

the School of Nature, the other Experiments in the Shop of Art. Neither would Men know how to keep themselves in Action, or maintain Commerce, were it not for the Sake of Philosophy. To this are owing all the Advances and Progressions that Ingenious Men have made in their Callings and Occupations. And every Smith, Carpenter, Mason, &c. that makes an Improvement in his Craft or Mystery deserves the Title of *Virtuoso*, and to be number'd among the Philosophers.

Among all the Sciences, there is none to which (had I leisure) I could be more devoted than to *Astronomy*; and for this Reason, I could raise a Pyramid to the Inventors of the *Telescope*; That Happy Midwife to new Discoveries in the Heavens; and think my self no less oblig'd to him that first found out the MOTION of the EARTH. Both have Enfranchis'd me from the Slavery of Prepossession, and taught me to *unthink* the Sentiments of my greener Years. Methinks I owe no Allegiance to *Ptolomy*; and am perfectly wean'd from the Magiſterial Dictates of the *Stagyrite*. I cannot so readily believe that the SUN moves above two Hundred and Fifty Thousand Miles every Minute of Time, as that the Earth moves Eighteen Miles in that space. And that the Planet *Saturn* moves ten, and the *fixed Stars* a Hundred Times faster and farther than the Sun in the same space, which must be the Consequence of the *Earth's standing still*, and the Sun's Motion. It seems no good Divinity to me, to expect that from GOD's Infinite Power, which is repugnant to his equal Wisdom and the *Laws of Motion* which he has Establish'd in the Universe: This were to make one of his Attributes *Clash* with another, and to calumniate his Holiness, which consists in the *Harmony* of them all. I adore his *Omnipotency*, and tremble at the Thought of calling in Question the Power that made *All things of Nothing*. Yet I think it my Duty to be Wise as well as Devout, and to speak *rightly* as well as *reverently* of his Divine Perfections. As his Word is the *Rule of my Faith*, so his Providence is the *Pole-Star* of my Reason. And in the Scrutiny of his Works I do not so much enquire what he uses to do. Being assured that as nothing is to him Impossible, so he has stated the Being, Actions, Passions,

Passions, Qualities and Circumstances of all things, ordering them in exact Number, Weight and Measure. So that, *a posse Dei ad esse Rei non valet Consequentia*. He has fix'd the Laws of *Loco-motion* in Corporeal Substances, and ty'd up the *Primum Mobile* it self to a certain Proportion of Time and Distance, which it can no more exceed, than the smallest *Wheel* of a Watch.

Such prodigious WHIRLIGIGS, as the Heavenly Bodies must needs be, in the *Ptolomaick Hypothesis*, makes me giddy to think on't; and I believe they were troubl'd with a Vertigo, that first reel'd upon the Notion: Or they labour'd under the deception of those at Sea, who sailing within sight of the shore, and not being able to perceive the Motion of the Vessel that carries them, are apt to Fancy the Neighbouring *Cliffs, Towns and Trees* were under Sail, and steering a contrary Course, since they so appear to do. For not less silently do I believe the *Earth moves constantly round on her Axis*, thus making the Natural day and night, without putting the whole Frame of the Universe into an unconceivable Hurry.

The *Planet Jupiter* is discover'd by the Telescope to make the same Circulation in 10 Hours, *Mars* in 23, and the *Sun* himself in 28 days. These are no Chimæra's or dreams of Poets, no Metaphysical speculations of *Nut-shell Brains*, but Real truths, demonstrable by Art and Ocular Experience. And methinks it is a more *Uniform Idea*, if we suppose the *Earth to be a Planet* like the Rest, and to take its turn in the septenary dance round the *Sun*, who is plac'd in the Centre of this Vortex; and is the *true Apollo*, to whose Musick the whole *Planetary System* keeps time. I fear not the Lash of *Maurolycus*, nor the Scourge of his bigotted Brethren. If *Copernicus* was by them thought *Scutica & Flagello dignus*, for innovating on the Doctrines of *Ptolomy*; What was *Ptolomy* himself worthy of, who entrench'd on a greater Antiquity, and undermin'd the Philosophy of *Aristarchus Samius*, who taught the *Motion of the Earth* above Four Hundred Years before *Ptolomy* was an Infant? For my Part, I think it no *Treason* against the Common-wealth of Learning, to say, I prefer *Galileo's Tube* to *Ptolomy's Spectacles*; and the Discoveries of our English *Royal Society*,

ciety, to the blind Conjectures of the Peripateticks, and the wild Speculations of Old Athens.

When I was first inform'd that there were discover'd four new Stars moving about Jupiter, and three about Saturn, I was as well pleased, as they who received the earliest News of Columbus's landing in America. I am so far from being of Alexander's Humour, that instead of weeping. I should heartily rejoyce could I be credibly satisfied, That there are ten Thousand more Worlds, than are already discover'd.

I am naturally Melancholy, and the weight of this leaden Complexion does so depress my Spirits, That all the Race of Mankind on Earth seems too small to afford Variety enough for a Relief. This makes me the more willing to believe what my Reason suggests to be true, That the PLANETS ARE INHABITED. It is a lively, as well as a Rational Notion; and since they are Dark, Opake Bodies, like the Earth we tread on, having no other Light but what they borrow from the Sun, and seem in all other Circumstances to be adapted for Habitations, I see no Solæcism in Philosophy, nor Heresie against the Faith, to believe they are really Inhabited as is this Globe. That they have Succession of Day and Night, and their Satellites or Moons to give them Light by Night, even as we, is demonstrable to the Eye by the help of the Telescope. But there would, in my Opinion, be little need of all this, were there no rational Inhabitants in those Celestial Globes. It is a fastidious Pride in Man to Fancy all this Glittering Furniture above was only made for Ornament, or for Shepherds to gaze on in the Night, or for some other Inferior uses of the Sons of Adam. And 'tis a narrow Conceit to imagine, that tho' this Globe be plentifully Inhabited by all sorts of Animals, not a Turf of Land, nor a Puddle of Water being without its Tenants, yet all those ample and glorious Bodies above, should lye empty and vacant, tho' some of them be far bigger than our Earth, and for ought we know, may be ten times more commodious for Habitation. Those Passages in St. Paul's Epistles to the Philippians 2. 11. Ephes. 1. 9, 10. Colos. 1. 16. seem to be calculated for the Inhabitants of those Heavenly Bodies. And his Emphatical words
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in *Ephes. 3. 9.* seem to be but a Transcript of the Revelations he receiv'd, and of the Things he saw when he was *Rapt into the Third Heaven, viz.* That there are some in those Heavenly Places, even Principalities and Powers, to whom the manifold Wisdom of GOD in Christ was made known, and that they were not only Created by Him, but for Him, and that they and we are *all of a Family or Descent.* These may be some of the *ἀρρήτα ῥήματα* which that Holy Apostle speaks of in *2 Cor. 12. 4.* Words and Mysteries which could not be utter'd: And for ought I know, those Beings which he calls Principalities, Powers, Might, Thrones and Dominions, may be no other than the several glorious Colonies of the Cœlestial Family dwelling in the Stars, who all believe in the same Eternal Jesus, even as we do, and through his Meditation make their Approaches to GOD the Father. This may be *the farther Fellowship of the Mystery of God, hid from the Beginning.* This the untraceable Riches of Christ, which put *St. Paul* to an *ὦ βάθος ὡς ὑπερβάλλον μύθος τῆς δυνάμεως αὐτῆς.* O the Depth of his Wisdom! O the Superlative Greatness of his Power! But whether the *Planets be Inhabited* or no, this I am assured of, and can produce an Hundred Authentick Witnesses, that they are Dark Bodies, like the Earth we tread on, and that they have no Light but what they receive from the Sun, which also they do but partially enjoy like us, by Successive Hemispheres, having their Day and Night measur'd out to them proportionate to the Time they take up in moving round their Centers.

When I have tyred my self with following these *visible Motions of Nature,* I retire *Home* again, thinking to take Sanctuary in my self, and find a Rest in the Contemplation of my own SOUL: But there I do but commence a new Fatigue, and am hurried about in a *perpetual Circle* by an invisible Energy within me. I think, speak, and act with infinite Variety, yet know not how I perform these different Operations. I know my self to be an *Incorporeal Substance,* and can easily FEEL out my own Independency on the Body. I look on this *House of Clay* I carry about with me, to be only my Prison. But how I am confin'd to this Prison, I that am but a

poor Scintillation or Spark of the Eternal Sun, is a *Riddle* which I cannot solve. I can better imagine how a Beam of our Visible Sun may be united to a Marble Statue, than that a pure Thought should be fastned to a Clod of Earth, from which it cannot free it self but by Death, though it can pervade all the Universe beside. What Cement is it that thus closely tyes together two such incompatible Essences, as *Heaven and Earth*, Light and Darkness, Spirit and Body? This is a Knot must be left for *Elim* to untye, and is indeed one chief Argument of the *Ship-wrack* of Humane Reason, since not only all other Things are obscure to us, but we are so to our selves, the nearest Objects; even our own *Domestick* Operations are as incomprehensible to us, as those that are farthest off. The Things that touch us, nay, the very Faculties by which we *touch, see, understand, &c.* are as distant from us as the *Ninth Sphere*, and we are as much strangers to our selves, as to the Inhabitants of *Terra Incognita*.

There wou'd be nothing more welcome to me, than a HISTORY OF MY ORIGINAL, for I do not compute my Age or Family, by the short Chronology of the *Parish-Register*; nor do I think my self much the older by my Mother's Additional Record of *Nine Months*, I liv'd in her Womb. I esteem her Reckoning from my *Conception*, but the Tragick Memoris of my Death; and those which by most are accounted the *Chambers of Life*, and Shops of Generation, are no better in my Judgment than the Receptacles of the Dead, Seminaries of Corruption, the Graves of Souls *defunct to the Higher World*. For I believe I was then Born when the Morning Stars *Sang together*, and when all the Sons of GOD shouted for Joy. I time my INFANCY with that of the Universe, and esteem no Man older or younger than my self, no not the *Angels* themselves, believing that all *Spiritual* Substances were Created together, in the Beginning. I will not, with some, accuse *Moses* of scantiness in his *History of the Creation*, because according to the Letter he seems to take but little notice of *Immaterial* Beings. The *Hebrew Cabbala*, with the Commentaries of their Learned Rabbins, and some of the *Primitive Fathers* of the
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Christian Church do sufficiently evince, That there are greater Mysteries contained in the Three first Chapters of *Genesis*, than the bare Letter, or Vulgar Translations seem to exhibit. There is a *Sacrament* in that Holy Language; which whosoever partakes of, can be no Stranger to the Natural and Divine Truths couch'd under it. To such an One, the History of the *Terrestrial Adam's* Happy State in Paradise, and his Banishment from thence, will be an Hieroglyphick of the Original Beatitude of the Immaterial World, and the Degeneracy of Humane Souls, their Descent from the *Ætherial Mansions*, and *Confinement to Houses of Clay*, as well as of the Fall of Angels. I seem to my self, not without Reason, to embrace the Doctrine of the **PRÆEXISTENCE OF SOULS**, since it was among the *Credenda* of many Antient Sages, a peculiar Tradition of the *Jews*, and the general Opinion of all the East. That Question which was put to our Saviour concerning the *Man that was born Blind*, *Whether it was for his own sins, or those of his Parents*, seems clearly to imply, That he was in a Condition or Capacity of *sinning before his Birth*; which how it could be, without supposing the **PRÆEXISTENCE** of his Soul, is past my Divinity or Philosophy to unriddle. The various Conjectures also which the *Jews* made of Christ, according to the Report of his Disciples, when some said he was *Elias*, others that he was one of the *Prophets*, a third sort, that he was *John the Baptist risen from the Dead*, are evident Arguments, That the Doctrine of *Præexistence*, and a *Metempsychosis*, was establish'd as part of the Creed of that Nation. Of which also that passage in the *Wisdom of Solomon* is no obscure hint, where the Author says, *Or rather being a good Spirit, I came into a Body pure and undefiled*. Neither am I startled I find not Christ, or any of his Apostles asserting, or so much at mentioning any such Doctrine. *St. John's Hyperbole* in the last verse of his Gospel, satisfies me, that I must not expect to find all that our Saviour did and said, register'd by the Evangelists: And *St. Paul's* frequent Exhortation to hold fast the Traditions that he had imparted to them, whether by *Word* or *Epistle*, convince me, That it is not unreasonable to conclude, That he deliver'd

