A PREPOSITION
to this FRONTISPIECE.

This Book containyng 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 Fancie had forethought.
Indeed thereof, the Workeman 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, halfe refolv'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;
Hee saw, they fitted many Fantasies
Much better, then what Reason can devise;
And, that, the Graver (by mere 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 pumpe 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, Desitine denies
The unr'ring of such hidden Mysteries,
In these respects: First, This containyeth nought
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth, ought,
The present-Age: Moreover, tis 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 stiled be, the second OEDIPYS:
'Tis, likewhile, thought expedient, now and then,
To make some Works, 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 Representment, worthy of their view;
And, here, we placed it, to be, to these,
A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.
A COLLECTION
OF
EMBLEMES,
ANCIENT AND
MODERNE:

Quickened
With Metrical Illustrations, both
Morall and Divine: And disposed into
Lotteries,
That Instruction, and Good Counsel, 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 Dunstanes
Church-yard. MDCXXXV.
Recensui hoc Poëma, cui titulus est (A Collection and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Modern) in quo nihil reperio, quò minus cum utilitate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses proxime sequentes Typis mandetur, hæc licentia sìt omnino irrita.

Ex ædibus Lambethanis 1634.  

Gvîl. 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 Epigrames,
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 Vertue 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 Outshades, of the other Squares
With Portraiture of some Heroicke Peeres.

If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie
This Portion of my Muses Gallerie)
Doe, 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 think them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may
(To their high praise) be found, another day,
That, in these Leaves, their Names will stand unraed,
When many fairer Structurfs, are defaced.

In this Hope, I have placed on the Fore-Front
(or before the First Book of these Emblemes) a Joint-Inscription
unto the King and Queenes most excellent Maiestie.

Upon the Right-Side-Front of this Building
(or before the Second Book) One Inscript-
Inscription to the most hopefull Prince, Charles, Prince of Wales; And, another to his deere 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 Britain, France, and Ireland, the Most Illustrious King,

CHARLES;

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

Ev'nyears are full expired, Royall Sir,
Since last I kneel'd, an offering to prefere
Before your feete; where, now, my felfe I throw
To pay once more, the Tributes which I owe.

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

And, both your beaming-ßlendors (oh yee faire,
Thrice blefted, and moft fidly-matched paire)
Upon each other, make fuch bright reflections;
And have fo sweedly mingled your affections,
Your Praise, your Pow're, your Vertues, and your Beautie:
That, (if preferring of my Soveraigne 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 fome Oblation:
And, beft, 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, wifheth 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 Morals couched ought,
By which your sacred Wisdomes may be taught:
Yet, I have humble Hopes, that, they might
Prove, fome way, an occasion of delight;
Since, meane and common Objectes, now and then,
Beget contentments in the greatest-men.

But, that before this booke, I should propose
Your prifefull Names, there is (as I suppose)
A faire inducement: For, considering thefe
Are Emblems, 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,
(* ) 3
Throughout your Lands, more Vertues might convey,
Than many Volumes, of these Emblems, may,
It seemed petty treason, to omit
This good occasion of endeavouring it.
For, (if your Majesties, well heeded were)
Your, double-triple-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 Vertues Oeconomical,
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 Vertues 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 heare)
That, all the former Times, were not acquainted,
With such a Paire, when Kings and Queens were Sainted.
The chasteest Cupids, and the gamesomest Graces,
Are always mingled in your Deare-embraços.
The mutuell enterchanges of your Loves,
May teach affection to the Turtle doves:
And, such as are, with goodly flights, delighted,
May see in You, all Excellence united.

You, Sir, who beare lower Thunders in your Fists,
And, (take this Islands Empire, when You lift)
Did never in your Orbs, a Tempest move,
But, by the Beautious Mistraft of your Love
It might be calmd. And, in your lofty Sphear, near
Most lovely Queen, you’d motions ever were
So smooth, and, so direct; that none can say,
They have withdrawne his Royal Heart away
From lust Desigues; Which, loudly speaks your Praise,
And, intimates much more, than, yet, it says.

Yea, both Your Splendors doe so glorious growe,
And, You, each other, have out-vyed so,
In these, and other Vertues; that, on You,
Should I conferre what praise I think is due,
My Lines, (which from that flame have, yet, beene cleare)
Would Flatterie scene, unto an envious ear.

But, what needs Flatterie, where the Truth may teach
To praise, beyond inmodest Flatterie reach?
Or, what needs he to feare a flandrour mouthe,
Who feekes noModes, nor utters more than Truth?
Your Princeely Vertues, what can better flow,
Than Peace, and Plenty, which have thrived so,
Whilft You have reign'd that, yet, no people see,
A Richer, or more Peacefull time, than wee?
Your Civill Actions (to the publike eye)
Are faire examples of Moralitie,
So manifiest; That, if he Truth did sing,
Who said, _The World doth imitate the King;
My Muses dare, with boldneffe to prefage,
A Chart, a Pious, and a Prosperous Age:
And, that, the stormes which, late, thefe Realmes deterr'd,
Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd
Till you Ascend; And, future times have scene,
That, your Examples have not followed beene.

Thus, you are living Emblems, to this Nation:
Which being mark'd with heedfull fpeculation,
May serve, as well, to helpe us how to fee
Our Happiness. As, what our Duties be,
And, if I might unlock all Myeries,
Which doe declare, how in a four-fold-wife,
Your Lives are useful Emblems; I, perchance,
Should vexe blind Zeale, or anger Ignorance;
And, teach well-temper'd Sprits, how to fee,
That, we, for Blessings, oft, Unthankfull be.
For, as you, Both, Prime Children are of thofe
Two Sifter-Churches, betwixt whom, yet, growes
Vnfeemely (trife; So, Ton, perhaps, may be.
An Emblem, how thofe Mothers may agree.
And, not by your Example, onely, thou,
How wrought it may be; but, effect it fo.
Yea, peradventure, God, united Ton,
That, fuch a blessed Union might enflue:
And, that, Your living-lovingly, together;
Your Christian hopefullaffe, of one another;
Your mild forbearance, harft attempts to proove;
Your mutual-waiting, untill God hall move
By fome Divine voice, or peacefull inspiration,
That Heart Which needeth better Information;
And, that, your Charities, might give a figne,
How, all the Daughters, of the Spous Divine
Might reconciled be; And, fhew, that, Swords,
Flames, Threats, and Furie, make no true Accord.

God grant a better Union may appeare:
Yet, with I not the tollering here,
Of Politicke-Agreements; (Further than
Our wholifome Laws, and, Civill-words to man,
With Piety, approving,) but, fuch, as may
Make up a belefed Concord, every way:
Might it be, if your Virtues, would become
A Glorious Blessing, to all Christian dome:
Your Emblem should, by future Generations;
Be plac'd among the famous Constellations,
And, after-times (though, Mee, this Age despife)
Would think, thefe Verses, had beene Prophecies.
The Epistle, &c.

What ever may succeed, my Pray'rs and Pov'rs
Are this way bent; with Hope, that You or Yours
Shall Helps (at leaft) become, that Breach to close,
Which, in the Seam'les-Robe, yet, wider growes.
So B° It: And, let bright your Glories bee,
For ever, though You never shine on M° E.

Your Majesty's

most Loyall Subject,

Geo: Wither.
TO THE READER.

If there had not beene some Bookes conceitedly composed, and suitabe 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 pleafant, bought mee by degrees, to love that which is truely profitable. And as David faid, His Heart thewed him the wickednepfe of the Vngodly; meaning perhaps, that bee felt in himfelfe, some Experiments, of the fame natural Corruption, by which they are overcome, who refiff not evil Suggestion at their firft motions:)

Even fo, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne Experience hath shownne mee so much of the common Ignorance and Infirmity in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, bow fuch things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.

Therefore, though I can fay no more to diffame from Vice, or to encourage men to Vertue, than hath already beene faid in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by these Endeavours, to bring that, the oftener into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed—and perhaps, by fuch circumftances, as they would not descend unto, may infinate further, alfo with fome Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Vinerary, Salt, or common Water, (which are very mean Ingredients) make Sauces more pleafing to fome, then Sugar, and Spices. In like manner, plain and vulgar notions, feafoned with a little Pleafantneffe, and relifhed with a moderate Sharpneffe, worke that, otherwife, which the moft admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, we have had frequent proffes, that a blunt left hath moved to more confideration, than a judicious Difcourfe.

I take little pleasures in Rymes, Fictions, or conceited Compositions, for their owne fake; neither could I ever take fo much pains, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than fuch as flowed forth, without Study; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in Wordy Flourishes, But, Chiefely, because thofe Verbal Conceptions, which by some, are accounted moft Elegant, are not only (for the greater part) Empitic Sounds and impertinent Clinches in themfelves; but, fuch Inventions, as do sometime, alfo, obscure the Sense, to common Readers; and, serve to little other purpose, but for Wittie men to bow Tricks one to another: For, the Ignorant understand them not; and the Wifte need them not.

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who moft need instruction) may be made ufe of, to firve up the Affection's winne Attention, or help the Memory, I approve and make ufe of, to thofe good purpofes, according as my leisure, and the meafure of my Facultie will permit; that, Vanitic
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 Verbal Elegancies, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or so banish them out of the world, because there be other things of more excellency, 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 a Wife) have alwaies intermingled Sports with Seriousness in my Inventions; and, taken in Verbal-conceites, as they came to hand, without Affectation; but, having ever aimed, rather to profit my Readers, than to gain their praise, I never pumpe for these things; and am, otherwise, contented 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 doe) 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, couched in these Emblems. Nevertheless, (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's Come) much more than the Austerer Volumes of some critical Authors; who, are by the Common-fort, therefore only, judged Wife, because they compos'd Books, which few understand, save they who need them not.

In these Lots and Emblems, I have the same aim 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, grav'd in Copper by Crispinus Passerus (with a Motto; in Greek, Latine, or Italian, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or Verues) in one of the same Languages, periphrasing those Motto's) came to my hands, almost twenty years past. The Verues were so mean, that, they were afterward cut off from the Plates; and, the Collector of the said Emblems, (whether he were the Verifier or the Graver, was neither so well advis'd in the Choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true Properties belonging to every Figure, as he might have beene.

Yet, 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 me to Moralize the rest. Which I condiscended 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
To the Reader.

To the Reader.

one strange Figures, little useful to any but to young Gravers or Painters, and as little delightfull, 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 doe 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 minde 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; ye, they that have most need to be instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructious, 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 levitie, or a childish delight in trifling Objects, hath allured them to looke on the Pictures; Curiosity may urge them to seek further, that they might seek out also their Meanings, in our annexed Illustrations; in which, may learn some Sentence, or Expreffion, so evidently pertinent to their Estates, Persons or Affections, as will (at that instant or afterwards) make way for those Considerations, which will, in large, wholly change them, or much better them, in their Conversation.

To seeking 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 as endeavoured 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 been much better, if I could have spared time from other employments. Something, 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 begunne: which (though it hath pleased some, by the more comely Version, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my Mule.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, both Literal and Material, and some Errors of the Gravers in the Figures, (as in the Tetragrammaton, in the Figure of Arion’s, and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks) but, for the most part, they are such, as Common-Readers will never perceive; and I thinke, that they who are Judicious, will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine, that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertain, 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 adjoin'd to these Four Books of Emblems.

S Tultorum plena sunt omnia. The world is grown so in Love with Folly, that the Imprinting of over-solid and Serious Treatises would undo 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 own Judgment) I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely to please the vulgar Capacity, without hindrance to my chief End. And, though that which I resolved on, be not so Plausible to Critical understandings, yet I am contented to hazard among them, so much of my Reputation, as that comes to.

I have often observed, 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 an 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, tendred 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 ripe yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-house at the Church-stile; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger days, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforesaid. To such as I was, it will be someway allowable: and perhaps, if the Wise did otherwise, when they walk abroad, to Vindicatine purposes, take up this Booke, and (without Superfitious 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 prevent 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 according to my Intentions. For, my meaning is not, that any should use it as an Oracle, which could signify, infallibly, what is divinely allotted; but, to serve onely for a Morall Pastime. And, that I may no way encourag the secret entertaining of such a Fantastick, I doe before hand affirm unto them, that none but Children, or Ideots may be tollerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.

Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot wherein his Secret vices are reprov'd, or some good Counsels proposed, which in his owne understanding are pertinent to his welfare, let not such as those, passe them ever as mere Casualties to them; for, whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they are to all these, made
made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular Knowledges and Occasions.

Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde means to reproove mens vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly beene) to 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 therein make their owne Libels; and, may (I hope) bee laughed at without my blame. If not; I doe hereby warne all such as are worthily suspected of Haynoys 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 he will make use of these 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-roome, As Chess, or Tables; and, we thinke 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 Author's Meditation upon
the sight of his Picture.

When I behold my Picture, and receive,
How vain it is our Portraiture to leave
In Lines, and Shadowess (which make thence to day,
Of that which will to morrow, fade away)

And
And, thinke, what means Relemblances at best,
Are by Mechanick 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, sothose, 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 appear
To future Times; though they were found in me,
Farre better, than I can believe 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 Wileman, 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 exactness 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 Shadows of that: Reall-being,
Which doth extend beyond the Flethly-seeing;
And, cannot be discerned, till we rife
Immortall-Obje&s, for Immortall-eyes.

Our Everlafting-Substance lies unseen,
Behind the Fouldings, of a Carnall-Screene;
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 natures:
Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,
Vntill that Vaile must be remov'd away.
For, this lov'd Fleth, wherewith, yet cloath'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 Excercicions, 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 Landscape drawn; 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 Soul, 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 hee made them; and, preserve the Table,
Still, faire and Full, as much as I were able,
By finishing, (in my allotted place)
Those Workes, for which, hee fits me by his Grace.
And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenns's just height shalld soar
No Eagle, for an Eagle, can doe more.
If therefore, of my Labours, or of Me, etc.
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, e're I went;
That, I to others, may some Pattern be,
Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,
Have beene, 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.
Ow Fond are they, who spend their precious Time
In still pursu'ing their deceiving Pleasures?
And they, that unto avery Titles clime
Or tyre themselves in hoarding up of Treasures?
For, these are Death's, who, when with weariness
They have acquired most, sweepe all away;
And leaveth them, for their Labors, to possesse
Nought but a raw-bond Carcasse lapt in clay.
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre
Vaunt much, of those Possessions they have got;
Of their new purchase'd Honours, or, the Power,
By which, they seeme to have advance't their Lots;
Of this great Multitude, there shall not Three
Remaine, for any Future age to know;
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,
As Beasts, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.
Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,
And to possesse thy Labors maugre Death,
To needful Arts and honest Actions, give
Thy Spanne of Time, and thy short blast of Breath.
In holy Studies, exercise thy Mind;
In works of Charity, thy Hands employ;
That Knowledge, and that Treasure, seek to find,
Which may enrich thy Heart with perfect joy.
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,
Despised, poore, or borne to Fortunes low,
Thy Virtue shall acquire a nobler ftre,
Then greatest Kings are able to bestow:
And, gaine these those Possessions, which, nor They,
Nor Time, nor Death, have power to take away.
The Man that hath true Wiseom, got,
Continues firm, and wavers not.

Till fixt, and with triumphant Laurel crown'd,
Is truest Wisdome; whom, expressed thus,
Among the old Impeca's, we have found;
And, much, this Emblem hath instructed us.
For, hence we learne; that, Wisdome doth not flow
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry Blas,
Or small Occasion, turneth to and fro;
But, from a Settleed head that standeth fast.
Whoe'er shouldeis him, he gives no place;
What Storme note're, his Times or Fortune's 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 signifie; And that Bay's wreath doth show
That constant Wisdome will the conquest get,
When giddy Politie prevails not so.

If, therefore, thou deirest to be taught,
Propose good Ends with honest Means thereto,
And therein Constant be, till thou hast brought
To perfect and, that Work, thou hast to doe.
Let neither Flatter'ing Pleasures, nor Disgrace,
Nor offing Censures, nor the cunning Sleights
Of glozing Sycophants, divert that Race
To which, a harmelesse Prudence, thee invites.
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,
Keepe thou a plaine right Path; and let their Course,
For no advantage, make thee change from thine,
Although it (for the present) seems the worse.
He, thus that workes, puts Politie to Schoole,
And makes the Machaevilian prove a fowle.
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, armed with Fires and Thunders, forth it came.  
By which, that great Law-maker, might inferre  
What deathfull 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 keepe in Safety, as in Ame.  
Whence, Princes (if they please) this note may take,  
(And it shall make them happily to raigne)  
That, many good and whollome Lawes to make  
Without an Executioner, is vaine.  
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, showes that Princes should affect  
Not onely, over others to Command,  
But Swords to weare, their Subjects to protect;  
And, for their Guard, extend a willing hand.  
For, Lawes, or Peace to boat of; and, the whiles,  
The Publique-meale, to weaken or difarme,  
Is nor the way to hinder Civill Broyles,  
Nor to secure it from a Foraigne harme.  
For, As by Lawes a Land is kept in frame;  
So, Armes is that, which must protect the fame.
Nwife are they that spend their youthfull Prime In Vanities; as if they did suppose That men, at pleasure, might redeeme 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 Transistorie 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 offred are) to bring thy hopes about; And, minde thou, still, what Haste away they make, Before thy swift-pac't hours 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 offred thee. And see, thou trust not on those fading things, Which by thine owne Endeavours thou acquir'd: 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 appeare. Our Emblems, thus, hath him deciphered; Balde sate before, and standing on a Wheel; A Razor in his Hand, a Winged Heele.
By Labour, Vertue may be gain'd; By Vertue, Glorie is attain'd.

ILLUS. V.

Suppose you Sirs, those mimicke Apes you meet
In strange fancifide habits or the Rabble,
That in gay clothes embroder 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 to those Wreathes which true Deserving weare?
Is Honour due to those, who spend their dayes
In courting one another or confuming
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and Flayes?
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?
Not so. For, (though such Fooles, 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 vittious Minde;
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the fame,
is nothing else, but thinking Smoke and Mind;
Of frothie Bubbles of an empty Fame.
True Glory, none did ever purchase, yet,
Till, to be Vertuous they could first attaine;
Not shall those men faire Vertues favour get,
Who labour not, such Dignities to gaine.
And, this Impresa doth inferre no leffe:
For, by the Spade, is Labour here implide;
The Snake, a vertuous Prudence, doth expresse;
And, Glorie, by the Wreath is Typifide.
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.

Illustr. VI.

Nhappy men are they, whose Ignorance
So slavest hem to the Fortunes of the Time,
That they (attending on the Lot of Chance)
Neglect by Fortune, and Deserts, to clime.

Poor Heights they be which Fortune reares unto;
And, fickle is the Favour she bestowes:
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undo;
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.

On caste Wheeles, 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 feeke a more affur'd estate,
On good, and honest Objects, fixe your Minde,
And follow Fortune, that you may a Fate
Exempt from feare of Change, or Dangers, finde.

For, he that's Vertuous, 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 haire.

His Loffe is Gaine; his Poverty is Wealth;
The Worlds Contempt, he makes his Diadem;
In Sicknesse, he rejoyceth, as in Health:
Yea, Death it felle, becommeth Life, to him.

He fears no disrespect, no bitter scorne,
Nor 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 Fortune reares him;
And, up with Egles wings, to Heav'n it beares him.
A fickle Woman wanton growne,
            Preferres a Crowd, before a Crowne.

Oole! Doft thou hope, thine Honours, or thy Gold,
            Shall gaine thee Love? Or, that thou haft her heart
            Whole hand upon thy tempting Bayes layes hold?

Alas! fond Lover, thou deceived art.
            She that with Wealth, and Titles, can be wonne,
            Or woo'd with Varnities, will way ring bee;
            And, when her Love, thou most depended on,
            A Fiddle-flickre shall winne her heart from thee.

To Tombe and Musicke, Venus leaneth most;
            And (though her hand she on the Scepter lay)
            Let Greatnesse, of her Favours never boast:
            For, Heart and Eye, are bent another way.

And lo, no glorious Purchace that Man gets,
            Who hath with such poore Trifles, woode, and wonne:
            Her footing, on a Ball, his Mistresse sets,
            Which in a moment flips, and she is gone.

A Woman, merelie with an Out side caught,
            Or tempted with a Galliard, or a Song,
            Will him forfeake (whom she most lovely thought)
            For Players and for Tumblers, ere't be long.

You, then, that with your Love shoulde ever last,
            (And would enjoy Affection without charging)
            Love where your Loves may worthily be plac'd;
            And, keepe your owne Affection, still from raging.

Use nible Means, your Longings to attaine;
            Seekke equal Minds, and well becoming Tears:
            They are (at best) vaine Fools, whom Folly gaine;

But, there is Bliss, where, Virtue most endeares:
            And, wherefo're, Affection she procureth,
            In spight of all Temptations, it endures.
This Ragge of Death, which shoull see,  
Consider it; And Pioue bee.

ILLVSTR. VIII.  
Book I.

Hy, filly Man! so much admirest thou  
Thy present Fortune? overvaluing so  
Thy Person, or the beauty of thy Brow?  
And Clos'd, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe?  
Why doft thou live in riotous Excess?  
And Boast, as if thy Flesh immortal were?  
Why doft thou gather so? Why so oppresse?  
And, o're thy Fellow-creatures, Dominere?  
Behold this Emblem; such a thing was hee  
Whom this doth represent as now thou art;  
And, such a Fleshleefe Raw bone (halt thou bee,  
Though, ye, thou seem to act a comelier part.  
Observe it well; and marke what Riglinesse  
Stares through the sightleffe Eye holes, from within:  
Note those leane Caggts; and with what Gaslinese,  
That horrid Countenance doth seeme to grin.  
Yea, view it well; and having scene the same  
Plucke downe that Pride which puffh thy heart so high;  
Of thy Proportion boast not, and (for shame)  
Repent thee of thy sinfull Panity.  
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 Pioue grow; Affeect more Honestie;  
And seeke hereafter thy Creators praise.  
So though of Breath and Beauty Time deprive thee,  
New Life, with endlessse Glorie, God will give thee.
Before thou bring thy Workes to Light,
Consider on them, in the Night.

ILLUSTR. IX.

N Owle (the Hieroglyphick used for Night)
Twixt Mercury and Pallas, here takes place,
Vpon a crown'd Caduceus fixt upright;
And, each a Cornucopia doth imbrac.
Through which darke Emblem, I this Light perceiv;
That, such as would the Wit and Wealth acquire,
Which may the Crowne of approbation have,
Must wake by Night, to compasse 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, (for our Sake)
And, ere in weighty Matters thou proceed,
Consider well upon them; let they draw
Some Afterclaps, which may thy Mischiefe breede.
I, for my seriou't Muses, chuse the Night;
(More friend to Meditation, then the Day)
That neither Noyle, 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 feares,  
How great it ever it appeares.

[Image of a dolphin and a violin]

ILLVSTR. X.  
Book I.

When some did seek Arion to have drown'd,  
He, with a dreader's heart his Temples crown'd;  
And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,  
He play'd on his melodiou's Instrument;  
To shew, that Innocence dislayn'd Fear,  
Though to be swallow'd in the Deeps it were.  
Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe  
A Dolphin took him, for his Musick's sake:  
To intimate, that Virtue shall prevale  
With Bruiified Creatures, if with Men it fail.

Most vain is then their Hope, who dreame they can  
Make wretched, or undone, an Honest-Man;  
For, he whom Vertuous Innocence adornes,  
Injurious Cruelties; and, Perill Scornes.  
Yea, that, by which, Men purpose to undoe him,  
(In their delight) shall bring great Honours 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 Works sweet Musick 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 House of Mourning are,  
And, what Good-Conscience can afford them there.

Yet, Dolphin-like, their Innocence hath read'd  
Their Heads above those Dangers that appear'd.  
God hath vouchsaf'd their harmlesse Cause to heed,  
And, ev'n in Thraldome, to their Hearts hath freed,  
That, whilst they seem'd oppress'd and forlorn,  
They joy'd, and Sung, and Laugh'd the World to scorn.
A Foole, in Folly taketh Paine,
Although he labour still in vaine.

Illustr. XI. Book I.

Mafie Mil-stone up a tedious Hill,
With mighty Labour, Sifphus doth roll:
Which being rais'd a'loft, downe-tumbleth still,
To keepe imployed his afflicted Soule.

On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd;
And (though in vaine) it must be still aflayd:
But, some, by no Necessity inclos'd,
Upon themselves, such needlestle Tasks have layd.

Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)
That they are wore and weary'd out in vaine,
They madly toyle to plunge themselves in Woe;
And, seekc uncertaine Ease, in certaine Paine.

Such Fooles are they, who dreame they can acquire
A Minde-content, by Lab'ring still for more:
For, Wealth encreasinc, doth encreace Desire,
And makes Contentment lesser then before.

Such Fooles are they, whose Hopes doe vainely stretch
To climbe by Titles, to a happy Height:
For, having gotten one Ambitious Reach,
Another comes perpetually in sight.
And, their stupidity is nothing lesse,
Who dreame that Flesh and Blood may rayfed be
Up to the Mount of perfell Holinesse:
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.
Yet, we are bound by Faith, with Love and Hope,
To roll the Stone of Good-Endeav'our, still,
As neere as may be, to Perfections top,
Though backe againe it tumble downe the Hill.
So: What our Workes had never power to doe,
God's Grace, at last, shall freely bring us to.
As to the World I naked came,
So, naked-stript I leave the same.

This happy is that Man whose Thoughts doe rare
His Minde above that pitch the Worldling flies;
And by his Contemplations, hovers where
He viewseth 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 Mixtes, Scepters, Crownes,
And all those Glories which Men most esteeme \\
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,
Brave things imagines them (because they blinde
With somefalse Luftre his beguiled sight)
He that's above them, their meanest-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-infesting Angel went.
And, let me still remember, that an Hour
Is hourly coming 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.
The text reads:

O wonder he a prosp'rous Voyage findes
That hath both Sailes and Oares to serve his turne,
And, still, through means 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 means, alone,
Consists it, that our Hope succeedes or failes;
But, most in that, which Men leaft 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,
Whilst others labour, and are cast away.
Some others, on this Worlds wide Ocean float,
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 Industrie, 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 compleat it:
And, though Meanes faile, yet foster no mistrust;
But fearlessly, to God, your Course commit:
For, Hee, to Faithfull Hearts, and Honest Minde
Turnes Loss to Gaine; and Stormes to prosp'rous Winds.
Though he endeavour all he can,
An Ape, will never be a Man.

