life of Honest-Fame;
And, that, thy labours (to thy praisfe)
Continue might, in future dayes.
Behold, the Lot, thou hast thrown,
Hath shewne, how this may well bee done.
Pursue the Course, which there is taught,
And, thy desires to passe are brought.
See, Emb. V I I I.

9
Thou, many things, hast well begun,
But, little, to good purpose, done:
Because, thou hast a fickle braine,
And, hands that love to take no paine.
Therefore, it chanceth not amiss,
That, thou hast such a Chance, as this:
For, if thou want not Grace, or Wit,
Thou maist, in time, have good of it.
See, Emb. IX.
The third Lottere.

10

Whatev'r you seeme to others, now,
It was the Harrow, and the Plough,
By which, your Predecessors got,
The fairest portion of your Lot:
And, (that, it may encrease your Wit)
They hanna you, in an Emblem, yet.
Peruse our Morals; and, perchance,
Your Profit, it will much advance.

See, Emb. X.

11

Much labour, and much time you spend,
To get an able-constant Friend:
But, you have ever sought him, there,
Where, no such precious Jewells are:
For, you, without have searching bin,
To finde, what must be found within.
This Friend, is mention'd by this Lot;
But, God knowes where he may be got.

See, Emb. XI.

12

Thou seek'st for Fame; and, now art showne,
For what, her Trumpet shall be blowne.
Thine Emblem, also, doth declare,
What Fame they get, who virtuous are,
For Praise alone; and, what Reward,
For such like Studies, is prepar'd.
Peruse it: And, this Counsel take;
Bee virtuous, for more Virtues sake.

See, Emb. XII

13

This Lot, those persons, always finds,
That have high thoughts, and lofty minds;
Or, such as have an itch to learn;
That, which doth nothing them concern;
Or, love to peep, with daring eyes,
Into forbidden Mysteries.
If any one of these thou bee,
Thine Emblem, lessons hath for thee.

See, Emb. XIII.

14

If all be true, these Lots doe tell us,
Thou shouldst be of those Fieling-fellowes,
Who, better practised are growne,
In others matters, than their owne:
Or, one, that covets to be thought,
A man, that's ignorant of nought.
If it be so, thy Moral shewes
Thy Folly, and what from it flowes.

See, Emb. XIV.

Thou
The Third Lotterie.

15
Thou hast some charge, (who e're thou be)
Which, Tendance may expect from thee:
And, well perhaps, it may be fear'd,
Tis often left, without regard:
Or, that, thou dost securely sleep,
When, thou shouldst watch, more strictly.
Thou knowest best, if it be so: (keep)
Take therefore heed, what is to doe.
See, Emb. XV.

16
In secret, thou dost oft complaine,
That, thou hast hop'd, and wrought in vaine;
And, think'st thy Lot, is farre more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.
An Emblem, therefore, thou hast got,
To shew, it is our common Lot,
To wroke and hope; and, that, thou hast
A Blessing by it, at the last.
See, Emb. XVI.

17
That thou hast Honesty, we grant;
But, Prudence, thou dost often want:
And, therefore, some have injur'd thee,
Who farre more Wise, than honest bee.
That, now, Discretion thou mayst add,
To those good-meanings thou hast had;
The Moral of thine Emblem, view,
And, what it counsels, that, pursu
See, Emb. XVII.

18
To your Long-home, you nearer are,
Than you (it may bee) are aware:
Yea, and more easie is the Way,
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.
Left, therefore, Death, should grim appeare,
And, put you in a caufelffe恐
(Or out of minding wholly passe)
This Chance, to you allotted was.
See, Emb. XVIII.

19
In slippery Paths, you are to goe;
Yea, they are full of danger too:
And, if you heedfull should not grow,
They'll hazzard much, your overthrow.
But, you the mischiefe may eschew,
If wholesome Counfell, you pursue.
Looke, therefore, what you may be taught,
By that, which this your chance hath brought.
See, Emb. XIX.
This present Lot, concerneth full necessity, not you alone, but all men here; for, all of us, too little heed.

His love, who for our sakes did bleed.

Tis true, that measure, hee left behind him, which better teacheth how to mind him:

Yet, if we be both by that, and this,

Remember him, tis not amiss.

See, Emb. XX.

Tis hop'd, you just, and pious are;
More out of conscience, than for fear;

And, that you'll vertuous courses take,

For goodness, and for virtuous sake.

Yet, since the best men, sometimes may have need of helps, in virtuous way,

Those useful morals, slight you not,

Which are presented by this Lot.

See, Emb. XXI.

This Lot pertaineth unto those,
(And who they be, God only knowes)

Who, to the world, have no desire;

But, up to heavenly things aspire,

No doubt, but you, in some degree,

Indow'd with such affections be;

And, had this Emblem, that you might encourag'd bee, in such a flight.

See, Emb. XXII.

The state of temp'ral things, to shew,

Yee have them, full, within your view;

For, every object that wee see,

An Emblem, of them, serves to bee.

But, wee from few things, helpes do finde,

To keepe Eternity in minde.

This Lot, an Emblem brings, therefore,

To make you thinke upon it more.

See, Emb. XXIII.

Unlesse you better looke thereunto,

Dishonest, and sloth, will you undo.

That, which of you despayred was,

With ease, might have bin brought to passe.

Had but so much bin done, as may

Bee equall'd with one line a day.

Consider this; and, to that end,

The Morall of your Lot attend.

See, Emb. XXIV.
The Third Lotteries.

M 25
If wee mistake not, thou art one,
Who loves to court the Rising-Sunne;
And, if this Let, thy nature finde,
Thou to preferment haft a minde:
If to learn hence, by whose respect
(Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect;
Then, seek to win his grace to thee,
Of what estate soever thou bee.

See, Emb. XXV.

26
Thou to a double-path art come;
And, peradventure, troublesome,
Thou findest it, for thee to know,
On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.
To put thee out of all suspect,
Of Courts that are indirect;
Thy Morall points thee to a path,
Which hardship, but, no peril hath.

See, Emb. XXVI.

27
You warned are of taking heed,
That, never, you your Bounds exceed;
And, also, that you be not found,
To come within your Neighbours Bound.
There may be some concealed Cause,
That, none but you, this Emblems draws.
Examine it; And, if you see
A fault, let it amended be.

See, Emb. XXVII.

28
Your Emblems morall doth declare,
When, Lovers fitly matched are;
And, what the chiefest cause may be,
Why, Friends and Lovers disagree.
Perhaps, you somewhat thence, may learne,
Which your Affection doth concern.
But, if it Counsel you too late,
Then, preach it at your Neighbours gate.

See, Emb. XXVIII.

M 29.
Some, urge their Princes on to Warre,
And weary of sweet Peace, they are.
Some, seek to make them, dote on Peace,
(Till publike Danger more encreafe)
As if the World were kept in awe,
By nothing else but preaching Law.
Thy Morall (if of those thou art)
Doth act a Moderators part.

See, Emb. XXIX.
30
Tis feared, thou dost lesse esteeme,
Vright to bee, than so to seee;
And, if thine actions faire appearre,
Thou carest not how foule they are.
Though this bee not thy fault alone,
Yet have a care of mending one:
And, study thou, Vright to grow,
As well in Essence, as in show.
See, Emb. XXXX.

31
Some, all their time, and wealth have spent,
In giving other men content:
And, would not grudge to waste their blood,
To helpe advance the Common-good.
To such as these, you have been thought,
Not halfe so friendly as you ought.
This Lot therefore befall; to shew,
How great res Phelps, to such, are due.
See, Emb. XXXXI.

32
You have been tempted (by your leave)
In hope of Lucre, to deceive:
But, much, as yet, you have not swerv'd
From Faith, which ought to be observ'd.
If well, hereafter, you would speed,
In dealing-honestly, proceed:
For, by your Emblem, you shall see,
That, Honest-men, the richest bee.
See, Emb. XXXXII.

33
We hope, no person, here, believes,
That, you are of those wealthy Theeves,
Who, Chains of gold, and pearle do wear,
And, of those Theeves, that, none you are,
Which weares a Rope, wee, plainly see;
For, you, as yet unhanged bee:
But, unto God, for Mercie criethe,
Else, hang'd, you may bee, ere you die.
See, Emb. XXXXIII.

34
You, willing are, to put away,
The thinking on your latter-day:
You count the mention of it, Folly;
A meanes of breeding Melancholy;
And, newes unfit for men to heare,
Before they come to sixtie-year.
But, mind what Counsels now are sent,
And, mend, lest you too late repent.
See, Emb. XXXIV.
35

Your Wits, your Wishes, and your Tongue,
Have run the World, too long,
And (left all Reason, you exceed)
Of Rules, and Reines, you now have need.
A Bride, therefore, and a Square,
Prime Figures, in your Emblem are.
Observe their Morall, and I pray,
Be Wise, and Sober, if you may.

See, Emb. XXX V.

36

Because her Aid makes goodly Showes,
You, on the World, your trust repose;
And, his dependance, you dispute,
Who, meekly, on God's help, relies.
That, therefore, you may come to see,
How pleas'd, and safe, those men may bee,
Who have no ayd, but God, alone;
This Emblem, you have lighted on.

See, Emb. XXX VI.

37

Some, thinke your Virtue very much;
And, there is cause to thinke it such:
For, many ways it hath been tried,
And, well the Trial doth abide,
Yet, think not, but some brums there are,
Which, your owne strength shall never bee.
And, by the Morall of your Lot,
Learne, where, Assistance may bee got.

See, Emb. XXX VII.

38

Thou haft been grieved, and complain'd,
Because, the Truth hath wrong sustain'd.
But, that, dismayd thou shouldst not be,
Thine Emblem will declare to thee,
That, though the Truth may suffer spice,
It shall not bee deprefled quite;
But, by opposing, spread the more,
And, grow more pow'rfull than before.

See, Emb. XXX VIII.

39

By Rashness, thou haft often err'd,
Or, else, thou haft been more prefer'd.
But, future errors, to prevent,
Thou to the flow pale'd Ox art lent,
To learne more Staynness; and, to doe
Thy Workes, with Perseverance, too.
Hee that this creatures Virtue scornes,
May want it all, except his Hornes.

See, Emb. XXX IX.
Dame Fortune's favour seems to be.
Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;
As if, in what, her hand beftowes,
Thou mightst thy confidence repole.
But, that, her manners may be knowne,
This Chance, upon thee, was beftowne.
Confider well, what thou haft got,
And, on her flatttings, note thou not.

See, Emb. X L.

The Steele and Flint, declare, in part,
The Temper of a Stony-heart;
And, shew, that thence, no Virtue flowes,
Till it be forced out, with blowes.
Some other, Morals thou maust learne,
Thereby, which will thy good, concern:
Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,
And, minde it, as occasions are.
See, Emb. XLI.

Thou think'st thy Witt, had made thee great,
Had Poverty not beene some let:
But, had thy Wealth as ample beene,
As, thou thy Witt, didst overwee:
Instead of thy desired Height,
Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.
Hereafter, therefore, be content,
With whatsoever God hath sent.
See, Emb. XLI.

To Discord, thou art somewhat prone,
And, think'st thou mayst subsist alone:
Regarding not how safe they bide,
Who, taft, in Concord's bands, are tide.
But, that thou mayst the better heed,
What Good, from Union doth proceed,
An Emblem is become thy Lot,
From which, good Caveats may be got.
See, Emb. XLI.

Thou wouldst be lov'd; and, to that end,
Thou dost both Time, and Labour spend:
But, thou expect'st (as wee believe)
More Love, than thou dost mean to give.
If so, thou, then, art much to blame:
For, Love affects a natural-flame;
Which, if it faile on either side,
Will never, long time, true abide.
See, Emb. XLI.

D d 2
45
If all your powers, you should unite,
Prevailing in your Desires, you might;
And, sooner should effect your ends,
If you should muster up your Friends.
But, since your Genius doth Fufpct,
That, you fuch Poflic neglect,
Your Lot presenteth to your view
An Emblem, which instructeth you.

See, Emb. X L V.

46
Because, thou mayft be one of them,
Who dare the deeds of Kings condemn;
(As if fuch eyes as theirs and yours
Could view the depth of Sov'reign pow'rs;
Or, see, how in each Time, and Place,
God rules their hearts, in ev'ry case,
To check thy fawcinfes, in this,
An Emblem comes not much amiffe.

See, Emb. X L V I.

47
Of many goodly parts thou vauntft;
And, much thou haft, though much thou wantft:
But, well it were, that, lefle, thou hadft,
Vnlefs more use thereof thou madft.
That, therefore, thou mightft come to fee,
How vain unprractiz'd vertues bee,
Peru'e thine Emblem, and, from thence,
Take ufeful heed of thy Offence.

See, Emb. XLVII.

48
By this thy Lot, it may appear,
Decay'd thy Hopes, or Fortunes are.
But, that, thou mayft no courage lose,
Thine Emblem, by example, shewes,
That, as the Moone doth from the Waine
Returne, and fill her Orbe againe:
So, thou thy Fortunes mayft renew,
If, honest Hopes, thou shalt purfue.

See, Emb. XLVIII.

49
Some Foes, for thee, do lie in wait,
Where thou fufpe&eft no Deceit;
Yea, many a one, thy harme intends,
Whom thou doft hope will be thy Friends:
But, therefore, heedfull, whom to trust;
What make thou faith, and what thou doft,
For, by this Emblem, thou faith fee,
That, warmesfe, will needfull bee.

See, Emb. X L IX.
It seems, by drawing of this Lot,
The day of Death, is much forgot;
And, that, thou needst a faithfull Friend,
To minde thee of thy latter-end.

Unheed, therefore, passe not by,
What now thinke Emblem doth imply;
So, thou shalt hear (without affright)
Death’s message, though it were to night.

See, Emb. L.

Thou seekst by fickle Chance, to gaine,
What thou by Fortune mightst attaine.
Endeavour well, and, nothing shall
To thee, unfortunately fall:

For, ev’ry variable Chance,
Thy firm contentment, shall advance.
But, if thou yet, remaine in doubt,
Turne Fortune’s-wheele, once more, about.

Thy Lot, no Answere will bestow,
To that, which thou desist to know;
Nor canst thou here, an Emblem find,
Which to thy purpose is inclinde.

Perhaps, it is too late to crave,
What thou desir’st, now, to have:
Or, but in vaine, to mention that,
Which thy Ambition aymeth at.

Then, take it not in evil part,
That, with a Blanck, thou answer’d art.

Although you now refused not,
To trie the Fortune of your Lot;
Yet, you, perhaps, unwilling are,
This company the same should heare,
Left, some hard Morall should unfold
Such tricks, as you could with untold.
But, loe, you need not stand in awe;
For, ’tis a Blanck, which now you draw.