deliver'd many Doctrines in his Sermons, which he had no occasion to mention in his *Letters to the Churches*: Among which this might be one. However, it is a sufficient Warrant to my Belief, That I no where in all the Scriptures can find this Doctrine reprehended. Which, had it been an Errour, cou'd not have escaped the censure of Christ and his Apostles, it being the Universal Tenet of all sorts of *Jews*, except the Sadduces. When I consider also that *Origen* and *Ammonius* taught it in the Schools of *Alexandria*) *Plotinus* himself learning it from the latter) and that all the Primitive Fathers who were Platonists, asserted it not only as a Philosophical, but also as a Divine Truth; I look upon it as an Effect of *Gothick Barbarity* and Ignorance, which afterwards overspread all Christendom, That neither this, nor hardly any other Point of *Platonism*, were countenanced in the Christian Schools, but only the Dictates of *Aristotle* and his *Ghost Averroës*. In fine, that elegant Flourish of *St. Augustine*, *Infundendo creatur, creando infunditur*, is no RULE OF MY FAITH in this Point, since it fastens so many irreverent Consequences on *GOD Almighty*; neither can I believe the Soul to be *ex Traduce*, because it carries in its *Front* so many Inconsistencies in Philosophy, besides the indignity that is done to the Soul thereby, which amounts to a true *Scandalum Magnatam*, since 'tis levell'd at the whole Order of *immaterial Beings* I must therefore believe, That I had a Being, *LONG* before I came into this Body, and yet not resolve the Manner of my *Existence* into a meer Potentiality, or an unactive slumber in the *Bosom of my Causes*, as if I were then but a *Seminal Idea* in the Blood of my Fathers, or a *Metaphysicall Dream* of my present Life. I believe I was in a State of greater Activity before I was conceiv'd by my Mother, than since she bore me; and for ought I know, have rang'd all the Boundless Tracts of the Universe, been *Naturaliz'd* in the several Regions of the Sky and Air, till being tyred with so vast a Ramble, and willing to try all States of Life, I was by the Force of a strong Inclination, and the irresistible Charm of rightly adapted Matter, allured into this Terrestrial Body, here to do *PENANCE* for the Faults of my Superiour Life, and in this Horizon.

between the upper and the lower World, to make my Choice of Good or Evil, Light or Darkness, Life or Death. This unlocks all the *Ænigma's of Providence*; and reconcils the harsher difficulties with which the Immediate Creation or Traduction of Souls is involved. It is the noblest Instrument of Vertue, the sharpest Spur to a Divine Life, whilst it doubles the Hopes we have of being Immortal *a Parte post*, by assuring us we were so *a Parte ante*. And that it is not from any Arbitrary Decree of GOD, inconsistent with the rest of his Divine Perfections, that we shall live for ever, but from our own Nature and *Essence*, being Created to subsist an *interminable* duration of Ages.

I believe those Books of the *Holy Scripture*, which are lost, could they possibly be recovered again, would serve as a Lamp, to enlighten us in many *Obscurities* of Religion, History, and Nature: And if the Writings of *Jasher*, *Iddo* the Prophet, &c. could inform us nothing of the *PRÆEXISTENCE* of Souls, 'tis very probable the more early *Oracles* of *Enoch* would, since he was but the *Seventh Soul* that was drench'd in *Terrestrial Matter*, and led so pure and incorrupt a Life, as wou'd tempt one to believe, That he was awaken'd to the Memory of his former state, which for ought we know, might have no small influence on his succeeding Change.

I have often wonder'd where St. *Jude* had so particular an Account of *Michael* the *Arch-Angels* dispute with the *Devil* about the Body of *Moses*, that he was able to relate the very words that pass'd between them. Surely the *Jews* had some Books, or at least Traditions, which were believed to be *Orthodox*, tho' they were not so much as mention'd in the Sacred Canon; for we cannot without great *Impiety* imagine that the Holy Saint wou'd impose upon our Belief any thing that was Foreign or *Apocryphal*. I am apt to conclude from hence, That there were many *Traditional Doctrines* entertained among the *Hebrews*, which are by us esteemed no better than Fables.

However, tho' I am thus convinced of the Truth of our *PRÆEXISTENCE*, and that this present Life, is but a Shadow or Dream in comparison of what
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we enjoy'd before our Immersion in the Flesh; yet I wou'd not have this Dream interrupted by any untimely or harsher stroke of destiny. I shou'd think it no inconvenience to live long! but rather a Blessing: That so a multitude of years mighe scum off the Froth and Bullage of our Appetites and Passions; that so being gradually wean'd from those low Affections which brought us down to the Earth, we may without any disquiet or turbulency remount to our *Ætherial Homes*. For I am apt to think that those Souls who go out of their Bodies, with any remaining Relish upon them of the Body, like Fruit that is either pluck'd off, or shaken down by violent Winds, still retain in their separation, a raw and eager smack of the Flesh, with a languishing Byass towards it. Whereas he that has tarried his full Period in the Body, parts from it with Ease and Willingness, as *Ripe Fruit* drops from the Tree. And therefore I do not wonder that the most general Scene of *Apparitions, Ghosts, &c.* is the Church-yard, or at least that Place where the Body of the *Spektrum* was buried. And the removed Earth which covered the *Cobler of Silesia's Body*, is a shrew'd intimation, That there are some Departed Souls, which if they seek not a Reunion with their Bodies, yet endeavour to hold a kind of Correspondence with them, even in the Grave. And tho' the Impossibility of being married again to these their dear *Consorts* after that final Divorce, were enough, one wou'd think, to cure their Impotent Desires, yet they burn with a new Lust, and commit a *Spiritual Adultery* in the unlawful Bed of the Grave. These I look on as the Effects of a too early and violent Separation, and therefore esteem *Methuselah* and the Rest of the Fathers before the Flood, happy; who prolong'd their years to the utmost standard of Humane Life, and seem'd not so much to die, (for that imports Violence) as voluntarily to forsake their *old Rotten Habitations*, shake Hands with their Bodies, and so return to the *Ætherial Palaces*, from whence they had so long stragled.

Yet notwithstanding the great Esteem I have of *long Life*, as a Means rather to improve than impair us; I cannot promise my self to out-live a *Jubilee*, tho' I have already seen one Revolution of *Saturn*. Neither do I affect

affect to make *Popes, Emperours, Kings, and Grand Seignours*, the Land-marks in the Chronology of my self; That were to insult over the Royal Ashes of Princes, besides the Ambition in *Ranking* my self in their Number. Methinks I grow old, even at those Years, when the World counts me Young, and possess the Heritage of *David's last Ten Years* of Fourscore, in the Prime of my Age.

Indeed the whole Earth, and all this *Planetary World* seems to droop and decay. Every *Species* of Beings grow weak and languid, and seem to draw near their Dissolution. Yet 'tis needless to engage GOD in the Act, since tho' Creation was above the Force of Nature, yet *Mutation* is not, and no *Annihilation* can proceed from that Paternal Essence of Essences. It seems easie to me to believe, That the World will perish upon the *Ruins of its own Principles*. And tho' the precise Period of its Destruction be not known to the Angels themselves, yet there are not wanting some *Philosophical Rules*, whereby one might venture to Calculate its Duration, and by observing the various Attempts, Eruptions and Devastations made by FIRE already, one may conjecture about what Time that most *active* Element shall be let loose, to destroy this Face of the World, and transform this *Superannuated* Heaven and Earth into *New Ones*, as the Holy Prophet has foretold. For as to Annihilation, I look on it as a Chimera, or Non Entity, which cannot be said to flow from Him who is *All-being*, and the Fountain of Existence. It were easier to conceive that Cold should be the immediate Effect of Fire, and Darkness the Natural Result of the actual Presence of Light, than to think that *Annihilation, or not Being*, can proceed from Him who is the Original Source of Being; from whose Divine Power, Wisdom and Goodness all Things flow by a *Necessary Emanation*, and continue in their several Perfections by as unalterable a Law as that which gave them; so that there can be no Vacuity supposed in their *Eternal* Subsistence, no Leaps or Starts from *Something* to *Nothing*. It is far more agreeable to the Principles of Philosophy to conceive, That only the Gross and Corruptible Part of
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the Universe shall be subject to the *Action of Fire*, such as the Earth we tread on, with the other Planetary Bodies; but that the **PUREST ÆTHER** shall remain for ever untrouch'd, unchang'd, the Sanctuary of the Bless'd, the Habitation of the Spirits of *Just Men made Perfect*. I am also confirmed in this Belief by something more Sacred and Authentick than *natural Philosophy*. For when the Royal Psalmist in that Divine Rhapsody, calls upon the *Heavens of Heavens, and the Waters which are above the Heavens*, to praise GOD, he gives this for a Reason, (*viz.*) Because he spake and they were made, he commanded and they were created. He establish'd them to Eternity, and *for Everlasting Ages*: He fix'd a Decree, which he will not disannul. Then he calls upon the Earth and all Creatures therein, to joyn in the same *Act of Praise*, but not for the same Reason; not because the *Earth shall endure for ever*, but because the Name of GOD alone is exalted, and his Honour above Heaven and Earth. Which Distinction seems to me an evident Argument of the *unalterable Stability of the Cœlestial and Ætherial World*, whatsoever Mutations and Changes the Terrestrial may be subject to.

That those immense Tracts of quiet and impassible *Æther* shall be the *Seat of the Bless'd*, is very consistent with Philosophy, and no ways repugnant to Divinity. However, let the Place be where it pleases GOD, we are assured that the *Entertainment and Joys* do far surpass all humane Comprehension. Yet tho' we cannot have *adequate Conceptions* of supream Felicity, there are some Land-marks, by which we may take imperfect Measures of that *Region of Promise*. The dim Light of Natural Reason may afford us a Glimpse, or faint Prospect of those superlative Joys, and the *Opticks of Faith* will improve the View. We shall have the same Nature and Faculties there as here, but free from the least Alloy of Frailty and Imperfection. Our Souls shall display the radiant Brightness of their Immortal *Essence* with stronger *Vibrations* than the Sun, having no *internal Scum* of Concupisence, boylling out from the Center of a depraved Will or erroneous Understanding, to blemish and stain those unspotted Orbs of Lights; nor a terrene gross
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Body to Eclipse and shut up their splendors. But being ever bright and serene, they shall shine through their glorified and spiritual Bodies, as the *Sun* does through the *pervious Air*, or at least, as he does on a bright Cloud, which drinks in his Beams to reflect them abroad with a more sensible Glory. We shall then see, not by receiving the Visible Species into the *narrow Glass* of an Organized Eye, we shall then hear without the distinct and curious *Contecture* of an Ear. The Body shall then be *all Eye, all Ear*. All *Sense* in the whole, and every Sense in every Part. In a word, it shall be all over a common *Sensorium*, and being made of the purest *Æther*, without the Mixture of any lower or grosser Element, the Soul shall by one *undivided Act*, at once perceive all that Variety of Objects, which now cannot without several distinct Organs, and successive Actions or Passions, reach our sense. From this *Superlative Tenacity* and *Clarity* of our Bodies, will arise that *ineffable Delicacy* in the Sensation of the Soul, which will transport it with Delights infinitely transcending the *Height* of Mortal Voluptuousness, nay and even those more exalted Pleasures which the Vertuous sometimes enjoy here on Earth as *Foretastes* of their future Beatitude in Heaven. What here excites but an ordinary Emotion of Joy in the Soul, will there produce all *Raptures and Ecstasies*. We shall be always in *Paroxysms of Love*, such are the transcendent *Beauties* of that admirable Place! and such the divinely amorous Bent of the Soul. We shall be *always languishing*, yet ever enjoying what we languish for: Neither suffering the least Pain through the Want of Fruition, nor through any satiety that shall attend it: But through the *Vigour of an Immortal Activity*, we shall have ever freshly kindled Desires and new Enjoyments, being dissolv'd in a *Circle of Beatitude* without Measure or End.