Hat though an Apish-Pigme, in attire,
His Dwarfish Body Gya-t-like, array e
Turne Brave, and get him stilts to seem the higher?
What would (o doing, handsome him I pray?
Now, surely, such a Mimicke fight as that,
Would with excessive Laughter move your Spleene,
Till you had made the little Dandiprat,
To lye within some Auger-hole, unseen.

I must confess I cannot chuse but smile,
When I perceive, how Men that worthlesse are,
Piece out their Imperfections, to beguile,
By making howes, of what they never were.
For, in their borow'd Shapes, I know those Men,
And (through their Maces) such insight of them have;
That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then) How much they favour of the Foole or Knave.

A Pigme-y-spirit, and an Earthly-Minde,
Whose looke is onely fixt on Objects vaine;
In my esteme, so meanes a place doth finde,
That ev'ry such a one, I much refrain.
But, when in honour'd Robert I see it put,
Betrimm'd, as if some thing of Worth it were,
Look big, and on the Stills of Greatnesse, stand;
From scorning it, I cannot then forbear.
For, when to grossie Worthinesse, Men add Theose Duke, which to the Truth-worth pertain;
Tis like an Ape, in Humane-Vestments clad,
Which, when most fine, deserveth most disdain:
And, more absurd, those Men appear to me,
Then this Fantasick-Monkey seemes to thee.
I pine, that others may not perish,
And waste my Selfe, their Life to cherish.
When we observe the Ball, how to and fro
The Gamblers 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 constrain
To stoop, and knock the Pavements of Despair;
Hope, like a Whirlwind mounts us up again;
Till it loft us in the empty air.
Sometimes, above the Battlements we looke;
Sometimes, we quite below the Line are loft:
Another-while, against the Hazard strooke,
We, but a little want, of being loft.

Detraction, Envie, 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 pleas us;
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,
More great they make our Fall, and more displease us.
Yea, they that seek our Loss, advance our Gain;
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 Air they fly;
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,
We hopefull are to be advance'd thereby:
And, when they shew us quite unto the Ground,
Then, up to Heav'n, we trule, we shall rebound.
Till God hath brought us to his Will,
The Hammer we shall suffer still.

HY should the 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 blowes of Fortune undergoe,
And hazard, o'er, the blast of Evill Fame,
Before a Good-Report her Trumpete 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 lafting prayses 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, despight.
For, by Afflictions, man refined growes,
And, (as the Gold prepared in the Fire)
Receipth such a Forme by wrongs and blowes,
That he becomes the Jewel we desire.
To thee therefore, Oh God! My Prayers are
Not to be freed from Grievses and Troubles quite:
But, that they may be such as I can beare;
And, serve to make me precious in thy Sight.
This please me shall, though all my Life time, I
Betwene thine Anvil and the Hammer, lie.
He nimble spider from his entrails draws
A little thread, and curious art doth show
In weaving nets, not much unlike those laws
Which catch small-thieves, and let the great ones go.
For, as the cob-web takes the lesser flies,
When those of larger size break through their snares;
So, poor-men smart for little injurys,
When rich men scape, whose guilt is more than 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 meanes those greedy Cormorants
Who without touch, of conscience or compassion,
Seek how to be enrich'd by others wants,
And bring the poor to utter desolation.

Avoid them therefore, though compelld by need;
Or if a storme inforce, (yea lab'ring bees)
That yee must fall among them; fly with speed
From their commerce, when calmer your passage frees.
Much more, let wastfull gallants haste from these;
Else, when those idling-painted butterflies,
Have flutter'd out their summer-time, in cace,
(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 slowe.

ILLVSTR. XIX.

Experience 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 fought
With too much Rashnesse, those things they desir'd,
That they have brought most likely Hopes to nought;
And, in the middle of their Courses, stir'd.

And, not a few, are found who fo much wrong
God's Gratitude, as if their thinkings were,
That (seeing he deferares 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 contemplate the slow-pac'd Snail;
Or, this our Hieroglyphicke looke into:

For, thence we learne, that Perseverance brings
Large Workes to end, though slowly they creep on;
And, that Continuance perfects many things,
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.

It warns, likewise, that some Affairs require
More Speed than Haste: And that the Course we take,
Should sute as well our Strength, as our Desire;
Elle (as our Proverbe faith) Haste, Waste may make.
And, in a Mystick-sense, it seemes to preach
Repentance and Amendment, unto thse
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond God's Reach;
Because, he long deferares deserved Blows:
For, though Sift- Vengeance moveth like a Snail;
And slowly comes; her comming will not faile.
One Men, when for their Actions they procure
A likely colour, (be it here so vaine)
Proceed as if their Projects were as fine,
As when Sound Reason did their Course maintayne:
And these not much unlike those Children are,
Who through a Storme advent'ring desparately,
Had rather on their Heads, a Sife to bee,
Then Cour'ring, that may serve to kepe them drye.
For, at a distance that perchance is thought
A help'full Shelter; and, yet, proves to those
Who neede 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 promife their Projectors hopefull ends,
Shall finde them, in the Tryall, to beguile;
And, that both Shame and Want, on them attends.
Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare
Rich men to others) doe, with Inward-payne,
A gladforme out-ward Fame desire to bee;
Though they at laft nor Wealth nor Credit gaine.
And, such are all those Hypocrites, who strive
Fals Hearts beneath Faire spoken Words to hyde:
For, they o'rwale themselves but with a Sife,
Through which, their purposes at length are hyde.
And, then, they either woefully-lament
Their Bruntish-folly, or so hardned grow
In Sinning, that they never can repent,
Nor, jest and scoffe at their owne Overthrow.
But no fals Falsie can serve (when God will smite)
To save a Scourer, or an Hypocrite.
Death is no Losse, but rather, Gaine; For wee by Dying, Life attaine.

Will not blame those grieved Hearts that shed Becoming-teares, for their departed Friends; Nor those who sigh out Passions for the Dead; Since, on Good natures, this Diseafe attends.

When Sorrow is conceiv'd, it must have Vent (In Sighes or Mournfull) or the Heart will break; And, much they aggravate our Discontent.

Yet, since our Fidelity may require we should Remembrances admit to keep us from Excess in Grieues: this Emblem here behold, And take such Hope as may our Tears become.

The Wheat, although a while it lyes in Earth, (And seemeth loft) consumes not quite away; But, from that Womb receives another Birth.

And, with Additions, riseth from the Clay.

Much more shall Man revive, whose worth is more:

For, Death, who from our Bodies will us refine,

Vnto that other Life, becomes the Door;

Where, we in immortal Life shall shine.

When once our Glass is runne, we plentifully Give up our Souls to Death; So Death must give Our Bodies backe againe, that we, thereby,

The Light of Life eternall, may receive,

The Venom'd Sting of Death is took away;

And, now, the Grave, that was a Place of Fear,

Is made a Bed of Rest, wherein we may

Lye downe in Hope, and bide in safety, there.

When we are Born, to Death-ward straight we runne;

And by our Death, our Life is new-beginne.
When Vice and Vertue Youth shall wooe,
Tis hard to say, which way 'twill goe.

ILLUSTR. XXII. Book I.

My hopeful Friends at thrice five years and three,
Without a Guide (into the World alone)
To seeke my Fortune, did adventure me;
And, many hazards, I alighted on.
First, Englands greatest Renowne I sought,
Where Vice and Vertue at the highest fit;
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 to pleasing both their Offers were,
Vice, Pleasures best Contentments promis'd mee,
And what the wanton Flesh desires to have:
Quoth Vertue, I will Wisdome give to thee,
And those brave things, which noblest Minds do crave.
Serve me saith Vice, and thou shalt some acquire
All those Achievements which my Service brings:
Serve me saith Vertue, and I'll raise thee higher,
Then Vice's can, and teach thee better things.

Whil'st thus they strive to gaine me, I espied
Grim Death attending Vice, and that her Face
Was but a painted Fizard, which did hide
The foul't Deformity that ever was.
LORD, grant me grace for evermore to view
Her Vizimenes: 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 thrufis in his pawes;
Adventur eth to clime up hollow Trees,
And from their Cells, the well fill'd Comb es he drawes:
Right so, the Sensuall Man that he may gaine
His bruitish Luft, a thousand perills 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 Virtue, and is thought her Lover,
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,
To make him such Affections to give-over.
For, why should that Vaine-Crew whose Valour springs
From beaftly Fur y, or inflamed-Pa sion,
Enabled be to compafs bolder things,
Then Sober Wit, and Grave Consideration?
Or, why should I lifping Wantons, for their Luft
So much adventure as one finger, there,
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thruf
For V rites Glory, if it needfull were?
For, though her Sweetness fift is closed-in
With many Thorns, and fuch 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 Consentment had,
Then ever I acquir'd by Slothful Eafe;
And, I by Griefe, fo joyfull have beene made,
That I will beare my Graffe, while God shall please.
For, fo at last my Soule may joy procure,
I care not, in my Flesh what I endure.
Who by good Meanes, good things would gaine,
Shall never seeke, nor aske in vaine.

N vaine faire Cynthia never taketh paines,
Nor faints in fol'wing her desired Game;
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she striaines,
The winged Arrow surety hits the same.
Her Pidure, therefore, in this place doth shew
The Nature of their Minded who Cynthia-like,
With Constantie their Purposes pursue,
And faint not till they compass what they seeke.
For, nothing more God-like in this World is found,
Then so Resolv'd a man, that nothing may
His Resolution alter or confound,
When any task of Worth, he doth affay.
Nor, is there greater Base-nesse, than those Minded
That from an Honest-purpose, can be wrought
By Treasurings, Bribes, Smooth-Gales or Boyz'rous Windes,
What ever colour or excuse be brought.
You then, that would, with Pleasure, Glory gaine,
Diana like, those modest things require,
Which truely may becom thine to attaine;
And stoutly 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't;
Nor, will they stop the Course that they are in,
Till they bring their purpose to effec't.

For, whosoever Honest things requires,
A Promise hath of all that he desires.
Oft Shooting, doth not Archers make;
But, hitting right the Marke they take.

Hen to the Fields we walke to looke upon
Some skilfull Mark-man; so much heed do we not
As we observe how nigh the Marke he shot:
And, justly we deride that Man who spends
His time and shafts, but never ay me 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, heetheth rather how well meant they were,
And, at his Will how rightly aim'd we have.
It is not mumbling over thrice a day
A set of Ave Maries, or of credos;
Or many hours 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 weke,
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 wisdom crave
Those many vanities, wherewith some cumber
Their bodies, as if those their souls 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.

**ILLUSTR. XXVI.**

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 Dry,
Nor feareth to adventure through the Rain;
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may;
Vntil the Seafon 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 faine
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, whill'ot 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 Seafons) 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 Darkenesse, makes much welcome, the Day.
All Grieues shall have an ending, I am sure;
And, therefore, I with Patience, will Endure.
Where Hellen is, there will be Warre;
For, Death and Luft, Companions are.

Heir foolish Guife, I never could affect,
Who dare, for any caufe, 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.
Chast Company, and Chast Discourse, doth make
The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;
And, frequent views of Wantonnesse, 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 Quarrels, there, their Dayes have ended.
For, in the Lodgings of a Lustfull Woman,
Immodest Impudence hath still her Being;
There, Furies, Fraud, and Cruelties are common:
And, there, is Want, and Shame, and Disagreeing.
Ev'n Beauty, of it felt, stirs 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 we;e;
That, there, where Hellen is, Troyes Fate will bee.
No inward Griefe, nor outward Smart,
Can overcome a Patient-Heart.

OME TREES, when Men oppresse their Aged Heads,
(With waigthy Stones) they frustrifie 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 times and Gentiles, joyn'd their Powre
The Lord, and his Annoynted, to withstand;
(With raging Furies, lab'ring to devour
And roote the Gospel, out of ev'ry Land)
The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murthered;
The more, the Faithfull, still, were multiply'd:
And, still, the further, their Profession spread.

Yea, so it spred, that quite it overthrew
Ev'n Tyranny itself; that, at the last,
The Patience of the Saints, most pow'full grew,
And Persecutions force, to ground was cast.

The selfe-same Pow'r, true Patience, yet retains,
And (though a thousand Sufferings wound the same) She still hath Hope enough to eafe her paynes;
That Hope, which keepeth off, all Fears and Shame:
For, 'tis not Hunger, Cold, nor Fire, nor Steele,
Nor all the Scornes or Slanders, we can heare,
Nor any Torment, which our Flesh can feel;
That conquers us; but, our owne Tray'trous Fears.
Where, honest Minde's, and Patient Hearts, are Mates;
They grow victorious, in their Hardest-Fates.
By many Strokes, that Worke is done,
Which cannot be perform'd at One.

Etpaire not Man, in what thou oughtst to doe,
Although thou faile when one Attempt is made;
But, add a New-Eendeavour thereunto,
And, then another, and another, addde:
Ye, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,
Perfist in seeking what thou shouldest desire;
For, he that faileth 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 thousand weary steps he clime,
Doth foole himeselfe, by Musing which are vaine.

And, yct, there is a Path way, which doth leade
Above the highest things that Man can see;
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread
The Common-Track) it may ascended be.
As, therefore, none shou'd greater things presume
Then well becomes their strength; So, none shou'd feare
(Through Folly, Sloth, or Basenesse) to assume
Those things upon them, which becomming 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 Arme, I know, in time will fell an Oke;
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a Stroke.

Afflictions
Afflictions Fire consumeth Sinne;  
But, Vertue taketh Life therein.

Hether the Salamander be a Beast,
Or Precious-Stone, which overcomes the Flame,

The Meaning which we purpose by the fame:
Both brooke the Fire unhurt; And (more then so)

The fiercer and the longer Heats there are,
The livelier in the fame 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 Path way, of Perfection.

The Fiery Tryall, which like Wood and Hay,
Consumes the Workes of ev'ry Wicked-one;
(And maketh all their Hopes to fume away)

Doth purifie what Faithfull-men have done.
Th'ry triumph in the Flames, and shall obtaine
The glorious Crowne of Endlesse-Happiness,

When all that show of Bliss appeareth vaine,
Which Worldly 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 Counterfitted 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 Wildome 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 varieth, as they move.

Moreover, Holy Writ inferres, that these
Have some such pow'r; ev'n 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 refilt 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 Soul of Man is nobler than the Spheres;
And, if I gaine the Place which may be had,
Not here alone on Earth, the Rule it bares,
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 wayt on thee.

A Prince
A Princes most ennobling Parts,
Are Skill in Armes, and Love to Arts.

Right blest are they on whom God hath bestowne
A King, whose Vertues have approved him
To be an Ornament unto his Throne,
And as a Lustre to his Diadem.
Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe
His People, by those meanes that rightfull are;
But, doth unto himselfe, become a Law,
And, by Example, Pious Wayer declare.
He, loveth Peace, and after it pursues;
Yet, if of Warre a just occasion come,
Doth nor Bellona's Challenges refuse,
Nor feare, to beat Defiance on his Drum;
He is as ready, also, to advance
The Lib'ral Arts, and from his Lands to drive
All false Religion, Schisme, and Ignorance,
As other publike profits to contrive.
And, such a Prince is not a Casuall-thing,
The Glories of a Throne, by Chance, possessing;
Nor meerely from his Parents, doth he spring,
But, he is rather God's immediate Blessing.
If thou desir'st 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 vaine-glorious end;
But, to maintaine the Cause that is upright,
Or thy distressed Country to defend.
And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee
In Knowledge, as thou art in thy Degree.
True-Lovers Lives, in one Heart lye,
Both Live, or both together Dye.

*Illustr. XXXIII.*

See that shall say he Loves, and was againe
So well-belov'd, that neither Hee nor Shee
Suspe'st 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 grosse 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 same;
Which (having made a faire deceiving Show)
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.

For, False- Affections will together play
So lovingly; and, oft, do act those Parts
Which reall seeme; that, for a time, they may
App: are the Children of Vnseign'd Hearts:
Yea, Many-times, true Turtles are deceiv'd
By counterfeited Passions, till their Love
Of her true Object finds her selfe bereav'd;
And, after it, is forced to remove:
But, where True Love begetteth, and enjoys
The proper Object, which shee doth desire,
Nor Time, nor Injury the same destroys;
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 Petills, it will him pursuue.
Thus, both in Life, in Death, in all estates,
True-Lovers will be true-Affociates.
When Two agree in their Desire,  
One Sparke will set them both on Fire.

ILLVSTR. XXXIV.    Book. I.

He 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 gentleft 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 struggling Hearts but seldom doe agree,  
Till they beget, a Selfe devouring Flame.  
And, thirdly, it informs, that those shaft Fires  
Which on Loves Altars keep a lasting Heat;  
Are those, which in two Hearts, two Like Desires  
Upon each other, mutually beget.  
Hence, therefore, learn thou, first, not to content  
Their Mildness, who to anger are not prone;  
Left, many wrongs doe stirre up Fires in them,  
And worke thee Mischiefe, when thou lookst for none.  
Be wary, next, though thou thy self be strong;  
How with a powrful Foe thou dost contend;  
For, they that wrestle in Contention, long,  
Will, fire, blow their Madneffe, in the end.  
And, if to warm thee by Loves Fires thou secke,  
Thy Pore in Tears, and Murmurs, pray to finde;  
Let both your Asymes, and Longings, be alike;  
Be one in Faith, and Will; and, one in Mind:  
So, you shall reap the fruits of your Desire,  
And warme each other with a kindly Fire.
He that delights to Plant and Set,
Makes After-Ages in his Debt.

ILLUSTR. XXXV. Book. 1.

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 Kingdoms praise)
And, when I minde with how much greedineffe,
We feeke the present Gaine, in every thing;
Not caring (so our Lust we may possess)
What Dammage to Posterity we bring:
They doe, me-thinkes, as if they did foresee,
That, some of those, whom they have caufe to hate,
Should come in Future-times, their Heires to be:
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate?
For, if they think their Children shall succeed;
Or, can believe, that they begot their Heires;
They could not, surely, doe so 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 lavifhly imploy
To serve our present Lusts; and, for no more.

But, let these careleffe Waf ters learne to know,
That, as Harne-Spoyle is open Injury;
So, Planting is a Debt, they truly owe,
And ought to pay to their Posterity.
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 Esbridge (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 appeares 
A goodly Fowle, and bears his Head so high, 
As if he could overtop the lower Spheres; 
And, farre above the towering Eagles flie; 
So ufedlye 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 these, are that Gay-plumed Crew, 
Which (to high place and Fortunes being borne) 
Are men of goodly worth, in outward view; 
And, in themselves, deserve not euerles but scorn. 
For, though their Trappings, their high-lifted Eyes, 
Their Lofty Words, and their Much-feared Pwers, 
Doe make them seeme Heroike, Stout, and Wise; 
Their Hearts are oft as foud, and faint as ours. 
Such Animals as these, are also those 
That Wise, and Grave, and Learned Men doe seeme 
In Title, Habit, and all Formall flowers; 
Yet, have nor Wit, nor Knowledge, worth esteeme. 
And, lastly, such are they, that, having got Wealth, Knowledge, and those other Gifts, which may Advance the Publique Good, yet, use them not; 
But Feede, and Sleepe, and lase their time away. 
He, may be but a Goose, which weares the Quill; 
But, him we praise, that useth it with Skill.


He that his Course directly Steers,
Nor Stormes, nor Windy-Censures feares.

Illustr. XXXVII.

For ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,
Is as a Pilot, to some Peßel 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, besides,
(To those compar'd, which of small Barkes have charge)

Some others, rule great Provinces; and, they
Resemble Captains of huge Argoses:

But, when of Kingdomes, any gayne the Sway,
To Generalls of Fleets, we liken these.

Each hath his proper Course to him assign'd,
His Card, his Compasse, his due Tacklings, too;
And, if their Business, as they ought, they mind,
They may accomplifh all they have to doe.

But, most Men leave the Care of their owne Course,
To judge or follow others, in their ways;
And, when their Follies make their Fortunes worse,
They curse the Destiny, which they should prays.

For, Waves, and Windes, and that oft-changing Weather
Which many blame, as cause of all their Losses,
(Though they obserue it not) helps bring together
Thofe Hopes, which their own Wisedome, often crofes.

Regard not, therefore much, what thofe things be,
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy Way;
Nor, how, Rash. Lookers-on will cenfure thee;
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, aflay:

For, if thou think not from this Counfell vary,
Let my Hopes fail me, if thy Hopes miscarry.

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

ILLVSTR. XXXVIII. Book. I.

Hen th' Ancients made a solemne League or Vow, Their Custome 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 Vmage, as that Beast. For, by the Swine that they had slauhtered so, (Which, during Life, was helpefull 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, Defery'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 should in Vowes, In Leagues, and Oathes, assume no Liberty, But, what sincerest Honesty allowes. But 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 endeavore for, Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd; Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre, At leaft, the Danger let him well regard: For, to pursue him, Vengeance never leaves, That falsely Sweares, or willingly Deserves.
Troubled Minde, ore-charged with Desires,
Betweene great Hopes, and no leffe Feares oppreß,
And payned inwardly with secret Fires,
Was thus, by some, in former times expreß.
A Smoking Heart, they placed just betwixt
A Fasned Anchor, and a Bended Bow;
To which a Barbed-Arrow seemed fixt,
And, ready from the Strayned String to goe,
The Smoke doth Sighcs, the Anchor doth declare
That Hope. which keeps us from Despairing quite;
The Bowe and Arrow, signifie that Feare,
Which doth, perpetually, the Soule affright.
And, by this Emblem, it appears to me
That they which are with strong Desires oppreß,
(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 Wiseman faith, ev'n Hope-Delayd
Torments the Heart; and, when Desire is curbed,
The Soule becommeth fad, and ill-apayd.
A Groundlesse-Hope, makes entrance for Despair,
And with Deceiving-flowes the Heart betrayes:
A Caufelesse Feare, doth Reasons force impaire,
And, terrifies the Soule, in double full wayes.
Yet, quite neglect them not; For, Hope repells
That Griefe sometimes, which would our Hearts oppreße.
And, Feare is otherwhile the Sentinel,
Which rouzeth us from dang'rous Careless.
Thus, Both are good: but, Both are Plagues to such,
Who either Fainely feare, or Hope too much.
Hen you doe next behold the wanton Eyes
About the shinning Candle, come to play,
Vnill 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 Tender of Desire,
But, shun the Mischief, e're too late it grow,
Left you be scorched in that Foolish Fire.

For, as those Wandring Fires which in the Night,
Do lead unwary Travellers astray,
Alluring them, by their deceiving Sig's,
Till they have altogether lost their way:
Right so fantastick Beauty doth amaze
The Luft full Eye, allures the Heart aside,
Captive the Senses (by a sudden blaze)
And, leaves the Judgement wholly stupify'd.
Nay, if Men play too long about those Burning,
Such is the Nature of their wanton Flame,
That, from their Bodies (unawares) it scorches
Thos Wringg and Feet, on which they thither came.
It wasteth (even to nothing) all their Wealth,
Consumes their precious Time, destroys their Strength.
Befots their Honest Fame, impaires their Health,
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
Let him, that at God's Altar stands,
In Innocence, with his Hands.

I L L U S T R. X L I.

Book. I.

When (Reader) thou hast first of all surveyed
That Reverend Priest, which here ingrafts Hands,
In all his Holy Vestiments 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'st
Before God's Altar to present thy Face;
Or, in the Rags of thine owne Merits com'st,
Shalt reap Displeasure, where thou look'st 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 befitting to that High-Degree.
Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,
With Gifts unfit, or by an Evil mean:
Desire it with a right Intention too;
And, seek to keep thy Conversation clean.
For, they that have assu'm'd this Holy-Calling,
With Hands impure, and Hearts uncleanify'd,
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 Purity, doth fo despise,
That, all their Hopes, he turneth to Despair:
And, all their best Endeavours, countermands,
Till they appear with unpolluted Hands.
No Heart can think, so what strange ends,
The Tongues unruly, Motion tends.

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 weigh'd.
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 betray's;
And, uttereth Curstes, 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, causeth Vproares, Murthers, and Debates.
Yea, tis the chiefest Factor for the Devill;
And, yet, with speeches feignedly-sincere,
It otherwhile reproveth what is Evill,
And, will in Lowly-words, a Saint appeare.
Now this is knowne; we, next of all, shoulde learne,
How we may hunne the Mischiefes being knowne;
How, we bad Tongues, in Others, may disserne;
And, how to guide and moderate our Ownne.
And, reason good; for, none can apprehend,
What Mischiefes doth an Evill Tongue attend.
The Mind should have a fixed Eye
On Objects, that are plac’d on High.

A 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 Minde, which on Celestiall Matters mus’d:
Implying, by the same, that there is nought
Which in this lower Orb, 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 Minde
(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 Tombs, 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.
Thofe Fields, which yet appeare not fo,  
When Harvest comes, will yellow grow.

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 Sweetnesse and their Beautie's loft.

Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:  
In Youth, our Glories, and our Luffs we shew;  
We fill our selves 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 paffe; that, Summer steales 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 fruitful Womb, where Plenty breeds.

There; will be Corne, where nought but More appereas;  
The Dutty Seed, will forme a greenish blade;  
The Blade, will rife to Stemmes with fruitfull Eares;  
Thofe Eares, will ripen, and be yellow made.

So, if in honest Hopes, thou persever,  
A Joyfull Harvest will at last appeare.
As soone as wee to bee begunne; 
We did beginne to be undone.

Hen some, in former Ages, had a meaning 
An Emblem, of Mortality, to make, 
They form'd an Infant, on a Death-head leaning, 
And, round about, encircled with a Snake. 
The Child so pictur'd, was to signifie, 
That, from our very Birth, our Dying springs; 
The Snake, her Tail devouring, doth imply 
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 thinke 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 arife; 
That, moves, untill it felle it fo imaire, 
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, descendent 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 wheel about; and, each Beginning, 
Made entrance to it owne Destruction, hath. 
The Life of Nature, entreteth 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-eternall, straight beginne.
Though very small, at first, it be,
A Sprout, at length, becomes a Tree.