It proves a Blanck; for, to what end,
Should wee a serious Morall spend,
Where, teachings, warnings, and advise,
Esteemed are of little price?

Your onely purpose, is to looke
Upon the Pictures of this Booke,
When, more discretion you have got,
An Emblem shall attend your Lot.
You might have drawne an Emblem, here,
In which your manners picture'd were:
But, some will vexe, when they shall see
Themselves, so painted out to bee,
And, blame this Booke, as if it had
By some unlawfull Art been made:
(Or, was contriv'd, that, to their shame,
Men, on themselves, might Libels frame)
And, left you may bee so unwise,
Your Lot, an Emblem, now, denies.

Because, Good Chances, others drew,
To trie these Lots, it pleased you.
But, had you such an Emblem found,
As fits you rightly, you had frown'd;
Or, inwardly, you would have chaf'd,
Although you outwardly had laugh'd.
You, therefore, very glad may bee,
This proves a Blank; and, so may wee.
A COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
With METRICAL ILLUSTRATIONS, both Morall and Divine: And disposed into Lotteries,
That Instruction, and Good Counsell, may bee furthered by an Honest and Pleasant Recreation.

By George Wither.

The fourth booke.

London,
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A COLLECTION OF
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AND ANCIENT
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1690
TO
THE RIGHT HONORABLE
PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROOKE, and
MOINTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the
Houfbold, Knight of the most honorable Order of
the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Hon-
orable Privy-Councell.

My Honourable Lord,

Though, WORTHLESSE in my owne repute I am;
And, (though my Fortune, so obscureth my Name
Beneath my Hopes; that, now, it makes me seeme
As little worth, in other mens esteeme,
As in mine owne;) yet, when my Merits were
No better, than, to most, they now appeare,
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had
The Noblest Names, (and, those of whom was made
The best Account) to lowly to descend,
As, my well-meaning Studies, to befriended.
Among those WORTHIES, I may both bemoan
(My selfe in Him) and memorize, for one,
Your much renowned BROTHER, as a Chief
In bringing to my wan'd Hopes, reliefe;
And, in my Faculties, were I as able
To honour Him, as he was honourable,
I would have shewne, how, all this EMPERIE
Hath loft a friend, in Him, as much as I.
To make, so freely, of his owne accord
It pleased Him, his Favours, to afford;
That, when our learned, and late SOV'RAIGNE-Prince,
(By others mis-informed) tooke offence
Army my Free Lines; He, found such MEANS and PLACE
To bring, and reconcile me to his Grace;
That, therewithall, his MAJESTIE bestow'd
A Gift upon me, which his BOUNTIE shew'd:
And, had enrich'd mee; if, what was intended,
Had not, by otheromic, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffred have by those
Who labour'd much, my thriving's to oppose:
So, I my selfe, (although not out of pride,
As many thinke it) have so much relide
Upon the ROYAL-GIFT, neglecting so
To forfie the same, as others do
By making Friends; that my estate grew lesse
(By more than twice five hundred Marks decrease)
Through that, which for, my profit was bestowed.
And, I, ere this, had wholly been undone;
Yet, that the WEALTH, which I relie on, most,
Consists in things, which never can be lost.
Yet, by this Lojfe, I have Occasions had
To feele, why other men are often sad.
And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome
To any Friend) therby, almost am come
To such a passe; that, what I wish to have,
I should grow impudent enough to Crave,
Had not impartial Death, and waiting Time,
Of all my Friends quite wore away the Prime;
And, left mee none, to whom I dare present
The meanest suite without encouragement:
Although, the greatest Boone, I would implore,
Should cost them, but a Word, or little more.
Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect
I might endeavour, with no vain effect;
Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,
Of mine owne Merit, as I have of them.
And, if your Honour should be so inclin'd,
As I desire; I, now am fure to finde
Another Pembroke, by whose ayde sustaine'd,
I may preferve, what by the Laft I gain'd.
To make adventure, how it will succeed,
I now am come. And lo, my Lord, instead
Of better Advocates, I first begin,
Mine Emblems, by these Lines, to Vther in;
That, they, by their admittance may effect
For mee, and for themselves, your kind repect.
That, which in them, best Worthy you shall find,
Is this; that, they are Symptomes of a MInde,
Affecting honestie: and of a Heart,
So truly honouring a true desert.
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire
As much repect as I can well desire:
And, Sir, your Cander, your knowne Courtesies,
With other praisefull Vertues, make mee rife
To this Beliefe; that, You by fav'ring mee
Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,
As by some former Bounties; and encrease
My Future Merit, by your Worthinesse.
However, what I am or shall be knowne
To bee, by Your Deservings, or mine owne,
You may command it; and, be sure to finde
(Though falle my Fortunes prove) a Faithfull Mind.

Thus, unfainedly, professeth
Your Honours
truest Honourer,
Geo: Wither.
TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE,
HENRY, Earl of HOLLAND, &c.

Captaine of the Guard; Lord-chiefe-Justice in Eyre
of all his Majesty's Forrestes, Parks and Chases
on this side Trent; Knight of the most noble Or-
der of the Garter, and one of his Majesty's
most Honourable Privie Counsell.

Right Noble SIR,

Having, of late, some Caufe, to overlooke
That thankfull Register, wherein I booke
My noblest Friends; I found so many Names
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Names,
(Whose living Perfons, we ejoyed, here,
A while agoe;) that, I began to feare,
I might grow Friendleffe; (having now so few)
Vnleffe I sought, their Number to renew.

By some Disasters, also, gaining profe,
How much this Courfe would make for my behoofe;
I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How
I might, with hopefulnesse, begin to sow
The seeds of such a Blessing: And, me thought
Within me, something said: Where should be fought
What thou fo gladly wouldft renewed finde,
But, from some Branches of the selfe-fame kinde;
Whose faire Aspects may seeme to promise fruit,
According to the Virtues of the Roote?

As soon as Fancie had inform'd me so,
Your Lordship came to my remembrance, too,
With what our Sovereigne's Favour, Vulgar Fame,
Or, your owne Merits addeth to your Name.
Which, having we ch'd, no doubts at all I had
Of th'orth in You; But, rather, doubtings made
That, all my Wits would insufficiency be,
To make that Worth become a Friend to mee.
For, I have oft observ'd, that, In your shames
The best Desert, if after her, it runnes.

Yet, who can tell what may befall? thought I:
It is no great Adventure, if I try
Without succeffe: And, if, I gaine my End,
I am assured of a Noble Friend.
His honourable Father, deem'd mee worth
So much respecting as to lecke me forth,
When, I was more Obscure: And, Me, for nought.
But, onely to Bestriend mee, forth He sought.
Then wherefore, of his Sonne, should I suspect
That (seeking Him) hee can my love reject?
Since, Courtezie doth alwayes, there, abound,
Where such a lovely Personage is found:

My
My LORD, these were my Fancies: But I take them
To be of no more worth, than, you shall make them
By your Acceptance: Nor, it's my intent
To Court you, with a fruitless Complement:
But, to attempt your Favour with a mind,
As readily, and really, inclinde
To serve you, when my services may fleet;
As to expect your Favours, in my need.
For, had my Fates enabled me so much,
I should more willingly have sought on such
On whom I Courtsey might have bespoke,
Than, seek to cure Misfortunes of mine owne.
No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship heares
Inventions, which may better please your cares
Than these I now present; And, yet you might
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some uiles in them,
Which from your Honour, some reflects may win them;
Ev'n for that good Moralitie, which they
To Vulgar Understandings will convey.
But, Truth to speake, the chiefest cause which drew
My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your view,
Was, but to take Occasion to proffe,
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.
In which, if you are pleased: All is got
At which I aim'd: And, though you like it not,
It shall but teach mee (for the time to come)
To take more heed, where I am troublesome.

And, I shall be, nevertheless,
your Honours to be commanded,
as becommeth your Servant,

Geo: Wither.
Whil'st I, the Sunne's bright Face may view,
I will no meaneer Light pursue.

I. Hen, with a serious musing, I behold
    The grateful, and obsequious Marigold,
    How dutefully ev'ry morning she displays
    Her open breast, when Titan spreads his Rays;
    How she observes him in his daily walk,
    Still bending towards him, her tender stalk;
    How, when he downe declines, she droopes and mournes,
    Bedew'd (as 'twere) with tears, till he returns;
    And, how she vails her Flowers, when he is gone,
    As if she scorned to be looked on
    By an inferior Eye; or, did contemne
    To wait upon a meaner Light, then Him.
    When this I meditate, me-thinks, the Flowers
    Have spirits, farre more generous, then ours;
    And, give us faire Examples, to despise
    The servile Fawnings, and Idolatries,
    Wherewith, we court these earthly things below,
    Which merit not the service we bestow.

    But, oh my God! though groveling I appear
    Upon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,
    Which hales me downward) yet in my desire,
    To that, which is above mee, I aspire:
    And, all my best Affections I profess
    To Him, that is the Sunne of Righteousness.
    Oh! keep the Morning of his Incarnation,
    The burning Noon of his bitter Passion,
    The Night of his Descending, and the Height
    Of his Ascent, ever in my sight:
    That imitating him, in what I may,
    I never follow an inferior Way.
The Earth is God's, and in his Hands
Are all the Corners of the Lands.

ILLVSTR. II.

Ong since, the sacred Hebrew Lyrick sayd,
(A Truth, which never justly was denyrd)
That, All the world is God's; and that his hands
Enclose the limits of the farthest Lands.
The selfe same Truth affirmes, that likewise, there,
By him, their Lodges, and Surrounds watred are,
And, that with dewes and Showres, he doth fo bleffe
The dwellings of the barren Wilderness,
That, those Inhabitants (whom some conceiv'd,
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,
And, fetch their yearely Harvests home, with joy.

Why then should we, that in God's Vineyard live,
Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?
Why should his Garden doubt of what it needs,
Since hee oft waters barren Rocks and Weeds?
Why should his Children, live in slavish fear,
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?
Or, whither from his presence, can we fli?
To whom the farthest hiding-place is nigh.

And, if I may, from lower objects clime,
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)
Why should I thinke, the Soule shall not bee fed,
Where God affords, to Flesh, her daily Bread?
Or, dream, that hee, for some, provided none,
Because, on us, much Mercy is bestowed;
'Tis true enough, that Hell devoureth all,
Who shall be found without the Churches pale;

But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,
Since, in Gods hands, Earth's farthest Corners bee.
He world is much for showes, and few there are
So diligent to bee, as to appear;
Although a little travaile more, would make them
Thee men, for which, the look of on mistake them.
Some, have so toyed, and consum'd so much,
To get a false repute of being Rich,
That, they have spent farre more, than would have bought,
The substance of the shadow, they have fought;
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich before,
To know them, to bee miserably poor.
Some others, would so fine be counted Wise,
That, they consume in Curiosities,
In Sophistries, and superficial shows,
More precious Time, than would have made them those,
They long to see, (had halfe that meanes been spent,
In seeking Wisdome, with a pure intent)
Whereas, the glorious purchas’es of such,
(Though by their Peers they seeme applauded much)
Are still so vaine, that little they possess,
But fruitless leaves, of learned foolishness:
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,
They lose ev’n both the substance, and the show;
And, so, instead of honours Crown, have wore
The Coxcombes, of a well-deserved scorne.
But, of all Fooleries, the grossest Folly
Is theirs, who wear those garbes of seeming holy,
Which paine them fore, yet make them still appeare,
To God and Men, as wicked as they are.
Be, therefore, what, to be, thou haft profess’d;
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.

Pursue
Pursue thy Workes without delay,
For, thy short hours runne fast away.

Hough this bee but the picture of that Glass,
By which thou measurest how thine hours do pass,
Yet, slights it not, for, much 'twill profit thee,
To ponder what the Morals of it bee.
And, 'tis an Emblem, whence the Wife may learn,
That, which their persons, secretly doth concern.

The brittle Glass, serves fitly to express
The Body's frailty, and much crassness.
Four Pillars, which the glassie worke empale,
Instruct thee, that the Vertues Cardinall,
To guard the Manhood, should bee still employ'd,
Left else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.
The Sand, still running forth, without delay,
Doth shew, that Life-time, paffeth fast away,
And, makes no stop: yea, and the Motto too,
(Left thou forgetful prove,) informs thee so.

By viewing this, Occasion, therefore, take,
Of thy fast-flying Hours, more use to make;
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common crime,
Who take much care to trifle out the time;
As if it merited their utmost paine,
To lose the gemme, which most they seek to gain.

Time-past is lost already: Time-to-come,
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.
The present-hours are thine, and, onely those,
Of which thou hast Commission to dispose;
And, they from thee, doe flye away to fast,
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.

Lord, give me grace, to mind, and use Time so,
That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.
Repen, or God will break the thread,
By which thy doome hangs o're thy head.

Arke well this Emblem; and, (when in a thread,
You see the Globe, there, hang above their head,
Who in securite, beneath it sit)
Observe likewise, the Knife, that threatens it;
The smallnesse of the Twine; and, what a death
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,
That, which the word about it, there, doth say:
For, it includes a Caveat, which wee need
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.

Though few consider it, wee finde it thus
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.
Destruction hangeth in a single thread,
Directly over every Sinner's head.
That Sentence is gone forth, by which wee stand
Condemnd to suffer death. The dreadfull hand,
Of God's impartial Justice, holds a Knife,
Still ready, to cut off our thread of life;
And, 'tis his mercie, that keeps up the Ball
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh ! let us minde, how often wee have bin,
Ev'n in the very act of Deadly-sinne,
Whilst this hung over us; and, let us praise,
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes:
Yea, let our thankfulness, bring forth such fruit,
As to the benefit may somewhat suit:
For, though a sudden Death may not ensue,
Yet, (since Times Axe, doth every minute hew
The Root of Life) the Tree, e're long, must fall;
And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

When
When woe is in our souls begun,
Then, whither from it, can we run?

O rare Hart, why dost thou run so fast? and why,
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou dost fly?
As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare
Those dangers following thee, why dost thou not fear?

Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runnest in vain;
To shunne, by flight, thy terrors, or thy paine;
For, loe, thy Death, which thou hast dreaded so,
Clingst fast unto thee, wherefore thou goest:
And while thou toy'st, an outward ease to win,
Thou draw'st thine owne destruction further in;
Making that Arrow, which but pricks thy hide,
To pierce thy tender entrails, through thy side.

And, well I may this wounded Hart bemoan,
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon
Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see
Those deadly wounds, my Sins have made in mee.
I greatly feare the World, may unawares
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares.
I am afraid, the Devil may inject
Some poysonous fume, my Spirit to infect,
With ghastly Pestilence; and, I assay,
To fly from these, with all the pow'rs I may.
But, oh my Flesh! this very Flesh I weare,
Is worse to mee, than Worlds, and Devils are:
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.
This is that Shirt, which made Alcides mad.
It is a griefe, which I shall never cure,
Nor fly from, whilst my life-time doth endure:
From thence, oh Lord, my greatest sorrows be,
And, therefore, from my Selfe, I fly to Thee.
When Magistrates confined are,
They repel, who were kept in fear.