Here on Earth Men generally strive to *Monopolize* Pleasure to themselves, there being few of so generous a Temper as to be sensibly touch'd with delight, that another shou'd partake with them in that which they esteem Felicity: This is the *peculiar Advantage* of the Bless'd in Heaven, that even in the Height of the

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the Affairs of Immortal Love and Empire, where they possess *Eternal* Crowns and unfading Beauties, there is no such Thing to be found as a Rival or Competitor, but every one's Joy is enhanc'd by the Enjoyments of another. *Every one loves all, and all love every one.* Neither wou'd their Felicity be Perfect, cou'd any Member of that Happy Society be suppos'd not to have his full proportion and share of Beatitude. So communicative is the Love and Joy of those Holy Souls, that they must cease to love and enjoy themselves, shou'd they desist from loving and rejoicing in the Happiness of their *Fellow-Citizens.* And if we may take our Measures of their Joys from our common Experiences here on Earth, it will be no small Augmentation of their Complacency, to find those *very Friendships which they had contracted here below,* translated to the Mansions above, when they shall both see and know those whom they once loved on Earth, now to be made Denizens with them in Heaven, *with what Ardours will they caress one another!* With what Transports of Divine Affection will they mutually embrace, and vent those Innocent Flames, which had so long lain *smothering* in the Grave! How passionately Rhetorical and Elegant will their Expressions be, when their Sentiments which Death had *Frozen* up, when he congeal'd their Blood, shall now be *Thaw'd* again in the *warm Airs of Paradise!* Like Men that have escap'd a common Shipwrack, and swim safe to the Shore, they will congratulate each other's Happiness with Joy and Wonder. *Their first Addresses will be a Dialect of Interjections and short Periods, the most Pathetick Language of Surprise and high-wrought Joy!* And all their after Converse even to Eternity, will be couch'd in the highest Strains and Flowers of Heavenly Oratory, with Allelujahs intermixt.

It much *sweetneth* the thoughts of Heaven to me, to remember that there are a multitude of my Friends gone thither; to think such a Friend that died at such a time, and such a Friend that died at such a time, and such a one another time (*O! what a number of them cou'd I name*) and that all these I shall meet again. 'Tis true,

it's a question with some whether we shall know each other in Heaven or no? But 'tis none with me; for surely there shall no Knowledge cease which now we have, but only that which implyeth our Imperfection, and what Imperfection can this imply? Indeed we shall not know each other *after the flesh*, nor by Stature, Voice, Colour, or outward Shape, nor by Terms of Affinity and Consanguinity, nor by Youth or Age, nor, I think, by Sex, but by the Image of Christ and Spiritual Relation, beyond doubt, we shall know and be known; nor is it only my old Friends (such as *Herneck, Scot, Alsop, Taylor, &c.*) that I shall know in Heaven, but all the Saints of all Ages, whose Faces in the Flesh I never saw. *Luther* in his last Sickness, being ask'd his Judgment whether we shall know one another in Heaven, answer'd thus, *Quid accidit Adamo? Nunquam ille viderat Evam, &c.* i. e. How was it with *Adam*? He had never seen *Eve*, yet he asketh not who she was, or whence she came, but saith, *She is Flesh of my Flesh, and Bone of my Bone.* And how knew he that? Why, being indued with the true knowledge of *GOD*, he so pronounced; after the same sort shall we be renewed by Christ in another Life. And we shall know our Parents, Wives, Children, &c. much more perfectly than *Adam* did then know *Eve*. In Heaven we shall not only see our *Elder Brother Christ*, but all our Kindred and Friends that living here in his fear, died in his favour: For since our Saviour tells us, that the Children of the Resurrection shall be *ἰσαγγελοι*, equal to, or like the Angels who yet in the Visions of *Daniel* and *St. John* appear to be acquainted with each other; since in the Parable of the miserable Epicure, and the happy Beggar the Father of the Faithful is represented, as knowing not only the Person, and present Condition, but the past Story of *Lazarus*: Since the Instructor of the Gentiles confidently expects his converted and pious *Thessalonians* to be his Crown at that great Day: Since these Arguments, besides divers others, are afforded us by the Scripture, we may safely conclude, that we shall know each other in a place where, since nothing requisite to Happiness can be wanting, we may well suppose that we shall not want so great a Satisfaction

as that of being knowingly happy in our own selves, or Friends.

Thus far we may venture to speak of the lower Degrees of Coelestial Beatitude, the MUTUAL LOVE AND ENTERTAINMENT OF THE BLESSED. *But who has ever mounted to the Highest Seale of Heavenly Bliss?* Let him come down and tell us the Mysteries wrapt up in the Clouds, the Secrets hid within the Veil of Inaccessible Light! Let him describe the Wonders of the Beatifick Vision, and say, how deep the Rivers of Pleasure are, which run by GOD's Right-Hand for evermore! For my part, I must confess. *I'm lost in that Abyss of Wonders,* and therefore modestly withdraw my Pen to Subjects more *Domestick,* and within our Reach, and yet here I shall not pass from *one Abyss to another,* since every thing has a depth in it not to be fathom'd by our weightiest Sense or most solid Reason.

I have often try'd to dive into the PROFUNDITIES OF DEATH, but still I find my Intellect too light a Plummet, and the whole *Thread of Life,* though spun out in FINEST SPECULATIONS would still prove far too short to reach the endless Bottom.

'Tis true, there have been Men, that have tryed, even *in Death it self,* to relish and taste it, and who have bent their utmost Faculties of Mind to discover what *this Passage is;* but they are none of them come back to tell us the News.

—No one was ever known to wake,
Who once in Deaths cold Arms a Nap did take.

Lucret. Lib. 3.

Caius Julius being condemn'd by that *Beast Caligula,* as he was going to receive the stroke of the Executioner, was askt by a *Philosopher,* Well *Caius,* said he, whereabout is your Soul now? What is she doing? What are you thinking of? I was thinking, replied *Caius,* to keep my self ready, and the Faculties of my Mind settled and fix'd, to try if in this short and quick instant of Death I

could perceive the *motion* of the Soul, when she parts from the Body, and whether she has any Resentment at the Separation, that I may after come again to acquaint my Friends with it.

So that I fancy, there is a certain way by which some Men make Trial *what Death is*; but, for my own part, I cou'd ne'er yet find it out.

I have sometimes thought, what would I give for the *least glimpse* of that invisible World, which the first Step I take out of this Body, will present me with; and that there was nothing in the *whole Discourse of Death*, that I durst not meet the boldest way, and have therefore often attempted to **LOOK HIM FULL IN THE FACE**, that I might learn to die generously, but still when it came to the pinch, *Conscience, that makes Cowards of us all*, made one of me, and I was forc'd to shrink back with shame.

Yet surely the Terrour is not so much in *Death it self*, as the *Tragick Pomp* that goes before and after it. The tedious Discipline of Sicknes, the formal Visits of Relations and Friends, their melancholy Looks, the frightful *Harangue* of the Physician, and our own dismal Apprehensions, compose that horrid Scene which renders Death uncomfortable. When the poor Patient, that perhaps may yet *out live his Fears of Death*, and see Millions drop into the Grave before him, yet dies a Thousand **DEATHS** in his Hag-ridden Phancy, and makes his Bed his Grave, by strength of an abus'd Imagination.

'Tis only Fancy gives Death those hideous Shapes we think him in; for indeed Death is no more than a soft and easie Nothing, or rather *Natures play-day*. I firmly think it is no more to die, than to be born; we felt no pain coming into the World, nor shall we in the act of leaving it, though in the first, one would believe, there were more of Trouble than in the latter, for we cry *coming into the World*, but quietly and calmly leave it. What is Death but *a ceasing to be what we were, before we were*; we are kindled, and put out; to cease to be, and not to begin to be, is the same thing. Methinks it is but the *other day I came into the World, and anon I am leaving it*;
for

for though I am but in my Fortieth Year, and at present in perfect health and strength, yet I look upon my self as a Man that has one Foot in the Grave already; for David says, seventy is the Age of Man, and I have lived near Forty Years of that time already. The longest of my design now is not above a years extent, I think of nothing now but ending, take my last leave of every place I depart from; alas! there is no fooling with Life, when it is once turn'd beyond Thirty. Silence was a full answer of him that being ask'd what he thought of Humane Life, said nothing, turn'd him round and vanish. **OH, HOW TIME RUNS AWAY!** and we are Dead, e'er we have time to think our selves alive; one doth but Breakfast here, another Dine; he that liveth longest, doth but Sup, we must all go to Bed in another World, therefore good Night to you here, and good Morrow hereafter.

Indeed our whole Life is but one often repeated Step to Death, and we are as near it at the first Minute of our setting out as at a hundred years end. For Death either keeps an even Collateral Pace with us from our very Birth, or at least, he he marches but one Step behind us all the way of our Life; so that when the appointed Time is come for him to execute his Commission, he soon can reach forth his Hand, arrest us, and stop our farther Journey. Man in the Vigour and prime of his Years, Phancies himself in the midst of a vast Plain; he looks behind him, and numbers all the weary Steps of Life he has already taken, perswades himself that Death must also measure the same space of years in his Pursuit; before he can o'ertake him; then turning his Eyes before, he sees a boundless Tract, an indeterminate Set of years; being thus deluded by the Incharnted Prospect, he rushes on, and bids defiance to pale languid Death, imagining he sees him lagging afar off, at the first entrance of all the wide-stretch'd Waste; whereas the nimble Skeleton is as far advanc'd as he, only keeps out of Sight, and will never be seen, till the very Moment he gives the Fatal Stroke. To whatsoever **LIGHT** Man turns his Face, Death, like his Shadow, whips behind him still, and is at his Back, but ne'er will **FACE HIM TILL THE LATEST GASP.**
And

And he that can stoutly bear his Looks for that one Moment, shall never see him more to all Eternity. 'Tis but the Fear of this Moments Pain, that makes our Lives so uneasie all along. And I am really asham'd of this incorrigible Folly of Mortals, who spend so many years in painful Disquisitions how to protract the Pain of *one poor Moment*, and undergo ten times more Labour to escape it, than they can possibly feel in undergoing it. I admire the Resolution of the *Indian Wives*, who in contempt of Death, scorn to survive their Husband's *Funeral Pile*, but with chaste Zeal, and an undaunted Courage, throw themselves into the Flames, as if they were then going to the Nuptial Bed. Certainly they calculate aright, who reckon the Day of Death, the Day of our Nativity, since we are then Born to the Possession of Immortal Life. For this Reason I Honour the Memory of *Judovicus Cartesius* the *Paduan Lawyer*, who, in his Last Will and Testament, ordered, that no sad Funeral Rites should be observ'd for him, but that his Corps should be attended with *Musick and Foy* to the Grave, and as if it were the Day of his Espousals, he commanded that Twelve Suits of Gay Apparel should be provided instead of Mourning, for an equal Number of Virgins, who should usher his Body to the Church.