ILLVSTR. XLVI. Book. I.

Ee finde it common (but not comely thou)
That, when a good Endeavour is begot,
Wandle, at very first, it equally grow
With our Expectance, we regard it not.
Nor Wit, nor Patience, have we to conceive,
That ever 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 believe’d have bin.
For, though a Gosling will not prove a Swan,
Vnruly-Colts become well-train’d Steeds;
A Silly-Child growes up a Mighty-Man,
And, Lofty-Trees doe Spring from Little-Seeds.

Lerne, therefore hence, that, nothing you despise,
Because it may, at first, imperfect seem:
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to prize,
Although, you give them not the best esteeme.
From hence, moreover, lerne, not to despaine;
When you have just occasion, to pursuie
A toylesome worke, or any great affaire:
Since, all-things, at the first, from nothing, grew.
And, I say seale will, also, lerne, from hence,
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence;
But, rather joy in what befallen thee.
For, though my Hope 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 is.

Illustr. XLVII. Book I.

Serpent rais'd above the Letter Tau,
Aspiring to a Crown, is figur'd here:
From whence, a Christian-Moral we may draw,
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 climbed be;
And, what Reward, shall thereupon attend.
The Cross, doth teach, that Suffering is the Way;
The Serpent, seems to teach me, that, if I
Will overcome, I must not then, affay
To force it; but, my selfe thereto apply.
For, by embracing what we shall not flanne,
We wind about the Cross, till wee arife
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 bear that Part, whereto 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 rea'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.
Et no man be so fottish as to dreame,
Though all Men in their Death made equall are,
That, therefor, 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 esteeme) 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 disseeme the breathleffe Carcase
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 lesse regard.
That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,
Is this; that ev'ry Man of each degree,
Would make it so, that he, himselfe might teach
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper be.
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 secke, 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 Crown 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 Leasure, and Degrees, is gain'd.

Ome 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 practice, to make short their stay,
Prolongs it more; for while they seek to force
The Sands, to run 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 seek to make the subject of an Art.
Sometimes, by Raifmese, 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 Gentleness, which we neglect.

But, let this Emblem teach us to regard
What Way of Working, to each Work 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 be wrought:
Although the Reed will bend, the Kexe will breake;
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.
Of Little-Gaines, let Care be had;
For, of small Eares, great Mowes 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, so many, it appeareth none.

I finde, that petty things are so neglected
(Well nigh of all) in Losses and in Winnings,
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,
Subsisted without Members, or Beginnings.
The Man, that loseth every Month a Penny,
May make 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 Vessell drop,
(Although a Drop, in value, be but small)
Should, thence, Occasion take, the Leake to stop,
Left many Droppings draine him drye of all.
Moreover, they, that will to Greatnesse rise,
A Course, not much unlike to this, must keep:
They ought not Small-Beginnings to despise;
Nor, strive to runne, before they learn to creep.
By many single Eares, together brought,
The Hand is fill'd; by Handfulls, 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 best 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, doft 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 showes thee, too,
What to shunne; and, what to doe.

See, Emblem I.

2

It is a little fear'd, that you
Are to your owne DeSignes, 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, ingrave
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 poast,
That, for awhile, some Hopes are crost.
Put, loe, to kepe thee from Despaire,
And, thy Misfortune, to repare,
Marke, what to thee, by Lot, befell,
And, practife, what is counsell'd, well.

See, Emb. IV.
The First Lotterie.

5
Thou seekest Honour, to obtaine,
By meanses, 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.

6
This Man, what ever 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 same will shew.

See, Emb. VI.

7
If some, now present, this had got,
They, would have blushed, at their Lot;
Since, very fit, the same 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, oneely, drew,
See what, your Emblem hath injoynd;
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'lt fottish grow:
Bur, Io, your hindrance, to prevent,
This Lot, was, peradventure, sent;
For, in the Moralls, that, influe,
Are Counsell, fit, for such as you.

See, Emb. IX.
The First Lotterie.

You, have beene wronged, many ways,
Yet, patience are; and, that's your praise:
Your Actions, also, seem'd upright;
Yet, sometheare are, that, heare you spite:
Left, therefore, you discourag'd grow,
An Emblem, you have drawne, to show
What other Innocents have borne,
And, how, the worlds spite, to scorne.

See, Emb. X.

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,
Or, some other Bus'ness, doing;
Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,
Or, much hazzard all your paine:
Yet, if good, your meanings are,
Do not honest means forbear;
For, where things are, well, begunne,
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 Souls 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 needy-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'ft thy selfe, in wanton wayes;
But, some have thought, and sayd of late,
That, those thou lov'st, consume thy state:
Yet, spare nor Time, nor Substance, tho,
Where, them, thou oughtest to bestow;
But, to thine Emblem turne, and, see
When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.

See, Emb. X V.

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, 'har, which Malice did contrive,
To make them poore, hath made them thrive.
That Emblem, which, by Lot, you drew,
Prognosticates, as much, for you.

See, Emb. X VI.

17

Though, you suffer blame and paine,
You, at last, may Comfort gains;
(Sharing Honours, truely 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.

See, Emb. X VII.

18

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

See, Emb. X VIII.

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 Wariness, then Speed.
But, you, to God ward, worse have err'd;
And, yet, Amendment is deferr'd.
See, therefore, what your Chance doth say,
And, take good Counsell, while you may.

See, Emb. X IX.
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, unsee 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 nere the worse, for this.

See, Emb. X X.

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 play,
Pales Death, draws nearer, ev'ry day.
Yet, let them not, disheartned, bee:
For, in their Emblem, they shall see,
Death, may (though, in appearance, grim)
Become, a blessing, unto them.

See, Emb. X X I.

With Mary, thou art one of those,
By whom, the better part, is chose;
And, though, thou tempted art, astray,
Contiu'ft 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 shalt see,
What Hag, hath layd a Trap, for thee.

See, Emb. X X II.

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,
Ere, so, you venture, any more;
And, in your Lotted Emblem, see,
For what, your Sufferings ought to bee.

See, Emb. X X III.

If ought, thou purpose, to a筵,
Purse the same, without delay;
And, if thou meane 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 IV.
Take heed, thou love not their deceip,  
Who Number give, in stead 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, thence, what  
Thine Emblem, will, to thee relate.

See, Emb. XXV.

Thou, to Impatience, art inclin'd;  
And, hast a discontented Minde;  
That, thencefore, thou mayst Patience learn,  
And, thine owne Over-sights 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;  
Thencefore, e're, 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-wayes, purse.

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 chiefest Lot;
Yea, great ones, too: yet, murmur not.
For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,
And, from their Droste be purify'd.
Therefore, though this, in sort, be done,
Thy Morall'd Emblems, looke upon;
And, learne, those Virtues to acquire,
Which, will not perishe in the Fire.

See, Emb. XXX.

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

See, Emb. XXXI.

In Court, thou mayst have hope, to clime,
This present, or some other time;
But, something thou dost want, as yet,
Which, for that place, must make thee fit.
Presume nor, therefore, on thy Lot,
Till, those accomplishments are got,
Which, in thine Emblems, are express'd;
And, then, march on, among the best.

See, Emb. XXXII.

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

See, Emb. XXXIII.

Now, some good Counsell, thou dost need;
Of what we say, take, therefore, heed.
Beware, lest thou, too much, offend
A meeke, and, gentle-natur'd, Friend:
Though pow'r thou haft, be carefull, too,
Thou vexe not, long, thine able Foe;
And, e're thou love, be sure to finde
Thy Match, in Manners, and in Mind:
If thou demand a Reason, why,
To thee, thine Emblems will replie.

See, Emb. XXXIV.

I Beware
53

Beware, thou share not in their crime,
Who care, but for the present time:
For, by thy Let, we may suspect,
Or that, or things, to that effect.
If so it be, or if thy Mindz,
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 seem; this, all Men see:
But, would you lov'd, as well, to bee.
If, also, better use were made
Of those good Blessings, you have had;
Your praise were more. Make, therefore, well,
What Morall, 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 meanes you make.
You, love your ease, and, Troubles, feeare;
But, careless are, what Course you seeare.
Which Indiscretions, to prevent,
You, to an Emblem, now, are sent:
Whereof, if you regardfull are,
You, lesse will feeare, and better fare.

See, Emb. X X X V I I.

38

What you have, done, consider, now;
For, this your Chance, doth feeme 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'lt too great a scope
Vnto thy Fear, or to thy Hope:
For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,
As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.
But, lo; thinke Emblem, if thou please,
Instructs thee, how, to mannage these.

See, Emb. X X X I X.
40

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 Ginnes, intrapt.
Some helpe, is by their Emblem, got,
If they, too late, observe it not;
But, then, no profit will be done them:
For, Counsel will be lost upon them.

See, Emb. X L.

41

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 Advices, well to heed.

See, Emb. X L I.

42

Thou, hast already, or, e're long,
Shall have some dammage 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 shalt speed,
If, now, thine Emblem, well thou heed.

See, Emb. X L I I.

43

Vnworthy things, thou do't affect,
With somewhat overmuch respect;
Vnto the World, inclining so,
As if thy Hopes were all below:
But, now, to rowfe thee from this crime,
Good Counsel comes in happy time.
Make use thereof; and, thinke it not
Meere casuall, or a needless Lot.

See, Emb. X L I I I.

44

Thou, either, too much love, hast plac't
On things, that will not alway last;
Or else, thou art a little fear'd,
Because thy Hopes are long deferr'd:
Nay, thou art touch'd, in both of these.
Thy Profit, therefore, and thine ease,
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 Wind or Weather, change:
Lo, therefore, to remember thee,
How changeable, things Mortall, bee,
Thou, art afflicted by this Lot;
Now, let it be, no more, forgot.
See, Emb, X. I. V.

46
Of thy just Aymes, though meanes be slight,
Thou mayst attaine their wished height:
Vnleffe, thy Folly shall defroy
The Weale, thou seekedst to injoy,
By thy Despaire, or by neglect
Of that, which, may thy Hopes effect:
For, by thine Emblem, thou mayst 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 passe is brought:
For, in thine Emblem, it is taught.
See, Emb. X. L V. I.

48
If they, who drew this Lot, now be
Of great Estate, or high Degree,
They shal ere long, become as poore,
As those, that beg from doore to doore.
If poore they be, it plain appeares,
They shall 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.

49
You, have attempted many a thing,
Which, you, to passe, could never bring;
Nor, that, your Worke was hard to doe,
But, caufe, you us'd wrong Meanes, thereto.
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. X.
The Firft Lotterie.

50
If you, to greater Wealth, will rise,
You must not, flender Gaine, despife;
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, concern you, any ways,
See, what your Emblem, further, fayes.

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

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

53
The Starres, are, now, no friends of your,
Or this is not their lucky houre:
For, at this time, unto your Lot,
They, by an Emblem, anfwer not.
If, therefore, you defire to know,
What good advice they will allow,
Some further Means, you muft alway,
Or, trie your Chance, another day.

54
You, in your fecret thoughts, despife
To thinke an Emblem should advice,
Or give you caufe to minde or heed
Those things, whereof you may have need.
And, therefore, when, the Lot, you try'd,
An anfwer, juftly, was deny'd.
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,
Who, need good Counfel, more then you.
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 leffe, had layd
Our Index, where it should have stayd.
But, if you can be warn'd, by this,
To keepe the Meane, which oft you miste,
You have obtain'd as good a Lot,
As any one, this day, hath got.

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 Virtue, not by fickle Chance,
Yet, nerethelss, despife thou not
What, by good Fortune, may be got.

FINIS.
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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 MATHEVVS.
MDCXXXIV.
A COLLECTION OF EMBLEMS AND ANECDOTES

By...

[Title page image]
TO

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

Fairest 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 futuretimes,
To be the brighteft Light, that, then will shine,
Betwixt the Arctic-Circle and the Lune.

To You (as now you are) that I present
These EMBLEMS, ’tis not fo impertinent
As those may thinke it, who have neither scene
What, of your Cradle-SPORTS, hath heeded beene;
Nor heard how many serious qu[?]tionings,
Your Child-hood 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 speechleffe Portraitures appeare
A pleasurefull delight) your Highnesse may
Among our EMBLEMS, finde a Harmel[?]ff-play:
And, those mute OBJECTS will from time to time,
Still Riper, seeme, till you to ripeness clime.
When their dumb FIGURES, no more Sport can make;
Their Illustrations, will begin to speake;
And, every day, new matter still disclofe,
Untill your Judgment 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 Yov, 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 childhood, 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: Wither.
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 vertuous* Governess.
For, Madame, (as his Proxy) it is fit,
That, You both Read, and answer for him, yet.
To You for Him, therefore tender, here,
To welcome in the New-beginning Year, 
This harmless Play. Game; that, it may have place,
When somewhat riper Dainties shall Make his GRACE;
Affect such Objects; which, to look upon
May pleasure yield him, e're this Year 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 harmlesse pleasantness, dispose
Their Minds to VERTUE: neither in their Cradles,
Should this be need'd less, 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 look on Pictures, much desire;
And, not to Look 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; assilth Memory;
Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie:
And, if those Forms to good Instruction tend,
Often leads them, also, till their lives have end.
Then, since en' all of us, much Good receive
By Vertuous Princes; and should, therefore, strive
To add some helps, whereby they might acquire
That Excellence, which we in them desire.

* 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 BOOK E, to be as useful as it may:  
And, how, and when, it will most useful grow,  
Without my Teaching, YOU can fully show.  
For, what is of your Ableness believe'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 Wisedome, to be TREASURESE  
Of their chiefest Jewels; and the GOVERNESSE  
Of our prime Hopes. And, now if this have weigh'd,  
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,  
But, (having pray'd your HONOR to receive  
This PRESENT for the Tats) to take my leave;  
And Verifie 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  
Oratoris,

Geo: Wither.
When I observe the Melancholick Owles,
Considering with what patience, they sustaine
The many clamours, of the greater Fowles;
And, how the little Chirpers, they disdain:
When I remember, how, their Injures
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 neglect, to beware out Wrongs.
Hce, doubtles, whom the Psalmist, long agoe,
Vnto a lonely Desert-Owle compar'd,
Did practive 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 Dispite;
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:
Since, Rage by Opposition gathers might.
Good God! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strenght,
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'er I suffer, let me be, the while,
As is the sileus Lambe before the Shearer.
So; though my speakings, cannot quiet any,
My Patience may restraine the Tongues of many.
Then, downe into the Veffell, 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 those necessities, 
(Which from the Bellies craving, doe proceed) 
May make a Foele, 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 shou'd become, 
Differeth not from true Philosophy: 
For, no man labours with much Willingness, 
To compeafe, what he sought at all desires; 
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse, 
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires. 
Nay, though he might, a willingness, retaine, 
Yet, as the Belly, which is ever full, 
Breeds fumes, that caufe a stuffed-wits-braine; 
So, plenteous Fortunes, make the Spirits dull. 
All, borne to Riches, have not all times, witt 
To keepe, (much leffe, to better) their degree: 
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage 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.

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 Morall 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, Pity need, or Comfort, more then blame;
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous folly,
Valese they labour, to prevent the same.
The Last, are giddie-things, that have befooled
Their judgements, with beguiling Fantasies,
Which (if not, by discretion, schoole'd) will plunge them into greater Vanities.

For, Musick, is the Handmaid of the Lord,
And, for his Worship, was at first ordain'd:
Yea, therewithall the fitly doth accord;
And, where Devotion thriveth, is retayned.
She, by a natural power, doth help to raise,
The mind to God, when joyfull Notes are founded:
And, Passions fierce Distempers, alate;
When, by grave Tones, the Melody is bounded.
It, also may in Mystick sense, imply
What Musick, in our-soules, ought still to be;
And, that our jarring-lives to certify,
Wee should in Voice, in Hand, and Heart, agree:
And, sing out, Faiths new-songs, with full concert,
Into the Lawes, ten-stringed Instrument.
Marke, what Rewards, to Sinne, are due,
And, learne, uprightness to pursue.

Illustr. IIII.

A Sword unbleathed, and a strangling-Snare,
Is figur'd here; which, in dumb-shows, do preach,
Of what the Malefactor should beware;
And, they doe threaten too, alwell as Teach.
For, some there are, (would God, that summe were lesse)
Whom, neither good Advise nor, wholesome Lawe,
Can turne from Pathways of Unrighteousnesse,
If Death, or Tortures, keepe them not in awe.
These, are not they, whose Conscience for the sake
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 Gallowes, trees, and Gibbets, rear'd;
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.
Let, therefore, those who feel their hearts inclin'd
To any kind of Death-worthy-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 Thieves 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 seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)
And, scape the Sword, the Gallowes, and the Rope,
There is a Judge, who sees their wickednesse:
And, when grim Death shall summon them, from hence,
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.

That
That Kingdom will establish'd be,
Wherein the People well agree.

ILLVSTR. V.  

A Crowned Scepter, here is fixt upright,
Betwixt four Foules, 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 perplex Inventions (which have nought
Of Ancient Hieroglyphick) sense, to gather,
Whereby, some useful Moral may be taught.
And, from these Figures, my Collections be,
That, Kingdoms, and the Royall-dignitie,
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,
To keepe upright the state of Sovereignty.
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentlemn,
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,
To give the best assistence that he can:
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-speed,
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 gloryest height;
Then shall the Kingly-Tite be renown'd;
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,
And, with supreme Honor, then, be Crown'd.
But, where this Duty long neglect, they shall;
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.
From that, by which I somewhat am,
The Cause of my Destruction came.

The little Sparks which rak'd in Ember's 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, becomming over strong,
Quite bloweth oue againe that very flame;
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)
That wafting substance, which maintaine'd the flame.

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 excesse) our loffe, 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 clim'd higher.

A little wealth, may make us better able
To labour in our Callings: Yet, I see
That they, who being poore, were charitable,
Becoming 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 overgrows 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, Mischiefe still pursueth Sinne.

Illustr. VII.

Ilions wheele, 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 gaine a lawlesse favour he desired,
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was;
For, when to claspe with Juno, he aspired,
In stead of her, a Cloud, he did embrace.
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadful Doome,
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)
A terror, and, a warning, to become,
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.

As did his longings, and his after Paine,
So, theirs affe&eth, 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 worke they speed:
Ev'n thither, where, the never-standing Wheel
Of everlafting Tortures, turneth round,
And, racks the Conscience, till the soule doth feele
All Paines, that are in Sense, and Reason found.
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow,
Declining Day-light: Nor, with Nimbler Motion
Can waves, each other, downe their Channell follow,
From high-rais'ed Mountainer, 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.  

When all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,  
And, while sweet Flowers, and Sunshine, every day,  
(As oft, as need requireth) come betwixt  
The Heav'sns and earth, they headles passe away.  
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,  
Doth make us to be senfible of the good:  
And, if it sometime flie not our possession,  
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.  
Had wee no 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, savie by their Opposites, appeare not.  
Both health, and wealth, is taffles unto some;  
And, so is ease, and every other pleasure,  
Till poore, or sicke, or grieved, they become:  
And, then, they relish thefe, in ampluer 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 lesse bitter to us.  
One while, a scorching Indignation burns;  
The Flowers and Blofomes of our Hopes, away;  
Which into Saflfife, our Plenty turns,  
And, changeth uncomnone-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 renownes,  
Which with rich Harvests, Hills, and Vallies Crowne:  
For, as to relish Rayes, he forrow fends,  
So, Comfort on Temptation, still, attends.
To brawl for Gaine, the Cocke doth slight;  
But, for his Females, he will fight.

Some are so quarrelous, that they will draw,  
And Brawl, 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 afraid, a little, and will beare,  
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe;)  
But, when they Look, 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 seek to make  
Of their estates; And then, they’ll kill and slay,  
But, of all Hacklers, farre the fiercest are  
Our Cockrills of the game, (Sir Cupid’s knights)  
Who, (on their foolish Coxcombers) often weare  
The Scarres they get in their Venerean-fights.  
Take heede 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 appeal’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 spitefully contend;  
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)  
Thy Vertuous Mistresse, 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.

Vr Elders, when their meaning was to shew
A native-speediness (in Emblem wise)
The picture of a Dolphin-Fish they drew;
Which, through the waters, with great swiftnesse, flies.
An Anchor, they did figure, to declare
Hope, stayedness, or a grave-deliberation:
And therefore when those two, united are,
It giveth us a two-fold Intimation.
For, as the Dolphin putteth us in minde,
That in the Courses, which we have to make,
Wee should not be, to slothfulness enclin'd;
But, swift to follow what we undertake:
So, by an Anchor added thereunto,
Inform'd wee are, that, to maintain 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 stayedness; left, when wee suppose
To prosecute our aymes with good success;
Wee may, by stayedness, 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 pratiﬁce all the speed, they may.
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,
(Through this life's Ocean) shall their Bark attend;
This double Virtue, will procure their cafe:
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.
By Speediness, our works are timely wrought;
By Staydness, they, to passe are, safely, brought.
They that in Hope, and Silence, live,
The best Contentment, may achieve.

If thou desire 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 retirement, lie 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,
Untill, thy mind may safely be express'd.
That Anchor, doth informe thee, that thou must
Walke on in Hope; and, in thy Pilgrimage,
Bear up (without despairing or distrust)
To those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine Age.
For, whenfoever Oppression grows rift,
Obscureness, is more safe than Eminence;
Hce, that then keepes his Tongue, may keepe his Life,
Till Times will better favour Innocence.
Truth spokne where Untruth is more approved,
Will but enraged the malice of thy foes;
And, otherwhile, 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 Retiredness, to spend:
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,
Till thou art laid, where none can thee offend.
And, whilst most others, give their Fancy scope,
Enjoy thyselfe, in Silence, and in Hope.
Let none despair of their Estate, 
For, Prudence, greater is than Fate.

ILLVSTR. XII. 

Be merry man, and let no causeless feare
Of Constellatio, fatall Definie,
Or of those falfe Decrees, that publish'd are
By foolish braines, thy Conscience terrifie.
To thee, these Figures better Doctrines teach,
Than those blind Stoikes, who neglecte
Contingent things; and, arrogently teach
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreams of changelesse Fate.
Though true it bee, that those things which pertaine,
As Ground-workes, to Gods glorie, and our blifle,
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 Workmen's happy being.
Nor, of those workings, which required are,
Is any made unpossible, untill
Mans heart begins that Counsell to preferre,
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, overwolues.
Yea, God, that Prudence, hath infus'd, by Grace,
Which, till Selfe-will, and Luft, betrayes a man,
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,
From whence, no Constellatio 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.

ILLVSTR. XIII.

Hen first I knew the world, (and was untaught
By tryde 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 meane in fortune,
Of their Familiars, had such troopes, as I,
Who did their daily fellowship importune;
Or, seem'd so 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 seem'd, wherefore I came.
But, where are now those multitudes of Friends?
Alas! they on a sudden flasht away.
Their love begun, but, for some senfuel ends,
Which sayling them, it would no longer stay.
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,
They, nor their pains, nor purses, would have spared;
But, in a real need, if I had prov'd them,
Small showes of kindnest, 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 Iollities.
If, therefore, thou desire a Friend, on Earth,
Let one pure-faith betwixt you bee begot,
And, fecke him not, in vanities, or mirth,
But, let Afflictions tye your true-love-knot:
For, they who to the Cross, are firmly tye,
Will fast, and everlasting 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 disply.
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 accomplishement of Arts,
By which, their Light may much the brighter shine.
Some others, have to this, acquired more:
For, to mainaine their Lampe, in giving light,
Of Waxe, and Oyle, and Fainesse, 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(also) 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 we in grossest darkness, may behold.
If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)
The question is, For what good use they are.
The Sacrifice, God loveth best,
Are Broken-hearts, for Sin, oppressed.

O Age, hath had a people, to profess
Religion, with a shew of holinesse,
Beyond these times; nor, did men sacrifice,
According to their foolish fantasies,
More oft than at this present. One, bestrawes
On pious workes, the hundredth part, of those
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seized,
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 Chaplaine keeps,
To please Himselfe, or, preach his Wife asleep,
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 lute,
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 workes, 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 Royall-Scepter, Kingly power, implyes;
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, Poverty, and Barbarousnesse, 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 Pears, 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 builded 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, Cæsar 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.
Thinke you would be wise; for, most men seeme
to make of Knowledge very great esteem.
If such be your desires, this Emblem view;
And, marke how well the Figures, counsell you.
See by the Bird of Athens, doe expresse,
That painfull, and that uesfull watchfullnesse,
Which ought to bee enjoynd, unto them;
Who seeke 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 so, good Students, neither must be such,
As dayly gad; or nightly sleepe too much.
That open booke, on which the Owle is perch’d,
Affords a Morall, worthy to be search’d:
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,
Your Watchings be not after Vanities;
(Or, like their Wakings, who turne dayes 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 renowned.
But, if your Watchings, and Retrednesse;
Be for your Lust, or, out of Satisfaction;
You are not, what th’ Athenian-Owle implies;
But, what our English-Owles signifieth.
When Mars, and Pallas, doe agree,
Great workes, by them, effected bee.

I L L U S T R. X V I I I.

When Mars, and Pallas are continuall Mates.
And, those affaires but seldome luckie be,
In which, these needfull Powers, doe not agree.
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 faileth;
Where Cunning speedes not, outward-force prevails;
And, otherwhile, the prize pertaines to neither,
Till they have joynd their Vertues both together.

Consider this; and, as occasions are,
To both of these your due respectes declare,
Delight not so in Arts, to purchase harms
By Negligence, or Ignorance of Armes:
If Martment-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 joint power, to passe are brought.
They, after suffering, shall be crown'd,
In whom, a Constant-faith, it found.

ILLVSTR. X IX. Book. 2

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 fo're you turne it on,
Stands fast; and, is 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 shee hath, moreover, in her hand;
And, by that Figure, thou mayst understand,
That, shee 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.

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

Love
Love, a. Musician is profess'd,
And, of all Musick, is the best.