When Magistrates confined are,
They repel, who were kept in fear.

Tyrannous, or wicked Magistrate,
Is fitly represented by a Cat:
For, though the Mice a harmful vermine bee,
And, Cats the remedy; yet, oft wee see,
That, by the Mice, far less, some house-wives leese,
Then when they let the Cat to keep the Cheefe.
A ravenous Cat, will punish in the Mouse,
The very same Offences, in the house,
Which hee himselfe commits; yea, for that Vice,
Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the Mice,
And, spoyleth not another's life alone,
'Em for that very fault which was his owne,
But feeds, and sitteth, in the spoyle of them,
Whom hee, without compassion did condemn.
Nay, worse than fo; hee cannot bee content,
To slaughter them, who are as innocent,
As hee himselfe; but, hee must also play,
And spoil his wofull 'pris'nrs lives away;
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitless hopes and fears,
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he teares:
For, by much terror, and much cruelty,
Hee kills them, ten times over, ere they die.
When, such like magistrates have rule obtained,
The best men with their powre might be restrain'd:
But, they who flun enormities, through Fear,
Are glad when good-men out of Office are.
Yea, whether Governours bee good or bad,
Of their displacings wicked-men are glad,
And, when they see them brought into disgraces,
They boldly play the Knaves before their faces.
Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, posseft
The rich, and spacious Empires of the East,
Felt his approaching end, he bade them beare
A Shirt throughout his Armes, on a Speare,
Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,
No more was left him, then, but only that:
Perhaps intending, thereby, to express
A sorrow for his wilde Ambitioswife;
Or, hoping, by that Spectacle, to give
Some good Instractions unto those that live.

However, let it serve us, to declare,
How vaine their toylings, and ambitions are,
Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,
For things that are so little while possed.
And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,
That was of use, to carry to his Grave,
(Of all his conquered Kingdomes) but, one Shirt,
Or, Winding Sheet, to hide his Royall durt;
Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vex become,
To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?
Or, macerate the Flesh, by raising strife,
For more, than will bee usefull during life?
Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens breath,
And makes us, also, wretched after Death.

Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,
That, I, a comperence may enjoy.
I ask no more, than may Lites want supply,
And, leave their due to others, when I die.

If this thou grant, (which nothing doubt I can)
None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.
When Hopes, quite frustrate were become,  
The Wither'd-branch did fresly bloome.

This is true, a wiser'd-branch I am, and seeme  
To some, as voy'd of Hopes, as of esteeme;  
For, in their judgements, I appear to be  
A Sapless Bough, quite broken from the Tree,  
(Ev'n such as that, in this our Emblem, here)  
And, yet, I neither feele Despair, nor Fear;  
For, I have seeen (e're now) a little Spray,  
(Rent from her Stemme) lye trodden by the way,  
Three months together; which, when Spring drew on,  
To take an unexpected Root begun;  
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, flood,  
When those great Groves, were fell'd for firing-wood,  
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung inhurt,  
While that poore Branch, lay fleighted in the durt.  
Nay, I have seeen such twigs, afford them shade,  
By whom they were the meanest thrappings made,  
Of all the Wood; And, you may live to see,  
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.  
And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,  
Before those hopes begin to spring and spread?  
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to boast,  
As if mine expectations I had lost?  
No sure: For, I, who by Faith's eyes have seeen,  
Old Aaron's wither'd Rod grow fresh and greene,  
And also view'd (by the selfe-same Eyes)  
Him, whom that Rod, most rightly typifies,  
Fall by a Shamefull Death, and rise, in Bright  
Of Death, and Shame, unto the glorius height.  
Ev'n I, believe my Hope shall bee poss'd,  
And, therefore, (ev'n in Death) in Hope I'll rest.
True Vertue, whateuer betides,
In all extreames, unmoved abides.

Hen, in this Emblem, here, you have efpide,
The shape of a triangled Pyramid,
And, have observed well, those mightie Rockes,
Whose firme foundation bides the dreadfull shocks
Of angry Neptune; you may thereby see,
How firmly setted, Vertues call bee.
For, as the raging Seas, although they roare,
Can make no breach upon the Rocky shore;
And, as a true triangled Pyramid,
Stands fast, and shews alike, on ev'ry side:
So, howsoever Fortune, turns or winds,
Those men, which are in dow'd with vertuous minds,
It is impoffible, to drive them from
Those Formes, or Stations, which those minds become.
And, as the raging Sea, with foming threats,
Against the Rocky shore, but vainely beares;
So, Envie shall in vaine, loud blustering make,
When vertuous resolutions they would shake.
For, Vertue, which receives an overthrow,
Was Vertue, not indeed, but in the show.
So farre am I, oh Lord! from laying claime
To have this Vertue, that, I doe but ayme
At such perfection; and, can come no higher
As yet, than to obtaine it in desire.
But, fixe thou fo, this weake desire of mine,
Upon the Vertues of thy Rocke divine,
That I, and that invaluable Stone,
May bee incorporated into One:
And, then, it will bee neither flame, nor pride,
To say, my Vertues, will unnov'd abide.
The motion of the World, this day, is moved the quite contrarie way.

Hat was this Figures meaning, but to shew,
That, as these kinde of Shell-fish backward goe,
So now the World, (which here doth seeme to take
An afterward Journey on the Cancer's backe)
Moves counterwise; as it delight it had,
To runne a race, in Courses retrograde:
And, that is very likely to be true,
Which, this our Emblem, purpofeth to shew.
For, I have now, of late, not onely feene,
What backward motions in my Friends have beene;
And, that my outward Fortunes and Affairs,
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the staies:
But, I have alfo found, that other things,
Have got a wheeling in contrary Rings;
Which Regreffe, holding on, 'tis like that wee,
To Loves, or Ethnicks, backe shall turned bee.
Some punie Clokes, preume that they can teach
The ancient holy Doctors, how to preach.
Some Licks, leaue their Pastors how to pray.
Some Parents, are compelled to obey
Their Sonnes; and, to their Dignitie to lose,
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispoſe.
Nay, wee have some, who have affay'd to draw,
All backward, to the Bondage of the Law;
Ev'n to those abrogated Rites and Dayses,
By which, the wandring low markes out his wayes.
And, to pursue this Round, they are too heady,
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.
Do doc show, these froward Motions, Lord, restraine;
And, set the World in her due course again.

Gg 2 Invincibilitie
Invincibilitie is there, Where Order, Strength, and Union are.

ILLVSTR. XII. Book 4

From these well-order'd Arrows, and the Snake,
This useful Observation you may make;
That, where an able Prudence, doth combine
mixed forces, by good Discipline,
It maketh up a pow'r, exempted from
The fear, or peril, to be overcome:
And, if you covet safety, you will seek
to know this Ward, and to acquire the like.
For, doublewit, neither is it in the force,
Of iron Charis, or of armed Horse,
In which, the King, securitie may finde,
Unless the Riders bee well Discovered.
Nor, liks it in the Souldiers common Skill:
In warlike Postures; nor in theirs, who drill
The Ranks and Yles, to order them ariight,
According as Occasion makes the Fight.
But, men must use a further Prudence too;
Or else, these vulgar Arts will all undo;
For, these, are onely Sciences injoynd,
To order well the Body, not the Mind:
And, men be't train'd in these (oft times) we see,
The Hare brain'd foole, in all our Armies bee.
To strength, and skill, unite we must, therefore,
A manly Prudence, comprehending more,
Than all these Power's: ev'n such, as when thee please;
To all her ends, can use and manage these;
And, shew us how to cure, or to prevent
All Hazards; or, withall to bee content.
Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in God alone,
May bee oppos'd, but, conquered of none.
When thou art shipwreckt in estate,
Submitten with patience, unto Fate.

When I beheld this Picture of a Boat,
(Which on the raging Waves doth seeme to float)
Forc’d onward, by the current of the Tide,
Without the help of Anchor, Oare or Guide.
And, saw the Motto there, which doth imply,
That she commits herself to Designe;
Me thinkes, this Emblem sets out their estate,
Who have ascrib’d ev’ry thing to Fate.
And dreamt, that howsoe’er the business goe,
Their Works, nor hinder’d, neither helps thereto.
The leaking Ship, they value as the found:
Hee that’s to hanging borne, shall ne’er be drown’d;
And, men to happiness ordain’d (say these)
May set their Ship to float, as Fate shall please.

This Fancie, springing from a misbelieving
Of God’s Decrees; and, many men deceiving,
With shewes of Truth, both causeth much offence
Against God’s Mercies, and his Providence;
And brings to passe, that some to ruine runne;
By their neglect of what they might have done.
For, Means is to bee us’d, (if wee desire,
The blessing of our safetie to acquire)
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,
Vpon his Providence wee must relye,
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,
Vntill no likely ayd untride wee fee.
And, when this Non plus wee are forc’d unto,
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do.
Hee that shall thus to Fate, his fortunes leave,
Let mee bee ruin’d, if Shee him deceive.
Hey are not Houses builded large and high,  
Seel'd all with Gold, and pav'd with Porphyrie,  
Hung round with Arras, glaz'd with Christall-glass,  
And cov'rd o're with plates of shining Brass;

Which are the best, but, rather, those where we

In safety, health, and best content, may bee;

And, where we finde, though in a meany Estate,

That portion, which maintaines a quiet Fate.

Here, in a homely Cottage, thatch't with reed,
The Peasants seemes as pleas'dly to feed,

As hee, that in his Hall or Parlour diners,

Which Fret-work Roofes, or costly Cedar Lines:

And, with the very same affections too,

Both to, and from it, hee doth come and goe.

The Tortois, doubtlesse, doth no house-room lack,

Although his House will cover but his back;

And, of his Tub, the Cymeke seem'd as glad,

As Alexander was of all hee had.

When I am setled in a place I love,

A shrubby hedge-row, seemes a goodly Grove.

My liking maketh Palaces of Sheads,

And, of plaine Couches, carved Ivory Beds:

Yea, ev'ry path, and pathlesse walks, which lies

Contemn'd, as rude, or wilde, in others eyes,

To mee is pleasant; not alone in show,

But, truly such: For, liking makes them so.

As pleas'd in theirs, the Smiles, and Coches dwell,

As doth a Scallop in his pearly shell:

For, that commends the House, which makes it fir,

To serve their turns, who should have use of it.
The King, but poy'r from God receives:
For, hee alone the Scepter gives.

Hee Gift of Kingdomes, Children, and good-Wives,
Are three of God's most choice Prerogatives,
In temp'rall Blessings; and, of all these three,
The gifts of Kingdomes, his rar't Favour bee:
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,
Whom this high Honour is confer'd upon;
Nor is there any knowne Estate on earth,
(Whereeto we come, by Merit, or by Birth)
Which can, to any man assurance bring,
That, hee shall either live, or die a King.
The Morning-Starre, that's Heirc unto a Crowne,
Oft sets, before the setting-Sunne is downe;
And, some, that once a glorious Empire swayd,
Did lose their Kingdomes, 'c're their heads were layd.

The greatest earthly Monarch hath no powre,
To keepe his Throne one minute of an hour,
(Vie all the meanes, and policies hee can)
If God will give it to another man.
Hee, when Belshazzar was in high'ft estate,
His Kingdom to the Persians did translate.
King Saul, and Rehoboam, could not stay
The royalties, which God would give away;
And, hee that was the proudest of the rest,
God, changed from a King, into a Beast.
Nor is there any man so mean, but hee,
When God shall please, an Emperour may bee.
Some, from the Pot-kilne, from the Sheep cote some,
Hee raised hath, great Princes to become.
Yea, hee o' the heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his Throne,
That was on earth, the most despised one.
Her favours, Fortune, oft imparts,
To those that are of no deserts.

Illustr. XVI.  

Woul'd you not laugh, and think it beastly fine,
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd Swine,
Weare on her snout, a Diamond, or a Pearl,
That might become the Ladie of an Earle?
And hold it head, as if it meant to show
It were the Pigg of some well-nur'd Son?
Perhaps, you think there be not any where
Such Antiches, but in this our Emblem here.
But, if you take these Charms, and then go forth
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,
You shall discover, quickly, if you please,
A thousand fights, as mimickall as these.
Here, you shall see a noble Title wore,
(That had not mif-beem'd one better borne)
By him, whose vertues are of little price,
And, whose estate, was gotten by his Vice.
You shall behold another Muskrome, there,
Walk with our Lords, as if hee were their Peere,
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,
No fit companion for such men as they;
And, had no other meanes to climb this height,
But Gaming, or to play the Parasite.
Yet (though he neither hath his Trade, nor Lands,
Nor any honfr In-come, by his hands)
Hee,oft consumes at once, in Games or Cheare,
More than would kepe his Better all the yeare.
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldest behold,
Which would bee vext, if I describe them shoul'd:
For, thus, unworthily, blind Fortune bring,
To Crowes, and Geese, and Swine, her precious things.
The best good-turnes that Fools can doe us,
*Proove disadvantages unto us.*

Fool, sent forth to fetch the Goslings home,
When they unto a Rivers brinch werecome,
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare
His Dames best Breed, might have been drowned there;
Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,
And his good nature, in preventing it.
Hee, underneathe his girdle, thrusts their heads,
And, then the Coxcombe through the water wades.

Here learne, that when a Fool his helpe intends,
It rather doth a mischief, then befriends;
And, thinke, if there be danger in his love,
How harmfulfull his Maliciousnesse may prove:
For, from his kindnessse, though no profit rise
To doe thee spight, his Malice may suffice.
I could not from a Prince beseech a boone
By suing to his Lister or Buffoon:
Nor, any Fools vaine humor, foot or serve,
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.
For, to be poore, I should not blush so much,
As if a Fool should raise me to be rich.

Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,
That sharpe Affliction still must tutor mee,
(And give me due Correction in her Schooles)
Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of Fools.
Those wicked Fools, that in their hearts have fed
There is no God; and, rather give me Bread
By Ravens, Lord, or in a Lions Den,
Then by the Favours of such foolish men:
Left, if their dignities I should swallow downe,
Their finile might more undoe me, then their frowne.
Though weaknesse unto me belong,
In my Supporter, I am strong.

Illustr. XVIII.

Lthough there bee no Timber in the Vine,
Nor strength to raise the climbing ivie-swine,
Yet, when they have a helper by their side,
Or, prop to stay them, like this Pyramide,
One root sometime, so many Sprays will beare,
That, you might thinke, some goodly Grove it were:
Their tender stalkes, to clime aloft, are feene;
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant green;
And, that, which else, had crept upon the ground,
Hath tops of loftie trees, and turrets crown'd.