I have but small Acquaintance with the **FUTURE STATE**, but this I'm sure, there will be no change that will be so surprizing to me, as that **BY DEATH**. It is a thing of which I know but little, and none of the Millions of Souls that have past into the **INVISIBLE WORLD**, have come again to tell me how it is.

I.

*It must be done (my Soul) but 'tis a strange,
A Dismal and Mysterious change,
When thou shalt leave this Tenement of Clay,
And to an unknown somewhere wing away ;
When Time shall be Eternity ; and thou (not how)
Shalt be thou know'st not what, and live thou know'st*

II.

*Amazing State ! No wonder that we dread
To think of Death, or view the Dead,
Thou'rt all wrapt up in Clouds, as if to thee
Our very Knowledge had Antipathy.
Death could not a more sad retinue find,
Sickness, and pain before, and darkness all behind.*

III.

*Some courteous Ghost tell this great Secrecy,
What 'tis you are, and we must be.
You warn us of approaching Death, and why
May we not know from you what 'tis to dye ?
But you having shot the Gulph, delight to see
Succeeding Souls plunge in with like uncertainty.]*

———Norris.

That the Souls of Men do not expire with the Breath and vital Union, or fall into a DEEP SLEEP, never to be awaked 'till the General Resurrection, according to the Opinions of some drowsy People, whose Reasons at present are asleep in their Bodies, is a Truth (I think) easible evincible, out of the Topicks of ALL RELIGIONS, that make any Noise and Figure in the World, out of the Clear Text of sacred Scripture, and from the very Nature of our Souls, as they now are, and act in the Body, whilst in Union with it. One of the Fathers calls the GOOD ANGELS (Evocatores Animarum) the Callers forth of Souls, and such as shew them, The Preparation of those Mansions, they are going too.
Hence

Hence we observe when good Men are dying, they are often in silent Raptures, and express a kind of Impatience, till they are dissolved, and Why? because they spiritually see what they cannot utter, as did St. Paul, *when he was wrapt up into the Third Heaven.* There is a kind of a **DRAUGHT** presented by their Guardian Angels of those transcendent Joyes, they are almost ready to enter in possession of, and therefore Long and Pined till they are conveyed into that place of unspeakable Felicity. These *Heavenly Spirits* succour and support us under our Pain and Sicknes; and when our Souls are storm'd out of our Bodies, they encompass and embrace them, soaring through the Regions of Evil-Angels, into Heaven. 'Tis said that *LAZARUS* was safely carried by the Angels into Abraham's Bosome, so that 'tis plain, that the Angels are employed to convey the Souls of true Believers into a fixed State of Blessedness—

It is very desirable to know in what Condition our Souls will be, when they leave the Body, and what is the Nature of that abode into which we must go, but which we never saw into; and through what Regions we must then take our Flight, and after what manner this will be done. 'Tis certain my Soul will then preserve the Faculties that are natural to it, *viz.* to understand, to will, to remember, as 'tis represented to us, under the Parable of Dives and Lazarus: But alas! we little know how the People of the *disembodied Societies* act, and will, and understand, and communicate their thoughts to one another, and therefore I long to know it. What Conception can I have of a separated Soul (says a late Writer) but that *'Tis all Thought.* I firmly think, when a Mans Body is taken from him by Death, he is turn'd into *all Thought and Spirit*; How great will be its Thought, when it is without any Hinderance from these Material Organs, that now obstruct its Operations. **IN THAT ETERNITY** (as one expresses it) *The whole Power of the Soul runs together one and the same way.* In Eternity the Soul is united in its Motions, which way one Faculty goes, all goe; and the Thoughts all are concenter'd, as in *one whole Thought* of Joy or Torment.

These

These Things have occasion'd great Variety of Thoughts in me; and my Soul, when it looks towards the other World, and thinks it self NEAR, it can no more cease to be inquisitive about it, than it can cease to be a Soul.

It will not, I hope, be an unpardonable Transition, if I start back from the melancholy Horrors of Death, to the innocent Comforts of Humane Life; and from the Immortal Nuptials of this Italian, pass to the Mortal Emblem, the Rites of Matrimony, the Happiness of Female Society, and our obligations to Women. 'Tis an uncourtly Vertue, which admits of no Profelytes but Men devoted to Coelibacy, and he is a Reproach to his Parents, who shuns the Entertainments of Hymen, the blisful Amours of the Fair Sex, without which he himself had not gain'd so much as the Post of a Cypher, in the Numeration of Mankind, though he now makes a Figure too much in Natures Arithmetick, since he wou'd put a stop to the Rule of Multiplication. He is worse than Numa Pompilius, who appointed but a set Number of Virgins, and those were free to Marry, after they had guarded the Sacred Fires, the Term of Four Years: Whereas if his morose Example were follow'd, all Women should turn Vestals against their wills, and be consecrated to a peevish Virginitie during their Lives. I wonder at the unnatural Phancy of such as could wish we might procreate like Trees, as if they were asham'd of the Act, without which they had never been capable of such an extravagant Thought; or like Alphonsus King of Spain, would correct the Institutions of Heaven, and say, had they been present with GOD, when he commanded Adam and Eve to encrease and multiply, they would have propos'd a better method for Generation. Certainly he that Created us, and has riveted the Love of Women in the very Center of our Natures; never gave us those passionate Desires to be our incurable Torment, but only as Spurs to our Wit and Vertue, that by the Dexterity of the One, and the Integrity of the Other, we might Merit and Gain the Darling Object which should consummate our Earthly Happiness.

I do not patronize the Smoak of those *Dunghill-Passions*, who only court the Possessions of an Heiress, and fall in Love with her Money. *This is to make a Market of Women*, and prostitute the Noblest Affection of our Souls, to the sordid Ends of Avarice. Neither do I commend the softer Aims of those, who are wedded only to the *Charming Lineaments* of a Beautiful Face, a clear Skin, or a well shap'd Body. 'Tis only the Vertue, Discretion, and *good Humour* of a Woman, could ever captivate me; and I am blest'd in a Mate who has her share, both of these, and the other exterior Ornaments.

I hate the Cynical Elout of those who can afford Women no better Title than *Necessary Evils*, and the Jew'd Poetical License of him who made this Anagram, *Uxor & Orcus—idem*. That Orator whisper'd the *Doctrin*e of Devils, who said, Were it not for the Company of Women, Angels would come down and dwell among us, I rather think, were it not for such ill-natur'd Fellows as he, Women themselves would prove Angels.

'Tis an ungrateful *Return*, thus to abuse that *Gentle Sex*, who are the *Moulds* in which all the Race of Adam are cast: As if they deserv'd no better Treatment at our Hands, than we usually give to Saffron Bags and Verde Bottles, which are thrown into a Corner, when the Wine and Spice are taken out of them. The Pagan Poet was little better than a Murderer, who allow'd but two good Hours to a Woman.

Ἐν μιᾷ ἐν θαλάμῳ τὴν μιᾷ ἐν θανάτῳ.
Unam in Thalamo, alteram in Tumulo.

For my Part, I should esteem the World but a *Desert*, were it not for the Society of the *FAIR SEX*; and the most polished Part of Mankind wou'd appear but like Hermits in Masquerade, or a kind of *Civilized Satyrs*, so imperfect and unaccomplish'd is our Virility, without the Reunion of our *lost Rib*, that Substantial and Integral Part of our Selves. Those who are thus dis-
 joynted

joynted from Women, seem to inherit *Adam's Dreams*, out of which nothing can awake them, but the Embraces of their own living Image, the Fair Traduct of the first Metamorphosis in the World, *the Bone converted into Flesh*. They are always in Slumbers and Trances, ever separated from themselves, in a *wild Pursuit* of an intolerable Loss, nor can any thing fix their Volatile Desires, but the powerful Magnetism of some Charming *Daughter of Eve*. These are the Centers of all our Desires and Wishees, the true *Pandoras* that alone can satisfy our longing Appetites, and fill us with *Gifts and Blessings*; in them we live before we breathe, and when we have tasted the *Vital Air*, 'tis but to die an amorous Death, that we may live more pleasantly in them again. They are the *Guardians of our Infancy*, the *Life and Soul of our Youth*, the *Companions of our Riper years*, and the *Cheerishers of our Old Age*. From the Cradle to the Tomb, we are wrapt in a Circle of Obligations to them for their Love and good Offices. And he is a Monster in Nature, who returns them not the *Caressees of an Innocent Affection*, the *Spotless Sallies of Vertue and Gratitude*. *Love is the Soul of the World*, the *Vital Prop of the Elements*, 'tis the *Cement of Humane Society*, the strongest Fence of Nature: Earth would be a Hell without it, neither can there be any Heaven where this is absent.

Yet I am no *Advocate for those general Lovers*, who not content to let this active Passion run within the lawful Channel of chaste Marriage, swell it up with irregular Tides, and wanton Flouds of Lust, till it wash away the Banks of Reason and Mortality, find out new Passages and Rivulets, encroaching on other Mens Possessions, or at least dilating on the general waste of the weaker Sex, who ought to be as Gardens enclos'd, or holy Ground, not to be prophan'd by the Access of every bold Intruder.

I approve not the Incestuous Mixtures of the *Chinese*, where the Brother Marries the Sister, or next a-kin; nor the Sensual Latitude of the *Mahometans*, who allow every Man four Wives, and as many Concubines as he can maintain. But above all, I detest the *Wild and Brutal*

Liberty of that *Philosopher*, who in his Idea of Humane Happiness, conceiv'd a promiscuous Copulation *ad Libitum*, to be a necessary Ingredient of our Bliss.

On the other side, My Regards to that Sex are not circumscrib'd within such narrow Limits, as to exclude any from our Conversation and Friendship, that by any warrantable Title can lay a Just Claim to it; I would have our Commerce with Females *as General* as is their Number that deserve it, whose Knowledge and Vertue will be a sufficient security from *criminal Familiarities*, and from the Scandals of the *World*. There are among that Sex, as among Men, Good and Bad, Vertuous and Vicious, and a Prudent Man will so level his Choice, as not to stain his Reputation, or hazard his Integrity. 'Tis no small Point of Discretion, I own, to *regulate our Friendships with Women*, and to walk evenly on the Borders and very Ridge of a *Passion*, whose next Step is a precipice of Flames, not kindled from the Altar of Vertue. However, 'tis not impossible to *conserve Innocency, on the Frontiers of Vice*. There is no Difference of Sex among Souls, and a Masculine Spirit may inhabit a Womans Body. It is disingenuous to rob Vertue of the Advantages it receives from Beauty, which makes it appear like Diamonds enchac'd in Gold, and gives it a greater Lustre. Reason it self will appear more Eloquent in the Mouth of a fair Maid, than in that of the most Florid Orator: And there are no Figures in all the System of Rhetorick so moving and forcible, as the peculiar Graces of that Sex. I am of Opinion that Men can boast of no Endowments of the Mind, which Women possess not in as great, if not a greater Eminency. There have been *Muses as well as Amazons*, and no Age or Nation but has produced some Females Renowned for their Wisdom or Vertue. Which makes me conclude, that the Conversation of Women, is no less useful than pleasant; and that the Dangers which attend their Friendships and Commerce, are recompens'd by vast Advantages.