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 Woers) which be they,
That worth'eft are to beare 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 disguised Clothes,
Of Mimick-gestures, Compliments, and Oathes.
Let them be winged with a swift Desire;
And, not with slow-affected, that will tyre.
But, looke to this, as to the principal,
That, Love doe make them truly Musical:
For, Love's a good Musician; and, will shew
How, every faithfull Lover may be fo.

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 exprest,
T'will cause a thousand quiverings in your breast.
Nay, ev'n those Discords, which occasion'd are,
Will make your Musick, much the sweeter, farre.

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

Hat may the reason be, so 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 plump-mish; and, those as kinde will be
To any gamesome Wanton, as to thee.
Some, doate on Honours; and, all such will prize
Thy Person, merelie, 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)
Wooe hard for Wealth; and, very kind appeare,
Till they have wonne their prize: but, then they show
On what their best Affections they bestowed.
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 confined, (or did confine) in this kind;
And, for some by-respects, they came together,
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.
If this concerns 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.

N 3
Rather would (because it seemeth just)

Deceived be, than causethly distrust:
Yet, whom I credited; and, then, how farre;
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 roome;
And, though a vulgar Figure, it may seeme,
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 kepe our kindnessse from abuse,
There is of double-diligence, an ule.

Mens hearts, are growne so false, that most are loath
To trust each others Words, or Bands, or Oath:
For, though wee had in every part an Eye,
We could not search out all Hypocrisie;
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 advisse)
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.
Lord! what a coyle is here! and what a puthert,
To save and get: to scratch and scrape together
The Rubbish of the world; and, to acquire
Those vanities, which Fancie 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 perfever
(By all the power, and means we 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 seeke 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,
Assayes 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 Grave, and will be Hay.
The rest, may be resembld to the Smoke,
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)
Or else, to that uncleanly Maftrum-ball,
Which, in some Countries, wee a Puff-foybl call;
Whose out-side, is a naffic 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.
Beare, about mee, all my store;
And, yet, a King enjoyes not more.

His Emblem is a Tortoise, whose owne Shell
Becomes that house, where he doth rent-free dwell;
And, in what place soever he resides,
His Arcbod-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-means, Theives make a prise;
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise
His inward Riches: and, they prove a Wealth,
More usefull, and leffe lyable to stealth.
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;
Himselfe hee straight contra<edeth, Tortoise-like,
To make the Shell of Sufferance, his defence;
And, counts it Life, to die with Innocence.
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;
If, hee, be flaunred, fleighted, or disdain'd;
Hee, alwayes keepes and carries, that, within him,
Which may, from those things, ease and comfort, win him.
When, him uncloathed, or unhous'd, you see;
His Resolutions, clothes and houses bee,
That keepe 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't 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 mark it (though the Sunne decline,
And hounded 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 discern.
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 dulness 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, do not need:
But, in Experience, may continue growing,
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pius 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, Virtue, and what else we finde,
Reputed for endowments of the Minde.
The Cornucopias, well-knowne Emblems, are,
By which, great wealth, and plenties, figur'd were;
And (if you joyn 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 Virtues, who believe it not.
I will confesse, true Virtue hath not ever
All Common-plenties, for which most indevour;
Nor have the Perfect-Virtues, these 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, then spirit; and, have need
Of carnall-helpes, till higher they proceede.
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,
As, not to want those Toys, for which wee crye:
And, I had shown you somewhat of their flore,
But, that, this Page, had room to write no more.
The Gospel, thankfully embrace;  
For God, in his safe-ty, this Grace.

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

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 yeare  
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare;  
Or, in lesse bloody times, at their owne homes,  
To heare, in private, and obscure rooms.

Lo, these, those joyfull-things, we doe live  
Inward'd, in every Village, to perceiue;  
And, that, the Sounds of Gladnessse, echo may,  
Through all our goodly Temples, ev'ry day.

Thus (Oh God) thy doing, unto thee,  
Plead for ever, let all Pray'ries bee.

Prolong this Mercie, and, vouchsafe the fruit,  
May to thy Labour, on thy Vineyard, last:  
Left, for our buttonsnessse, thy Light of grace,  
Thou, from our Golden candlestick, displace.

We doe, me thinke, already, Lord, beginne  
To wantonize, and let that loathing in,  
Which makes thy Manna tastlesse; And, I feare,  
That, of these Christians, who, more oftein heare,  
Then practicle, 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 beflow'd,  
Returne thee honour, from whom, first, they flow'd.
The Bees, will in an Helmet breed;
And, Peace, doth after Warre, succeed.

Illust. XXVIII.

Hen you have heeded, by your Eyes 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,
Injoying Peace, by painfull Industries:
And, when, all these together are exprest,
As in this Emblem, where the Bees, doe seeme
To make their dwelling, in a Plumed-Crest,
A Morall is impald, worth esteeme.

For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,
That, Peace, and Art, and Thrift, most firme abides,
In those Republikes, where, Arms cherish bee;
And, where, true Martiall discipline, resides.

When, of their Stings, the Bees, disarm'd, become,
They, who, on others Labours, use to prey,
Encourag'd are, with violence, to come,
And, beare their Honey, and, their Waxe, away.

So when a People, meerely, doe affect
To gather 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,
Vntrill, their Warre, another Peace, hath wonne them:
And, out of their old rusty Helmets, then,
New Bees doe swarme, and, fall to worke again.
His Emblem, with some other of the rest,
Are scarce, with seemly Properties, express'd,
Yet, since a vulgar, and a mean Invention
May yield some Fruit, and shew a good Intention;
Ile, hence, as well inform your Intelligences,
As if these Figures had not those defects.

The Book, here shadow'd, may be said, to show
The Wisdome, and Experience, which we know
By Common meanes, and, by these Creatures here,
Which to be plac'd below us, may appear.

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:
Evn 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 Rectified-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 mee:
For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,
Of truest Wisdome, the Perfections are.

Where
Where Labour, wisely, is imploy’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, tho’ to Lasting-glories, them advance?  
Or, can men thinke, such Goods, or Gifts of Nature,  
As Nimble-apprehensions, Memory,  
An Able-body, or, a comely Feature  
(Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?  
May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,  
In us, because our Fathers have been rich?  
Or, are we, therefore, truly honourable,  
Because our Predecessors, have beene 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 belye us?  
No, no; the more our Predecessors left,  
(Yes, and, the more, by nature, we enjoy)  
We, of the more esteem, shall be bereft;  
Because, our Talents, we doe mis-employ.  
True Glory, doth on Labour, still attend;  
But, without Labour, Glory we have none.  
She, crownes 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 meane) thou art in vaine,  
The Serpent, thereunto, be sure thou adde;  
That is, Let Prudence guide thy taking-paine.  
For, where, a wife-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 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 Affliction, that it bears:
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 if, 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 kind;
Vntill, with frownd Husbands, they are joyned:
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 Wifdom, and, Instruction doe comemne.
A Woman, was not given for Correcution:
But, rather for a furtherance to Perfection:
A precious Balme of love, to cure Mans griefe;
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, pleases;
But, paines the Body, subject to Difeases.
Death's one long-Sleepe; and, Life's no more,
But one short-Watch, an houre before.

ILLUSBR. XXXII.

Iten, on this Child-like figure, thou shalt looke,
Wh ch, with his Light, his Hour-glass, and his books,
or, in a watching-posture, formed here;
And, when thou hast perus'd that Motto, there,
On which he layes his hand: thy selfe apply
To what it counselleth; and, learne to die,
While that Light burnes, and, that short-houre doth last,
Which, for this Lesson, thou obtained hast.

And, in this bus'neffe, use thou no delays;
For, if the bigger Motto truely, sayes,
There is not a moment, one whole Watch,
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.
It was no more, when first thy Life beganne;
And, many Glasses of that Watch be rumpe:
Which thou observing, shouldst 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 flower of thy most acceptabe time.
So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,
That, whenloere the Bridegroome summons thee;
And, when thy Lord returnes, unlookt for, home;
Thou mayst, a Partner, in their joys, become.

And, oh my God! so warie, and so wise,
Let me be wise; that, this, which I advise
To other men (and really have thoughted)
May still, in practice, by my selfe be brought:
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,
Through humane fratsitie, or, forgetfulness.
What ever God did fore-decree, 
Shall, without faile, fulfilled be.

E thinks, 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 fame)
As, best might helpe the furthering of that end,
Which, God's eternall wisedome, 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-eternall, reprobatech,
Who lcorner'd Mercy; or, Instruction hatcheth,
Without Repenting: And, that, whomsoever,
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 beare;
Then come, where greater perills are.

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

The Bird in thrall, the more contented lyes,
Because, the Hawke, so neere her, she eyres;
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 hau’ring round about thee, every day,
To feize thy Soule (when she abroad shall goe,
To take the Freedome, the defireth fo)
Thou, farre more fearefull, 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 mischiefes others doe me,
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;
And, feldome struggle from them, till I see,
That, souter-fortunes will secure be.
What spight foere my Foes, to me, can doe,
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two:
For, though the World, and I, at first, believe,
My Suffrings, give me cause enough to grieve;
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)
That, better Fortunes, might fawe worse have made me.
By some young Devils, though, I scratched am,
Yet, I am hopeful, I shall escape 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 blowes;  
But, lo! the more they strive, the more it shineth;  
At every Blast, the Flame ascended 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 Tempests of mad Envie strike,  
And, rage against his Piles of Innocence;  
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more  
They seek to keep 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,  
Break through obscurisy, and, thee advance  
To place, where Envie shall thy worth aflaile;  
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stend the shockes  
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;  
Purse thee, with Detraction, Slander, Mockes,  
And, all the venom’d Engines of Detract,  
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 Envies 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.

Some 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, Crowns,
With each appurtenance to them belonging;
My heart, hath search’d their Glories, and Renomes;
And, all the pleasant things about them thro’ning:
My Soul, 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, seen those Objects, that are most admired.
I, likewise fee all Passions, and Affections,
That help to cheat the Reason, and perwade
That those poore Vanities, have some perfections,
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.
Yet, when that I have rouse’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 vailes, or interruption;
Then, they, me thinkes, as fuitless doe appeare,
As Bubbles (wherewithall young-children play)
Or, as the Smoke, which, in our Emblem, here,
Now, makes a shew, 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, thou shalt bestow:
But, know the use, of all these fading Smokes;
And, be refresh’d, by that, which others choking.
Death, is unable to divide
Their Hearts, whose Hands True-love hath tyde.

ILLVSTR. XXXVII. Book. 2

Upon an Altar, in this 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 (vulgarily
Thus bundled up together) may afford
Good-meanings, with as much Propriety,
As beft, with common Judgments, will accord.
It may imply, that, when both Hand and Heart;
By sympathizing deareness are invited,
To meet each others 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, whatfoere 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 great a number doe)
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 witnesles of what is done)
A Power-invisible doth alwayes 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 every man, their Due.

ORTH OF A CLOUD (with Scale and Rule) extended
An Arme (for this next Emblem) doth appear;
Which hath to us in silens shows, commended,
A Discourse, that is often wanting, here.
The World, is very studious of Decepts;
And, he is judged wiser, who deceives.
False measures, and, Adulterated weights,
Of many dues, the needy man bereaves.
Even 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 thrivers to decay.
By Weight and measure, He, on all bestowes
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;
Thy Charities, ev'n to thy Foes extend:
Give to thy wife, the best of thy Affections;
To God, thy self, and, all thou haft, commend:
And, lest thou fail, Remember who hath sayd,
Such measure, as thou giv'st, shall be repay'd.
He needs not feare, what Spight can doe,  
Whom Vertue friends, and Fortune, too.

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

My Judgement, by that Altar-stone, conceives
The solidness, which, true Religion gives;
And, that flat-grounded goodness, which, we see,
In grave, and sound Morality, to be.

The Flying-ball, doth, very well, express
All outward blessings, and, their sickliness.
Our Eaglet, meaneth such Contemplatives,
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,
By fo possessting, that which they have got,
As if they car'd not, though, they had it nor.

The Snakes, may well resemble those, among them,
Who, meerely out of envy, seek 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 fpreads the widest wings of Contemplation)
Whilf, in the fleth, he bides, will need some props
Of earthly-fortunes, to support his hopes;
And, other-while, those things, may meanes become,
The flings of Envy, to secure him from.
And, hence, I learn; 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-foules, who scarce have eith'er!
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 Eternitie,
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 Progress, 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 meane;
(As briefe, 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 fater an 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 Transtitory things;
The Circled Snake, Eternitie 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, kemeth 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 shoulde be join'd with outward force,  
If prosperous, we desirre 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 Horses Members are;  
To show, that we must, also, strength provide:  
The Serpent, and the Bowe, cloth signifie  
The same (or matter to the same effect)  
And, by two Types, one Morall to impie,  
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 worke it owne sad overthrow,  
Vnlesse, it guided be, with Wisedomes seine.  
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, always 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 virtue springs.

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 its selfe, the Ground, we know is dull,
And, but a Willing-patient, whereupon
The Sunne, with Beames, and Virtues 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,
Obscured in an everlafting 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 worke, that no man he procureth
Against his nature, ought to chafe, or flun:
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 selfesame Sun shine, fruitful Earth
Bears pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.
Thus, from ourselves, our Foes have increas'd,
Our Virtues, from the Sunne of Eighteens' effe.
No passage can divert the Course,
Of Pegasus, the Muses Horse.

ILLUSTR. XLIII. Book. 2

This is the Poets-horse; a Palfrey, Sirs,
(That may be ridden, without rod or spurre)
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, thofe, and Hobby-horses, beft befit
The note, 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 beft Invention,
And, climbe the Hills of highest Apprehension.
This is the nimble Gennet, which doth carry,
Their Fancie, thorow Worlds Imaginary;
And, by Ideas feigned, theyewes them there,
The nature of thofe Truths, that reall are.
By meanes of this, our Souls doe come to know
A thousand secrets, in the Deeps below;
Things, here on Earth, and, things above the Skyes,
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.
No thorny, miry, flepe, nor craggy place,
Can interrupt this Courfer, 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, Flouds, and Fires:
And, in designt of what her ayme refifteth:
Pursues her hopes, and takes the way she lifteth.
The Husbandman, doth sow the Seeds;
And, then, on Hope, till Harvest, sees.

He paintfull Husbandman, with sweaty browes,
Confumes in labour many a weary day:
To breake the stubborne earth, he digs and ploughes,
And, then, the Corne, he scatters on the clay:
When that is done, he harrows in the Seeds,
And, by a well cleans'd Furrow, lays it drye:
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, Floods, 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 Days, but Weekes, they are
(Not, many Weekes, and, many Months beside)
In which he must with payne, prolong his care,
Yet, constant in his hopes he doth abide.

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

Though, long thou toyed halt, and, long attended
About such workings as are necessary,
And, oftimes, ere fully they are ended,
Shall finde thy pains in danger to miscarry:
Yet, be not out of hope, nor quite dejected:
For, buried Seeds will sprout when Winter's gone;
Unlikelier things are many times effected:
And, God brings helpe, when men their best have done.

Yea, they that in Good-works their life imploie,
Although, they some in tears, shall escape in joy.
Hen, thou shalt visit, in the Month of May,
A costly Garden, in her best array;
(Bowers, And view the well-grown Trees, the well-trimm'd
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of pleasant flowers,
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,
Perteyning to those earthly Paradises,
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.
Nor dost thou, when young Plants, or new-founde Lands,
Doe thirft for needfull Warings, from thy hands,
By Flood-gates, let whole Ponds amongst them come;
But, them besprinklet, rather, some and some;
Left, else, thou marre the Flowers, or chill the Seed,
Or drowne the Saplings, which did moisture need.

Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,
May by this Emblem, now perhaps, be brought,
Persuade 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 ripeness, and the fulness, thou expected:
And, though thy Hopes, but slowly thou effectest,
Discourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move.
By many drops, is made a mighty shower;
And many minutes finish up an houre:
By little, and by little, we possess.

Affurance of the greatest Happiness.
And, oft, by too much haste, and, too much cost,
Great Wealth, great Honours, and, great Hopes, are lost.
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 stone 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,
Vnlesse of Sorrows, also, they have store.
Till from the Straw, the Flaxe, the Corn doth beat;
Vntill the Chaffe, be purged from the Wheat,
Yea, till the Mill, the Graines in pieces teare,
The richnesse of the Floure, will scarce appear.

So, till mens person's 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 Flakes 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 Plesures;
Yea, till his Flaxe, 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 poor;
We shall not up to highest Wealth aspire:
But, then we shall; and, that is my desire.

Though
Though Fortune, hath a powerfull Name,
Yet, Virtue 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 bethis,
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 Miscreste over Fate)
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.

Though Fortunes outlaws, on thy Riches prey,
By Wisdom, there is means, of getting more;
And, every rub that's placed in thy way,
Shall make thee walk more safely, then before.
Not 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 toyles, and cruel thrusts 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 then,
Let all Misfortunes, doe the worst they can.
A Life, with good-repute, he have,
Or, winne an honourable Grave.

In this our Emblem, you shall finde express,
A Man, encountering with a Savage-beast;
And, he resolveth (as his Mosto Jayes)
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 thinkes, it counseleth, to doe,
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.
That ugly Bore (wherewith the man in strife
Here seemes to be) doth mean an Smine-like,
And, all those beastly Vices, that affay
To root becoming Virtues quite away;
Those Vices, which not onely marre our features,
But, also, ruinate our manly natures.
The harmefull fury, of this raging Bore,
Oppose courageously, lest morce and more,
It get within you; and, at laft, appear
More prevalent, then your defences are.
It is a large-growne Pig, of that wilde Swine,
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine
Our Safeties Fort: Twas he, which long agoe,
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 enabled 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 mans meanings were,
Who made it first, I neither know nor care;
For, whatsoever, he purposed, or thought,
To serve his 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, errors not much.)
Old times, upon the Moone, three names beftow'd;
Because, three diverse ways, her selfe she show'd:
And, in the sacred booke, it may be shewn,
That holy Church, was figur'd by the Moone.

Then, these three Moons in one, may intimate
The holy Churches threefold blest estate.
The Moone, still, biding in our Hemisphere,
May typifie the Church, conflating, here,
Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light
Among us here, in portions of the night;
The Church it figures, as confift she may
Of them, whose bodies in the Grave doe stay;
And, whose best spirits, are ascended thither,
Where Soules 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 beams, at full, display;
Lord, hasten this great Coronation-day.
True Vertue is a Coat of Maile, 
Gainst which, no Weapons can prevalie.

Ord, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care
Their Pistolls, and, their Swords doe they prepare,
To be in readiness; 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 barres; and such domestick Armes,
As may secure their bodies, there, from harms?

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 inclose a hundred thousand miles)
The gunshot 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;
Evn with such nat'rall Armour (ev'ry day)
As no man can beleawe, 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 Innocentie, line thy heart within;
Let constant Fortitude, unite them so,
That, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:
And, when thou thus are arm'd, if ill thou speck;
Let me sustaine the Mischief, in thy stead.
Fina Libri secundi.
THE SECOND
LOTTERIE.

1

Ome 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 sted thee more then Answers can.
See, Emblem. I.

2

By such as know you, it is thought,
That, you are better fed there 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 blesse thee, who soeere thou art,
And, give thee still an honest heart:
For, by the fortune of thy Lot,
That Sward, and Halter, thou haft got,
Which threatens death, with much disgrace;
Or, promises the Hang-mans place.

R 2
But, be not griev'd; for, now and then,
The Gallowes makes an honest man;
And, some, who scape an outward curse,
Both in their lives and deaths are worse.

See, Emb. I. V.

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

See, Emb. V.

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.

See, Emb. V. I.

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

See, Emb. V. I I.

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.

See, Emb. V. I I I.

If this thy Chance hath done thee right,
Thou art, or haft beene apt to fight;
And, wilt upon occasion small,
Beginne, sometimes, a needless Brawl.
To shew thee, therefore, thy defect;
Or, that thy folly may be check'd;
And, fit thy minde for better things,
Thine Emblem, some good counselings.
See, Emb. I X.

What thing soeere thou undertak'ft,
Thou seldome good conclusion mak'ft;
For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,
Thou art too hasty, or too slow;
And, from that equall temper stray'ft,
By which, thy worke effect thou mayft.
To mend this fault thou counsell'd art,
Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.
See, 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,
Mult fiscus, and obscured, bee.
See, Emb. X I.

Thy Fortune, thou dost long to heare,
And, what thy Constellations are:
But, why should'ft thou desire to know,
What things, the Planets doe foreshow;
Seeke, rather, Wisdome to procure,
And, how, all Fortunes to induce:
So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,
And, be the Master of thy Fate.
See, Emb. X I I.

Thou, seem'ft to have great store of friends,
But, they affect thee, for their ends.
There is, in those, but little trueth,
Who love, for profit, mirth, or lust.
Learn, therefore, when, thou mayst be sure,
Thy Friend's affection will induc'e;
And, that this knowledge may be got,
Good notice take thou of thy Lot.
See, Emb. X I I I.

It is conceiv'd, that means thou hast,
Or, might'lt have had good means, at least,
To bring those matters to effect,
Which thou dost carelesly neglect;
And,
And, good for many might'ft have done,  
Who, yet, hast 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.

15  
Religious thou would'ft faine be deem'd,  
And, such, to many thou hast seem'd:  
But, to this matter more there goes,  
Then zealous lookes, and formall shoves.  
Look, therefore, that thy heart be true,  
What e're thou seem in outward view.  
And, if God's favour thou would'ft have,  
Observe what off'rings, he doth crave.  
See, *Emb.* X V.

16  
That *Emblem*, which this Lot will bring,  
Concernes the honour of a *King*.:  
How, therefore, thee it may concern,  
By thy discretion seek to learne.  
Perhaps, the *Royall power* hath seem'd  
To thee, not so to be esteem'd,  
As well it merits, to be priz'd.  
If so, now better be advis'd.  
See, *Emb.* X V I.  

17  
Both learn'd, and wise, thou would'ft become,  
(Elfe thou haft much deceived some)  
But, if thy *hopes* thou wilt effect,  
Thou must not likely *means* neglect;  
And, what the likelyest *means* may bee,  
Theine *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.  

18  
If, to *preferment* thou wilt rife,  
Thou must not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, despise;  
Nor so in one of these delight,  
That, thou the other, wholly slight.  
Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,  
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.  

19  
Thy *fortunes* have appeared bad;  
For, many *saff rings* thou haft had:  
And *royalls* too, as yet made knowne  
To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.  

But,
The second Lotteries.

But, let nor losse, nor fame, nor smart,
From constant hopes remove thy heart:
And, as thine Emblem doth forehew,
A good conclusion will infue.

See, Emb. X IX.

W
Your Lot informeth how to know
Where, best your Love you may beftow:
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'II thinke upon
(To purpose) when you are alone.

See, Emb. X X.

21
This Lot may make us all fufpect,
That fome wrong object you affect;
And, that, where deareneffe you pretend,
It is not for the nobleft end.
What musicke from such falhhood flowes,
Your Emblem very truely showes;
And, may more happy make your Fate,
It counfell be not come too late.

See, Emb. X X I.

22
To truft on others, thou art apt;
And, haft already beene intrapt;
Or, may'st ere long be much deceive'd,
By fome, whom thou haft well believ'd.
Be heedfull, therefore, of thy Lot;
And, let it never be forgot:
So, though fome hazzard thou mayft run,
Yet, thou shalt never be undone.

See, Emb. X X I I.

23
It feemes thou tak'st too great a care
For things, that vaine, and fading are;
Or elfe, doft overprife them fo,
As it all bliffe from them did flowe.
That, therefore, thou mayft 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. X X I I I.

24
Though fome, though thee, for one, mistake,
Whole wealth is all upon his backe,
If what thou haft, bee all thine owne,
God, hath enough on thee beltowne.
The Second Lotteries.

A Prince's ransome, wee may beare,
In jewels, which most precious are;
And, yet, to many men may seeme,
To carry nothing worth esteem.
Therefore, though small thy substance be,
Thine Emblem, somewhat comfortsthee.

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 wisdom have, then you.

See, Emb. X X V.

26
By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,
Thou think'st thy Vertue want reward;
And, that, if they their merit had,
Thou rich, and nobler should'ft 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 showes of wholesome words,
Which God, in these our times, affords.
Now, which soere of those 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 so secure dost grow,
As if, thou couldn't not have a foe.
How, therefore, Peace and Warre pursues
Each other, this thine Emblem shewes,
That, thou mayst learne, in ev'ry 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,
And, to those Knowledge aspires,
Whose 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 persever.

See, Emb. X X X I X.

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

See, Emb. X X X.

31 The time hath beene, that of the Rod,
Thou wast more fearful, then of God;
But, now unless thou prudent grow,
More cause thou hast to fear a Browe;
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 onely thine.

See, Emb. X X X I.

32 It seems, thy Time thou dost mis pend:
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 profit, and profit too.

See, Emb. X X X II.

33 It may be, thou art one of those,
Who, dost not all aight 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 I I I.

34 Thou, at thy Fortune, hast repined,
And, seemedst imprifond in thy minde,

Because
Because thou art not straight releaf
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 worie citeare.

See, Emb. X XXX IV.

35
Thy Vertues and thy Worth are such,
That, many doe envious 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 XXX V.

36
In outward pompe, thy pleasures are;
Thy hope of blisse 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 haft gain'd,
By which, this Knowledge is obtain'd.

See, Emb. X XXX VI.

37
It may be feared, that thou haft
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 XXX VII.

38
Thou art reproved of deceit,
In faulty Measures, and in Weight;
And, overbackward haft 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 prospers not.

See, Emb. X XXX VIII.

39
So highly, thou dost Vertue prize,
That, thou dost Fortune helpe despise,
As if, where Virtues present are,
Her favours always needlede 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.
Therefore, make both of these, thy friends;
For, thenceunto thine Emblem tends.
See, Emb. XXXIX.

Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,
Who Schisme, and Heresies advance,
Because they Times and Terms mistake,
And, difference know not how to make
'Twixt that, which temp'rall 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. XL.

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 imployed bee.
See, Emb. XL.