This Emblem, fitly shadowes out the Natures
Of us, that are the Reasonable-creatures:
For, wee are truely by our natural birth,
Like Vines undrest, and creeping on the earth;
Nor free from spoiling, nor in case to beare
Good fruits, or leaves, while we are groveling there.
But, if new-born by Grace, freight borne are wee,
From earthly creepings, by that Living-tree,
Which, here, was planted, meerly to this end,
That, by his pow'r, our weakness might ascend.
And, hee our frailtie to himselfe so takes,
So, of his might, the partners us hee makes;
That, hee in us, doth seeme to hide his pow'rs,
And, make the strength hee gives, appeare as ours.

Continue, Lord, this Grace, and grant wee may,
Firme hold, on our Supporter, alwayes lay:
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide
His Love; nor over-clime it, by our Pride.
Thus, our yet staggering weaknesse, shall at length,
Bee fully changed into perfect Strength.
Be wary, whoso’er thou be,
For from Loves arrows none are free.

Good Folkes, take heed; for, here’s a wanton Wagg,
Who, having Bows and Arrows, makes his bragg
That, he hath some unhappy trick to play;
And, vows to shoot at all he meets to day.
Pray be not carelesse; for, the Boy is blinde,
And, sometimes strikes, where most he seemeth kinde.
This rambling Archer spares not one, nor other.
Yea, otherwhile, the Monkey shoots his Mother.

Though you be little Children, come not neere;
For, I remember (though’t be many a yeare
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a Lad,
My Heart, a prickle, by this young Wanton had,
That, pain’d me seven yeares after: not had I
The grace (thus warn’d) to scape his waggery;
But many times, ev’n since I was a man,
He shot me, oftner then I tell you can:
And, if I had not bene the stronger-hearted,
I, for my over-daring, might have smarred.
You laugh now, as if this were nothing so;
But, if you meet this Blinkard with his Bow,
You may, unless you take the better care,
Receive a wound, before you be aware.
I fear him not; for, I have learned bow
To keepe my heart-strings from his Arrows now:
And, to might you, and to might ev’ry one
That vaine Occasions, truly seeks to shunn.
But, if you fleight my Counsells, you may chance
To blame at last, your willfull ignorance:
For, some, who thought, at first, his wounds but small
Have dyed by them, in an Hopitall.
On whether side soe're I am,
I still, appear to bee the same.

His Cube, which is an equall-sided-square,
Doth very well, in Emblem-wisr, declare
The temper of that vertuous minded man,
Whose resolutions nothing alter can.
For, as the Cube, which way soever plac't,
Stands ever in one posture, firmly fast,
And, still, appears the same in forme and size,
Vpon what side or part soe're it lies:
So, men well formed by the Word divine,
And, truly squar'd by vertuous Discipline,
Will keepe (though changes them shall turne & wind)
The forme and firmeffe of an honest-minde.

If, diging depee, his Fortunes lay him, there,
Where he his owne, and others weights must beare,
(There, many yeares compelling him to lie,
Opprest with dis-respect or povertie)
Hec keepes the place to which hee stands enjoyn'd,
And brooks his chances with a constant mind.
If shee remoove him thence, and let him up
On temporall Proserities high top,
The Squareness of Plaine dealing hee retains,
And, in the same integritie remains:
Nor coveting vaine Wealth, or false esteemes;
Nor, being any other than hee seemes.
Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,
Lord, let us into such like Stones be squar'd:
Then, place us in thy spiritual Temple, so,
That, into one firme Structure, we may grow;
And, when we, by thy Grace, are fitted thus,
Dwell Thou thy selfe, for evermore, in us.
Deformitie, within may bee,
Where outward Beauties we doe see.

Ooke well, I pray, upon this Beldame, here,
For, in her habit, though shee gay appeare,
You, through her youthfull visage, may espie
Shee's of an old edition, by her eye:
And, by her wainfcoat face, it may bee seene,
Shee might your Grandams first drie-nurse have been.

This is an Emblem, fitly shaddowing those,
Who making faire, and honest outward showes,
Are inwardly deform'd, and nothing such,
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.
They chuse their words, and play well-acted parts,
But, hide most loathsome projects in their hearts;
And, when you think sweet Friendship to embrace,
Some ugly treason, meets you in the face.
I have a pain'd brow; I much dislike
A Mayden blushing, dawb'd on a furrowed Cheeke:
And, I abhorre to seee old Wantons play,
And, suite themselves, like Ladies of the May.
But, more (yea, most of all) my foule despiseth
A Heart, that in Religious forms, disguiseth
Prop'sane intentions; and arrayes in white,
The coal-blacke conscience of an Hypocrite.
Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)
Before you trust them, track them in their way.
Observe their footsteps, in their private path:
For, these (as 'tis believed, the Devil hath)
Have cloven feet; that is, two ways they goe;
One for their ends, and thether for a show.
Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;
And, trust nor gawdy Clothes, nor painted Face.
**My Hand and Heart, in one agree, What can you more desire of me?**

Heart with Hand in hand, united thus,
Makes here an Emblem not unknowne to us;
And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit, Without a Comment, to interpret it.
But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,
That Hand and Heart together should agree;
And, that, what we in outward shew express,
Perform'd should be, with inward heartiness.
(Since, now the World, to such a passe is growne,
That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)
I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,
To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.
When thou dost reach thy hand unto thy friend,
Take order, that thy heart the same intend:
For, otherwise in Hand, or Heart, thou lyest,
And, cuttest off a Member, e're thou dyest.
Some, give their Hearts (as many Lovers do)
Yet, are afraid, to fet their hands thereto.
Some give their Hands; and, then by many a deed,
To ratifie the gift, they dare proceed;
Yet, keep their tongues from saying what they meant,
To helpe excuse their hearts, when they repent.
Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,
In outward shew, a winning heartiness,
And, steal the deare affections they have sought,
From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd ought.
Then, will they, if advantage come thereby,
Make all their Deeds, for want of Words, a ly.
Among Dijsemblers, in things temporall,
These Rashalls are the vext eff Knaves of all.
Some, thinke this Emblem serveth to express
No more, but onely Women's fickleness;
And, they will most desire to have it so,
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.
Although my Fortunes were, in some things, bad,
I never in my life, experience had
Of an inconstant woman: Wherefore, then,
Should I condemn the Females, more than men?
I heare some talke, that Women sicker be:
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.
And (being put together) say I dare,
That, they and wee, in equal manner, share
A giddinesse, and fickleness of minde,
More wavering, than a Feather, or the Wind.
The Woman, heere, is plac'd, to typifie
A minde distracted with much levitie:
Not, that the womans Wav'ringes are the more;
But, for this cause: Most Fates, heretofore,
And Vertues too, our Ancestors did render,
By words declined in the female gender.
The winged Ball, (whose tottering Foundation,
Augments the cau'ces of our variation)
Means, here, those usefulles, and vaine temp'rall things,
That come and goe, with never-staying wings,
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)
Make Men and Women, the Vertigo get.
Hereafter, then, let neither Sexe accuse
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,
To cure this Maladie in one another,
By living well, and lovingly together.
Hae that enjoys a patient Minde,
Can Pleasures in Afflictions finde.

But means this Countré-peasant, skipping here
Through prickling thistles wth such gametom cheere?
And, plucking off their tops, as though for Posies,
He gather'd Violets, or toothless; Roses t
What meaneth it, but onely to expresse
How great ay, well-grounded Patience
Retaines in Sufferings, and, what sport she makes,
When she her Journey through Affliction takes?
I, cft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene thought
To speake a Paradux, that favours nought
Of likely truth) that, some Afflictions bring
A Honey bag, which cureth ev'ry Sting
(That wounds the Flesh) by giving to the Mind,
A pleasing taste of Sweetnesse refin'd.
Nor can it other be, except in those,
Whose Better part, quite stupified growes,
By being Cauterized in the Fires
Of childish Fears, or temporall Desires.

For, as the Valiant (when the Coward swounds)
With gladnesse lets the Surgeon search his Wounds;
And, though they smart, yet cheerfully indures
The Plaisters, and, the Probe, in hope of Cures:
So, Men, assured that Afflictions paine
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine;
But, to prepare, and fit them for the place,
To which, they willingly direct their pace;
In Troubles, are so farre from being fade,
That, of their Suffering, they are truely glad.
What ever others thinke, I thus believe;
And, therefore, joy, when they suppose I grieve.
All is not Gold, which makes a show;
But, what the Touchstone findeth so.

Hen Silver Medals, or some coyines of Gold,
Are by the Gold-smith either bought or sold,
Hee doth not only search them with his Eye,
But, by the Scale, their weight will also trie;
Or, by the Touchstone, or the Test, assay
The trueesse of them, and their just May.
Now, by their warinesse, who thus proceed,
Wee fairly are admonished, to heed
The faithfulness of him wee make our Friend;
And, on whose love wee purpose to depend:
Or else, when wee a jewel thinke to get,
Wee may bee cheated by a Counterfeit.

All is not Gold that glistereth: Otherwise,
The Tinture is so good, it may beguile
The cunningest eye: But, bring it to the Touch,
And, then, you find the value not so much.
Some, keepe the Tinture, brooking, likewise, well
An ordinarie Touch; but, yeld a Smell,
Which will discover it, if you apply
Vnto your Nose, that piece of Chymistry.
Sometimes, when there's enough to give content,
In Colour, in the Touch, and in the Scent,
The Bulke, is more than answers Gold in weight,
And, proves it a sophisticall deceit.
Nay, some, is fully that which you desirre,
In all these Properties; and, till the fire
Hath made assayes, you'll thinke you might be bold
To pawn your life, it had been Ophir-gold:
But, to bee false, the Metall's then descride;
And, such are many Friends, when they are tried.
Here are a sort of people so severe,
That, foolish, and injurious too, they are;
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by these,
Nor Soul, nor Body, ever should have ease.
The Sیve dayes, (as their wisdomes understand)
Are to bee spent in Labour, by command,
With such a strictnesse, that they quite condemne
All Recreations which are us'd in them.
That, which is call'd the Sabbath, they confine
To Prayers, and all Offices-divine,
So wholly, that a little Recreation,
That Day, is made a mark of Reprobation:
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,
When their poore Servants labour all the week,
(Of which, they'll beare them nothing) how it yses
Them, to observe the sixe-fold Sacrifice
By some enjoyn'd; and gives them such due Rest,
As God allowed, both to Man and Beast.
Hee, gave the Woods, the Fields, and Meddowes here,
A time to rest, as well as times to beare.
The Forrest Beasts, and Heards, have howres for play,
As well as time to graze, and hunt their prey:
And, ev'ry Bird some leasure hath to sing,
Or, in the Aire, to sport it on her wing.
And, sure, to him, for whom all these were made,
Lette kin-neffe was not meant, then these have had.
The Flesh will lute, if Pleasure none it knowes;
The Man grows madd, that alway muzing goes.
The Wifhest men, will sometimes merry bee:
And, this is that, this Emblem teacheth me.
Live, ever mindful of thy dying,
For, Time is always from thee flying.

His vulgar Figure of a winged glasse,
Doth signifie, how swiftly Time doth passe.
By that leane Scull, which to this hour-glasse clings,
We are informed what effect it brings;
And, by the Words about it, we are taught
To keep our latter ending still in thought.
The common hour-glass, of the Life of Man,
Exceedeth not the largeness of a span.
The Sand-like Minutes, flye away so fast,
That, yeares are out, ere we thinke months are past:
Yea, many times, our natural day is gone,
Before we look’d for twelve a clocke at Noone.
And, where we sought for Beautie, at the Full,
Wee finde the Flesh quite rotted from the Skull.
Let these Expressions of Times passage, bee
Remembrancers for ever, Lord, to mee;
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,
Who fruitlesly consume their precious Time:
And, mind my Death; not with a slavish feare,
But, with a thankfull use, of life-time, here:
Not grieving, that my days away doe past;
But, caring rather, that they bee not lost,
And, labring with Discretion, how I may
Redeeme the Time, that’s vainely flipt away.
So, when that moment comes, which others dread,
I, undismay’d, shall climb my dying bed;
With joyful Hopes, my Flesh to dust commend;
In Spirit, with a stedfast Faith ascend;
And, whilst I living am, to Sinne to dye,
That dying, I may live eternally.
Hat thing soever some will have exprest,
As typified by this Halcyons-nest,
I shall not think this Emblem ill-applied,
It, by the same, the Church be signift'd,
For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas
Is through the world alwayd; and, that their brood
Remains in safety, then, amidst the flood:
So, when the Christian Church was in her birth,
There was a general peace throughout the earth;
And, those tumultuous waves, which after that
Began to rise, and bee enraged thereat,
Were calmed so, that Hee was borne in peace,
From whom, the faithful offspring did increase.

They, likewise, on a rocke, their dwellings have,
As here you see; and, though the raging wave,
Of dreadful seas, hath beaten, ever since,
Against the fortresse of their strong defence,
Yet, still it stands; and, last, it shall abide,
Ev'n in the midst of all their coming pride.

Vpon this rocke to place me, oh my God!
That, whatsoever tempests bee abroad,
I may not fear the fury of my foe;
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.
My life is full of storms; the waters roule,
As if they meant to swallow up my soul.
The tides oppose; the furious winds doe roare;
My cable's weake, my tackle's, Lord, are poore,
And, my fraile vessel cannot long endure;
Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.

That's
That's Friendship, and true-love, indeed,  
Which firme abides, in time of need.

Illustr. XXIX.

Hat's Love in earnest, which is constaint found,  
When Friends are in Affliction, or in Bands;  
And, their Affection merits to be crown'd,  
Whose hearts are fastned where they joyne their  
Tis easie to be friendly, where wee see  
A Complement or two will serve the turne;  
Or, where the kindnesse may required bee;  
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.  
It is as easie too, for him to spend  
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,  
In Cates, for entertainment of his Friend,  
Who thinckes his glorie, is expensive-cheere:  
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come  
Like fashionable Friends, for him to court,  
Hee would with Rogues, and Canters, fill the Roome,  
Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.  
But, hard it is, to suffer, or to spend  
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,  
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,  
Or, one unable to remunerate.  
Few men are liberal, whom neither Lust,  
Vaine-glorie, Prodigality, nor Pride,  
Doth forward into foolish Bountie thurf;  
As may, by Observation bee espide.  
For, when a flender Bountie would relieve  
Their vertuous Friend, whose wants to them are knowne,  
To their Buffoon, a Knights estate they'll give,  
And, thinke on't other trifles ill-betowne.  
Yet, this I le lay; and, give the Devill his due;  
These Friends, are to their lusts, and humours, true.
The Sword hath place, till War doth cease;
And, useful is, in time of Peace.