But

But whatever may be adduced against the *Friendships* we contract with Women, there is not in all the *Magazine of Detraction*, any Weapon of Proof against the mutual Intimacies of our own Sex, *the generous Endearments of Souls truly Masculine and Vertuous, united by Sympathies and Magnets whose Root is in Heaven.* No *Panegyricks* can reach the Worth of these Divine Engagements, since they admit not of any Mediocrity, but derive their *Value only from their Excess.* I have been always slow and cautious in contracting Amities, lest I should run the Risque of his Mistake, who while he thought he had an Angel by the Hand, held the Devil by the Foot: But where I have once *pitch'd* my Affection, I love without Reserve or Rule. I never entertain without suspicion the warm Professions of Love, which some Men are apt to make at first sight. Such *Mushroom-Friendships* have no deep Root, and therefore most commonly, wither as soon as they are form'd, Yet I deny not, but that there are some *secret Marks* and Signature which Souls ordain'd for Love and Friendship can read in each other at a Glance, by which that Noble Passion is excited, that afterwards displays it self in more apparent Characters. This is the *silent Language* of Platonick Love, wherein the Eye supplies the Office of the Tongue; 'tis the *Rhetorick of Amorous Spirits*, wherein they make their Court without a Word. There are some lasting Friendships which owe their Birth to such an Interview, but their Growth and Fastness proceeds from other Circumstances, being cherish'd by frequent Conversation, repeated good Offices, and an inviolate Fidelity, which are the only proper and substantial Aliment of Love. 'Tis impossible to fix a durable Friendship, where-ever we place a *Transient Inclination*, because of the insuperable Necessities which divide particular Men from each others Commerce or Knowledge, after they have began to Love. In the Orb of this Life, Men are like the Planets, which now and then cast friendly Aspects on each other *en Passant*: But following the Motion of the Greater Sphere of Providence, they are again separated, their Influences dissolv'd and new Amours commenc'd. But I would have my Friendship, resemble the *Fixed Stars* and Constellations,

ons, who in the Eternal Revolution never part Company or Interests.

I have ever look'd on those Men to be but *one step differenc'd from Beasts*, whose Love is confin'd only to their own Families Kindred. Such a narrow Affection deserves not to be rank'd in the *Prædicament of Humanity*. My Love is communicative, it makes a large Progress, and extends it'selt to Strangers; it takes in Men of different Humours and Complexions, Customs and Languages, it refuses none that have the *Face of Men*, but with wide-open'd Arms embraces all that bear the stamp of Humane Nature. And I have this *peculiar in my Temper*, that I find not the least Reluctancy in loving and doing Good to my *Enemies*. That which costs others so much Labour and Toil to perswade themselves to, is to me as familiar and easie, as to laugh at a ridiculous Object, and I esteem it not so properly a Vertue in my self, as a Gift of Nature, the Effect of my Constitution.

Yet I cannot pretend to such an *universaliz'd Spirit*, as to be without my *Antipathies*. I esteem Hatred to be as necessary and allowable a Passion as Love, provided it be exercis'd on its proper Objects, since as the one fastens us to those Things which procure our Happiness; so the other snatches us from what would be the Cause of our Misery. I observe, that these *contrary Faculties* are inherent in all Creatures, neither could the Creation subsist, were it not for the Discords as well as the Agreements of the Elements. The whole Universe subsists by the *Oppositions of its Parts*, and the Epitome of it, our Microcosm, is preserv'd by its *intestine Divisions*. So that I cannot apprehend a more immediate Way for the Supreme Architect, to overthrow his Works, than by diffusing that *Nepenthe* through the Elements, which should compose their Quarrels; for they wou'd no sooner cease to hate their *Contraries*, but they would also desist from loving themselves; and having thus lost the Cement which fastens them together in this exquisite Order, they must necessarily return to their Primitive Chaos out of which they were extracted.

However I will not from these *innocent Feuds of inanimate Creatures*, draw Arguments to countenance in my self a
 Hatred

Hatred which is Criminal, being assured that among those *various Aversions*, which molest the Quiet of Men, there is hardly one which is not against Reason or Morality. Every Creature bears in its Essence the Stamp of Infinite Goodness; and 'twere gross impiety to calumniate any of those Works, on which GOD Himself has bestow'd an *universal Panegyrick*; when he pronounc'd them all to be Good. They are all lovely in their Order, and those which our Squeamish Phancies esteem the most odious, have Qualities which claim our Love and Admiration. Those *venemous Creatures*, which we shun as the inveterate Enemies of our Race, deserve our Caresses, instead of our Spight; since the Service they afford us, equals the Hurt we receive from them, and the most Efficacious Medicines are sometimes compounded of the *fiercest Poysons*. In strict speaking, the *Devils* themselves are not the Object of my Hatred, according to their Essence, though they are so by the Malice of their Will. They still retain their *Natural Perfections*, and the Goodness of their Essence remains the same as it was before their Fall. Their Vigour, their and Intellectual Accomplishments, have suffered no Detriment from the Depravedness of their Affections, but remain untouch'd, as when they *shone among the Hierarchies above*. And tho' GOD detests and punishes them for their Crimes, yet he Himself loves and *conserves their Essence*. There is Nothing therefore in *Heaven, Earth or Hell*, but *SIN*, that deserves our Hatred; with all things else, we may be enamour'd; and we ought to hate this Monster so much the more, in that by disordering our Natures, it has planted in us those *Antipathies* and *Aversions* which make us peevish at the Works of GOD, and hate those Things which we ought to love:

But among all the *Species of Hatred*, I tremble at that which is exercis'd against our own Race, because I find none so violent, none so inexorable as one Man against another. They are not content with the most furious Sallies of this Passion, during their Lives, but to consummate the Height of their Malice, they willingly involve themselves in Death. With *Atreus* they take Delight in their own Ruine, provided *Thyestes* may be crush'd
in

It is too. Nay, this passion is immortal, and descends into the very Grave. The Antipathies of *Etheocles* and *Polonius*, were translated to the other World, their Hatred surviv'd their Breath, it liv'd in their, Ashes and wou'd not suffer their divided Flames to mix in the same Funeral Pile. Above all, I abhor the *Italians* inflexible Cruelty, who bequeath their Hatred as an Inheritance to their Children, adjuring them to Eternal Enmity, with Curses on such of their Off-spring as shall ever make Peace with their Foes.

I quarrel not with that *Logick*, by which we call a Toad venemous. 'T wou'd prove but a thin *Sophistry*, that should impose on us the Safety of the Experiment; and I doubt our best *Metaphysicks* wou'd make but a weak Antidote against the Forces of its Poyson. I am not fond of quibbling myself into so dangerous an Absurdity, under the Protection of a refin'd Theory, whose Practice wou'd convince me of a foolish Madness, and that I were neither good Philosopher nor Divine. Yet I cannot say I hate even this Creature, which is become the Proverb of Humane hatred: For as much as it carries with it, in its Life and Motion, the Character and Impression of a *Divine Artificer*; especially for this reason, that we have no cause to believe it ever sinned, and consequently thereupon maintains and performs the end and design of its Creation, which tho' it be in a lower Sphere, has this Prerogative beyond Mankind; that it never yet transgress'd the Rules, nor violated the Laws of its Maker. Nor can I imagine whence our Reflections upon such Creatures should arise, but from a mistaken Knowledge of our selves, and a perfect Ignorance of the Nature of all things beside.

'Tis under the Prejudice of Education, and most detested ERRORS OF OUR LIFE. Have not some People liv'd upon that, and deliciously too, that is another Man's Poyson? Did not *Mithridates* take Poyson till the strongest Confection of that Kind would not do his business, when he wanted it? 'Tis to that we are to ascribe the Mischiefs of Humane Life. For if we could once forsake the *false Guide* we have been us'd to, and consult our own Reason, there's nothing would seem strange to us,
nothing

nothing uneasie, nothing dreadful. Therefore I shall a little Descant upon this Subject, in order to Rectifie our Judgments, and Reform our Practices.

It is enough already, that I have lived for others. Let me at last return home, and do somewhat for my self. Time flies away, Nature decays, and I shall soon find my self most unfit for the work, when I shall stand most in need of strength to do it. To what purpose is it, we are so busily concern'd in *Exotick Affairs*, things neither consistent with our present Peace, nor conducive to our future Happiness?

Mankind is all *Labyrinth*, and *Disguise*, and never shows the same Face two Hours together. I know my self better than all the Men in the World know me, and can be more just and faithful, according to Truth, in my Judgment and Censure. They set up a *Rule*, and try all Complexions and Temperaments by *That*, wildly, unreasonably, and uncertainly. I daily find them miserably out in their Conjectures of me, even those who think they best know me. They may frame a general *Air* of my Humour, by a frequent Conversation, but are wonderfully mistaken in their Application, as to the Ends, Inducements and Motives of most of my Actions.

The most stupid *Soul* that is, will sometimes *work* upon her self, review her own Thoughts and Inclinations, and would delight to be more Conversant in this Exercise, if we did not interrupt her Meditation by the Proposal of external Objects, which do not at all concern her. It is the best Acquaintance we can have, and would deal more faithfully and wisely in her Advise-ments than the best Friend we know upon Earth. It is, I am confident, the want of this Intelligence that occasions all the Irregularities and Disorders we are *guilty* of. Remember to make *Reason* and *Conscience* of your *Party*, and you will soon perceive your Anxiety, and Torment abated. Then should we not only be *Wise*, but in a great measure *Happy* to boot: And, for ought I know, in as high a Degree as humane Nature is capable of attaining.

I could (in some fits of contemplative Melancholy) fall asleep as soon in a Church-Yard as on my Bed; and am often so weary of dull Life, that my great-

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est delight is in such *Objects* as speak most to it's *Advantage*.

I know that I carry a *Ghost* always about me, and that I my self am a *Walking Spirit*. This thought allays in me those vulgar *Fears* of the Haunts and Visits of *Spectres*. And as I am not at all afraid of my self, so I am very little apprehensive of *Apparitions*: Nay more, I could wish the *Communications* more frequent betwixt us and the *Inhabitants* of the *Upper World*: It would harden our *Christian Courage*, familiarize to us the Thoughts of *Separation*; and create in us a more passionate love of the *Heavenly Country*.

I pretend not by the *Title* of this small Treatise to any extraordinary *Scheme* or new draught of Religion, for my *Athenian Querists*; much less would I be thought slightly to suggest any neglect or deficiency of theirs in the **PRACTICE** of the *Old*: I am very well assur'd, that *Religio Athenæ*, seems a direct *Tautologie*. But surely it can be no Offence to say, that I could wish we were all more in earnest for Heaven, and that we had all the *Wisdom* and *Vertue* that ever appeared in the *guise* of true Reason in the World, summ'd up and amassed in a *Christian Virtuoso*, especially in a daily sincere contempt of this World.

No eager pursuit, or restless intemperate desire of *Wealth* or *Honour*, must be harboured by us, who are to fix our whole hopes on *another Country*; and we should confess our selves *Strangers* and *Pilgrims* on this Earth, by the Precepts and Examples of all the *Holy Prophets* and *Apostles* throughout the whole **Book of GOD**. To set an extraordinary *Value on the World*, is to unravel the peculiar Principle of Christianity, and run *retrograde* to the Steps of the *Holy JESUS*.

Thus have I made a considerable *Progress* in my *New Practice of Piety*, wherein my aim has been to discover an *Universal Doctrine* (or make such **SPECULATIONS**) as no ways opposeth the Religion established among

mong us, but which may tend to unite us all in the same Church.