When any Blessing thou haft gain'd,
Thou mind'st not whence it was obtain'd;
But, hast'ft thy selfe, as if the same
By thine owne pow'r, or merits 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. XLII.

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.
F thou haft wit, his Reyes to guide,
Vpon his backe, mount up and ride;
But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,
Forbear him, lest thy necke he breake.
See, Emb. XLIII.

In many things, the worse thou art,
By thy despayring, fainting heart;
S 2 And
And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,
For want of hopefulness, is lost.
This indiscretion to prevent,
Thou, therefore, by thy Lot, art sent,
The Ploughman's hopefulness to see:
Observe it; and, reform'd bee.

See, Emb. X L I V.

As soon as e'er thy seeds are sowne,
Thou fruits expectest, fully sowne.
And, if they ripe not in a day,
Thou, fool'd, all thy hopes away:
That wiser, therefore, thou mayst 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 hast, or haft, or thou shalt have
Much trouble, ere thou fill thy grave;
And, may'lt, when thou expectest rest,
With paine, or sorrowes, be oppress'd.
But, be content, and wail 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 V I.

Thy Fortune, be it good or bad,
May, by thy wit, be better made;
Yea, whatsoever mischances fall,
By prudence, thou may'lt helpe them all.
That, hopefull, therefore, thou mayst bide,
What change soever, shall be beside;
Thou, by thy Lot, informed art,
What succours, Wisdom doth impart.

See, Emb. X L V I I.

A man at Armes, thou wouldst be thought,
And, haft 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 may'lt be one of those,
Who doth God's holy Church oppose;

For,
The second Lotteries.

For, over many in these dayes,
Disturb her Peace, and slight her Praise:
That her esteem, therefore may be
Increased, or preferv'd, by thee,
Thine Emblem, now, to thee, will shew,
To what perfection she will grow.

See, Emb. X L IX.

50
Thou safety lov'st, and wouldst have Armes,
Thy person to secure from harms:
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, therfore, hath exprest,
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 Counsels bee,
Might seeme firme Destinyes to thee.

52
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 Counsels here,
That, Fortune will not one beftow,
Left, thou may'st thinke thou need'st no more.

53
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.

54
The Muses Oracle is dumbe,
Because to tempt them you are come;
For, in your heart, you much despise,
To follow that, which they advise:
Their admonitions, you doe jeere,
And, scorne to helpe your Wisdom, here.
The Muses, therefore, leave you, still,
Tobe as foolish, as you will.

It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,
If, now, thy Lot had beene allow'd
To let an Emblem shadow forth
What is conceiv'd of thy worth.
Or, if thy Vertues were descry'd,
Perchance, thou wouldst be more envy'd
Then pray'd, when they are exprest;
A Blank for thee, was therefore best.

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

London,
Printed by Augustine Mathewes.
MDCXXXIV.
TO THE MOST ILLUSTRIOS
Princesse, FRANCIS, Dutchesse Dowager of Richmond, and Lennox, &c.

Fame says (great Princesse) that the Pow'rs-above,
Will soon 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, someway, sought to make my Peace.
To palliate my Fault, I could produce
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an Excuse.
But, when I mind what Favour, and what Fame
I might have purchas'd unto my Name,
(By taking Courage, to have done my best)
I dare not make Excuses; but, request
Your pardon, rather, and, that some Obedience
May gain my Person, future acceptance.

To that intent, this humble Offering, here,
Within your gracious presence, doth appear.
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'r may raise,
To make the Beauties of your Later dayes,
More glorious, far, than your fresh Youth's perfection,
Though, knowne to be, the Load-stone of Affection.

For, like the loving Turtle, you have flood
So constant, in your vowed Widow-hood;
So strictly, kept a solitary state;
So faithfull bee, to your deceased Mate;
So firmly true, and truly kind, to them;
Which are the Branches of his Princely-stemme;
And, perforated in so high a Straine,
The parts of Honour; that, my rusticke waine,
Must rais'd 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 unexpress'd.
That, future times, to your applause may read,
The matchless paterne of a widdowed bed,
Which you have drawn, for those to imitate
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.
For, what thereto 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)
Difcloct, and set up, before your grace,
To represent those beauties, wherein lurkes,
More sweetmesse, than in picture-drawers workes;
And shew, how temp'ral 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 hear,
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 power
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, JANES, 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 deigne respects, to my obscured MUSE;
Nor scorn, from Highest-worth, to stoop so low,
As, mee, in my despis'd condition, to know:
And, had not Ballfulness 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 'twas to want an Honourable-friend:
Nor, what they feel, whom Fate constrain'd, to tarry
On stormy Plains, without a SANCTUARY.

As soon, as from among us, he made wing,
My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sigh
A Mournfull-song, not easy to forget;
Because, I bear the burthen of it, yet.
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede
Appear'd not, for the publicke 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 this? except it give
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,
That, my decayed Hopes I would renew,
And, faint derive them downe, from HIM to TOV?
That, as you branched from his Princely Stemme;
(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, be seeme
His Love, and Honest-meaning, to express;
Whose Merits have, no visible effect,
Conducing to your profit; and, from whom
The best of his intents, are yet to come.
I cannot think, these Lors, or Emblems, are
So worthy in themselves, as they'll appeare
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,
Such Grace to TOV, 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 pen'r
To shorten (without lesse) a tedious howre.
Sometimes (no doubt) content you are to walke
In Artific Groves; Or, to admit the talk
Of Rustick Swains (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 finds; and, in some measure,
A Profit, intermix'd with your Pleasure.
I will not make, my Promises too large,
Least, 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 dine
Those Favourites which, I dare not think to gaine
By Meer-deferving; you may then, perchance,
My Willingnesse, to Ablenesse advance:
And reap in Me (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 You; and, openly to show
The Duitie, which, it may appeare, I owe
To HIM 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 dost, and well intend,
Thou shalt be crowned, in the end.

Hen, many, for the chiefest Garland runne,
That height of Glory, can befall 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 forms it currant; and, doth gracious make
Man's weak endeavours, for God's promise sake.
All feek the selfe-same prize; but, doe not seake,
With minds, and, with endeavours, all alike.
Most, with the Wreath; but, few thofe things will doe,
That may be helpfull to atteine thereto:
And, so (that will be doing) more delight
In doing their owne will, then doing right.

One, thinkes by airs, to atteche
The Palm himselfe, as hee sees;
Tis gained, by giving to his Appetite,
The fulneffe of his Bodies vaine delight:
To reach their aime, some others no
By scrambling up unto the dunghill-tops
Of ephem'rall Riches: and, of all the wayes,
Most think this course doth deserve the greatest praise.

But, this our Emblem's Motto, doth implicate,
That, nothing Man poffeffeth outwardly
Can purchase him the Crown, that should be sought,
Like rightely doing, what is rightely taught.
And, that God never pulleth any doome,
To breake their blisses, who righteous would become:
For, ev'n to Cain he laid (of fine detected)
If well thou livest, thou shalt be well respect'd.
A little Wit, may stand in stead,
When Strength doth faile, in time of need.

He Squirrel, when she must goe seeke her food,
By making passagge through some neighbouring flood,
(And feares to be devoured by the Streame)
Thus, helps her weaknesse, by a Stratagem.

On books, or chips, which on the waves doe flote,
She nimbly leaps; and, making them her boate
(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 befriene,
We shold with heedfull diligence attend;
And, watch to feize those opportunities,
Which, men of abler fortunes may despife.

Some Birds, when they an Oyfter would unlock,
Mount up, and let it fall upon a Rock;
And, when the Cockles on the Shores lyce 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.

Woe, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,
That, which at first appeares above our strength.
I'y little Screws an entrance we may make,
Where Barres of Iron cannot passage breakse.
Small Engines, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,
That one Wife 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 do not beare in vaine.

ILLVSTR. III.

Hen thou behold'st, upon a Day of State,
The King (or, some inferior Magistrate)
Walker forth in publicke, and the royll Mace,
The Sword, or Scepter borne before his face:
Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,
In ostentation, or for idle show.
These vulgar Emblems, are significant;
And, that authority, which Princes grant
To Bodies-politick, was, heretofore
Declared, by those Ensignes, which they bore.
The bruizing Mace (although, perhaps, with us,
It be not in these times, restrained thus)
That branch of Royall-power did signifye,
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 Malefactor's life away;
And, armes it selfe, when Rebels disobay.

As often, therefore, as thou shalt elp
Such Hieroglyphickes of Authority;
Be miadefull, and advis'd (how meane foere
The Persons, or the Places may appear,
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 Laws,
(Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;
And, suffer what Authority thinkes fit:
For, whatsoever they betharguide the Reyme,
He, gave the pow'r, who gave it, nor, in vaine.
He, that concealed things will finde,
Must looke before him, and behinde.

Illustr. IV.

That 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 infift on what
This Emblem's Motto, chiefly poyneth 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 shal 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 onely 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 paased are.
Good Fortune will with him abide,
That hath true Virtue, for his guide.

The 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 Stone (this brute supporting) may express
The firm abiding, and the solidnesse
Of all true Virtues. That, long-winged Ball,
Which doth appeare fast-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)
Why should wee murmur, why repine, or grieve,
As if our Studies, or our honest paines,
Deprived were of some deserv'd gaines?
Why should we thinke the world hath done us wrong,
Because wee are not register'd among
Those thriving men, who purfe up evry day,
For twelve houres labour more then twelve months pay?
If wee our paines rewarded cannot see,
Woe 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.
When prosperous our Affairs doe growe;  
God's Grace it is, that makes them so.

ILLVSTR. VI.  

Vex 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'ners hand:  
But, when to perfect ripeness, they are grown,  
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)  
They draw it from the Virtue of the Sunne,  
Which worketh, when the Gard'ners worke is done:  
For, loft were all his travaile, and his praiue,  
Vnleffe that Planet cheereth them with his rayes.  

In this our Pilgrimage, it fares with us  
(In all our hopes, and all our labours) thus:  
For, whatsoever bus'nee wee intend,  
On God, our good success does depend.  
Our Hands may build; but, structures vain we make,  
Till God, to be Chief builder, undertake.  
To wall a City, wee may bear the cost;  
But, he must guard it, or, the Towne is lost:  
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 please to bleffe,  
And crowne their travailes, with a good increase.  

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this Flower,  
(And, may be withered, e're another houre)  
Give God the praiue, 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 pleaseth, I shall flourish too.
If thou thy Duties truely doe,
Of thy Reward, behopefull too.

Some Sels are found, who so believing be,
They think themselves from legall-workings free;
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare
That, with GOD-workes, their GOD offended were.

Another sort we know, who credit not,
That any hope of MERCIE can be got,
Till they themselves, by their extrin ill-deed,
Have merited the favours they shall need:
And, so they prize their workings; that, for GRACE,
They seem to disallow all usfull place.
Both sorts, their errors may be purged from,
When to the Fiery tryall they shall come.
So, likewise, may another Fashion too,
That erre more deadly then this former doe.

These doe (forsooth) affirm, that GOD's decree
Before all Worlds (what Words can fouler be?)
Doth bar'd the greatest part of humane-race,
Without respeeting 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;
Dispoyles 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 wouldest not for thy Wages; but, for love.
For (whatsoe're thou be) if thus thou doe,
Thou mayst have hopes, and, GOD will grant them too.
By Wisedome, things which passe away,
Are best preserved from decay.

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

Consider this, all yee, that trust your Names
To Marble Monuments; or, mount your Fames
By those poore means, which Fools and Knaves pursuie;
And, may effect as easilie 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;
Let, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,
Within the walls of such poore Monuments,
As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,
Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.
But, 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.
Some Folkes there are, (and many men suppose, That I myself, may passe for one of those) Who many likely Businesses intend, Yet, bring but very few, unto an end. Which folly to prevent, this Emblem, here, Did in a lucky houre, perhaps, appeare. For, as to draw a Circle, with our hand, We cause 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 Those workings, which we are employ'd about. For, we with constant-looking, must elect Those Businesses, we purpose to effect: Or els, our time, our labour, and our cost, Will, oft, be much in vain, or wholly lost. With constant-labour, we must follow, too, Those things, which we resolved are to do; Or, els, our hopes will never be effected, How warily so're we have projected. Long Journeys I abhorre; yet, otherwhile I meant a Furlong, and performe a Mile. I greatly fear Long-labours to begin; Yet, some I finish, when I'm entred 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 yeld, 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 craggy 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 Seeds 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 knowst the nature of my minde; Thou knowst my bodies temper what they are; And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin' de Such Fruits to yeld, as they were made to beare. My barren Sole, therefore, manure thou so; So, harrow it; so empty, and so fill; So raise it up, and bring it downe, so low As best may lay it level 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.

By viewing this fixt-Head, enwreath’d with Bayes,
(And, what the Motto round about it sayes)
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see
What constant Virtues, 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;
Shee findes our honest meanes to cloath and feede us.
In farre, and farraigne Lands, shee 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 frightened 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,
Shee bringeth Consolation and relieve:
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,
So constant (and so apt, all helps to doeus)
That, he for whom, such Knowledge, God provideth,
Enjoyes a Friend, that alwaies firme abideth,
Lord, I am friendes left; therefore, to me,
This Knowledge, and this Friend, vouchsafe to bee:
For, thou that Wisdom art, (from heav'n descending)
Which, neither hath beginning, change, nor ending.
By Studiousnesse, in Vertue's waies
Men gaine an universall-praise.

Hen Emblems, of too many parts confift,
Their Author was no choice Emblematis:
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 remembred, ev'n, by men of wit.
And, if the Kernel prove to be of worth,
No matter from what shell 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 bareth, may show,
What Breath it is, which makes her Trumpet blow:
The Wreath, inclofeing all, was to intend
A glorious Praise, that never shall have end:
And, thofe, in one fumm'd up, doe feeme to say;
That, (if men study in a vertuous-way)
The Trumpet of a never-ceafling Fame,
Shall through the world proclaime their praisefull Name:

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

ILLVSTR. X. III.

Xalt thou not thy selfe, though, plac'd thou be,
Vpon the topp of that old Olive-tree,
From whence the natural branches prun'd have bin,
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.
Be not so over-wise, as to presume
The Gardener, 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-boughes contente,
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient Stemme;
Because, thy new-incorporated Sprays,
Doe more enjoy the Simnes refreshing rales:
But, humbled rather, and, more awfullie bee;
Left, bee that cut off them, doe breake downe thee.

Be wise, in what may to thy good, belong;
But, seeke not Knowledge, to thy neighbours wrong:
Be thankful for the Grace thou hast receiv'd,
But, judge not those, 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, fought beyond his bound.
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both good and ill
Are left with Knowledge, intermingled still;
And, (if we be not humble, meek, and warie)
We are in daily danger, to miscarry.
Large, proves the fruit which on the Earth doth lie;
Winds, breake the twigge, that's grafted ever high;
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be wise,
Becomes a very Foute, before he dies.
When each man keepes unto his Trade,
Then, all things better will be made.

E more should thrive, and errre the feldomer,
If we were like this honest Carpenter,
Whose Emblem, in reprooofe of those, is made,
That love to meddle, farther then their Trade.
But, most are now exceeding cunning growne
In ev'ry mans affairs, except their owne:
Yea, Coblers thinke themselves not onely able,
To censure; but to mend Apelles Table.
Great-Men, sometime, will gravely undertake
To teach, how Broomes and Morter, we should make.
Their Indiscretions, Peasants imitate,
And boldly meddle with affairs of State.
Some Husbandes teach their Teachers how to pray,
Some Clarkes, have shew'd themselves, as wife as they;
And in their Callings, as discreet have bin,
As if they taught their Grandames how to spinne:
And, if these Customs, last a few more Ages,
All Countries will be nothing els, but Stages
Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;
Or, Gallimauffries, 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 Heav'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.
Shepherd carefull 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:
Bur, when one Foure, thus grafp'd a Peple-fone,
The other being firmly fixed on
The Staffe Episcopall; in that position,
It makes an Emblem, of a late edition:
By some, thought not improper, to express:
Their painefull, and their serious, watchfullnesse,
Who take upon themselves, the Pastoral 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 Peble in the Foure, doth seeme to shoue,
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,
(And, use their utmost power) themselves to keepe
From slothfull Ease; and from temprate sleepe:
For, he that hath such Duties undertook,
(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 cares, to guide.

Now, though this Emblems Morall doth concerne
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 endeavoure, still,
Our inuerfall Shepherd aide us will,
And us from harmes, and error he will keepe.
For, hee that guardeth, he'll doth not sleepe.
Our Days, until our Life hath end,
In Labours, and in Hopes, we spend.

In Labours, and in Hopes, we end.
But, afterward, this Doom to mitigate,
(And ease the miseries of their estate)
God gave them Hope, that she might help them bear
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, we 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 we attend,
That Curse will prove a Blessing, in the end.

My Lot is Hope, and Labour; and, betweene
These Two, my Life-time hath prolonged beene:
Yet, hitherto, the best of all my Paine,
With most of all my Hopes have beene in vaine;
And to the World-ward, I am like to waft
My time in fruitless Labours, till the last.
However, I have still my Hopes as faire
As hee, that hath no temptings to Despaire;
And, change I will not, my last hours for theirs,
Whose Fortune, more desirable 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.
Hen from the harmeless Turte, and the Snake,
Their most commended properties we take,
(And, mixe them well) they make a composition,
Which yeilds a temper of the best condition.
Yet, wickednesse, or sorrow, doth abound,
Where, any one of these, alone, is found:
For, whenfie're the Serpents braine we find,
With which, there is no Dove-like meekenesse joyn'd,
(Without all peradventure) thence proceeds,
All ha'metall fraud, and all injurious deeds.
And, where fuch meekenesse as doth feeme to be
In harmelesse Doves, divided you hall fee
From that difcution, and that politle,
Which in the Serpents head, is thought to lie;
They liable to ev'ry wrong become;
And, to it felfe, make Virtue burthenfome.
But, where these two are joyned, they procure
A life fo sweet, fo rich, and fo secure,
That, all the pow'rs of Malice cannot shake
Their out-worhs, nor within them, terrors make.

Vouchsafe thou ob my God! vouchsafe, in me,
That these two Vertues may united be,
Such Prudence give, as never will disdain,
The Dove-like Innocencie, to retaine.
That meekenesse, grant me, which delighteth not,
It felfe, with indifcretion, to beft;:
But, let these two, each other fo defend,
And fo, in me continue, till my end,
That, fimple prudence, I may still poffeffe;
Although the World shall count it foolifhnesse.

Where
Where e'er we dwell, the Heav'ns are near;  
Let us but fly, and we are there.

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  
To uncouth Deapthes, or up some heights unknowne?  
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end  
Is farther then Earths limits do 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 thereon)  
That, from your Glass 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 Soules, with our last breathing, to expire.  
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay  
Our Journey, when we summon'd are away,  
(As thole enforced 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 uncertaine Race.  
For, let us fix on Heav'n, a faithfull eye,  
And, still, be flying thither, till wee die.
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 icy-way,
Left he may slip, by walking over-fast;
Or, break the crackling Pavement, by his haft:
And, fo (for want of better taking heed)
Incure the mischiefes of wary 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 forfitted,
(With all our hopes of Life-eternal, too)
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.
There is no private Way, or publick Path,
But rubs, or holes, or flipp'rineffe it hath,
Whereby, we shall with Mischiefes meet; unlesse,
Wee walke it, with a sedate, warneffe.

The steps to Honour, are on Pinnacles
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, even that way, which is both sure and holy,
And, leadeth the Mind from Vanities and Folly,
Is with so many other Path-ways croft,
As, that, by Rashneffe, it may soon be lost;
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon
Those Tracks, 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.
our pelican, by bleeding thus,
fulfill'd the law, and cured vs.

illustr. xx.

ook here, and marke (her sickly 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 express
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 tears of pity stood,
when he beheld his owne unthankfull brood
his favours, and his mercies, then, contemple,
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 soules might save.
because, they disobey'd the sacred will,
he, did the law of righteousness fulfill;
and, to that end (though guiltie 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 retain a due commemoration
of those deare mercies, and that bloody passion,
which here is meant; and, by true faith, still, feed
upon the drops, this pelican did bleed;
yea, let me firme unto thy law abide,
and, ever love that fleke, 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 Monster (as their Authors write) When strong he grows, becommeth so ingrate, That he pursues, with violent delphight, 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 onely 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 Crowne, therefore, supporting thus That pious Fowl, and overtopping, here, The wicked, and the fierce Hippotamus, May serve to comfort, and to keep in feare. For, it informs, that, if we pious grow, And love our Princes (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 Encount-place, shall us protect From being, reached, by the Sou'raigne-power. The way of justice, therefore, learn thou still, For love of Goodness, or for feare of Ill.
Take wing, my Soule, and mount up higher; 
For, Earth, suffiles not my Desire.

Hen Ganymed, himselfe was purifying, 
Great Jupiter, his naked beauty pitying, 
Sent forth his Eagle (from below to take him).
A blest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him; 
And, there (as Poets feign'd) he doth still, 
To Iove, and other God head, Nectar fill.

Though this be but a Fable, of their feigning,
The Morall is a Real truth, pertaining
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire
Above the Starry Circles, to aspire.)
By Ganymed, the Soule is understood,
That's wash'd in the Purifying flood
Of sacred Baptisme (which doth make her seeme
Both pure and beautifull, in God's esteeme.)
The Eagle, means that Heav'nly Contemplation,
Which, after Washings of Regeneration,
Lifts up the Minde, from things that earthly bee,
To view those Objects, which Faith's Eyes doe see.
The Nectar, which is filled out, and given
To all the blest Inhabitants of Heaven,
Are those Delights, which (Christ hath fayd) they have,
When some Repentant soule beginnes to leave
Her foulneffe; by renewing of her birth,
And, flying all the Pleasures of the Earth.

I aske not, Lord, those Blessings to receive,
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;
Nor, what this World affords; for, I contemne
Her Favours; and have feene the hell of them:
Nay, Heav'n it selfe, will unsufficient bee,
V mane, Thou, also, give Thy selfe, to mee.
Through many spaces, Time doth run, and, endeth, where it first begun.

ILLUVITUR OIN SUE APAPE

ILLUSTR. XXIII. Book. 3

Ld Sager 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, doe the planets; Thus, the seasons doe; And, thus, doe 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 entrances. That season, likewise, hath to winter ward, as leafyly a path: And, then, cold winter wheeleth on amaine, Vntill it brings the spring about againe, With all those resurrections, which appeare, To wait upon her coming, every yeare.

These roundells, helps to shew the mystery of that immense and blest eternity, From whence the creature spring, and, into whom it shall, againe, with full perfection come, When those additions, it hath fully had, Which all the few'raall orbs 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 threescore Yeares.

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 deceitful; 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 burdensome,
And, at the last, impossible, become.

Great Clarks, 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 componing but each Day a Line,
Might Authors, of some famous Works appeare,
In sixtie, seventie, or in eightie yeares;
To which, ten hundred thousands have arrived
Of whom, we see no signe that ev'n they lived.
And, with much pleasure, we might al 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 last are done.
Whereas, diff us, and many days milbent,
Without their Lines, let in discouragement.
Or, bring Defpaire; which doth to loathful make us,
That we, to no endeavours 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.

ILVSTR. XXV.  Book 3

Hen Phæbus with a cheerfull eye, beholds
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads
His beames abroad; behold, the Margolds
Beginne to rere 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;
They 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 sweetly thrive, and fructify:
Yes (like fresh Groves, or Flow'r's of pleas'ng hew)
Themselves in all their jollity they shoue;
But, they, if with disoleature, them he view,
Soone lose their glory, and contemned 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 Pathways are:
Yer all shall feelre it, when their Sou'raignes eye
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:
Yea, it will frade them in Obscurity,
By some Disheartning, or some sweet Effect.
Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious King,
And then my Wither'd Leaves, will freelie 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 bath;  
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-shad'd Passages;  
And, much allures the Traveller, to trie  
The many Pleasures, which doe that Way lye.

The Right-hand course, is through a Pathless-mound  
Of newly plough'd, 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 every man is given,  
To travaile in; and, hath a funder ending,  
Then those, whereon more Pleasures are attending:

And (though it leads us thither, where we see  
Few promises of outward Glories bee)  
It brings (as when we passe the common fight)  
Through easy Tracts, to gain our Hearts delight.

The other Way (though seeming fairest, it lyes,  
To Pleasure's Palaces, before our eyes)  
Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene  
Our Hopes, and Vertue, will always lurke unseen;  
Till we are drawne so farre, that 'twill be vaine,  
To seeke, with safety, to returne againe.

This, let us heed; and, still be careful, too,  
Which Course, it most concerneth us to goe.

And, though the Left-hand way, more smooth-the hath,  
Let us goe forward, in the Right-hand path.
I was erected for a Bound,
And I resolve to stand my ground.

ILLUSTR. XXVII. Book 3

The Bounder Stones, held sacred, heretofore,
Some did so superstitiously adore,
As, that they did not only reverence doe them;
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of God's head, to them:
For, Terminus had many a Sacrifice,
As well as other senseless Deities.
I am not so profane, as to desire
Such Ethnicks zeal should set our hearts on fire:
But, wish I could, Men better did regard
Those Bounders, which Antiquity hath rear'd;
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,
There, make incroachments, where they have no right.
That, ev'ry man might keep his owne Possessions,
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent Procesions
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere)
To walke their Parish Limits, once a yere:
And, well knowne Markes (which sacrilegious Hands
Now cut or breake) so bord'red 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,
Moft men Intruders, and Intruders are:
They grieve each other, and their Dues they steale,
From Prince, from Parent, and from Common-wealth.
Nay, more; these bold Vultures 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 confin'd, 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 picture 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 toys, they most esteeme.

Though many wish to gaine a faithfull Friend,
They seldom seek one, for the nokest end:
Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)
How Friendship should be managed, as it ought.

Such, as good Husbands cover, or good Wives
(The deare companions of most happy lives)
Wrong Courses take to gaine them; yet, contemne
Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:
And, left, they unawares the Mark may hit,
They blinde their judgements, and before their wit.

He, that will finde a Friend, must seek one out
To exercise untainted love upon;
And, mutuall duties, must both yield, and take,
Not for himselfe; but, for his Friendship sake.