He Sword, to bee an Emblem, here, we draw,
Of that Authoritie, which keeps in awe
Our Countries Enemies; and, those that are
The Foes of Peace, as well as those of Warre;
That, Peace may give the Law of Armes her due,
And, Warre, to Civill pow'rs, respect may shew.
For, Kingdomes, nor in Warre nor Peace, can stand,
Except the Sword have alway some command:
Yea, that, for which our forraine Spoylers come,
Domestick Foes, will else devour at home;
And, stranger-drones the peacefull Bees will harme,
Vnlesse with warlike stings, themselves they arme.

Considering this, let none bee so unwise,
The Swords well us'd protection to despise:
Or, thinke the practice of this double-guard,
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.
Let not the Sword-man spight the pow'rfull Gowne;
Nor Gownemen cast the Sword out of their Towne,
Because it terrifies, or draweth Blood;
For, otherwhile Phlebotomy is good:
And, thought to kill a Lowfe, the Banians feare;
(Though Anabaptists love no Sword to wear)
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off Sinne,
It may bee brandish'd by a Cherubin.

However, from the Sword divide not you
(In any case) the peacefull olive bough:
That is, let Peace, at all times, be that End,
For which, to draw the Sword you doe intend;
And, for well doing, bee as ready, still,
To give rewards, as blowses, for doing ill.
A Fortune is or dain'd for thee,  
According as thy Labours bee.

He Spad; for Labour stands.  The Ball with wings,
Intended flipting-rowling-wordly things.
This Altar stone, may serve in setting forth,
Things firmer, solid, and of greater worth:
In which, and by the words inlosing these,
You, there may read, your Fortune, if you please.
If you, your labour, on those things bestow,
Which rowle, and flatter, always so and fro;
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,
Must prove a wavering, and unconstant gaine:
For, he that soweth vanity, shall finde,
Atreaping-time, no better fruit then Wind.

Your houres, in serions matters, if you spend,
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,
The purchase of your paines will ever last;
And, bring you Pleasure, when the Labour's past.
Yea, though in teares, your Seed-time you impoy,
Your Harveft shall be fetched home, with joy.

If much be wrought, much profit will ensue;
If little, but a little meede is due.

Of nothing, nothing comes:  On evill deedes
An evill conscience, and, ill fame succeeds:
An honest life, still findes prepared for't,
Sweet Hopes in Death; and, after, good-report.
Of Sexe, or of Degree, there's no regard:
But, as the Labour, such is the reward.

To worke aright, oh Lord, instruct thou mee;
And, ground my Workes, and buildings all on thee:
That, by the fiery Teff, when they are triade,
My Wouke may stand, and I may safe abide.
Let none in troubled times rejine;
For, after storms, the Sun will shine.

Illustr. XXXII.

Discurce not your selves, although you see
The weather blacke, and storms prolonged be.
What though it fiercely raines, and thunders loud?
Behold, there is a Rainbow in the Cloud,
Wherein, a trustfull promife may be found,
That, quite, your little-worlds, shall not be drown'd.
The Sunshine, through the foggy mists appeare,
The lowring Skie, begins againe to cleare;
And, though the Tempests, yet, your eyes affright,
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.

Such comfort speakes our Emblem, unto those;
Whom storme Persecution doth enclofe;
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad,
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.
There is nor trouble, sorrow, nor distressed,
But mitigation hath, or some releafe.
Long ize, or time, the Storm away will turne,
Elfe, Patience makes it better to be borne.
Yea, sorrows lowring dayes, will come and goe,
As well as prosp'rous houses of Sunshine doe;
And, when 'tis past, the paine that went before,
Will make the following pleasure seeme the more.
For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleev:
His blessing, unto those that mourne and grive,
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head,
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.

This promise I beleev: in ev'ry griefe,
Performe it, Lord, and helpe my unbeliefe:
So, others viewing how thou cheereft mee,
Shall, in all sorrows, put their trust in thee.
For whatsoever Man doth strive,  
The Conquests, God alone, doth give.

Hen on the Sword, the Olive-branch attends,  
(That is, when bloody Wars, have peacefull Ends)  
And, whonever Victories are gained;  
This Emblem shewes, by whom they are obtained:  
For, that all Victories, doth onely from  
The pow'rfull hand of God-Almighty, come,  
The Boughes of Bayes and Olives, doe declare,  
Which round the Tetragrammaton appeare.  
Nor muft we thinke, that God bestowes, alone,  
The Victories of Warre, on any one;  
But, that, when we contend in other things,  
From him, th' event that's wift for, also springs.  
This being so, how dare wee, by the Laws,  
Or, by the Sword, pursue a wicked Cause?  
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,  
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it muft?  
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,  
Against the person of his Favourite?  
What Fools are they, who fecke the Conquest, by  
Oppression, Fraud, or hellish Perjurie?  
How mad are those, who to the Wars prepare,  
For nothing, but to spoyle and murther there?  
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their Allies,  
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,  
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their Prince,  
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)  
Run rambling through the World, to kill and slay,  
Like heedle Burchers, for two groats a day?  
Thefe men may side, where Conquests, God bestowes;  
Yet, when the Field is wonne, these men doe lose.
Since overmuch will over-fill, 
Power out enough; but do not spill.

ILLUSTR. XXXIV.

It is this Emblem meaning, to advance 
The love and prafife, of true Temperance. 
For, by this Figure (which doth seeme to fill, 
Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill) 
Wee are, as by example, taught to see 
How fruitleffe our Intemperancies bee: 
Thus, by the Rule of Contraries, 
Some Vertues, best are showne to vulgar eyes. 
To see a naftie Drunkard, reele and fpew, 
More moves to Sobreneffe, than can the view 
Of twentie civill men; and, to behold 
One Prodigall, (that goodly lands hath fold) 
Stand torne and louzie, begging at the dore, 
Would make Intemperance abhorred more, 
(And, manly Sobreneffe, much better, each) 
Than all that fice Philosophers can preach: 
So, by the Veffels overflowing, here, 
True Moderation doth more prais'd appeare, 
Than by the meane it felfe: And, without finne, 
That's picture'd, which to doe, had wicked bin, 
For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny 
The Doing-ill, that Good may come thereby. 
From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed, 
Whereby wee fhould both Minde and Bodie, feed. 
Let us, of our owne felves, obferve the size; 
How much wee want, how little will suffize; 
And, our owne longings, rather leave unfill'd, 
Than suffer any portion to bee spill'd: 
For, what we marre, shall to account be layd, 
And, what wee wisely fend, shall be repayd.
They pass through many stormes, and straights,  
Who rise to any glorious heights.

His Tree, which here doth largely seeme to grow,  
(And spreads above, though straightned in below)  
Through adverse Winds, and many a Winters blast,  
Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last;  
And, from a lowly shrub, is grown to bee  
A well-esteemed, and a goodly Tree.  
Thus, hath it chanced unto many a man:  
And, he that first in misery began,  
(So poore and meane, that very few or none  
Have judge'd him to be worth the looking on)  
Ev'n he, through (cornes, through wrongs, and povertie,  
Harb crept, and creew'd, and rais'd himfelfe too high,  
That, he hath placed been among the prime,  
Of those, who feem'd the Worshes of the time;  
Yea, overtopp'd and aw'd, the best of those,  
Who fought to curbe him, when he first arose.  
This, I have feene; And, as wee seldome find  
A Tree grow faire, that cannot brooke the Wind,  
Or, must be hous'd at Winter, or, on whom  
The Gardners pruning knife, did never come:  
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rife  
To any good, or noble qualities,  
Who feel not, first some hardhip, or some stormes,  
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme  
Their wits and manners. For, prosperous,  
Ease, plentie, and too large a liberie,  
Doth often blast them; and, from time bereave them,  
Of what their Predecessors worth's, did leave them.  
Let, therefore, no man, scarce when this he knowes,  
Although in tempests, and through straights he goes.
God, ever will be present, there, Where, of one Faith, and Mind they are.

Illustr. XXXVI.

ixed Pause, (whole Fingers do appear, As if displayed, and advanced they were) Intended by our Author, here, we see, So that, to show out agreeing Minds, that be Established in one Trust. And, well it may, That Virtue, of the holy Church display. For, as our hands, the better means can make, To gain, as well as to retain, or take, The benefits we seek; when we intend, Our differing Fingers, all, to work one end: So, when the Church of Christ (wherein we find) A difference of Degrees shall with one mind, Pursue a faithful hope; they'll soone obtaine, That justified benefit, they seek to gain: For, when but two or three shall in God's name, Request a blessing, he will grant the same.

Let all thy several Churches, LORD (that stand Like many Fingers, members of one Hand) Thy Will Essential with joint love obey, Though circumstantially, they differ may. Some have the larger Circuit, some are stronger, Some are of short continuance, some of longer; But, though their Gifts may differ, yet provide, That, still, on one Foundation, they may abide; And, that, all those, who in one Faith agree, May, in one Band of Love, united be: Till our confined Wisdom comes to know, That, many things, for which we wrangle so, Would farther, that, whose hindrance we doe fear, If more our Faith, and leffe our Discord were.
Protect mee, if I worthy bee;
If I demerit, punish mee.

His Emblem, forth unto your view hath set,
A Sword, together with a Coronet;
To shew the prudent Reader, what Reward
For ill, and for well doing, is prepar'd;
That they, who heretofore, amiss have done,
May learn, their threatened punishments to shun:
That they, whose Actions warrantable were,
May, in their honest courses, persevere:
And, that those men, who great and powerful bee,
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.

Men are of differing tempers: Some, are wonne
By promises, and gentle means alone:
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through dread,
To bee in pure, or boodie punished.
And, somee, their duties are allure'd to doe,
No way, but by a mixture of these two.
They therefore, neither Wise, nor Honest bee,
Who dandle all Offenders on their knees;
Or, punish onely with a God-swear'd:
Or, Doe not so, my soones, as Ely did.
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honester,
Who alwayses fright, and threaten those that erre;
No mercie joyning, to the chastisement
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.
Nor are they leffe to blame, who carry Swords,
To punith errors; but, nor lookes, nor words,
To cherish well deservings: And, in this,
Most men, that punish others, doe amisse.
Sure, if the Sword misusing, may pursue,
For doing well, the Coronet is due.
The Tongue, which every secret speaks,
Is like a Barrell full of leakes.

The Barrell, from whose bottome, sides, and bung,
The liquor (as in this our Emblem) flows,
May fitly typifie the babbling Tongue,
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill
An ever-leaking Vessel, to the brim;
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to fill
A traitors tongue; for, paines are lost on him.
This Figure, also, serveth to express,
The trullleste nature of a whorish woman;
For, shee to all displayeth her wantoonesse,
And, cares to keepe her secreties, from no man.
Within her bosome, nothing long shee keepes,
But, whatsoever shee conceiveth or knowes,
Straight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it creeps;
And, round about the City, then, it goes.
Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these;
Left, they thy Reputation doe bespot,
Consume thy Substance, or thy Mindes discaile.
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,
Which here wee doe reproove, thy mind infect:
For, Vice, like weeds, will grow in little time,
And, out-grow Virtues, if wee them neglect.
The fureste way to keepe such errors out,
And, in our selves true Virtues to maintaine;
Is, to bee bopt with Temperance, round about,
And, our out-flowing humors to restraine.
If thus we pratre, 'twill prevent the wrongs
Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.
His Figure warns us, that wee meddle not
With matters, whereby nothing may be got,
Save harme or losse; and, such as once begun,
Wee may, nor sately doe, nor leave undone.

I should bee loath to meddle in the strife
Arising 'twixt a Husband, and his Wife;
For, Truth conce'd, or spoke, on either side,
May one or the other grieve, or both divide.

I would not with my most familiar Mate,
Be Partner in the whole of my estate;
Left I, by others errors, might offend,
Or, wrong my Family, or, lose my Friend.

I would not, willingly, in my distress,
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;
Nor, when I need a Suretie, would I call
An Enthrift, or a roaring Prodigall:
For, either these I thankfully must shun,
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.

I would not heare my Friend unwisely prate
Those things, of which I must inform the State:
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,
That, which a stronger Band obligerh to.

Nor would I, for the world, my heart should bee
Enthral'd by one, that might not marry mee;
Or, such like passions, bee perplexed in,
As hang betwixt a Virtue, and a Sinne;
Or, such, as whether way foe're I went,
Occasion'd guilt, or flame, or discontent:

For, howfo're wee marriage such like things,
Wee handle winding pipes, that have stings.
The gaining of a rich Estate,
Seemes, many times, restrain'd by Fate.

Blieve this Wheele, and you shall see how Fate
Doth limit out to each man, that Estate
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee doth aspire
To such a height; and, why hee mounts no higher:
For, whatsoever their Authors understand,
These Emblems, now, shall speake as I thinke good.

The Cornucopias fastned to a Round,
Thus fixt, may (new, that Riches have their bound;
And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,
No higher than Gods Providence permits.
The placing of them on that Wheele, doth show,
That, some waxe Poore, as others Wealthy grow:
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rife,
So much the lower, still, the other lies;
And, when the height of one is at an end,
Hee sinks againe, that others may ascend.
The many stops, which on this Wheele you spie,
Those many obstructions may typifie,
Which barre all those that unto Wealth aspire,
From compassing the Round of their desire.
The want of Wit, from Riches, barreth some;
Some, cannot rich, because of Sloth, become.
Some, that are wise, and painfull, are deny'd
Encrease of wealth, through Pleasure, or through Pride.
Some, lose much profit, which they else might make,
Because of Conscience, or for Credit's sake.
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,
That might bee Rich, who, yet, are very Poore.
And, these, indeed, doe come to be those Fates,
Which keepe most men, from getting large Estates.
In all thine Actions, have a care,
That no unseemliness appear.
Wee, bring the Hony to the Hive;
But, others, by our labours thrive.

He prettie Bees, with daily paines contrive
Their curious Combës, and from the flowry Fields,
Doe bring that pleasant sweetness to their Hive,
Which Nectar, and Ambrofack dainties, yeelds,
Yet, when themselves with labours they have tit'd,
The following Winters famine to prevent,
For their good service, either they are fir'd,
Or, forth into an emptie Hive are sent:
And, there, with slender diet they are serv'd,
To leave another Summers worke, to those
Who take no care, though all the swarm be starved,
If weak, and quite past labour once it growes.
As with such Bees, it fares with many a one,
That, spends his youthfull time in honest thrift;
And, by the Wasp, the Hornet, or the Drone,
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.
Sometime, the bordering Flies, much wrong this brood,
Through idle visitings; or, them despoyle,
By making friendly thewes of neighbourhood;
When, all their Complements, are nought but guile.
Sometime, their powerfull Foes doe rob them quite;
Sometime, their Lords, or Landlords, with pretence,
Of claiming only what is just and right,
Oppresse them without mercy, or defence.
Thus, by one course or other, daily, some
(That are laborious in an honest way)
The prey of Pride, or Idlenesse become:
And, such as these, may therefore truly say,
That, whatsoever they to passe have brought,
Not for themselves, but others, they have wrought.