A Perfect Atheist, is fit for no Place here but *Bedlam*, and therefore I began my Essay with a *New Scheme of Religion*, I began first with *Divine Worship*, in Obedience to GOD's Commandment, who wills us *first to seek the Kingdom of Heaven, and the Righteousness thereof, promising that all other things shall be added unto us*, and having given a *GENERAL SCHEME* of the way to Heaven, I shall conclude this *First Part* of my Book with discovering here that right *Religion* that will lead us to it. And I shall be the *PLAINER* upon this Subject, as our mistaking the *ROAD* to Heaven, may lead us to Hell.

Religion in General, is a sense of our Duty to GOD, and the Worship we owe to him, according to the best of our Understanding, in order to the obtaining of a Blessed Immortality.

But Religion in this Age, admits of so many several Modes and Forms, that a Man can now no sooner speak of Religion, but the next Question is—*P R A Y* *W H A T* Religion are you of?—To this I answer, *G O D* is my Father, the Church my Mother (I need not say this or that Church, if I am sound in the Main Points) the Saints my Brethren, and all that needs me my Friends: 'Tis true, I worship *G O D* under the Title of a *C H U R C H-M A N*, but dislike all Names, but that which the Disciples were called at *Antioch*, that is, I wou'd be neither *Church-man, Presbyterian, Independent Anabaptist, Quaker, &c.* but a *Christian*, a Follower of Christ, a Servant of *G O D*, the Worlds Master, and my own Man. I do not think Religion to consist so much in *N A M E S* as Things. Christ's Church is not limited to any Nation or Party, but extends to all Places, is propagated in all Ages, and containeth all saving Truth; and in this Sense is *UNIVERSAL, or Catholique*. 'Tis true, Religion is divided into *subordinate Sects and Branches*, yet the Essence is the same in every Part; and for that Reason the *Right Christian* does Love and Honour the Pious Men and Preachers of either Opinions; as *David* did favour both *Zadock* and *Abiathar*, Priests of

Diverse Families (a) as Saint Paul did Joy, that Christ was preached, tho' by them that were of a contrary Faction; as Jacob had a Right Hand for Ephraim, and a Left for Manasses: Paul and Barnabas jarred, yet both Preach'd the Gospel; Cyprian and Cornelius differed in Judgment, yet both Pillars of the Christian Faith; Chrysostom and Epiphanius disagreed, yet both Enemies to the Arrians; Hierome and Ruffinus, were divided, yet in the end were reconciled; and I verily think all ENGLISH Protestants wou'd soon UNITE in one National Church, did we seriously consider that all those that are converted by the Holy Ghost, are one Holy Church (already) whereof CHRIST is the only Head. I shall venture to say all that outwardly profess Christianity, and have been Baptiz'd, are to be accounted Holy, by a visible separation and Dedication to GOD, till they cut themselves off by SCHISM, are or justly cast out by Excommunication.

I profess my self an Impartial Lover of all Good Men, and do presume every Man to be good, till I find him otherwise. I have as little Zeal about things that are manifestly INDIFFERENT (either Pro or Con) as any Man in the World, for 'tis a Principle I receiv'd from my Education, That the Real Differences of Good and Intelligent People, are not so wide as they seem; and that through Prejudice and Interest, they do many times contest about words, whilst they do heartily think the same thing. Then let those little narrow soul'd Christians, that appropriate their Faith and Charity to a CANTON, live in a little Corner of the World by themselves; they are hardly worthy to enjoy the Benefit of a Universal Sun and Gospel. I hope Church-men, Presbyterians, Independents, &c. will all meet in Heaven at last. What tho' they differ in their WAY thither? I hope they Pardon one another; Men go to China both by the Streights, and by the Cape: A Right Christian may go to Heaven with any Wind, and with any Name; Religious Men (such as Mr. Bennet, and Mr. Shepherd) have no other End in all

(a) 2 Sam. 20. 25. Phil. 1. 18. Acts 15. 39.

their Disputes, but to send us *all in the Right way to Heaven.*

But whilst you are only for the out-side, gild'ed part, or husk of Religion, you are but for a Faction, and a Party, and you have no Communion with the *Universal Church of Christ*; you are but for Christians of your own Size, and live and grow up into a little *Creeping* narrow Spirit that can never love nor serve any Soul, but what is just and directly of your own dimension; whereas a Christian of the *Universal Church* is of a large comprehensive Generous Spirit and Principle, and loves a good and Vertuous Man, that practices *Right Christianity*, let his persuasion in other and minuter things be what it will, for this is *God's Religion*, all other is but *Man's*, and subject to Innovation, and changes, according as their Humours vary: Hence it is that those that are so *furious*, for formal and outward Rites, are always *sowre and quarrelsome*, fretting themselves, and vexing others, if they come not up to every *Punctilio* of their Observances. And it is also from hence, that the *High-Flyers*, are every where laying out, and engaging themselves and Interest, in getting the *worst of Magistrates, the worst Parliament-Men, the worst Justices, the worst Mayors, &c.* that all the Countries and Cities can afford; in so much that it is almost become the surest Indication of a Knave, to have the *High-Flyers* for 'em; and of an Honest Man to have 'em against him, that can be given: For their *Breath* blesses every Man they are against, and blasts every Man they are for.

But whatever the Principles of others are, yet (as to my self) *I am or should be an honest Man*, and no Name deserves that Character so well as that of *Christian*. *All opprobrious Distinctions of Sects and Schisms, do as 'twere feed upon Christianity in the Substance.*

I value no Man meerly because he is of this or the other Party; but I love a Good Man, of whatever Profession, or by what Name or Title soever, he's distinguish'd; but (as I said before) I dislike all Names, but that of CHRISTIAN, and think 'em a great abuse.

But I fear most Men know not, or forget, what it is to be a *Right Christian*; and what that worthy Name doth oblige them to, which was the Name whereby all *Christ's Disciples* were called, before all those Names were known in the World, whereby since they have been *distinguish'd or Reproach'd*. And as it was the first Name given on Earth, so it may probably continue for ever in Heaven; For of *Christ the whole Family of Heaven and Earth is named*, as the Apostle speaks.

I find all Parties ready to reflect one upon another, whereas all may be guilty; and while each are contending for some Particular Opinions and Circumstances in Religion, they may evidently transgress the Rules of Common Christianity; while some are called *Papists*, others *Protestants*, some *Conformists*, others *Dissenters*; all are apt to forget they are called *CHRISTIANS*; and tho' in doubtful Things it is commendable to search out Truth, and plead for it; yet not with minds possess'd with *Passion or Prejudice*, which blind the Judgment, and break the Bonds of *Unity, Love and Peace*; like the Two Men mention'd by *Anselm*, who disputing, and then falling to Blows in the Morning, about the Place where the Sun wou'd rise, beat out one another's Eyes, and so neither of 'em could see it.

Its no great Advantage to a Man be a *Papist, Church-man, Presbyterian, &c.* if he be not a *Right Christian*; but (alas!) our *Greatest Zeal* is about those things, for the most part, that are not necessary to Salvation, and which may leave us short of *Heaven*.

Such *Speculations* as these (seriously weigh'd) wou'd bring us all to an *Union in Religion*, and for ever banish those Nicknames of *Presbyterians, Independents, &c.* These with the Title of *High-Church-Men*—— &c. are *New Terms of Distinction* (a) raised on design to distract us yet more; I know no *High-Church* but the Church of *Rome*; so here we see who are to be called *High-Church*,

(a) See the Bishop of Salisbury's Speech to the House of Lords upon the Bill against Occasional Conformity.

our Legal Establishment founded upon the Primitive Pattern, is the same true Measure of our Church, and those who rise above it, are as much out of the way, as those who fall below it—

I cou'd enlarge in these Speculations, but that I am unwilling to transgress my Bounds. But certainly, unless Men take this moderate Road for the way to Paradise, I can see no Hopes of an Union among the several Sects of the Christian Religion, but a continual jarring till they get to Heaven, where no doubt they'll A L L Embrace and **UNITE** as Brethren: For, as Herbert says,

All we know o'th' Bless'd Above,
Is, that they Sing, and that they Love.

Thus Reader have I Plainly discovered what that Right Religion is that will lead us to Heaven, by which the Dissenters may see that Occasional Conformity is no such Scandalous Trimming between Two Religions, as some wou'd make it; but has been practiz'd by the best Christians of all Ages. Neither is Occasional Dissenting, (however New the Doctrine may seem) a forsaking the Church of England, but a Real Duty in some Cases: For my own share, I am a profest Enemy to Bigots of all Religions; and tho' I have been a Son of the Church, these Forty Years, yet I thank GOD, I was never fetter'd with superstitious scruples, and I heartily pity those that are, for they are generally such as are riding Post after Preferment, or (like Dor——n and W——y) have been Apostates to the Dissenters.

I am none of those who Acknowledge no Temples, besides those of their own Heads. And I am of Opinion that such Furious Guides as think that they have a Church within their own Breasts, shou'd likewise believe that their Heads are Steeples, and so shou'd provide them with Bells. I believe that there is a Church Militant, which like the Ark, must lodge in its Bowels all such as are to be saved from the Flood of Condemnation; but to chalk out its bordering Lines, is beyond the Geography of my Religion.

Then

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Then let Furious Bigots act as they please, I shall ever
 be of an Extensive Charity to all *Protestants*, where I
 see any thing of the Image of our COMMON LORD;
 I have long understood the Difference between Matters
 of Faith, and meer *Circumstantials*; and am for the
 Union of all *Christians*, that do not differ in things Essen-
 tial to Christianity. I do not understand what the
Jus Divinum of disputable Ceremonies means; I am of
 great Latitude in such Matters, and therefore (as was
 said of King *William*) as I do not censure the form of
 Kneeling, so I think that of sitting, as Eligible where it
 obtains. I look upon it to be as Impertinent an Attempt to
 endeavour to bring all Mens Minds and Consciences to
 one Standard, as to undertake that *all the Clocks in the*
World shou'd strike continually at the same Minute, without
any Variation. I think every Right Christian shou'd Imitate
 the Moderation and Piety, of *William the III.* who
 declar'd with his dying Breath, *That he dyed a Christian,*
of a comprehensive Charity. With every serious consider-
 ing Mind, this must surely have a much greater and
 better sound than to have said, *I dye in the inclos'd Com-*
munion of one or other Party, or Denomination of Christians;
 nor do I see how any one can safely leave the World,
 however they make a Shift to live in it, without a Cha-
 rity that reaches to all serious *Christians*, under whatever
 distinguishing Name they pass. And let others confine
 their Candour and Communion, within narrower
 Limits, if they dare; but I cou'd never hope to be
 join'd to the *General Assembly*, and Church, &c. above,
 if I shou'd willingly, and out of Choice, cut off my
 self from any part of the Body, or refuse, upon truly
 Catholick Terms, to hold Communion with 'em (a)
 And upon this very Principle, it is, that many Protestant
 Dissenters, do and may justify both their Occasional
 communicating with the Church of *England*, so called,
 and their not daring to do it constantly. But seeing
 the *Honourable House of Commons* are of another Opinion;

(a) See Mr. Robbinsons, Mr. Flemings, and Mr. Norris's Sermons on the Death and Funeral of the late King.