Such, as doe rightly marry, neither be
With Dowries caught, nor woe a Pedigree;
Nor, meeley come together, when they wed;
To reap the yorthefull pleasures of the Bed:
But, seek that fineffe, and, that Sympathy,
Which maketh up the perfect Amity.

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

He Picture of a Crowned king, here, stands  
Upon a Globe, and, with outstretched hands,  
Holds forth, in view, a Law book, and a Sword:  
Which plain and moderate 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 Laws, and Actions military;  
Shall not be Monarch, only 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 teare;  
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 every Province of his Lands,  
At all times, armed are his Trayned bands.  
His Royall fleets, are terrorous 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 awfull Throne,  
But, likewise, labours, Milchies to prevent,  
By wholsome Laws, and rightfull Government.  
For, where the Sword commands, without the Law,  
A Tyrant keepes the Land in flavish awe:  
And, where good Laws doe want an armed pom'r,  
Rebellious Knaves, their Princes, will devour.
Faire-sheaves, we should not so much heed, 
As the Vrightnesse 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 Vsefulness, we finde them right.

A warped Bowe, though strung with silken threads, 
And, crooked Arrows, tipt with Golden heads, 
Delight not Archers; yet, such uselesse Toyes 
Be not enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes. 
A skilfull Artist (in what Art fee're, 
He seke, to make his ableneffe appeare) 
Will give large Prices, with much more content, 
To buy a plaine (if perfect) Instrument; 
Then, take for nothing (or, for thankes alone) 
An uselesse Tool, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be fraught, 
When more Mechanick works are to be wrought, 
Such Instruments, as rather have eftpee 
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 impair'd finde. 
Else, 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 honesty, as I am.
My Substance, and my Light, are spent,
In seeking other men's content...

ILLVSTR. XXXI.

If this nigh-wasted 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 gaine.
The Taper burnes, 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 snufft, 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 appeares,
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 means 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, contenue.

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, delightful Pride
Off snufft; 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 breake the Promises they make?
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lyce, and sweare?
Why practife 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 seeme to bee?
Thus, oft it proves; and, therefore, Falsehood can,
In likelihood, much more inrich a man,
Then blamelosse 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 seeme, have made but shoves
Of real 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 Pletie, and a blest Estate:
And, that, Good men, though poore they seeme to bee,
Have Riches, which the Worldling cannot see.
Now He, who finds himfelfe endow'd with such,
(Whate're we thinke him) is exceeding rich.
If 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 Wheelees, on Gibbets, and the Gallow-tree  
Trust up; when they, that farre more guilty are,  
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tiffuc, 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 helpleffe Widowes, in their great diftreffe  
And, of their Portions, robd the Fatherleffe?  
Yet, cenfu’d others Errors, as if none  
Had caufe to say, that they amisse have done  
How many, have affilied to condemne  
Poore foules, for what was never stolne by them  
And, perfecuted others, for that Sin,  
Which they themselves, had more trasgressed in  
How many worthleffe 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 bene put in truft  
How many Lawyers, wealthy men are growne,  
By taking Fees, for Causes overthrowne  
By their defaults? How many, without feare,  
Doe rob the King, and God, yet blameleffe are?  
God knowes how many! would I did fo, too,  
So I had pow’r to make them better doe.
Hen thou beholdest on this Burning-Stone,
The melancholly Night-bird, siting on
The fleshless 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 beseech,
How foone, these foulies 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 Owles, 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'lt thy friends, thy strength, and wits may bee
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)
There may be couries taken, to divert
Those Frights, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,
When Death draws near; 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 Experience) 'twill be hard
To learn this Lesson; or, to be prepar'd
For that sad parting, which, will forced bee,
Between this much beloved World, and thee.

Consider this, therefore, while Time thou haft,
And, put not off this Business, till the last.
Does not the golden mean exceed,
In word, in passion, nor in deed.

In word, in passion, nor in deed.

Illustr. XXXV.

As is the head-strong horse, and blockish mule,
Ev'n such, without the Bridle, and the Rule;
Our nature growes; and, is as mischievous,
Till Grace, and reason, come to govern us.
The Square, and Bridle, therefore let us heed,
And, thereby, learn 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 forms) may represent
The Law: Because, mankind, (which is by nature,
Almost 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 sensitive creature) May type forth discipline; which, when the law Hath schoold 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 misdo.
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.

A a 2

Wee
We then have got the surest prop,
When God, alone, becomes our Hope.

ILLUSTR. XXXVI.  
Book 3

Should not care how hard my Fortunes were,
Might still my Hopes be such, as now they are,
Of helps divine; nor fear, how poor I be,
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.

For, they have left assurance of such ayd,
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.

Yea, now I see, mee thinkes, what weake and vaine
Supporters I have fought, to helpe sustaine
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,
Would undermine the Station where I stand.

Me thinks, I see how feurvie, and how base,
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,
To men of earthly minds; and unto thofe,
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lofe
Their Wealth, (or their abus’d Authoritie)
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-minde:

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 cumbring fluffe
Wee seek wathey) 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 toyes, which, yet, are left me;

I should on God, alone, so much depend,
That, I should need, nor Wealth, nor other Friend.
True Virtue, firm, will always abide,
By whatsoever sufferings strive.

ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

His is a well-knowne Figure, signifying,
A man, whose Virtue will abide the trying;
For, by the nature of the Diamond Stone,
(Which, Violence, can no way worke upon)
That Patience, and long-suffering is intended,
Which will not bee with injuries offended;
Nor yeeld to any base dejectedness,
Although some bruising Pound, the same oppress;
Or, such hard straights, as theirs, that hammerings feele,
Betwixt an Anvil, and a Sledge of Steele.

None ever had a perfect Fortune, yet,
But, that most Precious Stone, which God hath set
On his right hand, in beaming Majesty,
Upon the Ring of blest ETERNITIE.
And, this, is that impenetrable Stone,
The Serpent could not leave impreffion 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 preciousness, partake,
In all my Trials, make mee always able
To bide them, with a minde impenetrable,
How hard, or oft so're, those hammerings bee,
Wherewith, Afflictions must new fashion mee.
And, as the common Diamonds polished are,
By their owne dust; so, let my errors wear.
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,
Give mee the Lustr, Lord, that will endure.

Truth,
Truth, oft oppressed, we 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 Psalms, 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 presume downe the head;  
So, God's eternall Truth (which all the pow'r  
And spight of Hell, did labour to devour)  
Sprung high, and flourished the more, thereby,  
When Tyrants crush'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 integritie,  
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,  
'To spic how they may disadvantage it.  
Yea, Lord, though Sinners in high place doe sit,  
(As David faith) yet, let them not oppresse  
Thy Veritie, by their imperiousneffe.  
But, make both Her, and her Professors, bide  
The Tez, like Silver seven times purifide.  
That, all Truths lovers, may with comfort see,  
Shoo may depreft, but, not, oppressed bee.
They, who but slowly-paced are,
By plodding on, may travaile farre.

The big-bon'd Ox, in pace is very slow,
And, in his travaile, step by step, doth goe,
So leisurely, as if he tir'd had bin,
Before his painfull journey did beginne;
Yet, all the day, he stily plod'd on,
Vntill the labour of the day be done:
And, seemes as fresh (though he his task hath wrought)
As when to worke, he first of all was brought.

Meane-while, the Palfrey, which more swiftnesse had,
Hath lost his breath, or proves a Resty-jade.

This Emblem, therefore, maketh it appeare,
How much it profiteth, to persevere;
And, what a little industry will doe,
If we continue constant thereunto.

For, meanest Faculties, discreetly us'd,
May get the start, of nobler Gifts, abus'd.
This, may observed be in many a one:
For (when their course of life was first beginne)
Some, whose refined wits, as pier'd as high,
As if above the Spheres, they were to flie:

By Sloth, or Pride, or over-trusting to
Their owne Sufficiencies, themselves undoe.
Yea, and those forward-wits, have li'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 Mean-wits, take from hence, encouragement:
And, let us all, in our Affaires proceed,
With timely leisure, and with comely speed.
Uncertaine, Fortunes Favour, bee,
And, as the Moone, so changest Shee.

ILLVSTR. X L.

Vr 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 clofed eyes) to put in minde,
How blindly, and how heedlefly, she throwes
Her Largeffe, where her Bounty, she bestowes.
She stands upon a Ball; that, wee may learne,
Of outward things, the totterings, to discerne:
Her Ball hath wings; that it may signifie
How apt her Favours are, away to flee.

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 Vifefulness, as toyes.
Her Head is hairlesse, all, except before;
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more
To hold her Forms kindnesse, alwayses fall;
Left, the doe shew thee flipp'ry tricks, at laft.
And, lastly, that her changing may be showne;
She beareth in her Hand a Wexned Moon.

By this Description, you may now defcare
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 M_logo falsly faith, her Ficklenesse
Is like the Moones: For, she hath trownd on mee
Twelve Moones, at least; and, yet, no Change I see.
Vntill the Steele, the Flint shal smite,  
It will afford nor Heat, nor Light.

Hilft by the High-way-side, the Flint-stone lies,  
Drie, cold, and hardnesse, are the properties 
We then perceive: But, when we prove it higher, 
We finde, that, Coldnesse doth inclose a Fire;  
And, that, though Raine, nor cloudie-skie appeares, 
It will be (many times) bedew'd with teares.

From hence, I mind, that many wronged are,  
By being judge'd, as they, at first, appeare;  
And, that, some should bee prais'd, whom wee despise,  
If inward Grace, were feene with outward-Eyes.

But, this is not that Morall (wee confesse)  
Which this our Emblem, fercmeth to exprefse:  
For (if the Motto fpake the meaning right)  
It shewes, that, hard-afflictions firft must finite  
Our hardned hearts, before it will bee feene,  
That any light of Grace, in them, hath becne.

Before the Flint will fend forth shining Rays,  
It must bee ftrecen, by the Steele, (it fayes.)

Another Morall, adie we may to this,  
(Which, to the Figure, futes not much amifs.)  
The Steele, and Flint, may fitly reprefent  
Hard-hearted men, whose mindes will not relent:  
For, when in opposition, fuch become,  
The fire of Malice, flames and sparkles from  
Their thearemng Eves; which elfe, close hidden refts,  
Within the clofets of their flanie brefths:  
And, flame our right it will not, (though it smokes)  
Till Strife breakes paffage, for it, by her frokes.

If any of these Moralls may doe good,  
The purpofe of my paines is understood.
My Wit got Wings, and high had flowne;  
But, Poverty did keepe mee downe.

ILLUSTR. XLII.

BOOK. 3

Out little thinke, what plague it is to bee,  
In plight like him, whom pictur’d here you see.  
His winged-Arme, and his up-lifed-eyes,  
Declare, that hee hath Wit, and Will, to rise:  
The Stone, which clogs his other hand, may show  
That, Poverty 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 contemne,  
You could not chafe but helpe, or pitie them.

All Ages had (and, this I know hath some)  
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 Wits 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 fought;  
I might my felke, and others, have undone,  
Instead of Courses, which I thought to runne.  
I finde my Poverty, 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 Mischiefe, hardly can be done,
Where many-pow'rs are knit in one.

Serve the Sheafe of Arrows, figur'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 joynd:
Whereas, were they divided, strength but small,
Like rotten Koxes, would soone breake them all.
This Emblem, therefore, fitly doth imply
That Safeguard, which is found in Unity;
And, shewes, that, when Diss-union is begunne,
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.
The Psalmist, numerous Offspring, doth compare
To Quivers, that with Shafts replenish'd are.
When Unity hath knit them in her bands,
They prove like Arrowes in a Giants hands.
And, though, for these, their foes in waye have layd,
They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afraid.
Consider this, seee 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, wee are Brethren all; and (by a Blood
More precious, then our nat'ral 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.
They, best enjoy their Hearts desires,
In whom, Love, kindles mutual-fires.

ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Hat may the reason be, that, when Desire
Hath kindled in the breast, a Loving-fire,
The Flame, which burn’d awhile, both cleare & strong,
Becomes to be extinguished, ere long?
This Emblem gives the reason; for, it showes,
That, when Affection, to perfection growes,
The Fire, which doth inlighten, first, the flame,
Is made an equal, and a mutual flame.

These 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, betwenee
These two, one flaming heat, is to be scene;
To signify, that, they, but one, remaine
In Mind; though, in their Persons, they are twaine.
He, doubtlesse, 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.
Doc mind, what by this Morall, they are taught.
Where many Forces joined 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 Hieroglyphike: 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 praiie,
This Picture (though I like it not) displays
The Morall, which the Motto doth imply;
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.
He, that hath many Faculties, or Friends,
To keep 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, useful being had:
That man, by their Affistance, 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 sayd; 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, inferres
A better sente; 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.

Hy doe men grudge at those, who rayed be,
By royall Favour, from a low degree.

Know this, He should be honour'd, whom the King,
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.

Why shou'd they blame their Kings, for fav'ring such,
Whom, they have thought, scarce meriting so much?
God rules their Hearts; and, they, themselves deceive,
Who dream, that Kings exalt, without Gods 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 Wisedome knows,
Both whom, and why he crownes, or overthrows;
And, for what caufe, the Heart of Princes, bee
Inlarg'd, or shut; when we no caufe 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 heare.

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 ray'd have bin:
If Sinners flourish, we may thank our Sin.

Both Good and Bad, do like in outsides be,
That, Kings may be deceiv'd, in what they fee;
And, if God had not ruled 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 publicke 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 bee, though he himselfe undone.
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 fair Eyes, of uesfull 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 publicke wrong:
For, they doe reap the Fruits, by many owne,
And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.
Never, yet, did murmuringly complaine,
Although those Moones have long been in the Waine,
Which on their Silver Shields, my Elders wore,
In Battles, 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 aspects.
For, when I tell the World, how ill I fare,
I tell her too, how little I doe care,
For her delights: 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 Waine,
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 being had,
I mooved on in Courses retrograde,
And, thereby lost my Splendor: but, I feel
Soft motions, from that great Eternall Wheel,
Which mouvesth all things, sweetly mooving mee,
To gaine the Place, in which I ought to bee:
And, when to Him, I backe returnne, from whose
At first I came, I shall at full become.

The Moone, which is decreasing now,
When shee returns, will fuller, grow.
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 halfe-faynne stemme,
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part Historically, may erre,
The Morall, which this Emblem doth inferre,
is untrue; and, seemeth to imply,
The World to bee so full of Treacherie,
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,
In which, from Falshoods Engines, wee are free.
I have observ'd the Cittie; and, I finde
The Citizens, are civill, grave and kind;
Yet, many are deluded by their showes,
And, cheated, when they truft in them repose.
I have been oft at Court; where I have spent,
Some idle time, to hear them Complement:
But, I have seene in Courtiers, such deceit,
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.
I doe frequent the Church; and, I have heard
Gods judgments, by the Preachers, there, declar'd,
Against mens falshoods; 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 secke their living,
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;
Ev'n those, their wits, can (this way) to apply,
That, they'll soone confen, wiser men, than I.
Here's no Day, nor minute of the Day,
In which there are not many teared away
From life to death, or many as long as
You often view the Grave, you often see
The Harbingers of Death, sometime begin
to take up your whole Body, for their time;
You feel their heavie Cares, on your back;
Nay, you your Faces, do sometime find the places
Of Sorrow, in your Bowels, and your Vaines.
You see the Race of many a Youthful race
Is finished, ere his Father's Course is done.
And thus the Hand of Death, regardeth neither
Sex, Youth, nor Age, but, amidst alltogether.
You see your loving Parents, or beloved Friends,
To bear their heavy Cares, for their own ends;
And sometime, when you your selves, do visit,
Age, or with Disease, on your bed,
Yet you desire your ends, and fill contrive,
For temporal things; as if you thought to live
Sixe times, or other; or at least
That you, and others, may be quicken'd:
Perchance, you might not, in the meantime,
This Emblem, and this sentence, here were lost.
THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

1

He Wreathes of Glory, you affect,
But, means to gain them, you neglect:
And, (though in doing, you delight)
You doe not, alwayes, what is right:
Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,
To know, to whom the richest Prize
Doth appertain; 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 Powers, than you have had,
And, meaner Wit, good shift have made,
Both to contrive, and compass that,
Which able men have wondered at.
Your Strength, and Wit, unise, therefore,
And, both shall grow improve'd the more.
See, Emb. I II.

3

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of them,
Who, Civill 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 III.

4

By this thy Lot, wee may misdoubt,
Thou look'st not warily about;
But, hastest onward, without heed,
What went before, or may succeed;
Procuring loffe, or discontent,
Which, Circumpection, might prevent.
Therefore, with grarfulness, receive
Those counsells, which our Moral give.
See, Emb. I V.

C. C. 2

Thou
The Third Lotteries.

5
Thou haft, unworthily, repin’d,
Or, been displeas’d in thy mind,
Because, thy Fortunes do not feeme
To fit thy Worth (in thy esteem’)
And loe, to check thy discontent,
Thy Lot, a Morall, doth present;
And shewes, that, if thou verims bee,
Good Fortune, will attend on thee.

See, Emb. V.

6
When thy Desires have good success,
Thine owne Endeavours, thou dost bleffe;
But, seldome unto God thou giv’st
Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv’st.
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. VI.

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

See, Emb. VII.

8
Thou haft been willing, that thy Name,
Should live the life of Honest-Fame;
And, that, thy labours (to thy praise)
Continue might, in future dayes.
Behold, the Lot, thou hast on,
Hast shewn, how this may well bee done.
Pursue the Course, which there is taught,
And, thy desires to passe are brought.

See, Emb. VIII.

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

See, Emb. IX.
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 encreas your Wit)
They haunt you, in an Emblem, yet.
Peruse our Moral: 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 fought 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't it for Fame; and, now art shoune,
For what, her Trumpet shall be blowne.
This 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;
Be 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 Fidling-fellowes,
Who, better practis'd 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 showes
Thy Folly, and what from it flowes.

See, Emb. XIV.
The Third Lottery.

15

Thou haft 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 fiercely,
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 haft hop'd, and wrought in vain;
And, think'ft thy lot, is farre more hard,
Than what for others is prepar'd.
An Emblem, therefore, thou haft got,
To shew, it is our common-lot,
To worke and hope; and, that, thou haft
A Blessing by it, at the last.

See, Emb. XVI.

17

That thou haft 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'd.

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, shoudl grim appeare,
And, put you in a causellese scare;
(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 heedful sheould not grow,
They'1l hazzard much, your overthrow.
But, you the mischief may eschew,
If wholesome Counsell, 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 need,
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 means, hee left behind him,
Which better teacheth how to mind him:
Yet, if wee both by that, and that,
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 Virtue's sake.
Yet, since the best men, sometimes may
Have need of helps, in Virtue's way,
Those useful Morals,请您 note,
Which are presented by this Lot.

See, Emb. XXI.

This Lot pertaineth unto those,
(And who they bee, God onely 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 bee;
And, had this Emblem, that you might
Encourag'd bee, in such a Flight.

See, Emb. XXII.

The state of Temp'rall things to shew,
Yee have them, full, within your view;
For, ev'ry object that we see,
An Emblem, of them, serves to bee.
But, wee from few things, helps doe finde,
To keepe Eternity in minde.
This Lot, an Emblem brings, therefore,
To make you thinke upon it more.

See, Emb. XXIII.

Unless ye better looke thereeto,
Dis-use, and Sloth, will you undo.
That, which of you despayed was,
With ease, might have bin brought to passe.
Had but so much bin done, as may
Bee equal'd with One Line a day.
Consider this, and, to that end,
The Morall of your Lot attend.

See, Emb. XXIV.
If we mistake not, thou art one,
Who loves to court the Rising-Sunne;
And, if this Let, thy nature finde,
Thou to Exeriment haft a minde:
If so, leane hence, by whose respect
(Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect;
Then, seeke to win his grace to thee,
Of what estate soe'tre thou bee.
   See, Emb. XXV.

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.

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 Embleme draws.
Examine it; And, if you see
A fault, let it amended be.
   See, Emb. XXVII.

Your Emblemes 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 leane,
Which your Affection doth concerne.
But, if it Counsel you too late,
Then, preach it at your Neighbours gate.
   See, Emb. XXVIII.

Some, urge their Princes on to Warre,
And weary of sweet Peace, they are.
Some, seeke to make them, dote on Peace,
(Till publike Danger more encrease)
As if the World were kept in awe,
By nothing else but preaching Law.
Thy Morall (if of those thou art)
Doth ake a Moderators part.
   See, Emb. XXIX.
30

Tis feared, thou dost lessen esteem,

Vright to bee, than so to seee;

And, if thine actions, faire appear,

Thou carest not how soule 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. XXX.

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 befals; to shew,

How great respecks, to such, are due.

See, Emb. XXXI.

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. XXXII.

33

We hope, no person, here, believes,

That, you are of those wealthy Theeves,

Who, Chains of gold, and pearly do wear.

And, of those Theeves, that, none you are,

Which weares a rope, wee, plainly see;

For, you, as yet unhung bee:

But, unto God, for Merceie crie,

Else, hang'd, you may bee, e're you die.

See, Emb. XXXIII.

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 hear;

Before they come to sixtie-year.

But, minde 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 Wild goose chase, too long,
And (left all Reason, you exceed)
Of Rules, and Reines, you now have need;
A B'sidle, therefor; and a Square,
Prime Figures, in your Emblems, are.
Observe their Morall, and I pray,
Be Wise, and Sober, if you may.

See, Emb. XXXV.

36

Because her Ayc makes goodly showes,
You, on the World, your trust repose;
And, his dependance, you despite,
Who, merely, 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. XXXVI.

37

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

See, Emb. XXXVII.

38

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

See, Emb. XXXVIII.

39

By Rashneffe, thou hast often err'd,
Or, else, thou had'st been more prefer'd.
But, future errors, to prevent,
Thou to the flow pac'd Oxe art lent,
To learene more Stayneffe; and, to doe
Thy Workes, with Perseverance, too.
Hee that this creatures Vertue scornes,
May want it all, except his Hornes.

See, Emb. XXXIX.
The third Lotterie.

40
Dame Fortune's favour seemes to bee.
Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;
As it, in what, her hand bestowes,
Thou mightst thy confidence repose.
But, that, her manners may bee knowne,
This Chance, upon thee, was bestowed.
Consider well, what thou hast got,
And, on her flatterings, dote thou not.

See, Emb. X L.

41
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 blows.
Some other, Morall: thou maist learne,
Thereby, which will thy good, concern;
Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,
And, minde it, as occasions are.

See, Emb. XLI.

42
Thou thinkest thy Witt, had made thee great,
Had Poverty not beene some let:
But, had thy Wealth as ample beene,
As, thou thy Witt, didst overweene,
Instead of thy desired Height,
Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.
Hereafter, therefore, be content,
With whatsoever God hath sent.

See, Emb. XLI.

43
To Discord, thou art somewhat prone,
And, thinkest thou mayst subsist alone;
Regarding not how safe they bide,
Who, 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.

44
Thou wouldest be lov'd; and, to that end,
Thou dost both Time, and Labour spend:
But, thou expectst (as we 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
If all your powers, you should unite,
Prevaile in your Desires, you might:
And, sooner should effect your ends,
If you should muster up your Friends.
But, since your Genius doth supply,
That, you much Policy neglect,
Your Lot presenteth to your view
An Emblem, which instructeth you.

See, Emb. X L V.

Because, thou mayst be one of them,
Who dare the deeds of Kings condemn;
(As if such eyes as theirs and yours
Could view the depth of Sovereign powers;)
Or, see, how in each Time, and Place,
God rules their hearts, in ev'ry case.)
To check thy laxineffe, in this,
An Emblem comes not much amisse.

See, Emb. X L VI.

Of many goodly parts thou vaunt'st;
And, much thou hast, though much thou want'st:
But, well it were, that, lefse thou hadst,
 Unless more use there of thou mad'st.
That, therefore, thou mightst come to see,
How vain unpractis'd vertues bee,
Peruse thine Emblem; and, from thence,
Take usefull heed of thy offence.

See, Emb. X L V I I.

By this thy Lot, it may appear,
Decay thy Hopes, or Fortunes are.
But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,
Thine Emblem, by example, showes,
That, as the Moon doth from the Waine
Return, and fill her Orbe againe:
So, thou thy Fortunes mayst renew,
If, honest Hopes, thou shalt pursue.

See, Emb. X L V I I I.

Some Foes, for thee, do lie in wait,
Where thou suspectest no Deceit;
Yea, many a one, thy harme intends,
Whom thou dost hope will be thy Friends:
Pe, therefore, heedfull, whom to trust;
What makes thou tak't, and what thou dost;
For, by thine Emblem, thou shalt see,
That, wariness, will needfull bee.

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

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

See, Emb. L.

Thou seek'tst by fickle Chance, to gaine,
What thou by Fortune might'st attaine.

Endeavour well, and, nothing shall
to thee, unfortunately fall:
For, ev'ry variable Chance,
Thy firme contentment, shall advance.

But, if thou, yet, remaine in doubt,
Turne Fortunes-wheele, once more, about.

Thy Lot, no Answere will bestow,
To that, which thou deign't to know;
Nor can'st thou, here, an Emblem find,
Which to thy purpose is inclinde.

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

Then, take it not in evill part,
Thar, with a Blanck, thou answer'd art.

Although you now refus'd not,
To trie the Fortune of your Lot;
Yet, you, perhaps, unwilling are,
This company the same should heare.

Left, some hardy Morall should unfold
Such tricks, as you could wish 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 advice,
Esteemed are of little price?
Your onely purpose, is to looke
Upon the Pictures of this Book,
When, more discretion you have got,
An Emblem shall attend your Lot.
You might have drawne an Emblem, here,
In which your manners pictur'd were:
But, some will vex, when they shall see
Themselves, so painted out to bee,
And, blame this Booke, as if it had
By some unlawful 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 chafed,
Although you outwardly had laugh'd.
You, therefore, very glad may bee,
This proves a Blank; and, so may wee.

FINIS.
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 fourth Booke.

LONDON,
Printed by AUGUSTINE MATHEV VES.
MDCXXXIV.
A COLLECTION OF EXAMPLES, ANCIENT AND MODERN.
TO
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE
PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROKE, and
MOVTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the
Housbould, Knight of the most honourable Order of
the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Honourable Privie-Councell.