God,
Ome say, (and many men doe these commend)
That, all our deeds, and fortunes doe depend
Vpon the motions of celestiall spheres;
And, on the constellations of the stars.
If this were true, the stars, alone, have bin
Prime cause of all that's good, and of all sinne.
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to condemne,
Or, give rewards to any, but to them.
For, if they made mee sinne, why for that ill,
Should I be damn'd, and they shone brightly, still?
If they inforced my goodnesse, why should I
Be glorified for their pietie?
And, if they neither good nor ill constrain,
Why then, should wee of Deistsie complain?
For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,
The stars enforce us (since they still obey
Their just commander) 'twere absurder, farre,
To say, or thinke, that God's decree it were,
Which did necessitate the very fame,
For which, we thinke the stars might merit blame.
Hee made the stars to bee an ayd unto us,
Not (as is fondly dreamd) to help or undo us:
(Much leffe, without our fault, to ruinate,
By doome of irrecoverable fate)
And, if our good endeavors, use wee will,
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still
In all our honest ways: For, they doe stand
To help, not hinder us, in God's command;
And, hee not onely rules them by his powers,
But, makes their glory, servant unto ours.
Although we know not a more patient creature,
Than is the Lambe, (or, of life than full nature)
Yet, as this Emblem shewes, when childish wrong,
Ham troubled, and provok'd him overlong,
He grows enrag'd; and makes the wanton Bees,
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their wayes.
Thus have I feene it with some Children's fare,
Who, when their Parents too indulgent were,
Have urg'd them, till their Doting grew to Rage,
And, that them wholly from their Heritage.
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth lofe
His faithfull Friends, and justly makes them foes.
Thus, froward Husbands; and, thus, peevish Wives,
Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;
And, by abusing of a patient Mate,
Turne dearest Love, into the deadliest Hate.
For, any wrong may better bee excused,
Than, Kindnesse, long, and wilfully abused.
But, as an injur'd Lambe, provok'd, thus,
Well typifies how much it moveth us,
To finde our Patience wrong'd: So, let us make
An Emblem of our selves, thereby to take
More heed, how God is moved towards them,
That, his long suffring, and his Love commenne.
For, as wee somwhat have of every creature,
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his Nature:
Or, if it bee not said the same to bee,
His Pictures, and his Images are wee.
Let, therefore, his long suffring, well be weigh'd,
And, keepe us, to provoke him, still afraid.

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Who, Patience tempes, beyond her strength,
Will make it Fury, at the length.
He that is blind, will nothing see,
What light so'ere is about him bee.

It is by some supposed, that our Owls,
By Day-time, are no perfect sighted Fowles,
And, that, the more you doe augment the light,
The more you shall deprive them of their sight.
Nor Candles, Torches, nor the Sunne at noone,
Nor Spectacles, nor all of these in one
Can make an Owlet in the day-time see,
Though none, by night, hath better eyes than shee.

This Emblem, therefore, lets their blindness forth,
Who cannot see, when an apparent worth
Illustrates virtuous Men, yet, feeme to spie
Those faults, which with ill-willers them belic.
The blindness, also, well it may declare,
Of Heretikes, who Eagle-sighted are,
In Sophistries, and in the cloudy-night,
Of those dark Errors, which delude the sight;
Yet, cannot see the Rayes of Truth divine,
Though, brighter than the Day-light, shee doth shine.

It, like-wise, very fitly typifies,
Those, in our days, who spie out mysteries,
Beyond the Moone; yet, cannot gaine the view
Of that, which common Reason proveth true:
And, therefore, onely, crie it (madly) downe,
Because, by Reasons light, it may be knowne.
Thefe, when 'twas offer'd, first, the light refused;
And, they have now the darkness which they chused.

Till, therefore, God shall offer Grace againe,
Man strives to set up Lighth, to these, in vaine:
For, what are Lights to these, who blinded bee?
Or, who so blinde, as they that will not see?
None knowes, untill the Fight be past, 
Who shall bee Victor, at the last.

Here these two Champions for the Conquest fight, 
Serious to them both Victory takes her flight, 
On doubfull wings; and till the fray bee past, 
None knowes, to whether, shee the Wreath will cast.

Which Emblem serves, not onely to expresse 
The danger, and the illues doubtfulnesse, 
In all Contentions; but, may warne us too, 
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;

Since they, who long with painfull skill have striv'd, 
Of likely conquests, are at length depriv'd.

Force, much prevails; but Slight and Wit hath power, 
Sometimes to hurle downe Strength upon the floore. 
Sometimes againe, our Ingeneres doe faile; 
And, Blowes, doe more than Stratagems, prevaile.

Though, I, upon mine honest-Cause depend, 
Another may o'rethrow it, by his Friend; 
And, hee that boasteth of his armes grace, 
May lose his hopes, it bribing come in place.

To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause, 
Wee by the Sword contend, or by the Laws; 
There's no event or issue more assured, 
Than this, that, lose to both (all bee procured):

And, that, sometime, as well an innocent, 
As guilty-cause, may finde an ill event. 
Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive, 
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give 
Of those contentions, and of those debates, 
Which hurt our honor, laffic, or estares: 

That, we, a Conquest, may be sure to gaine, 
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.
He faithlesse leafe's repining currilhness,
The blessed Psalmist, fitly did express,
By grinning-dogs, which howling roam by night,
To satisfie their grudging appetite.
Here, therefore, by an Emblem, wee are shown,
That, God, (who as hee lift, bestowes his owne)
Providing so, that none may bee unfed,
Doth offer to the Dogges, the Children's bread.

And, by this Emblem, wee advised are,
Of their presumptuous boldneffe to beware,
Who bound God's Mercie; and, have shut out some
From hope of Grace, before the Night is come:
Since, to the Dogs, his meat is not denide,
If they returne, (though not till Evening-tide.)

Moreover, wee, some notice hence may take,
That, if provision, God, vouchsafes to make,
For Lions, Dogs, and Ravens, in their need,
Hee will his Lambs, and harmless Turtles feed:
And, so provide, that they shall always have
Sufficient, to maintaine the Life hee gave.

I must confesse, I never merit shall,
The Crammers, which from thy Children's table fall:
Yet, thou haft oft, and freely fed mee, Lord,
Among thy Children, at thy Holy-board:
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with Bread alone;
But, on the blessed Bodie of thy Sonne,
My Soule hath feasted. And, if thou doft grant
Such favours, Lord! what can I feare to want?

For, doubtlesse, if thy Sonne thou pleafe to give,
All other things, with him, I shall receive.
All Flesh, it like the wither'd Hay,
And, so it springs, and fades away.

His infant, and this little Truffle of Hay,
When they are moraliz'd, seeme to say,
That, Flesh is but a tuft of Morning Grass,
Both green, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.

And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,
Affoyne as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;
And, withers ev'ry houre, untill hee dyes:
Now, flourishing, as Grass, when it is growne,
Strictly perish'd, as Grain, when it is mowne.

If, we with other things, man's Age compare,
His Life is but a Day (For, equall'd are
His Tears with Hours: His Months, with Minutes bee
Fit parallels: and, ev'ry breathing, wee
May tearme a Day) yet, some, ev'n at the Night
Of that short Day, are dead, and wither'd quite.
Before the Morning of our lives bee done,
The Flesh oft fades: Sometime, it growes till None:
But, there's no mortall Flesh, that will abide
Unparched longer, than till Evening's d.e.
For, in it selues, it always carries that,
Which helpeth so, it selues to ruinace;
That, though it feele, nor storme, nor scorching flame,
An inbred Canker, will consume the same.

Considering well, and well remembering this,
Account the Flesh no better than it is:
Wrong not thine everlasting Soule, to cherish
A Guard, which in a moment's time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading Crops;
But, for Hay-harvest, lose not better hopes.
ILLUSTRA. XLIX. Book 4

His Glasse declares, how Time doth pass away;
And, if the Words, about it, rightly say,
Thy Time that's gone, is lost; and, prove, will shew,
That many find both Words, and Emblem, true.
How left their Time departs, they best perceive,
From whom it steals, before they take their leave,
Of what they love; and, whose last bowre is gone,
Before their chiefest busineses are done.
How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,
(Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought
Their ending-day; but, always did presume,
Or, largely hope upon the Time to come;
The present-bowres, nor thankfully enjoying,
Nor, honestly, nor usefully employing.
That, years expired, are lost; they likewise find:
For, when their understanding brings to mind,
How fondly (or, how ill perchance, they spent
Their passed age); they see, with discontent,
The Time, not only left, but, worse than so;
Lost, with a thousand other Losses more:
And, that, when they shall need it, wealth nor pow'r,
Can purchase them, one minute of an hour.
Consider this, all ye that spend the prime,
The move side, and the twilight of your Time,
In childish play, games, or mere worldly things;
As if you could, at pleasure, clip Time's wings,
Or turne his Glasse; or, had a Life, or twaine
To live, when you had fool'd out this in vain
Short; the present; lost Time past bee;
And, Time to come, wee may not live to see.
The Garland, He alone shall wear,  
Who, to the Goal, doth persevere.

ILLUSTR. L.  
Book 4

**An Arm is with a Garland here extended;**  
And, as the Motto saith, it is incended,  
To all that persevere. This being so;  
Let none be faint in heart, though they be slow:  
For he that creepes, untill his Race be done,  
Shall gain a Wreath, alwells as they that runne.  
This being fo; let no man walk in doubt,  
As if Gods Arm of Grace were stretch'd our  
To some small number: For, who're begins  
And perseveres, the proferd Garland wins:  
And, God respects no persons; neither lays  
A stumbling blocke in any of our Waies.  
This being so, let no man think't enough  
To let his hand, a little, to the Plough,  
And, then desist, but, let him still pursue,  
To doe that Workes, to which that Wreath is due:  
For, nor on Good beginnings nor on tho'c  
That walk half-way, (much lesse on him, that goes  
No stagg at all) will God this gift conferre;  
But, onely, unto those that persevere.  

**Lord; by thy Grace, an entrance I have made**  
In honest Pathes; and, thy assistance had,  
To make in them, some flow proceedings too.  
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe  
Thy sacred Will; and, to begin, and end  
Such Workes, as to thy glory, still, may tend.  
That (Walking, and coninuing in the Path,  
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)  
I may that Garland, by thy grace, obtaine,  
Which, by mine owne defect, I cannot gaine.  

Glory be to God.
THE FOURTH LOTTERIE.

1

Hou, of a noble minde, art thought,
Which heav'ly things, hath chiefly fought,
And, scorn'st thy vertue to debate,
By loving those of lower place.
If so, thine Emblem doth express
Thy Wisdome, and thy worthynesse.
But, if to earthward thou incline;
Thence, learne Affections more Divine.

See, Emb. I.

2

Some words or thoughts, perhaps, of your
Have wrong'd Gods providence, or Pow'r
Els, you (it may be) to some place,
Confine his unconfined Grace;
Or, thinke, he never taketh care,
Of any Realm, but where you are.
Your Lot, now, therefore, doth provide,
To have your judgement rectifie:

See, Emb. II.

3

Thou maist be wise, but, there is, yet,
Some crack, or failing in thy wit:
For, thou dost personate a part,
That, showes thee other, then thou art.
Thine Emblem, therefore, doth declare,
What Habit, such deserve to weare;
And, that, he merits Asles eares,
Who is not, that, which he appears.

See, Emb. III.

4

You have, as yet, much worke to doe,
But, you have little time thereto:
That, little, flies away with speed,
And, you the Loffe, as little heed.
Left, therefore, all your time be gone,
Before you duly thinke thereon,
A memorandum you have got,
By drawing, of this luckie Lot.

See, Emb. IV.

Though
The Fourth Lotteries.

5
Though you, perhaps, no perill dread,
A mischief hangs above your head;
By which, you (taking little care)
May perish ere you be aware.
To minde you, therefore, to eschew
Such Miferies as may ensue;
Your Lost, this warning Emblem sent;
Observe it, and your harms prevent.

6
Thou fly'st, in hope, to shun thy griefe;
Thou change'st place, to seeke reliefe;
And, many blamelesse things are shent
As, causers of thy discontent.
But trouble, now, no more thy minde,
The root of thy difeale to finde;
For, by thine Emblem, thou shalt see,
The Fountaine, whence thy torments bee.

7
Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,
Some great, or petty, Magistrate;
Or, Fortune thereunto, perchance,
In time to come, will thee advance.
But, by thine Emblem, thou shalt see,
That, when restrein'd, thy pow'r shall be,
Offenders, thereof will be glad,
And skoffe the pow'r which thou haft had;
Observe it; and be so upright,
That, thou maist laugh at their despight.

8
Promotion thou dost much desire,
And, spacious Fortunes to acquire;
As, if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,
True Blessednesse, by such a gaine:
To shew thee, therefore, what event,
What happinesse, and what contents,
Such things, will bring vs, at the last,
An usefull object, now, thou haft.

9
Disheartned be not, though thou see,
Thy Hopes, quite frustrate seeme to be;
For, many hopes, appearing past,
Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;
And, grew far greater, then before,
When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.
Examples, therefore, now are brought,
That, still, to Hope, thou mayst be taught.

Most
M

Most men desire to gaine the Fate,
Which keeps them safe, in ev'ry state;
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,
A station, which might firme abide.
If so you meanes, your Lot hath brought,
Some ease of that, which you have sought:
For, by your Emblem, you may see,
What men shall most unmooved be.

See, Emb. X.

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,
That, some goe backward in Estate,
Who seem to thrive; and, why, we finde,
Those Friends, who seem very kinde,
(And, forward, good respects to show)
Doe, now unkinde, and froward grow.
But, when your Emblem you shall see,
No wonder, then, such things will be.

See, Emb. XI.

Thou seest a Conquest; or, (at least)
Of such a Pow'r to bee poffeft,
As none can conquer: And, behold,
Thou, in an Emblem, shalt be told
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.
Yet, know, that if thou come no nigher,
Then but to know the meanes of blyffe,
The farther off, the blessing is.

See, Emb. XII.

Thou livest, as one who thinks, that, Fate
All Actions did necessitate;
And, that to doe, or leave undone,
Thy Business, came all to one.
If, thus thou thinkes, perhaps, this Chance
May help to cure thine Ignorance;
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit
To Fate, our matters, to commit.

See, Emb. XIII.

Thy Neighbours house when thou dost view,
Well furnisht, pleasant, large, or new,
Thou think'st good Lares, alwaies dwell,
In Lodging's that are trimm'd so well.
But, by thine Emblem, thou art showne,
That (if thou lovdst what is thine own)
Those Roofes, as true Contentments yeld,
As those, that are with Cedar yelded.
Vaine Fancies, therefore, from thee cast;
And, be content with what thou hast.