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That my *NEW PRACTICE OF PIETY* may have the Approbation of that Grave Assembly, I shall conclude it with—*A SATYR upon the House of Lords, for their Throwing out the Bill against Occasional Conformity.*

I can't but think *this Title [A Satyr upon the House of Lords]* has given the Reader some Impatience to know *what sort of a Fellow I am.* Why truly, I shou'd reckon it a mighty Honour, if he thinks me capable to give him Satisfaction upon this Head. There's many a *Hackney-Writer*, who has got no Principles, and upon Consequence, can't account for 'em. I am none of those, who weave out their *Brains into 8 s. per sheet*, nor has any *Projecting Book-seller* given me a Hint of this Matter. If a Negative Character wou'd serve the turn; I am no Church-Papist, I hate the very Accent of the word; I am under no Obligations to the *Tool at St. Germans.* I had never the Head-Peice to make a *Plotter* in all my Life. I never form'd any Designs of being Rich and Great. I was never in any Office of Profit, nor have I the least Desire of being so.—My Life is very far run already, I only wish the last Act of it may be free from *Tragedy*, that I may leave the World in a peaceable way, without much Reason to be angry with it, and that I mayn't finally miscarry. But may my honest Reader object, *Is your Satyr upon their Lordships, so very consistent with your New Practice of Piety, with your way to Heaven between all Extreams; that you cou'd not leave off, till you had libell'd the House of Peers?* Don't argue too fast, I beseech you, 'tis below the Reason of a Man, to cancel at one Dash, all the *Lines of Christianity*, which have cost him so much Pains to draw. I shall advance nothing but upon so sufficient Arguments; that I hope you'll leave me as much a Christian, and altogether as well dispos'd, as you found me. But to proceed to ————*The SATYR upon the House of Lords, for their Throwing out the Bill against Occasional Conformity.*

The *Occasional Bill* has been twice thrown down as a *Foot-Ball* for the *Lords and Commons* to play with; indeed the Latter were at the Expence to furnish the *Materials*; all the Misfortune of it lay here, that their *Lordships* had a Negative Voice, and so the Play broke up.

People are pleas'd to say, the Commons were troubled their Bill shou'd meet with so unkind Treatment, when it must be own'd (say the *High-Flyers*) *there was so much Reason, Religion and Law, at the Bottom of it.* There is a Generation in the World that are perfect Step-Fathers to the Hints they receive from others, merely because they han't been so happy as to start 'em themselves; but this at the same Time is an Argument, both of Pride and of Insufficiency. I shan't presume to say how far the Bill might have gone forward, had it made it's first Appearance in the Upper House. There is something like a *Physical Antiperistasis* in the Humours of Men, especially when they are rais'd into some certain Circumstances. Who knows but our Co——ns might have been the *Fanaticks*, upon such a Supposition as that? But what am I saying? When Men have got a Set of Things they call *Principles*, their Actions for the Future, are always Uniform, and consistent with 'emselves. And I'm sure the whole Management of the Body of the *Commons*, from the beginning to the end, has been all of a Piece; there's no *Trimming* in it, they han't minc'd the Matter; they have been at *Westminster*, at *Home*, and have met again, and yet they're always of the *same Opinion*. And what greater Argument of Steddy Principles than such Behaviour as this?

But to enter upon the Merits of the Cause, and to make a Judgement what their *Lordships* deserve for throwing out the Bill, I shall confine my self to these Particulars. First, I shall consider the Occasion of this Occasional Bill. Secondly, I shall look a little particularly into the Nature of it. Thirdly, I shall consider the Tendency of it, and what Designs might possibly lye conceal'd at the Bottom. Fourthly, Whether the present Posture of Affairs ben't inconsistent with the Nature of such a Bill. These Heads of Discourse shall all along be manag'd with Reference to their *Lordships* Conduct.

In considering the Occasion of the Occasional Bill, I shall tell the Sense of the *High-Flyers*, and shall discover how these Furious Gentlemen, and their Brethren the *Perkinites*, SATIRIZE the House of Lords, for their throwing out the Bill against Occasional conformity; altho', (if we'll believe LEGION's Address) by this Pious and Noble Act, the House of Peers have preserv'd Three Kingdoms in
Peace,

Peace and Union, and justly merit Immortal Honour.

1. The *Occasion* of the *Bill* (say the High-Flyers) seems enough to make as many Votes for it in both Houses, as there were Persons well affected to the Church establish'd.—It seems there are a set of Men in the Kingdom, who by Reason they serve GOD according to their Consciences, and the best Light the Word of GOD does afford 'em, have unqualify'd 'emselves for any Office of Profit, or any place of Trust. These Gentlemen, with Regard to the *Test Act*, and rather than want such Offices of Profit, or such Places of Trust, have qualified 'emselves by receiving the Sacrament of the Lords Supper, according to the Manner of the Church of *England*; this they have done for once or so, making Religion, and such a Solemn Sacrament as this, no more than a *Stalking Horse*, to compass their Designs, either of Riches or of Honour. And as these persons have come *occasionally* into the Communion of the Church, so they have *occasionally* left it, and continue in Communion with their Respective Conventicles. The Members of the House of Commons being fill'd with Indignation, that Religion and the Communion of the Church shou'd thus be made the Objects of Contempt, and become no more than Prostitutes for the Service of base Designs, have twice (*but with some Alterations and Abatements to show with how much Temper they were furnish'd*) drawn up, pass'd, and sent to the House of Lords, a Bill to prevent this Hyp critical Practice of *Occasional Conformity*. Their Lordships, (at least the Majority of their House) have not been in the Humour, either the first or the second Time, to comply with the Motions of the House of Commons And, continue these High-Flyers (but with how much of Reason, let the World judge) that they little expected their Lordships considering the *sacred Characters* of many of 'em shou'd have been so coldly affected, for the security and the Honour of their Church. Their Treatment of the Bill is Argument enough of the very slender Regard they have for the Temple of the Lord, the primitive Simplicity, and the best constituted Church in all the World. Is the sacred Memorial of the Death and Sacrifice of our Savi-

our, a Business to be trifled with? Must it be made the Foot-stool of Honour and Preferment? shall Men dispense with their own Principles, and come and trample upon an Ordinance of vast Importance, and all for a salary of so much *per Annum*? Shall the Bosom of the *English Church* be thus expos'd, and bare to receive all Comers, and shall Men alter, go off again, make Breaches in the Communion, and prosecute their own Factions and their Schisms, at the Expence of all Religion, and the safety of the Government? Shall a *BILL* to prevent these Abuses be well form'd, and Penalties assign'd for such as shall leave the Communion, so soon as they have swallow'd the Sacrament? Shall a Bill of this Nature be sent up to the *HOUSE OF PEERS*, and shall the *Pillars both of Church and State* be the first that shall throw it out?—Thus far the *High-Flyers*, in their Satyrizing the *House of Lords*, and in defending the Bill against Occasional Conformity.

However in a Business so publick, and of such Importance, one wou'd Imagine their *Lordships* shou'd have something to say for 'emselves (which never was, nor can be answer'd) with Reference to their *throwing out the Occasional Bill*: As,

First, That the *Dissenters* are altogether as good Subjects, and wish as well to the present Government, as those who are in stated Communion with the Church. They as heartily oppose and abjure the Prince of *Wales*, as any you can Name, they are perfectly well satisfy'd with the *Succession to the Crown, as by Law establish'd*. They are as thankful for the *Reformation*, and as watchful against *Popery*, as you can wish.

They pay their Taxes very chearfully, they perform the Duty of the Offices they enjoy, with as much Care and Conscience as can be expected. If the Sacrament be impos'd as a Test, to qualify, and they comply with it, Where's the Harm on't?—I confess here's the Appearance of Reason on the side of their *Lordships*, and tho my Arguments fall short upon this Head, yet who knows (had we Eyes to see it) but there was great *Occasion* for such a Bill.

Secondly,

Secondly, May their *Lordships* argue, To remove all Occasional Conformity, wou'd be the ready way to throw the *Conforming*, and the *Dissenting Subjects* at a greater Distance than they are, and Destroy all Hopes of a *Comprehension* for the Future. The Dissenters are not altogether insensible of the Usage they meet with, and 'twou'd be an odd way to win 'em over, to tye 'em within Church-Communion, by Penalties and Acts of Parliament, when we see them *occasionally* coming within the Church upon their own Heads, some out of Conscience, and others that they may be serviceable to the Queen and Government. Their *Lordships* wou'd gladly be inform'd what great Prejudice the Church receiv'd, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, by suffering the *Papists* occasionally to communicate? She excus'd the *Peers* from their Obligation, to take the Oath of supremacy, she made 'em *Privy Councillors*, and *Lords Lieutenants*, and employ'd 'em in Affairs of the greatest Consequence. This Method drew over so many *Catholicks*, to the Church establish'd, that his Holiness saw a Necessity of putting a stop to it. And what *mighty Mischiefs* have we to apprehend from a Number of Honest well meaning Protestant Dissenters, that have no such Prejudice against the *establish'd Church*, but they can *occasionally conform*; and by leaving the Church thus open, to receive them, what Numbers have turn'd their occasional, into stated Communion?

We see that this is a Step, by which many come over intirely to us, and the Children of others, do enter into a constant Communion with us! And shall we go to cast a Scandal upon this, or discourage it? By Occasional Conformity the Numbers of Dissenters are abated, by a moderate Computation, at least a fourth Part, if not a Third.—Bishop of Salisbury's Speech.

Why, 'tis certainly so, there is something (unanswerable) under this Second particular, but (*continue the High-Flyers*) must the *Two Houses of Parliament* suffer the Dissenters to do Evil, that good may come?

However, I leave the House of Commons, to turn their *Lordships* Management on this Head, into SATYR; for really, tho' I say it, I am a little inclin'd to *Moderation*, and *Unity*.

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Secondly,

Secondly, May their *Lordships* argue, To remove all Occasional Conformity, wou'd be the ready way to throw the *Conforming*, and the *Dissenting Subjects* at a greater Distance than they are, and Destroy all Hopes of a *Comprehension* for the Future. The Dissenters are not altogether insensible of the Usage they meet with, and 'twou'd be an odd way to win 'em over, to tye 'em within Church-Communion, by Penalties and Acts of Parliament, when we see them *occasionally* coming within the Church upon their own Heads, some out of Conscience, and others that they may be serviceable to the Queen and Government. Their *Lordships* wou'd gladly be inform'd what great Prejudice the Church receiv'd, in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*, by suffering the *Papists* occasionally to communicate? She excus'd the *Peers* from their Obligation, to take the Oath of supremacy, she made 'em *Privy Councillors*, and *Lords Lieutenants*, and employ'd 'em in Affairs of the greatest Consequence. This Method drew over so many *Catholicks*, to the Church establish'd, that his Holiness saw a Necessity of putting a stop to it. And what mighty *Mischiefs* have we to apprehend from a Number of Honest well meaning *Protestant Dissenters*, that have no such Prejudice against the *establish'd Church*, but they can *occasionally conform*; and by leaving the Church thus open, to receive them, what Numbers have turn'd their occasional, into stated Communion?

We see that this is a Step, by which many come over *incirely* to us, and the Children of others, do enter into a constant Communion with us! And shall we go to cast a Scandal upon this, or discourage it? By Occasional Conformity the Numbers of *Dissenters* are abated, by a moderate Computation, at least a fourth Part, if not a Third.—Bishop of *Salisbury's* Speech.

Why, 'tis certainly so, there is something (unanswerable) under this Second particular, but (continue the *High-Flyers*) must the *Two Houses of Parliament* suffer the *Dissenters* to do Evil, that good may come?

However, I leave the House of Commons, to turn their *Lordships* Management on this Head, into SATYR; for really, tho' I say it, I am a little inclin'd to Moderation, and Unity.