My Honourable Lord,

Though, WORTHLESSE in my owne repute I am;
And, (though my Fortune, so obscures 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 Merit was
No better, than, to most, they now appear
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had
The Noblest Names, (and, those of whom was made
The best Account) so lowly to descende,
As, my well-meaning Studies, to befriend.

Among those WORTHIES, I may both bemone
(My selfe in Him) and memorize, for one,
Your much renowned BROTHER, as a Chief;
In bringing to my wand Hopes, reliefe;
And, in my Faculties, were I as able
To honour Him, as he was honourable;
I would have shewne, how, all this Emperor
Hath lost a Friend, in Him, as much as I.

To M[e], so freely, of his owne accord
It pleased Him, his Favours, to afford;
That, when our learned, and late SOVRaigne-Prince,
(By others ill-informed) tooke offence
Army my Free Lines; He, found such MEANES and PLACE
To bring, and reconcile mee to his Grace;
That, therewithall, his Majestie bestowed
A Gift upon mee, which his BOUNTIE shou'd;
And, had enrich'd mee; if, what was intended,
Had not, by otherfome, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffered 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 Royall-Gift, neglecting so
To fortifie 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 Loffe, I have Occasion had
to feele, why other men are often fad.
And, I, (who blufled, to be troublesome
to any Friend) therby, almost am come
to fuch a paffe; that, what I wish to have,
I fhould grow impudent enough to Crave,
Had not impartial Death, and waiting Time,
Of all my Friends quite worn 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, fome there are, no doubt, for whose respect
I might endeavour, with no vain effect;
Had I but caufe, to have as high efteme,
Of mine owne Merits; as I have of them.
And, if your Honour fhould be fo inclin’d,
As I defire; I, now am fure to finde
Another Pembroke, by whose ayde fustain’d,
I may preferve, what by the Laft I gain’d.
To make adventure, how it will fucceed,
I now am come. And lo, my Lord, infeed
Of better Advocates, I firft begin,
Mine Emblem, by these Lines, to Vlher in;
That, they, by their admittance may effect
For mee, and for themselves, your kinde respect.
That, which in them, beft Worthy you fhall fand,
is this; that, they are Symptomes of a Mind,
Affecting honefte: and of a Heart,
So truly honouring a true defert,
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire
As much respect as I can well defire:
And, Sir, your Candor, your knowne Courtesies,
With other praieful Vertues, make mee rifle
To this Belief; that, You by fav’ring mee
Hereafter, may as highly honour’d be,
As by fome former Bounties; and encreafe
My Future Merit, by your Worthinesse.
However, what I am or fhall be knowne
To Bee, by Your Deservings, or mine owne,
You may command it; and, be fure to finde
(Though fale my Fortunes prove) a Faithfull Mind.

Thus, unfainedly, profeffeth
Your Honours
trueft Honourer,
Geo: Wither.
TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE,

HENRIE, EARLE OF HOLLAND, &c.

Captaine of the Guard; Lord-chiefe-Justice in Eyre
of all his Majesties Forrests, Parks and Chafes
on this side Trent; Knight of the most noble Or-
der of the Garter, and one of his Majesties
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 have enjoyed, here,
A while agoe;) that, I began to feare,
I might grow Friendlesse; (having now so few)
Wits I sought, their Number to renew.

By some Disafters, also, gaining profe,
How much this Courfe would make for my behoove;
I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How
I might, with hopefulnesse, begin to sow
The seeds of fuch a Bleffing: And, I thought
Within mee, fomething faid: Where should be fought
What thou fo gladly wouldft renewed finde,
But, from fome Branches of the felfe-fame kinde;
Whofe faire Aspects may feme to promise fuit,
According to the Virtues of the Roote?

Asfoone as Fancie had inform'd me fo,
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 gh'd, no doubts at all I had
Of a Onr in Yov; But, rather, doubtings made
That, all my Wits would insufficient be,
To make that Worthe become a Friend to mee.

For, I have offt observ'd, that, in your Shunes
The best Defert, if after her, it runnes.

Yet, who can tell what may befal? thought I:
It is no great Adventure, if I try
Without fucceffe: And, if, I gaine my End,
I am affured of a Noble-Friend.

His honourable Father, deem'd mee worth
So much refpeeting as to lecke me forth,
When, I was more Obfcurc: And, mee, for nought.
But, onely to Befriend mee, forth hee sought.
Then wherefore, of his Sonne, should I fufpeft
That (seeking him) hee can my love reject?
Since, Courtefye doth alwaies, there, abound,
Where fuch a lovely Personage is found:
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 need;
As to expect your Favourites, in my need.
For, had my Fates enabled me so much,
I should more willingly have sought out such
On whom I Courtesies might have bestowed,
Then, seek to cure Misfortunes of mine own.
No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship heards
Inventions, which may better please your cares
Than these I now present; And, yet you mights
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or, some ules in them,
Which from your Honour, some respects may win them;
Evn' 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 profess,
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.
In which, if'TOV are pleased; All is get
At which I aym'd: And, though you like it not,
It shall but teach Nee (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.
Whilst I, the Sunne's bright Face may review,
I will no meaner Light pursue.
The Earth is God's, and in his Hands Are all the Corners of the Lands.

Illustr. II. Book 4.

Ong since, the sacred Hebrew Lyric (sayd,
That, All the world is God's; and that his hands
Enclose the limits of the farthest Lands,
The selfe same Truth affirms, that likewise, there,
By him, their Codd's and Sorrowes watered are,
And, that with dewes and showers, he doth fo bleffe
The dwellings of the barren Wildernesse,
That, Those Inhabitants (whom some conceiv'd,
Of useful, and all pleasant things bereav'd)
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,
And, fetch their yearely Harvest home, with joy.

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

And, if I may, from lower objects chime,
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)
Why shou'd I thinke, the Soule shall not bee fed,
Where God affords, to Flesh, her daily Bread?
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,
Because, on us, much Mercie 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 Shewes, and few there are
So diligent to bee, as to appeare;
Although a little travaile more, would make them
Thee men, for which, the look rs. 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 sought;
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 superfluous showes,
More precious Time, than would have made them those,
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been spent,
In seeking Wisdom, with a pure intent)
Whereas, the glorious purchasing of such,
(Though by their Priests they seeme applaud’d much)
Are still so vaine, that little they possess,
But fruitlesse leaves, of learned foolishnesse:
Yea, by affording more than is their due,
They lose ev’n both the substance, and the show;
And, so, instead of honours Crown’d, have wore
The Coxcombes, of a well-deserved scorne.
But, of all Fooleries, the grossest Folly
Is theirs, who weare those garments 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 profest;
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.
Pursue thy Workes without delay,  
For, thy short hours runne fast away.

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

The brittle Glass, serves fitly to express  
The Body's frailty; and much crafiness.  
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 forgetfull 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 trifile out the time;  
As if it merited their utmost paine,  
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to gaine.

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 haft Commission to dispose;  
And, they from thee, doe flye away to fast,  
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.

Lord, give mee grace, to minde, and use Time so,  
That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.
Repent, or God will break the thread,
By which thy doom 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 smallness 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 every one of us.
Destruction hangeth in a single thread,
Directly over every Sinner's head.
That Sentence is gone forth, by which wee stand
Condemned 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 mercy, that keepes up the Ball
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh! let us minde, how often we have bin,
Ev'n in the very act of Deadly-sin,
Whilst this hung over us; and, let us praiie,
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.
O Oore Hart, why doft thou run so fast: and why,

Behind thee doft thou looke, when thou dost fly?

As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare

Those dangers following thee, with thou dost feare?

Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runnest in vaine,

To shunne, by flight, thy terrors, or thy paine;

For, loe, thy Death, which thou haft dreaded so,

Clingst fast unto thee, wherefore thou goe:

And while thou toyt'st, an outward caze to win,

Thou draw'st thine owne destruction further in;

Making that Arrow, which but prickes thy hide,

To pierce thy tender entrailes, through thy side.

And, well I may this wounded Hart bemoane;

For, here, me thinke, I'm taught to looke upon

Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see

Those deadly wounds, my Simes have made in mee.

I greatly feare the World, may unawares

Intangle mee, by her alluring snares

I am afraid, the Devill may infect

Some poysonous fume, my Spirit to infect,

With ghastly Pestilence; and, I assay,

To flie 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 grieue, which I shall never cure,

Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure:

From thence, oh Lord, my greatest sorrows bee,

And, therefore, from my Siffe, I flie to Thee.
When Magistrates confined are,

They repel, who were kept in fear.

ILLUSTR. VII. Book 4.

A Tyrannous, or wicked Magistrate,
Is fitly represented by a Catt:

For, though the Mice a harmful vermine bee,
And, Catt the remedie; yet, oft wee see,

That, by the Mice, far leefe, some house-wives leefe,
Then when they set the Catt to keep the Cheese.

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 praife) he kills the Mice.

And, spoyleth not another's life alone,
E'en for that very fault which was his owne,
But feeds, and fittens, in the spoyle of them,
Whom hee, without compassion did condemn.

Nay, worfe than fo; hee cannot bee content,
To slayth them, who are as innocent,
As hee himselfe; but, hee must also play,
And sport his wofull prisa'rs lives away;

More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse hopes and fears,
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he reaeth;

For, by much terror, and much cruelty,
Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.

When, such like Magistrates have rule obtain'd,
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 Governors bee good or bad,
Of their displacings wicked-men are glad;

And, when they see them brought into disgrace,
They boldly play the Knaves before their faces.
Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, possett
The rich, and spacious Empires of the East,
Felt his approaching end, he bade them beare
A Shirt throughout his Arme, 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 Ambitiosnness;
Or, hoping, by that Spectacle, to give
Some good Instructions 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 possett.
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 vext 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 compositer 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 freshely bloome.

is true, a wiser'd-branch I am, and seeme  
To some, as voyd of Hopes, as of esteeme;  
For, in their judgements, I appeare to be  
A faplesse Bough, quite broken from the Tree,  
(Ev'n such as that, in this our Emblem, here)  
And, yet, I neither feele Despaire, nor Fear;  
For, I have seene (e're now) a little Spray,  
(Rent from her Stemme) lye trodden by the way,  
Three moneths together; which, when Spring drew on,  
To take an unexpected Root begun;  
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, flood,  
When thofe great Groves, were fell'd for firing-wood,  
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung unhurt,  
While that poore Branch, lay fleighted in the durt.  
Nay, I have seene (such twigs) afford them shade,  
By whom they were the meanest thrippings 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, fee 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 loft?  
No sure: For, I, who by Faith's eyes have seene,  
Old Aarons witheter'd Rod grow freth and greene;  
And also viewed (by the selfe-fame Eyes)  
Him, whom that Rod, moft rightly typifies,  
Fall by a shamefull Death, and rife, in Iright  
Of Death, and Shame, unto the glorious height.  
Ev'n I, beleev my Hope shall bee poffeft,  
And, therefore, (ev'n in Death) in Hope I'l rest.

Gg
True Vertue, whatsoere 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 mighty Rocks,  
Whose firme foundation bides the dreadfull shocks  
Of angry Neptune; you may thereby fee,  
How firmly fetled, Vertues reuall bee.  
For, as the raging Seas, although they roare,  
Can make no breach upon the Rockie shore;  
And, as a true triangled Pyramid,  
Stands fast, and shewes alike, on ev'ry side:  
So, howsoever Fortune, turns or winds,  
Those men, which are indow'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 Rockie-shore, but vainely bears;  
So, Envie shall in vaine, loud bluftrings make,  
When vertuous resolutions they would shake.  
For, Vertex, 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 unmov'd abide.
The motion of the World, this day,  
Is mov'd the quite contrarie way.

ILLVSTR. XI.

Hat was this Figures meaning, but to shew,  
That, as these kinde of Shell-flyth backward goe,  
So now the World, (which here doth seeme to take  
An asteward 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, purposeth to shew.  
For, I have now, of late, not onely seene,  
What backward motions, in my Friends have beene;  
And, that my outward Fortunes and Affairs,  
Doe of themselues, come tumbling downe the staites:  
But, I have also found, that other things,  
Have got a wheeling in contrary Rings:  
WhichRegreffe, holding on, 'tis like that wee,  
To Iones, or Ethnicks, backe shall turned bee.  
Some punie Clerkes, presume that they can teach  
The ancient holy Doctors, how to preach.  
Some Laicks, learne 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 dispoze.  
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 purse this Round, they are fo heady,  
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.  
Doe thou, these forward Motions, Lord, restraine;  
And, set the World in her due course againe.

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

Rom these well-order'd Arrows, and the Snake,
This useful Observation you may make; that, where an able Prudence, doth combine
Vanished 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, doublets, 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 Disciplin'd.
Nor, byes it in the Souldiers common Skill:
In warlike Postures; nor in theirs, who drill
The Ranks and Fyles, to order them aight,
According as Occasion makes the Fight.
But, men must use a further Prudence too,
Or else, those vulgar Arts will all undo.
For, these, are only Sciences enjoynd,
To order well the Body, not the Mind:
And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,
The Hare brain'd'st fooles, 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 Ha'zards; 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, 
Submit with patience, unto Fate.

HEN I beheld this Picture of a Boat, 
(Which on the raging Waves doth seem to float) 
Forced onward, by the current of the Tide, 
Without the help of Anchor, Oar or Guide. 
And, saw the Motto there, which doth imply, 
That she commits her selfe to Destiny; 
Me thinkes, this Emblem sets out their estate, 
Who have ascribed ev'ry thing to Fate; 
And dreamed, that howsoever the businesse goe, 
Their Workes, nor hinderers, neither helps thereto. 
The leaking Ship, they value as the found: 
Hence that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee 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 sheaves of Truth, both caueth 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 saftie 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 see. 
And, when this Non plus we are forc'd unto, 
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do. 
Hence that shall thus to Fate, his fortunes leave, 
Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.
The best, and fairest House, so me,
Is that, where best I love to bee.
The King, but poor 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'e Favours 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 wee 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 sunne is downe;  
And, some, that once a glorious Empire swayd,  
Did lose their Kingdomes, e're their heads were layd.  
The greatest earthly Monarch hath no powre,  
To keep his Throne one minute of an houre,  
(Vis all the means, and policies hee can)  
If God will give it to another man.  
Hee, when Belshazzar was in high'st 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 meane, but hee,  
When God shall please, an Emperor 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 reas'd his Throne,  
That was on earth, the most despis'd one.
Her favours, Fortune, oft imparts,  
To those that are of no deserts.

ILLUSTR. X VI.

Ould you not laugh, and thinke it beastly fine,  
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd Swine,  
Wear on her shoue, a Diamond, or a Pearle,  
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 thinke there be not any where  
Such Antickes, but in this our Emblem here.  
But, if you take these Charmes, and then goe forth  
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,  
You shall discove, quickly, if you please,  
A thousand fights, as mimickall as these.  

Here, you shall see a noble Title worn,  
(That had not mis-beeem'd one better borne)  
By him, whose vertues are of little price,  
And, whose estate, was gotten by his Vice.  
You shall behold another Mushroom, there,  
Walke with our Lords, as if hee were their Peer,  
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,  
No fit companion for such men as they;  
And, had no other meanes to clime this height,  
But Gaming, or to play the Parasite.  
Yet (though he neither hath his Trade, nor Lands,  
Nor any honest In-come, by his hands)  
Hee, oost consumes at once, in Games or Cheers,  
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 should:  
For, thus, unworthily, blind Fortune things,  
To Crowes, and Geese, and Swine, her precious things.
The best good-turnes that Fooles can doe us,
Proove disadvantages unto us.

Foole, sent forth to fetch the GoJUngs home,
When they unto a Rivers brinck werecome,
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare
His Dames beft Brood, might have been drowned there;
Which, to avoyel, hee thus did shew his wit,
And his good nature, in preventing it.
Hee, underneather his girdle, thurts their heads,
And, then the Coxcombe through the water wades.

Here learne, that when a Foole his helpe intends,
It rather doth a mischief, then befriends,
And, thinke, if there be danger in his love,
How harmefull his Maliciousnesse may prove:
For, from his kindnesse, though no profitifle
To do; thees spight, his Malice may suffie.
I could not from a Prince befeech a boone
By suing to his Leftor or Buffone:
Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, foot or serve,
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.
For, to be poore, I should not bluff so much,
As if a Foole should raife me to be rich.

Lord, though of such a kind 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 Fooles.
Those wicked Fooles, that in their hearts have sed
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 mee belong,
In my Supporter, I am strong.

Illustr. XVIII.

Lthough there bee no Timber in the Vine,
Nor strength to raife the climbing Vine-swine,
Yet, when they have a helper by their fide,
Or, prop to stay them, like this Pyramide,
One roote sometime, fo many Sprays will bear,
That, you might thinke, some goodly Grove it were:
Their tender talkes, toclimb aloft, are feene;
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant greene;
And,that, which elfe, 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 naturall-birth,
Like Vines undreft, and creeping on the earth;
Nor free from spoiling, nor in cafe 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 weakneſſe might ascend.
And, hee our frailtie to himselfe do take,
So, of his might, the partners us hee makes;
That, hee, in us, doth feeeme 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.
Ood Folkes, take heede; for, here’s a wanton Wagge,
Who, having Bones and Arrows, makes his brag
That, he hath some unhappy trick to play;
And, vowe 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 spareth not one, nor other:
Yea, otherwhile, the Monkey shoots his Mother.
Though you be little Children, come not neere;
For, I remember (though it be many a yeare
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a Lad,
My Heart, a prick, 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 smarled.
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 feare him not; for, I have learned how
To keepe my heart-strings from his Arrows now:
And, I might you, and I might ev’ry one
That vaine Occasions, truely seekes 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 Hospitall.
ILLUSTR. XX.

His Cube, which is an equall-sided-square,  
Doth very well, in Emblem-wise, 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,  
Upon what side or part soe're it lyes:  
So, men well formed by the Word divine,  
And, truly s quar'd by vertuous Discipline,  
Will kepe (though changes them shall turne & wind)  
The forme and firmness of an honest-minde.  
If, digg'ing deepe, his fortunes lay him there,  
Where he his owne, and others weights must beare,  
(There, many yeaers compelling him to lie,  
Opprest with dis-respect or poverty)  
Hee keeps the place to which hee stands enjoyn'd,  
And brooks his chances with a constant mind.  
If shee remoove him thence, and set him up  
On temporall Prosperities 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 he esteemes.  
Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,  
Lord, let us into such like Stones be s quar'd:  
Then, place us in thy spiritual Temple, so,  
That, into one firme Structure, we may grow;  
And, when we, by thy Grace, are fittet 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 Bel dame, here,
For, in her habit, though shee gay appeare,
You, through her youthfull wizard, may esp'y
Shee's of an old Edition, by her Eye:
And, by her wainfcoat face, it may bee seene,
Shee might your Grandams first dry-nurse have been.

This is an Emblem, fitly shaddowing thofe,
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 moft 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 blithe, dawb'd on a furrowed Cheeke:
And, I abhorre to see old Wantons play,
And, fuite themselves, like Ladies of the May.
But, more (yea, most of all) my foule despiseth
A Heart, that in Religious formes, disguiseth
Prophan intentions; and arrayes in white,
The coal-blacke conscience of an Hypocrite.
Take heed of such as thefe: and, (if you may)
Before you trust them, tract them in their way.
Observe their footsteps, in their private path:
For, thefe (as 'tis beleev'd, the Deuill hath)
Have clowen feet; that is, two ways they goe;
One for their ends, and tother for a show.
Now, you thus warned are, advis'e embrace;
And, truft 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 confess it be,
That Hand and Heart together should agree;
And, that, what we in outward shew express,
Perform'd should be, with inward heartinesse.

(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, ere thou dyest.

Some, give their Heart (as many Lovers do)
Yet, are afraid, to set their hands thereto.

Some give their Hands; and, then by many a deed,
To ratifie the gift, they dare proceede;
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 heartinesse,
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 Dismeblers, in things temporall,
These Rashalls are the vext'eff Knaves of all.
No Emblem, can at full declare,  
How fickle, Minds-unconstant are.

OME, thinke this Emblem serveth to express  
No more, but only 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 sickle be:  
And so I thinke, and so I know are wee.  
And (being put together) say I dare,  
That, they and wee, in equall manner, share  
A giddinesse, and fickleness of minde,  
More wavering, than a Feather, or the Wind.  
The Woman, here, is place'd, to typifie  
A minde distracted with much levitie:  
Not, that the womans Wav'ring are the more;  
But, for this cause: Most Fices, heretofore,  
And Virtues too, our Ancestors did render,  
By words declined in the female gender.  
The winged Ball, (whose tottering Foundation,  
Augments the causes of our variation)  
Means, here, those useles and vaine semp'ral 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.
Hic that enjoys a patient Minde,
Can Pleasures in Afflictions finde.

What means this Country-peasan, skipping here
Though prickling the stiles with such gametom cheere? And, plucking off their tops, as though for roses,
He gather'd Violets, or toothless Roses.
What meaneth it, but only to expresseth
How great a joy, well-grounded Patience he Retaines in Sufferings, and, what sport she makes,
When the her Journey through Afflictions takes?
I, oft have sayd (and, have as oft, beene thought
To speake a Paradox, 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 gladness lets the Surgeon search his Wounds;
And, though they smart, yet cheerfully endures
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 sad,
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 finds to so.

Hen Silver Medalls, or some Coynes 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 wariness, who thus proceed, 
WEE fairly are admonished, to heed 
The faithfulness of him we 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 Counterfei. 

All is not Gold that glitters: Otherwise, 
The Tintrure is so good, it may beguile 
The cunningst eye: But, bring it to the Touch, 
And, then, you finde the value not so much. 
Some, keepe the Tintrure, brooking, like wise, well 
An ordinarie Touch; but, yeeuld a Smell, 
Which will discover it, if you apply 
Unto your Nose, that piece of Chymistrie. 
Sometime, 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 sophistical deceit. 
Nay, some, is fully that which you desire, 
In all those Properties; and, till the fire 
Hath made assays, you'll thinke you might be bold 
To pawn your life, it had been Ophir-gold: 
But, to bee false, the Metalls 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 Sixe days, (as their wisdomes understand)  
Are to bee spent in Labour, by command,  
With such a strictnesse, that they quite condemn  
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 means) the reason is to seek,  
When their poore Servants labour all the week,  
(Of which, they'll have them nothing) how i'\text{t} yses  
Them, to observe the sixe-fold Sacrifice  
By some injoyn'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 atime to graze, and hunt their prey:  
And, ev'y 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,  
Lefte kin-neffe was not meant, then these have had.  
The Flesh will fint, if pleafure none it knowes;  
The Man growes madd, that alway muzing goes.  
The Wifesst 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 lean Scull, which to this houre-glaffe 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 houre-glaffe, of the Life of Man,
Exceedeth not the largeness of a span.
The Sand-like Minutes, flye away so fast;
That, yeares are out, e're we thinke months are past:
Yea, many times, our naturall day is gone,
Before wee look'd for twelve a clocke at Noone,
And, where we sought for beautie, at the Full,
Wee finde the Flesh quite rotten from the Skull.
Let these Expressions of Times passage, bee
Remembrancers for ever, Lord, to mee;
That, I may still bee guiltleffe of their crime,
Who vainly confume their precious Time:
And, minde my Death; not with a slavish feare,
But, with a thankfull use, of life-time, here:
Not grieving, that my days are away doe post;
But, caring rather, that they bee not loft,
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 joyfull Hopes, my Flesh to dust commend;
In Spirit, with a steadfast Faith ascend;
And, whilst I living am, to spine to dye,
That dying, I may live eternally.
Hat thing soever some will have exprest,
As typified by this Halyons-nest,
I shall not thinke this Emblem ill-appli'd,
It, by the same, the Church bee signifi'd,
For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas
Is through the world alayd; and, that their Brood
Remaines in faferie, 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 rife, and bee enraged thereat,
Were calmed so, that Hee was borne in peace,
From whom, the faithful Off-spring 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, late, it shall abide,
Evn 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 feare the fury of my Foe;
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.
My life is full of Stormes; the Waters roule,
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.
The Tides oppose; the furious winds doe roare;
My Cable's weake, my tacklings, 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.

That's Love in earnest, which is constant found,
When Friends are in Affliction, or in Bands;
And, their Affection merits to be crown'd,
Whose hearts are fastened where they joyne their
Tis easie to be friendly, where we see
A Complement or two will serve the turne;
Or, where the kindneffe 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 Cares, for entertainment of his Friend,
Who thinkes his glorie, is expense-cheere:
For, 'tis his pleasure; and, if none should come
Like fashonable Friends, for him to court,
He 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,
Unlike our occasions to befriend,
Or, one unable to remunerate.
Few men are liberall, whom neither Lust,
Vaine-glorie, Prodigalitie, nor Pride,
Doth forward into foolish Bountie thrust;
As may, by Observation be espied,
For, when a flender Bountie would relieve
Their vertuous Friends, whose wants to them are knowne,
To their Buffoone, a Knights estate they'll give,
And, thinke on't other trifles ill-bestowne.
Yet, this he 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, usefull is, in time of Peace.

He Sword, to bee an Emblem, here, we draw,
Of that Authority, 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 foraine Spoylers come,
Domestick Foes, will else devour at home;
And, stranger-drones the peacefull Bees will harme,
Unlesse with warlike stings, themselves they arm.
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 fleight 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 Lowe, 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 blows, for doing ill.
He Spake, 'For Labour stands. The Ballard with wings,
Intendeth flying, rolling, worldly things.
This Altar stone, may serve in setting forth,
Things firmer, solid, and of greater worth:
In which, and by the words inclosing these,
You, there may read, your Fortune, if you please.
If you, your labour, on those things bestow,
Which roll, and flutter, always, to and fro,
It cannot be, but, that which you obtain,
Must prove a wavering, and unconstant gain:
For, he that soweth Vanitie, shall finde,
Atreaping-time, no better fruit then Wind.
Your hours, in serious matters, if you spend,
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,
The purchase of your pains will ever last;
And, bring you Pleasure, when the Labour's past.
Yea, though in tears, your Seed-time you employ,
Your Harvest 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 deeds
An evill conscience, and, ill fame succeedes:
An honest life, still findes prepared for't,
Sweet Hopes in Death; and, after, good report.
Of Sex, 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 Works, and buildings all on thee:
That, by the fiery Teft, when they are tried,
My Worke may stand, and I may safe abide.
Let none in troubled times refuse; 
For, after storms, the Sun will shine.