See, Emb. XIV.
Thou seek'st Preferment, as a thing,
Which East, or Western-winds might bring;
And, think'rt to gain a temp'rall Crowne,
By Powres and Virtues of thine owne:
But, now, thy Lot informs from whom,
The Scepter, and preferments come;
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull hopes fruition,
And, cherish not a vaine ambition.

See, Emb. XV.

This Lot, though rich, or poore, thou bee,
 Presents an Emblem, fitt for thee.
If Rich, it warnes, not to be proud;
Since, Fortunes favours are allow'd
To Swinish-men: If thou be poore,
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;
For, many worthy men, there are,
Who, doe not Fortunes Jewels weare.

See, Emb. XVI.

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom
Thy wealth, or thy Preferments, come;
So, thou maift get them, Foole or Knave,
Thy prayers, and thy praise may have;
Because, thou dostaft nor feare, nor dreame,
What disadvantage comes by them:
But, by thine Emblem, thou shalt see,
That, Mischieues, in their favours bee.

See, Emb. XVII.

You boast, as if it were unknowne,
The power you have were not your owne:
But, had you not an able Prop,
You could not beare so high a Top;
And, if that Ayde forfake you shalt,
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,
You may be, still, supported so.

See, Emb. XVIII.

This Lot of yours doth plainly shew,
That, in some danger now you go,
But, wounds by Steele, yet, feare you not;
Nor Pistolling, nor Cannon-flits;
But, rather, dread the shafts that fly,
From some deep'd-wounding manious eye;
Your greatest perills are from thence;
Get, therefore, Armour of defence.

See, Emb. XIX.
The Fourth Lotterie.

20
Thy Vertues, often, have beeue tri'de, To finde what proofes they will abide: Yet, thinke not all thy Trials past, Till thou on ev'ry side the art cast; Nor, care thou, what may chance to thee, If truly, square, thy dealings be: For, then, what ever doth befall, Nor harme, nor blame, betide thee shall.

See, Emb. X X.

21
Fine Clothes, faire Words, entitling Face, With Maskes of Pietie and Grace, Oft, cheat you, with an outward show, Of that, which prooveth nothing so. Therefore, your Emblems Morall read; And, ere too farre you doe proceed, Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day, Who, by faire fhewes, deceive you may.

See, Emb. XXI.

22
You, are accus'd of no man, here, As, if to any, fille, you were In word, or Deed; and, with, we doe, Your Conscience may acquit you too, But, if your selfe you guilty finde, (As, unto such a fault inclin'd) The crime, already past, repent; And, what is yet undone, prevent.

See, Emb. X X I.

23
You have delighted much, of late, Gains't Women's ficklenesse, to prate: As if this traitely you did find, Entail'd, alone, on Woman-kind: But, in your selfe, ther's now and then, Great proofs, of wav'ring minds, in men: Then, judge not faults which are unknown; But, rather learne to mend your owne.

See, Emb. X X I I.

24
At your Afflictions, you repine, And, in all troubles, cry, and whine; As if, to suffer, brought no joy; But, quite, did all contents destroy. That, you might, therefore, patient grow, And, learne, that Vertues pow're, to know, This Lot, unto your view, is brought: Peruse, and praeful what is taught.

See, Emb. X X I V.
The Fourth Lotteries.

25

On out-side Friends, thou much reliest,
And, trustest, oft, before thou try'st;
By which, it counsel'st thou escape,
Thy Wit wees praise not, but thy Hope:
But, left by trust, (ere trial due)
Thou, overlate, thy trusting woe;
Observe the moral of thy Lot,
And, looke that thou forget it not.

See, Emb. XXV.

26

By this your Lot, it should appear,
That, you your selfe are too severe;
Or, have, by some, perliised bin,
That, ev'ry Pleasure is a sinne.
That, wiser therefore, you may grow,
You have an Emblem, now, to show,
That, Hee, whose wildome all men praise,
Sometime layes downe his Bow, and playes.

See, Emb. XXVI.

27

Thou little heedst how Time is lost,
Or, how thine Howres away doe post;
Nor art thou mindful of the day,
In which thy life, will breath away.
To thee this Lot, now, therefore, came,
To make thee heedfull of the same.
So of thy Dutie, let it mind thee, (thee)
That, thou maist live, when Death shall finde

See, Emb. XXVII.

28

A safe-abiding, would'st thou know,
When Seas doe rage, and winds doe blow?
If so, thine Emblem shewes thee, where
Such Privileges gained are,
Observe it well; then, doe thy best,
To bee a Tongling, in that seat.
Thee moraliz'd, and, mocke thou not
At what is taught thee, by this Lot.

See, Emb. XXVIII.

29

Believe not, always, as thy Creed,
That, Love-profist, is Love indeed;
But, their Affections entertaine,
Who in thy need, firme Friends remaine;
Perhaps, it much may thee concern:
This Lesson, perfectly, to learne.
Thine Emblems morall, therefore, view;
And, get true Friends, by being true.

See, Emb. XXIX.
The Fourt Lotteries.

30

The Consciencs, of some, afford
No Lawfull use unto the Sword:
Some dreame, that in the time of peace,
The practive of all Armes may ceafe;
And, you, perhaps, among the rest,
With such like fancies are poiffed.
However, what your Morall fayes
Observe; and, walke in blameleffe wayes.
See, Emb. XXX.

31

A better Fortune you might gaine,
If you, could take a little paine:
If you have Wealth, you should have more,
And, should be Rich, (though you are poore)
If to the longings you have had,
A true endeavour you would adde:
For, by your Emblem, you may fee,
Such, as your Paines, your Gaine will be,
See, Emb. XXXI.

32

When any troublous Time appears,
Your Hope is overcome, with feares,
As, if with every Flood of Raine,
The World would quite be drownd againe.
But, by your Emblem, you shall fee,
That, Sunshine, after Stormes may be:
And, you this Lot, (it may be) drew,
In times of neede, to comfort you.
See, Emb. XXXII.

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,
You thinke to winne it by your might.
Yea, by your strength, your purfe or friends,
You baunt to gaine your wilfed Ends.
But, such Presumptions to prevent
You to an Emblem now are fent
That, shewes, by whom he Victor growes,
That winnes, by giving overthrowes.
See, Emb. XXXIII.

34

If, truely temperate, thou be,
Why should this Lot, be drawne by thee?
Perhaps, thou either doft exceed,
In costly Robes; or, drinke, or feede,
Beyond the meanes. If, this thou finde,
Or, know'ft, in any other kinde,
How thou offendest by excess.
Now, leave off, that intemperanesse.
See Emb. XXXIV

Thou
The Fourth Lotterie.

35
Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd heig'hes,
Yet, wouldst not passe through thormes or streights;
But, thou'lt them so, as if there were
No way to blisse, where troubles are.
Left, then, thou los'st thy hop'd, for pride,
By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;
See what thine Emblem doth disclose.
And, scarce not ev'ry mind that blows.
See, Emb. XXXV.

36
Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,
That, God, thy prayers, doth not minde;
Nor, heede, of those Petitions take,
Which, men and Congregations make.
Now, why they take so ill effect,
Thou, by our Morall, maist collect:
And, by the same, shalt also see,
When, all thy suits will granted be.
See, Emb. XXXVI.

37
Thou, haft bene very forward, still,
To punish those, that merit ill;
But, thou didst never, yet, regard
To give Desert, her due Reward.
That, therefore, thou maist now have care,
Of such Injustice, to beware;
Thine Emblem, doth to thee present,
As well Reward, as punishment.
See, Emb. XXXVII.

38
Thou, either haft a babling tongue,
Which, cannot keepe a secret, long;
Or, shalt, perhaps, in danger'd growe,
By such, as utter all they know.
In one, or other, of the twaine,
Thou maist be harm'd; and, to thy gaine,
It may redound, when thou shalt see,
What, now, thine Emblem, counsels thee.
See, Emb. XXXVIII.

39
By this, thy Lot, we understand,
That, somewhat, thou haft tooke in hand,
Which, (whether, further, thou Proceed
Or quite desist,) will danger breed.
Consider, then, what thou haft done,
And, since the hazard is begun,
Advised be, to take the course,
Which may not make the danger worse.
See, Emb. XXXIX
The Definies, thou blameft, much,  
Because, thou canft not be so rich,  
As others are: But, blame no more  
The Definies, as heretofore;  
For, if it please thee to behold,  
What, by thine Emblem, shall be told,  
Thou, there, shalt find, which be those Fates,  
That, keep men low, in their estates.  
See, Emb. XL.

Thou think'st, that thou from faults art free;  
And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.  
But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme  
As fair, as in thine owne esteeme,  
Presume thou not abroad to passe,  
Vntill, by every Looking-Glafe,  
Which, in thy Morall, is express'd,  
Thou haft, both Mind, and Body drest.  
See Emb. XL I.

Some, labour hardly, all their daies,  
In painefull, profitable wayes;  
And, others taste the sweetest gains,  
Of that, for which these tooke the pains:  
Yet, these, they not alone undo,  
But, having robbed, they murder too.  
The wrongs of such, this Emblem shewes,  
That, thou mayft helpe, or pity thofe.  
See, Emb. XL I I.

Thou, often haft observ'd with feares,  
Th'aspects, and motions of the Stars,  
As if, they threatened Fates to some,  
Which, God could never save them from.  
If this, thy dreaming Error be,  
Thine Emblems Morall shewes to thee,  
That, God restrains the Starry-Fates,  
And, no mans harme, necessitates.  
See, Emb. XL I I I.

Thou, haft provoked, over long,  
Their patience, who neglect the wrong;  
And, thou dost little seeme to heed,  
What harme it threatens, if thou proceed.  
To thee, an Emblem, therefore, shewes,  
To what, abused-Patience growes.  
Observe it well; and, make thy Peace,  
Before to Fury, Wrath increafe.  
See, Emb. XLIV.

Thou
The Fourth Lotterie.

45
Thou hast the helps of Nature's light;
Experience too, doth ayde thy sight:
Nay more, the Sun of Grace divine,
Doth round about thee daylie shine;
Yet, Reason's eye is blind in thee,
And, clearest Objects cannot see.
Now, from what cause, this blindness growes,
The Morall of thine Emblem showes.
See, Emb. X L V.

46
Thy cause, thy Money, or thy Friend,
May make thee forward to contend;
And, give thee Hopes, that thy intents,
Shall bring thee prosperous events.
But view thy Lot, then, marke thou there,
That Victories uncertaine are;
And rashly venture not on that
Whole End may be, thou knowest not what.
See, Emb. X L VI.

47
To them who grudgingly repine,
As one as their estates decline,
This Lot pertaines; or, unto those,
Whose, when their neighbor needy growes,
Contemne him; as if he were left,
Of God; and, of all hopes bereft.
If this, or that, be found in thee,
Thou, by thy Morall, taught shalt be,
That, there is none so ill befped;
But may have hope, he shall be fed.
See, Emb. X L VII.

48
Thy Flesh thou lov'st, as if it were,
The chiefest Object, of thy Care;
And of such value, as may seeme,
Well meriting, thy best esteeeme.
But, now, to banish that conceit,
Thy Lot an Emblem brings to fight,
Which, without flattery, shewes to thee
Of what regard it ought to be.
See, Emb. X L VIII.

49
It may suspected be, thou hast,
Mispent the Time, that's gone and past;
For, to an Emblem thou art lent,
That's made, such folly to prevent:
The moralled, Repent thy Crime;
And, Labour, to Redeeme the Time.
See, Emb. X L IX.
The Fourth Lottery.

With good applause thou hast begunne,
And, well, as yet, proceedest on:
But, ere the bower, thou canst not wear,
Thou to the end must persevere.
And, left this die, be to go,
Thou hast a caveat, by this Lot.

See, Emb. L.

Although, this time, you drew it not,
Good Fortune, for you, may be got.
Perhaps, the planets ruling now,
Have cast no good aspects on you.
For, many say, that, now and then,
The stars look angrily on men:
Then, try your chance again, anon;
For, their displeasure soon is gone.

If, by your lot you had beene prais'd,
Your mind, perchance, it would have rais'd,
Above the meanes. Should you receive
Some check, thereby, it would bereave
Your patience: For, but few can bear,
Reproves, which unexpected are.
But, now prepared you have beene,
To draw your lot once more begin;
And, if another blanke youget,
Attempt your chance, no more, as yet.

To cross your hopes, Misfortune fought;
And, by your lot, a blank hath brought:
But, he who knew her ill intent,
 Hath made this blank her spight prevent;
For, if that number you shall take,
Which these two figures, backward make,
And view the place to which they guide;
An Emblem, for you, they provide.

These lots are almost Ten to One
Above the blankes; yet, thou hast none.
If thus thy fortune still proceed,
Tis Ten to One, if well thou speed.
Yet, if thou do not much neglect,
To doe, as Wisdome shall direct,
It is a thousand unto ten
But all thy hopes will prosper, then.
It seems, Dame Fortune, doth not know,
What Lot, on thee, she should bestow;
Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have
The choice) what Fortune, thou shouldst crave.
For, one thing, now, thy mind requires;
Anon, another it desires.
When Resolution thou hast got,
Then, come again, and draw thy Lot.

The Chance, which thou obtained hast,
Of all our Chances, is the last;
And, casting up the total (summes,
We finde thy Gaine, to Nothing comes.
Yet if it well be understood,
This Chance may chance to doe thee good;
For, it inferres what Portion (shall,
To ev'ry one, (at last) befall;
And warns, while something, is enjoyd,
That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

FINIS.
A Table for the better finding out of the principall things and matters, mentioned in these Four Booke.

|   | Eagle. 6. 3. 111. |
|   | Affection 7. 33. 34. 83. 162. |
|   | Addiction 16. 17. 44. 47. 70. 81. 108. 240. |
|   | Agreement in Delire. 34. |
|   | Age. 44. |
|   | Ambition emptines. 216. |
|   | Aft.iftion. 16. 17. 44. 47. 70. |
|   | Affection. 7. 33. 34. 83. 162. |
|   | Anchor. 39. 72. |
|   | Anvils and Hammer. 17. |
|   | Appearances deceiv. 175. |
|   | Apollo. 234. |
|   | Archer. 25. |
|   | Armour. 111. |
|   | Arts. 1. 80. |
|   | Action. 9. |
|   | Armes. 3. 32. 80. |
|   | Authoritie. 137. |

| B | All. 7. |
|   | Beginning. 103. |
|   | Belit men not belit favour'd. 224. |
|   | Bear. 23. |
|   | Bees. 23. 90. 250. |
|   | Beautie. 40. |
|   | Blas. 246. |
|   | Blessings long enjoyed. 70. |
|   | Bounds. 161. |
|   | A Bore. 110. |
|   | A Bowe hended. 39. |
|   | Bridle. 169. |
|   | A Broken-heart 77. |
|   | Busy-bodies. 148. |
|   | Butterfly and Spider. 68. |

| C | Andle and Flie. 40. |
|   | Camall affections. 43. |
|   | Caduceus. 9. 88. |

| D | Anger hangs over all 213. |
|   | Death 1. 21. 45. 48. 94. 168. 184. 235. |
|   | Deaths head 21. |
|   | Deliberation 71. |
The Table.