Secondly,

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Secondly, Having thus given the *Occasion* of the Bill its due, we are now to consider the Nature of the Bill itself—

Secondly, *The Nature of the Bill*, which their Lordships have thrown by, may best appear from the Penalty annex'd, by the House of Commons, to the Crime of *Occasional Conformity*. And here I can't but take a very fair Hint of the Tenderness, and good Disposition of our Commons, in Regard, the first Time the Bill appear'd the Penalty was much severer than it was the second. *One Hundred Pounds, and five Pounds for every Day, that such a Person shall continue the Execution of his Office, after he had run his Head into a Conventicle*, was something more than only *fifty Pounds* for the same Offence. 'Tis plain the Commons were not so hot upon the Matter, and so much out of Humour, but they could make Abatements, where their first Demands had any Face of Persecution and Severity. And alas! say our *High-Flyers*, if *Occasional Conformity* be a Crime, Wou'd they have it prevented at a cheaper Rate? Wou'd they have the Government (and the establish'd Church) secur'd upon easier Terms, than Fifty Pound comes to? Laws without Sanctions are Things altogether useless and insignificant, they can neither give Hope or Fear? Obedience and Disobedience, in such Cases, are neither the better, nor the worse, than they were before:

Their Lordships, (continue these *High-Flyers*) it seems, wou'd have remov'd the Crime, but they cou'd not approve the Punishment, like over-indulgent Mothers, rather than use the Rod, they'll suffer the Children to act just as they please, till they ruin both themselves, and the Families they belong to. These are methods full of Tenderness indeed! Let a *Man* play fast and loose with Religion, stretch his Conscience to what Size he pleases, he shall never smart for it—Thus far our *High-Flyers*. But methinks 'twou'd be worth the while, to hear what their Lordships can say for 'emselves, upon this Particular; and

First, They argue from the *PREAMBLE*, to the Bill, as it came abroad, 1702. The words are these, *As nothing is more contrary to the Profession of Christian Religion, and particularly to the Doctrine of the* C H U R C H O F

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ENGLAND, than Persecution for Conscience only; in due consideration, &c. Now if the Genius of Christianity, may their Lordships say, and especially the Doctrine of the English Church, be so unpersecuting, and so mild, why must a Fifty Pound-Forfeiture be exacted of Men, because they Worship GOD according to their Conscience! Conscience and Christianity, it seems, are good Friends, and never lay Hand upon each other; but the mischief of it lyes here, the Christianity of the Commons wou'd gladly restrain and persecute the Conscience and Christianity of Dissenters. If there's any other Reason, than only Conscience, let us know what it is? Don't Dissenters in Office, discharge the Duty of their Posts, as well as other Men? Have they practic'd any ill Designs upon the Church and State? And if they are thus well affected, and upon Occasion, will come over, and communicate with our Church, where's the Harm on't? Shall we treat those with the utmost severity, that come nearest to us, and are not only embark'd upon the same Bottom, in all the Essentials of the Christian Faith, but are partly Symbolizing in Things indifferent?

Why truly, I can say little to this matter: But 'twou'd seem the Christianity of their Lordships, and the Christianity of our Commons, are something of a Different Complexion, and that they're mutually Dissenters to each other; tho' perhaps all of 'em may have receiv'd the Elements, according to the same Rites and Usage.

Secondly, Their Lordships argue thus upon the matter, that the *occasional Bill*, with a Fifty Pound Penalty, does manifestly make an Inroad upon the *Act of Toleration*: The Design of which *Act* was to exempt all Protestant Dissenting Subjects, from suffering by the Force of certain Penal Laws; now shou'd such a Penal Bill pass, the Toleration might indeed remain a Bauble to please Children, but Men of sense wou'd have other Thoughts of the Matter. Was the Toleration remov'd, then the Mask wou'd pull'd off, and the management expos'd. To talk of maintaining involably the *Toleration-Act*, and in the meanwhile to pass the Bill, is but to tye up the Right-hand, and smite the Dissenters with the Left: Wou'd it not be a mighty satisfaction to a Man, when one has robb'd him

to bid him be easy, there are good Laws in Force, which won't see him wrong'd? Let the *De Jure* of it be where it will, the Man is sure, he's robb'd *De Facto*; Laws, shou'd matters go at this Rate, wou'd be much like *House-hold-stuff*, some for Ornament, and some for Use.

If this be the State of the Case, and the Commons be for dropping the Toleration Act, I shall e'en drop 'em too, and crave leave to come off from this Second *Particular*, by the Strength of their own Reason.

I shall next consider the Tendency of the Bill, for I design to be pretty short with their Lordships. And who (say our *High-Flyers*) that has the use of *Five Senses* cou'd ever Imagine but the Tendency of the Bill, was to secure the Government, that Power might be only lodg'd in the Hands of *Consciencious Church-men*, and that such Persons who wish and pray for a Revolution, might have their Hands ty'd up, and so be reduc'd to a Civil Kind of Impotency. 'Twou'd have provided for the Honour of the Church; that her sacred Institutions might not suffer by Hands and Hearts, that are covetous and prophane. Indeed their Lordships Refusal of the Bill, whose Tendency is such, must needs fill up their Characters with *THE BLACKEST LINES*, and the Religious part of the Nation, must certainly take the Hint, and open their Mouths, upon such Occasions as these—Thus far the *High-Flyers*.—But as every Cause has two sides, we shall take Notice, how their Lordships can turn and represent the Matter, and

First, Their Lordships may be suffer'd to say the indecency of Zeal, with which the Commons have push'd forward the Bill, was Argument enough of some latent Persecuting Design, at the Bottom of it, and upon Occasion some of the Commons have sufficiently shown 'emselves; Witness the literal Piece of Malice, which you have in a Printed Speech for the Bill, the words are these. 'And are we afraid to disoblige a Party of Men that are against the Church and Government? Whose Principle of Hatred, and Malice is the Family of the Stuarts descends to 'em by Inheritance? Men that offer'd open Violence to her Majesty's Royal Grandfather; Men that have not only the

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Prudence at this time, to justify that Fact, but to turn the Day of his Murder into Ridicule, and keep a Calves Head Feast in the City. And can we imagine, that those who are Enemies to Her Majesties Person and Office, and that were for hindering Her from coming to the Throne, would not be glad of an Opportunity to shove her out of it?—The Bishop of Salisbury has given us fair Intimation of his own Suspicion, of something that would follow upon it, 'tis true he don't tell us The Pretended Prince was regarded by the Promoters of the Bill; but Men that know sense, will very easily make a Conjecture that way.—In the Interval between the two last Sessions, I remember that being in Company with a Member of the House of Commons, and discoursing with some Freedom, upon this Subject, he told me 'twas very Apparent, the Promoters of the Bill had something more in their Intention, to which the OCCASIONAL BILL was no more than the Introduction. DOUBLE INTENDERS may serve upon the Stage, lest the Modesty of an Audience should be shock'd; but they ill suit the Characters of the representing Body of the Nation.

Secondly, Their Lordships are very positive the Natural Tendency of the Bill, was to create Disunion and Discord among her Majesties Subjects. The Dissenters can't be suppos'd to be insensible, and if so, they must upon Consequence have resent'd such Treatment as the Bill would ha' given 'em; and tho' the Dissenting Body might not have run into Extreams upon this Occasion, yet the Ferment would have work'd silently within 'em. And the Policy of it seems wonderful, that the Government and the Establish'd Church could be secur'd by Methods that directly tend to disaffect and disremember, so vast a Body of her Majesties Loyal Subjects. Strength and safety in Bodies politick, as well as natural, consist in Union and good Disposition; therefore say their Lordships, we could not so far give up the Interest which Her Majesty maintains, in the Affections of her People, merely to gratify a WHIM, which was the most warmly promoted by Persons who have hitherto deserv'd no better Title than that of Jacobites; and upon their own Principles can't be suppos'd so true to the present Government, as those whom they'd incapacitate to serve her Majesty.

I can offer nothing against their LORDSHIPS, upon this Particular, without Violence to my own Reason, and the TRUTH AND JUSTICE of the Cause.

Thirdly, *Their Lordships have something farther to offer as a-Consequence upon the Discord and Dijunion the Bill wou'd create, that 'twou'd cut off all Thoughts of a COMPREHENSION, for when the Minds of Men are ruff'd with hard Usage, and ill Treatment, there's no working upon their Reason at such a Time. And the Passing the Bill, wou'd show we had worse Apprehensions of 'em than they really deserve, as if their paying worship to GOD in an unceremonious simple way, was so great a Crime, that it immediately render'd 'em unworthy to be concern'd in a Civil Society; And for this Reason, an Aged and Learned Prelate, was pleas'd to say, in the House of Lords—That it was well known by some Bishops he had formerly published that he had been no great Favourer of the Dissenters, but since that Time, he had met with an Opportunity to know 'em better, and he must own he found 'em to be Men of greater Moderation and Piety than he formerly thought 'em, and as he was now Antient, and had but little Time to live, he thought himself oblig'd to do 'em this Justice before he dyed.——*In these words (or to this Effect) this same Bishop was pleas'd to express himself; so that 'tis plain, from his Lordships Sentiments, and the Throwing the Bill against Occasional Conformity out the House of Lords, that the Tendency of the Bill looks a little dangerous and ill Natur'd.

In the last place here's yet, the Season when this Bill appear'd, which I must acknowledge the last Refuge, upon which I can build a SATYR against their Lordships.

The Season seems a little Dangerous, 'tis true, and the great Issues of War are uncertain, let the Alliances be what they will; and this wou'd seem to furnish Argument for throwing out the Bill against Occasional Conformity.

But say our High-Flyers——If the Church as well as Civil Liberty lye at Stake, 'tis without Question, very seasonable

ble to pass a Law for the security of it; and what Thoughts can we entertain of those LORDS, who put a Stop to such a Design? The COMMONS indeed, had other Business upon their Hands, but has any Part of it been left unfinish'd? And if they cou'd find Leisure under so pressing Circumstances, to attend this glorious Peice of Service, What acknowledgments do we owe them for it?— This far the High-Flyers.— But now their Lordships come up with their Reasons, and 'tis but CIVIL we shou'd give them the Hearing, and they urge the Matter Home after this Manner, Don't the French King equally design the Ruin of the Church-Men and Dissenters? He has no Indulgence for the one, or for the other; and are they not equally concern'd to maintain the Reformation? And can this be the Season to persecute each other, when the greatest Union and Affection may possibly prove too little? The Factions within the Walls of Jerusalem, were a great Instrument of Ruine to that devoted City, when they had the greatest Necessity to joyn Hearts and Hands against the Roman Forces, that were battering down their Walls. And one wou'd imagine a too near similitude between the Circumstances of that unhappy People and our own. What Dependance can our ALLYES have upon us, shou'd we go together by the Ears at Home? Shou'd we look back upon the Roman History, we shou'd find this to have been a stated Rule in Policy, that even in Times of Persecution at home, when any considerable Danger threatned the Empire from abroad, the Flames immediately were extinguish'd, and all was Peace and good will, till the Ruine from abroad was blown over. And shall we begin to read backwards, the best Politicks of other Nations? Shall we divide at Home, that Conquest may be ours abroad? The very Hint of this Management is enough to put Life and Courage into an Enemy.

I'm now oblig'd to acknowledge very fairly, I have lost my LAST HOLD; I have written my self into a Convert, and a Friend to their Lordships, and but that the TITLE is printed off, I should certainly make Amendments to it. The Reader may

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now make the Judgement for me, if this S A T Y R
on the House of Lords be inconsistent with my *New
Practice of Piety*, or the old way to Heaven, newly dis-
covered:

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