Discourage 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 truſt full promife may be found, 
That, quite, your little-worlds, shall not be drown'd. 
The Sun shine, through the foggy mists appeare, 
The lowring Skie, begins againe to cleare; 
And, though the Tempest, yet, your eyes affright, 
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night. 

Such comfort speakes our Emblem, unto those; 
Whom stormie Persecution doth enclofe; 
And, comforts him, that's for the present sad, 
With hopes, that better seafons may bee had. 
There is no trouble, sorrow, nor diffitfel, 
But mitigation hath, or some releafe. 
Long use, or time, the storme away will turne, 
Elfe, Patience makes it better to be borne. 
Yea, sorrowes 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 believe, 
His blessing unto those that mourn and grive; 
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head, 
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted. 
This promise I believe; in ev'ry griefe, 
Performe it, Lord, and helpe my unbeliefe: 
So, others viewing how thou cheerest mee, 
Shall, in all sorrowes, put their trust in thee.
For whatsoever, Man doth strive,  
The Conquests, God alone, doth give.

[Image: Emblem with sword and olive branch]

Illustr. XXXIII. Book 4

Hen on the Sword, the Olive-branch attends,  
(That is, when bloody Wars, have peacefull Ends)
And, whensoever Victories are gained;
This Emblem shewes, by whom they are obtained:
For, that all Victories, doth onely from
The pow'rfull hand of God-Almiguite, come,
The Boughes of Bayes and Olives, doe declare,
Which round the Tetragrammaton appeare.
Nor must we thinke, that God beftowes, alone,
The Victories of Warre, on any one;
But, that, when we contend in other things,
From him, th' event that's wisht for, also springs.
This being fo, how dare wee, by the Laws,
Or, by the Sword, pursue a wicked Cause?  
How dare we bring a matter that's unjust,
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it must?
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,
Agains't the perfon of his Favourite?
What Fools are they, who fecke the Conquest, by
Oppreffion, Fraud, or hellifh 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 needie Burchers, for two groats a day?
These men may side, where Conquests, God beftowes;
Yet, when the Field is wonne, these men do lose.

Since
Since overmuch will over-fill, power out enough; but do not spill.

ILLUSTR. XXXIV.

T is this Emblem meaning, to advance
The love and praise, of true Temperance.
For, by this Figure (which doth seem to fill,
Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)
Wee are, as by example, taught to see
How fruitless our Intemperancies bee:
Thus, by the Rule of Contrarities,
Some Virtues, best are showne to vulgar eyes.
To see a naftie Drunkard, reele and spew,
More moves to Sobrenesse, than can the view
Of twentie civill men; and, to behold
One Prodigall, (that goodly lands hath fold)
Stand tore and louzie, begging at the dore,
Would make Intemperance abhorred more,
(And, manly Sobrenesse, much better, each)
Than all that fixe Philosophers can preach:
So, by the Vessels overflowing, here,
True Moderation doth more prais’d appeare,
Than by the meane it selfe: And, without sinne,
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 should both Minde and Bodie, feed.
Let us, of our owne selves, obverse the size;
How much wee want, how little will suffice;
And, our owne Longings, rather leave unfill’d,
Than suffer any portion to bee spill’d:
For, what we marry, shall to account be layd,
And, what wee wisely spend, shall be repay’d.
They pass through many storms, and straights,
Who rise to any glorious heights.

His tree, which here doth largely seem to grow,
(And spreads above, though straightened in below)
Through adverse winds, and many a winter's blast,
Hath gain'd a faire proportion at the last;
And, from a lowly shrub, is grown to bee
A well-esteem'd, and a goodly tree.
Thus, had it chanced unto many a man:
And, he that first in misery began,
(So poor and mean, that very few or none
Have judged him to be worth the looking on)
Ev'n he, through corne, through wrongs, and poverty,
Harsh crept, and sere'd, and rais'd himself so high,
That, he hath placed been among the prime,
Of those, who seem'd the worthiest of the time;
Yea, overtopped and aw'd, the best of those,
Who fought to curbe him, when he first arose.

This, I have seen; And, as wee seldom find
A tree grow faire, that cannot brooke the wind,
Or, must be hous'd at Winter; or, on whom
The gardner's pruning knife, did never come:
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise
To any good, or noble qualities,
Who feel not, first some hardship, or some storms,
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme
Their wits and manners. For, prosperity,
Ease, plentie, and too large a liberie,
Doth often blast them; and, sometime bereave them,
Of what their predecessors worth's, did leave them.
Let, therefore, no man, feare 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 Paine, (whole Fingers doe appeare, As if display-ed, and advance'd they were) Intended by our Author, here, we see, so thin dow out agreeing Minds, that bee Establish'd 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 finde A difference of Degrees) shall with one mind, Pursue a faithfull hope; they’ll soone obtaine, That wifled 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 Essentiafl with joynt 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 bee: Till our confined Wisdome comes to know, That, many things, for which wee wrangle so, Would further that, whose hindrance wee doe fear, If more our Faith, and leffe our Discord were.
Protect mee, if I worthy bee; 
Is 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 pow'rfull bee,
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.

Men are of differing tempers: Some, are wonne
By promises, and gentle meanes alone:
Some moved are by shame; and, some through dread,
To bee in purde, or bodde punished.
And, some, 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 knee;
Or, punish onely with a God-forbid;
Or, Doe not so, my sonnes, 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 leefe to blame, who carry Swords,
To punish errors; but, nor looke, 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.

He Barrell, from whose botome, sides, and bung, The liquor (as in this our Emblem) flowes, May fitly typifie the babbling Tongue, Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes. For, such as are their tasakes, who strive to fill An ever-leaking Vessel, to the brim; Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to fill A sailors tougue; for, paines are lost on him. This Figure, also, serveth to express, The trufllefe nature of a whorish woman; For, thee to all displays her wantonnefte, And, cares to kepe her secreftes, from no man. Within her botome, nothing long fhee keeps, But, whatfoever fhee conceives or knowes, Straight, from the heart, up to her tougue, 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 thefe; Left, they thy Reputation doe bespot, Consume thy Substance, or thy Mine difcase. But, most of all, bee wary, left the crime, Which here we doe reproove, thy mind infect: For, Vice, like weeds, will grow in little time, And, out-grow Vertues, if wee them neglect. The fureft way to kepe such errors out, And, in our felves true Vertues to mainaine; Is, to bee boaste with Temperance, round about, And, our out-flowing humors to reftaine.

If thus we praftie, 'twill prevent the wrongs Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.
However thou the Viper take,
A dang'rous hazard thou dost make.

His Figure warns us, that we meddle not
With matters, whereby nothing may be got,
Save harme or loss; and, such as once begun,
Wee may, nor safely doe, nor leave undone,
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife
Arising 'twixt a Husband, and his Wife;
For, Truth conce'd, I'd, or spoke, on either side,
May one or th'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 distresse,
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 informe the State:
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,
That, which a stronger Band obligerth to.
Nor would I, for the world, my heart shoulde bee
Enthrald by one, that might not marry mee;
Or, such like passions, bee perplexed in,
As hang between a Virtue, and a Sinne;
Or, such, as whether way foe're I went,
Occasion'd guilt, or blame, or discontent:
For, howfo're we bee manag'd such like things,
Wee handle winding pipers, that have stings.
The gaining of a rich Estate,
Seemes, many times, restraine'd by Fate.

Illuvstr. XL. Book. 4.

Believe this Wheel, 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 understood,
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 Wheel, doth show,
That, some waxe Poore, as others Wealthy grow:
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,
So much the lower, still, the other lies;
And, when the height of one is at an end,
Hee sinkes againe, that others may ascend.
The many stops, which on this Wheel you spie,
Those many obstacles 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 Poor.
And, these, indeed, doe come to be those Fates,
Which keep most men, from getting large Estates.
In all thine Actions, have a care,
That no unseemliness appeare.

He Virgin, or the Wife, that much desires,
To please her Lovers, or her Husband's Eyes.
In all her costly robes, her selfe attires;
And, seekes the comliest dress, shee can devise.
Then, to her trustie Looking-glass, shee goes,
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and winds)
To view, how seemely her attiring showes;
Or, whether ought amisse therein she finds.
Which praiseful diligence, is figureth thus
In this our Emblem, that, it may be made
A documented signe, remembering us,
What care of all our Actions, must bee had.
For, hee that in God's presence would appeare
An acceptable Soule; or, gracious grow.
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,
Must by some faithfull glass, be trimmed so,
The good Examples of those pious men,
Who liv'd in elder times, may much availle:
Yea, and by others evills, now and then,
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe fail.

A wise Companion, and a loving Friend,
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;
And, serveth well to such an useful end:
For, hee may bee thy glasse, and Fountain too.
His good Example, shewes thee what is fit;
His Admonition, checks what is awry;
Hee, by his Good advice, reformeth it;
And, by his Love, thou mend'st it pleasedly.

But, if thou doe desire the perfect glass,
Ioyne to the Morall Law, the Law of Grace.
Wee, bring the Hony to the Hive;
But, others, by our labours thrive.

He prettie bees, with daily paines contrive
Their curious Combes, and from the flowry Fields,
Doe bring that pleasant sweetness to their Hive,
Which Nectar, and Ambrosack dainties, yeelds,
Yet, when themselves with labours they have tistr'd,
The following Winters famine to prevent,
For their good service, either they are sir'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 swarne be starved,
If weake, 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 visiting, or, then 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 mercie, 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,
God, by their Names, the Stars doth call;  
And, bee is Ruler of them all.

...
Who, Patience tempts, beyond her strength,
Will make it Fury, at the length.

Illustr. XLI.

Although we know not a more patient creature,
Than is the Lambe, (or, of itself an unripe nature)
Yet, as this Emblem shews, when childish wrongs
Hampered, and provok'd him overlong,
He grows enraged, and makes the wanton Breyes,
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their wayes.

Thus, have I liken'd it with some Child:en fane,
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 love
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, Kindneffe, long, and wilfully abused.

But, as an injur'd Lambe, provoked, 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 suffering, and his Love contemne.
For, as wee somewhat have of every creature,
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his Nature:
Or, if it bee not sayd the same to bee,
His Pictures, and his Images are wee.

Let, therefore, his long suffering, well be weigh'd,
And, keepe us, to provoke him, still afraid.
He that is blind, will nothing see,
What light so'ere about him bee.

**ILLUSTR. XLV.**

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 fee,
Though none, by night, hath better eyes than shee.

This Emblem, therefore, lets their blindnesse forth,
Who cannot see, when an apperant worth
Illustrates vertuous Men: yet, seeme to spie
Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them bele.
Th. blindnesse, also, well it may declare,
Of Heretikes, who Eagle-sighted are,
In Sophistries, and in the cloudie-night,
Of those darke Errors, which delude the sight;
Yet, cannot see the Raynes of Truth divine,
Though, brighter than the Day-light, shee doth shine.

It, likewise, very fitly typifies,
Those, in our days, who spie out mysteries,
Beyonde 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.

These, when twas offered, first, the light refused;
And, they have now the darknesse which they chus'd.

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

ILLUST. XLVI.  

There were two Champions for the Conquest fight,
Between them both Victory takes her flight,
On doubtful wings; and till the dust be past,
None knows, to whether, she the Wreath will cast.

Which Emblem serves, not only, to express
The danger, and the illusive doubtfulnesse,
In all Contentions; but, may warn us too,
That, wee no Strivings rashly undergo.

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

Force, much prevails; but Slight and Wit hath power,
Sometime, to hurl downe Strength upon the floor.
Sometimes againe, our Ingenues doe fail;
And, Blows, doe more than Stratagems, prevail.

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, if Bribery 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, loss to both (shall be 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; fafety, or estates:

That, we, a Conquest, may be sure to gaine,
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.
He faithlesse louse repining currilhnesse,
The blessed Psalmist, fitly did express,
By grinning-dogs, which howling roamed by night,
To satisifie their grudging appetite.

Here, therefore, by an Emblem, we are shewne,
That, God, (who as hee lifts, beftowes his owne)
Providing so, that none may bee unfed,
Doth offer to the Dogges, the Childrens bread.

And, by this Emblem, we are advised are,
Of their preffumptuous 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 Lyons, Dogs, and Ravens, in their need,
Hee will his Lambs, and harmless Turtles feed:
And, so provide, that they shall always have
Sufficient, to maintain the Life hee gave.

I must confesse, I never merit shall,
The Crummes, which from thy Childrens table fall:
Yet, thou haft oft, and freely fed me, Lord,
Among thy Children, at thy Holy-board:
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with Bread alone;
Put, on the blessed Bodie of thy Sonne,
My Soul hath feasted. And, if thou dost 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, is 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, seem to lay,
That, Flesh is but a tuft of Morning-Graffe,
Both green, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.
And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,
Affoone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,
In Grieves, in Sorrowes, or necessities;
And, withers ev'ry hour, untill hee dyes:
Now, flourishing, as Graffe, when it is growne,
Straight perishing, as Graffe, when it is mowne.
If, wee with other things, mans Age compare,
His Life is but a Day (For, equall'd are
His Tares 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 witherd quire.
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-tide.
For, in it selfe, it always carries that,
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruinace;
That, though it feele, nor storme, nor searing 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 moments time will perish.
Give it the tendance, fit for fading Crops;
But, for Hay-harvest, lose not better hopes.
Make use of Time, that's coming on;  
For, that is perish'd, which is gone.

ILLVSTR. XLIX.

His Glass doth declare, how Time doth pass away;  
And, if the Words, about it, rightly say,  
That Time's gone, and, proofe will shew,  
Many find both Words, and Emblem, true.  
How fast their Time departs, they best perceive,  
From whom it steals, before they take their leave,  
Of what they love; and, whose last bower is gone,  
Before their chiefest business are done.  
How fast it slides, even 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, yeares expir'd, are lost, they likewise find:  
For, when their understanding brings to mind,  
How fondly (or, how ill perchance, they spent  
Their passed age; they fee, with discontent,  
The Time, not only lost, 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 Times wings,  
Or turne his Glass; or, had a Life, or twaine  
To live, when you had fool'd out this in vaine,  
Short, the present; lost Times passed bee;  
And, Time to come, wee may not live to see.
The Garland, He alone shall wear,  
Who, to the Goal, doth persevere.

ILLVST. L.  
Book 4

AN Arme is with a Garland here extended;  
And, as the Motto saith, it is incensed,  
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, as well as they that runne.  
This being so; let no man walk in doubt,  
As if Gods Arme of Grace were stretched out  
To some small number: For, who’re begins  
And perseveres, the proper’d Garland wins:  
And, God respects no persons; neither layes  
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 beginners, nor on tho’e  
That, walk half-way, (much lesse on him, that goes  
No step at all) will God this gift conferre;  
But, onely, unto tho’se that persevere.

Lord, by thy Grace, an entrance I have made  
In honest Pathes, and, thy assistence had,  
To make in them, some few proceedings too.  
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe  
Thy sacred Work; and, to begin, and end  
Such Workes, as to thy glory, still, may tend.  
That (Walking, and consulting 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'th 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, shows thee other, then thou art.
Thine Emblem, therefore, doth declare,
What Habit, such deserve to weare;
And, that, he merits Asses ears,
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 duely thinke thereon,
A memorandum you have got,
By drawing, of this luckie Lot.

See, Emb. IV.

Mm 2

Though
The Fourth Lotteries.

Though you, perhaps, no peril dread,
A mischiefe 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 Lot, this warning Emblem sent;
Observe it, and your harms prevent.

Thou fly'st, in hope, to shun thy griefe;
Thou changest place, to seek Release;
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.

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 refrain'd, thy pow'r shall be,
Offenders, thereof will be glad,
And skoffe the pow'r which thou hast had;
Observe it; and be so upright,
That, thou maist laugh at their despight.

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

Difheartned 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 seemed lost, for evermore.
Examples, therefore, now are brought,
That, still, to Hope, thou mayst be taught.

Most
Most men desire to gaine the Fate,
Which keepes 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 fiewes of that, which you have sought:
For, by your Emblem, you may see,
What men shall most unmoved be.

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

Thou seekst a Conquest; or, (at least)
Of such a Pow'r to bee possest,
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 bleffe,
The farther off, the blessing is.

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 thinke, perhaps, this Chance
May help to cure thine ignorance;
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit
To Fate, our matters, to commit.

Thy Neighbors house when thou dost view,
Well furnish'd, pleasant, large, or new,
Thou thinkst good Lares, alwaies dwell,
In Lodgings that are trimm'd to well.
But, by thine Emblem, thou art showe,
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine own)
Thatcht Rooffes, as true Contentments yeld;
Asthofe, that are with Cedar seeld.
Vaine Fancies, therefore, from thee cast;
And, be content with what thou haft.

Thou
Thou seek'st 

**The Fourth Lotterie.**

15

Thou seek'ft Preferment, as a thing,
Which East, or Western-winds might bring;
And, thinkest to gain a temp'ral Crown;
By Powres and Vertues 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.

16

This Lot, though rich, or poore, thou bee,
Prefents an Emblem, fit for thee.
If Rich, it warne'st, not to be proud;
Since, Fortunes favours are allow'd
To Swinfls-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.

17

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

See, Emb. X V I I.

18

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 fall,
Downe to the ground, you foone will fall.
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,
You may be, still, supported so.

See Emb. X V I I I.

19

This Lot of yours doth plainly show,
That, in some danger now you go:
But, wounds by Steele, yet, feare you not;
Nor Pistols, nor Cannon-shots;
But, rather, dread the shafts that fly,
From some deepe-wounding magnois eye:
Your greatest perills are from thence;
Get, therefore, Armour of defence.

See Emb. X IX.
Thy Virtues, often, have beene triall'd,
To finde what proofs they will abide:
Yet, thinke not all thy Trials past,
Till thou on every side art cast.
Nor, fear 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.

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

See, Emb. XXI.

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 pass, repent;
And, what is yet undone, prevent.

See, Emb. X XI I.

You have delighted much, of late,
Gainst Women's tickleness, to prate;
As if this traitie 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 learn, to mend your owne.

See, Emb. X XI II.

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

See, Emb. X XI IV.
The Fourth Lotteries.

25

On out-side Friends, thou much relisft, And, trusstest, oft, before thou try'st; By which, it Cowesst thow escape, Thy Wit woe praise not, but thy Hop: But, left by trusst,(cere trial due) Thou, overlate, thy Tongling sue; Observe the Moral of thy Lot, And, looke that thou forget it not.

See, Emb. XXV.

26

By this your Lot, it should appeare, That, you your selfe are too severe; Or, have, by some, perplexed bin, That, ev'ry Pleasure is a sinn. That, wiser therefore, you may grow, You have an Emblem, now, to shew, 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 Hours away doe post; Nor art thou mindfull 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, wouldst thou know, When Seas doe rage, and winds doe blow: If so; thine Emblem shewes thee, where Such Priviledges gained are. Observe it well; then, doe thy best, To bee a Tongling, in that nest There moralized; and, mocke thou not At what is taught thee, by this Lot.

See, Emb. XXVIII.

29

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

See, Emb. XXIX.
The Confciences, of some, afford
No Lawfull use unto the Sword:
Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,
The practice of all Armes may cease;
And, you, perhaps, among the rest,
With such like fancies are poiffed.
However, what your Morall sayes
Observe; and, walke in blamelesse ways.
See, Emb. XXX.

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 add:
For, by your Emblem, you may see,
Such, as your Pains, your Gains will be
See, Emb. XXXI.

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

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

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 meane. If, this thou finde,
Or, know'ft, in any other kinde,
How thou offendest by excess
Now, leave off, that intemperate.
See Emb. XXXIV

The Fourth Lotterie.
The Fourth Lotterie.

35
Thou hop'd, to climb, to honor'd heights,
Yet, wouldst not passe through thorny or strife,
But, thou'st them so, as if there were
No way to bliss, where troubles are.
Left, then, thou lost thy hop'd, for pride,
By, seeking wide, and easie wayes;
See what thine Emblem doth disclose.
And, scare not ev'ry mindes that blowes.

Sec, 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.

Sec, 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 hast 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 blamest, much,  
Because, thou canst 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 *Embleme*, shall be told,  
Thou, there, shalt find, which be those *Fates*,  
That, keep men low, in their *estates*.  

See, *Emb. XL*.

Thou thinkest, that thou from faults art free;  
And, here, unblamed thou shalt be.  
But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme  
As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,  
Presume thou not abroad to passe,  
Vntill, by every *Looking-Glasse*,  
Which, in thy *Moral*, is express'd;  
Thou hast, both *Mind* and *Body* dreft.  

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 paine:  
Yet, these, they not alone undo,  
But, having robb'd, they murder too.  
The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* showes,  
That, thou mayft helpe, or pity thofe.  

See, *Emb. XL I I*.

Thou, often hast 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, hast provoked, over long,  
Their patience, who neglect the wrong;  
And, thou dost little seeme to heede,  
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* increase.  

See, *Emb. XLIV*.

*Thou*
The Fourth Lottery.

45
Thou hast the helps of Nature's light;
Experience too, doth ayde thy fight:
Nay more, the Sun of Grace divine,
Doth round about thee daylie shine;
Yet, Reasons 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. XLV.

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. XLVI.

47
To them who grudgingly repine,
Affoone as their estates decline,
This Lot pertaines; or, unto those,
Who, when their neighbour 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 besped;
But may have hope, he shall be fed.

See, Emb. XLVII.

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 esteeme.
But, now, to banish that conceit,
Thy Lot an Emblem brings to light,
Which, without flattery, shewes to thee
Of what regard it ought to be.

See, Emb. XLVIII.

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 Morall heed; Repent thy Crime;
And, Labour, to Redeeme the Time.

See, Emb. XLIX.
The Fourth Lotterie.

50
With good applause thou haft begunne,
And, well, as yet, proceedst on:
But, e're the Laurel, thou canst weare,
Thou must mait persevere.
And, left this die, be to go;  
Thou haft a Caveat, by this Lot.

See, Emb. I.

51
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 Starres looke angrily on men:
Then, try your Chance againe, anon;
For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52
If, by your Lot you had bene prai'd
Your minde, perchance, it would have rais'd,
Above the mean. Should you receive
Some check, thereby, it would bereave
Your Patience: For, but few can beare,
Reproves, which unexpected are.
But, now prepared you have bene,
To draw your Lot once more begin;
And, if another Blancke you get,
Attempt your chance, no more, as yet.

53
To cross your hopes, Misfortune sought;
And, by your Lot, a Blanck hath brought:
Bur, he who knew her ill intent,
Hath made this Blanke 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.

54
These Lots are almost Ten to One
Above the Blankes; yet, thou haft none.
If thus thy Fortune still proceed,
Tis Ten to One, if well thou speed.
Yet, if thou doe not much neglect,
To doe, as Wisdom 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 essay.
For, one thing, now, thy mind doth 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 do thee good;
For, it inferres what Portion shall,
To ev'ry one, (at last) befall,
And warns, while something, is enjoyed,
That, well it (alwaies) be imployd.

FINIS.
A Table for the better finding out of the princial things and matters, mentioned in these Four Booke.

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A Superfluous to all them, whose custome
it is, without any deserving, to importune
Authors to give unto them their
Books.

It merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,
That, thus I have inscrib'd this Epigram:
For, they who know me, know, that, Books thus large,
And, fraught with Emblems, do augment the Charge.
Too much above my Fortunes, to afford
A Gift so costly, for an Averse-word:
And, I have prov'd, your Begging Qualities,
So forward, to oppose 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.

These 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 Tak3; As if you thought my store
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by Giving,
(Both Pains and Charges too) I got my living;
Or, that, I find the Paper and the Printing,
As facile to me, as the Books Inventing.
If, of my Studies, no esteem you have,
You, then abuse the Courtesies you crave,
And, are Vehemently. If you prize them ought,
Why should my Labour, not enough be thought,
Vnlesse, I add Expences to my pains:
The Stationer, affords for little Gains,
The Books you crave; And, He, as well as I
Might give away, what you repine to buy:
For, what hee Gives, doth onely Many Cost,
In mine, both Many, Time, and Wit is lost.
What I shall Give, and what I have bestowed
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 Many, soone be begger'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, (if I may confess it) signifies, 
That, I was farre more Liberall, than Wise.
But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am, 
That, till without denyall (or just blame) 
I may of those, who Cloth and Clothes do make, 
(As oft as I shall need them) Ask, and Take; 
You shall no more befoole me. Therefore, Pray
Be Answer'd; And, henceforward, keepe away.
A Direction shewing how they who are so disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the Lottery aforegoing.

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) thoweth in which of the foure Booke, or Lotteryes, that Chance is to be expected, whereunto your Number doth tend you, whether it be Lot, or Blanche. If it be any Number above Fifty, it is a Blanche 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 Book next before the same Lottery.

If the letter M. be placed before the allotted Number, then, that Lot is proper onely to a Man: If W, hand before it, it is proper onely 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 impermanent to their proper Sex, they are then, to take the next Chance which pertaineth properly to their Sex, whether it be Blanche or Lot; the triall whereof, I have thus contrivd, 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 driv'd from Kings, Shall seek for Sport sake, hence to draw their Lot; Our Author says: that, bee provided not For such as these: Because, it were too much For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such; Who, (as hee thinkest) should rather, Ayde supply For him, to mind his evil Fortunes by. To them, hee, therefore pleased is to give This noble, and this large prerogative; That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they please, And make them better, if they like not theefe. All other Personages, of High degree, That, will profess our Authors friends to be, This Freedom, likewise, have; that still, they find A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind, They shall have libertie, anwre, to try Their ought for Chance: And, evrie time apply The Morrals they disliked, unto those, Which are, ill-qualifie, among their Foes. All others, who this Game, adventure will, Must heare their Fortunes, be they Good, or ill.