Delay 18  
Degrees 29, 49, 117.  
Deceit in all places 180.  
Despair is not to be admitted  
217, 221, 240.  
Deceit, vid. Fate.  
Decrees of God 95.  
Our Destruction is of ourselves  
214.  
Defies best object 109.  
Devotion 41.  
Diamond 171.  
Diana 24.  
Divine assistance 170.  
Difficulties 211, 228, 230  
Discord 177.  
Discretion 151.  
Doggs 255.  
Dolphin 72.  
Dove 1 50.  
Drowned 9.  
Drones 259.  

F  
Faith 13, 66  
Faith infringed 38, 99.  
Fate 74, 95, 221, 251  
Fateful necessity 251  
Fallhood 99  
Fame 146.  
Faire shewes deceitfull 233, 219  
Face 39  
Fighters 71  
Picklenesse vid. Inconstancy  
Filial pietie 155.  
Fire on an Altar 15.  
Fierie-trill 30.  
Fleath is hay 256  
Flying-Ball 71, 101  
Fle and the Candle 40.  
Flower of the Sunne 159.  
Foes, who the greatest 211  
Fool's favours mischievous 225  
Fortune 6, 88, 101, 109, 139  

174-224  

Fraud in all professions 183  
Friendship 75, 99, 162, 237.  
Friends 75, 145  
Frequencie 45  
Full of life 64.  
Furie begotten by abused patience  
232.  

G  
Animed 56.  
Light Gains 56.  
Glory 5, 92.  
God 140, 153, 179, 210, 223  
255  
Gods prerogatives 223  
Gods decrees 95, 141  
Gospel preached 89  
Good works 135  
Governors 37  
Government 238  
Goblins about Graves 43  
Grace 31, 74, 104, 226  
Grave 21  
Greene 26  
Groves 35  
Great things from small beginnings 46, 50  
Gryphon 139  
Guile vid. Fraud and Deceit  
Guiltiness 66, 69.  

H  
Aft 19, 49, 153  
Hammer and Anvil 17  
Halter 66, Haleyon, vid. Kings  
Fishir  
Harveft 44  
Harlots 27, 246  
Harloties vid. Innocency  
Hazardous enterprises 247  
Harmony vid. Musick  
Hard-hearted men 175  
Hardship 243  
Heed 19, 49, 153  
Heliotrope 159  
Heaven 152  
Hellen 27  
Hypocrify 20, 77, 213, 229  
Hypocrite 229  
Honour 5, 153  
Hope 13, 16, 39, 44, 73, 106  
150, 217  
Houses which are best 221  
Hony 23  
Howreglasse 21, 212  
Hunger 64  
Husbands 162  
Humility 147  

Ianus,
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>The Table.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Hyppotamus, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I Anus, 138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'lldeneffe, 592</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Innocence, 9, 111, 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Infant, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Incroachment, 161</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Invincibility, 220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inconstancy, 231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intemperance, 242</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Industry, 5</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Impiety, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Imposture, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ioyes, Sweetened by afflictions, 70</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iteration, 39</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iustice, 66, 69, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Iust dealing, 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ixion, 69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>K.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kingsfisher, 236</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kings, 32, 37, 78, 137, 159, 161, 180</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kingdome, 67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Kingdome's glory, 78</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knowledge, 11, 79, 103</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>L.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Labour, 5, 29, 143, 150, 229, 229</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Labour in vain, 11</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lambe, 252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lawe, 3, 163, 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Leathre and heed, 19, 49, 107</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learne to die, 94</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Learning, 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Line a day, 158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Liking makes indifferent things excellent, 222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A little and little makes a middle, 50, 158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Life, 21, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love the best Musician, 82</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Love, 7, 33, 34, 35, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lasses may be recovered, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Looking-glasses, 241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>M.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malefactor, 66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mars, 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Marriages, 83</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Magistrates out of office, 215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Mace, 137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Man his owne enemie, 214</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercy, offered to all, 255</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merit, 139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Measure, 100</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Medlers, 9, 111, 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meditation, best in the night, 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meanes, not to be neglected, 231</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Meanes, not the only ground of Hope, 13</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mercurie, 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Meeke, 169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Military exercise, 32</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Misfortune may be profitable, 96</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mortalitie, 8, 45</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Moone, 111, 182</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Monuments, 142</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mural affection, 24, 163, 781</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Musicke, 65</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>N.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature and Grace, 104, 144</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nature needs a supporter, 226</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Necessitie, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Night helpfull to Meditation, 9</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>O.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Athens, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Obscuritie, profitable, 73</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Occasion, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Offenders, 215</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Old men may learn, 87</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opportunity, 4</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oppression, 28</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Opposition, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Order, 220</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outward appearances, 175</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Owle, 9, 63, 79, 168</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oxen, 173</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>P.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pain, 23</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Palmetree, 172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patience, 28, 63, 253</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patriots, 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pallas, 9, 50</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Parents, 15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Partholl charge, 149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Peace, 9, 238</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perjurie, 38</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pegus, 105</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Perverance, 19, 143, 175, 258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pelican, 154</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pietie, 8, 41, 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pigeon, 14</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planets, 31</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Planting, 27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pleasure, 23, 33, 63</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plenty, 64</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Plaine-dealing, 218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Oo, 10, 24</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poeticall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poetical Libertie</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>------------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poets Horse, <em>vid.</em> Pegasus</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power 103. 170</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Power divine 210</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Police 80</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Poesy 146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preface 66. 138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Preaching 89</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pretense 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Price</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Priests, <em>ibid.</em></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pride to be avoyed 8</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Princes 155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Profit causeth contention</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Progressions 165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prosperity 2. 16</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Promotion is of God 223</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Prudence 74. 142. 151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Patriot 41</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Punishment and reward 245</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pyramus 33</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**Q.**

Varrellers 71.

**R.**

Ashmele 9. 10 |     |
| Redeeme the time 23. 257 |     |
| Recreation 234 |     |
| A well Resolved man 228 |     |
| Refraints from being Rich 248 |     |
| Resolute constancy 24 |     |
| Repine not at misfortunes 96 |     |
| Reputation 140 |     |
| Repentance to be hastned 213 |     |
| Retirednse 73. 79 |     |
| Revolutions of things 23 45 |     |
| Reward 135. 139. 141. 229. 258 |     |
| Reward and punishment 243 |     |
| Riches 1. 98 |     |
| Rich Theeves 197 |     |
| Rod. 93 |     |
| Royall favour. 159 |     |

**S.**

Sacred callings 41 |     |
| The best Sacrifice 77 |     |
| Salamander 30 |     |
| Scepter 79 |     |
| Sceptr and Spade 48 |     |
| Sea-horse 155 |     |
| Selfe perdition 68. 214 |     |
| Selfe love 35 |     |

Shepherds crooke 149 |     |
| Ship 13. 37 |     |
| Sipyphus 11 |     |
| Sinne 66. 69 |     |
| Silence 73 |     |
| Simplicity 151 |     |
| Sincerity 238. 730 |     |
| Sive 20 |     |
| A Skeleton 8 |     |
| Sloath 9. 181 |     |
| Slow pace goes faire 173 |     |
| Small beginnings 46. 50 |     |
| Snake 5. 9. 45. 47. 74. 101. 102 | 148 |
| Snaile 19 |     |
| Sophisters 38 |     |
| Sober knowledge 147 |     |
| Sorrow 24. 79 |     |
| Sovereignty is of God, 21. 22 |     |
| Spade 5 |     |
| Splicer 18 |     |
| Squirrel 26. 136 |     |
| Statemen 37 |     |
| Sceptr and Spade 48 |     |
| Sceptr and Spade 48 |     |
| Sea-horse 155 |     |
| Selfe perdition 68. 214 |     |
| Selfe love 35 |     |

**T.**

Talents hidden 76. 181 |     |
| A Tatler, 246 |     |
| Tennis-ball, 16 |     |
| Terrene pompe 98 |     |
| Temperance 169. 242 |     |
| Termine 161 |     |
| Theeves 167 |     |
| Thisbe 33 |     |
| Time. 4. 102. 157. 212. 235 257 |     |
| Titles, ill placed 224 |     |
| Tongue 42 |     |
| Tortois 86 |     |
| Touchtine 229 |     |
| Transitory things 85 |     |
| Trial 30 |     |
| Tribe o're thou truft. 84. 233 |     |
| Truth 172 |     |
| Turtle, *vid.* Dove |     |
### V.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Vainity of earthly things</td>
<td>98</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaine hopes</td>
<td>69</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vaine shewes</td>
<td>20</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vengeance</td>
<td>66</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vercue</td>
<td>7, 5, 6, 22, 30, 88, 97, 101, 109, 111, 139, 171, 218</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vice</td>
<td>22, 104, 224</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victorie uncertaine</td>
<td>252</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Victories of God</td>
<td>241</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Viper</td>
<td>247</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vnanymitie</td>
<td>67</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vnchafttie</td>
<td>15</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vnitie</td>
<td>67, 177</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Vnitie of faith</td>
<td>244</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Universal Grace</td>
<td>210, 258</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Unprofitable gifts</td>
<td>76</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Uprightness of heart</td>
<td>91</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### VV

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Anton</td>
<td>women</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Warre</td>
<td>90, 238</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### W.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Wait</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wearinesse</td>
<td>9, 84, 153</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchfulness</td>
<td>79</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Watchmen</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Way of Uerrue</td>
<td>160</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weapons</td>
<td>131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wealth</td>
<td>68, 166</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weights</td>
<td>10</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Welldoing</td>
<td>135</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Weakness uncertainiety</td>
<td>Supporter 222</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wisedome</td>
<td>1, 2, 31, 102, 142, 145</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Writt</td>
<td>1, 64, 136, 167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wives</td>
<td>172</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whoredom</td>
<td>27</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Whore, vid, Harot</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woods decayed</td>
<td>35</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Woman</td>
<td>93, 131</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>World goes backward</td>
<td>219</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### Y.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Youth</td>
<td>22, 44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

### O.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Term</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oath</td>
<td>22, 44</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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*The Table.*
A Superfixideas to all them, whose cuftome it is, without any deserving, to importune Authors to give unto them their Bookes.

It merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,
That, thus I have inscrib'd this Epigram:
For, they who know me, know, that, Bookes thus large, And, fraught with Emblems, do augment the Charge
Too much above my Fortunes, to afford
A Gift so costly, for an Acetic word:
And, I have prov'd, your Begging Quality,
So forward, to oppress my Modesty;
That, for my future case, it seemeth fit,
To take some Order, for preventing it.
And, peradventure, other Authors may,
Find Cause to thank me for't, another day.
The fewe many years, I hath your Custom bin,
That, when in my possession, you have seen
A Volume, of mine owne, you did no more,
But, Ask and Take; As if you thought my store
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by Giving,
(Both Paines and Charges too) I got my living;
Or, that, I find the Paper and the Printing,
As suffie to me, as the Bookes Inventing.
If, of my Studies, no esteem you have,
You, then abuse the Courteies you crave,
And, are Unthankfull. If you prize them ought,
Why should my Labour, not enough be thought;
Vnlesse, I add Expenses to my pains:
The Stationer, afford for little Gains,
The Bookes you crave; And, He, as well as I
Might give away, what you repine to buy:
For, what hee Gives, doth onely Money Cost,
In mine, both Money, Time, and Wit is loft.
What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd
On Friends, to whom, I Love, or Service ow'd,
I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,
Sufficient, that such Gifts they do esteem:
Yea, and, it is a Favour too, when they
Will take these Trifles, my large Dues to pay;
(Or, Aske them at my hands, when I forget,
That, I am to their Love, so much in debt.)
But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow
The like on all men, who, my Name do know;
Or, have the Face to ask: For, then, I might,
Of Wit and Money, soone be beggar'd, quite.
So much, already, hath beene Beg'd away,
(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)
As being valu'd at the common Rate,
Had rais'd, Five hundred Crownes, in my Estate.

Which
Which, (if I may confesse it) signifes,
That, I was farre more Liberall, than Wise.
But, for the time to come, refolv'd I am,
That, till without denyall (or juft blame)
I may of thofe, who Cloth and Clothes do make,
(As oft as I fhall need them) Aske, and Take;
You fhall no more befoole me. Therfore, Pray
Be Answer'd; And, henceforward, keepe away.
A Direction shewing how they who are so disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the Lotteries aforesaying.

Turne about one of the Indexes in the Figures, which are in the following Page, without calling your eyes thereupon, to observe where it slayeth untill your hand caseth to give it motion. If it be the upper Figure, whose Index you moved; then, that Number whereupon it refinth, is the number of your Lot, or Blanke.

This being knowne, move the other Index in like manner, and that Quarter of the said Figure whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) theweth in which of the foure Books, or Lotteries, that Chance is to be expected, whereunto your Number doth tend you, whether it be Lot, or Blanke. If it be any Number above Fifty, it is a Blanke Chance, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other Numbers, it tends you to the Emblem answering to the same Number, in the Booke next before the same Lotterie.

If the letter M. be placed before the allotted Number; then, that Lot is proper only to a Man; if W. stand before it, it is proper only to a Woman: If there be no letter, it is indifferent to both Sexes.

And, therefore, when a Man or Woman happeneth on a Chance impertinent to their proper Sex, they are then, to take the next Chance which pertaineth properly to their Sex, whether it be Blanke or Lot; the trial whereof, I have thus contrived, without the use of Dice; left by bringing them into sight, they might, sometimes, occasion worse Gaming.

If King, Queene, Prince, or any one that springs From Persons, knowne to be derivd from Kings, Shall seek, for Sport sake, hence to draw their Lot; Our Author fayeth: that, he provided not For such as those: Because, it were too much For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such; Who, (as hee thinkes) should rather, Ayde supply For him, to mend his evil Fortunes by.

To them, hee, therefore pleased is to give This noble, and thus large Prerogative; That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they please, And make them better, if they like not thefe.

All other Personages, of High degree, That, will profess our Authors friends to be, This Freedome, likewise, have; that till, they find A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind; They shall have libertie, anwne, to try Their-sheet-for Chance: And, every time apply The Morals they disliked, unto those, Which are, ill-qualifie, among their Foes. All others, who this Game, adventure will, Must bear their Fortunes, be they Good, or Ill.