

Lewis Bayly The practice of piety: directing a christian how to walk, that he may please God.
Amplified by the author

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Meditations of the Miseries of Infancy

What wast thou, being an infant but a brute, having the shape of a man? Was not thy body conceived in the heat of Lust, the secret of shame and stain of Original Sin? And thus wast thou cast naked upon the earth, all imbrewed in the blood of filthinesse; (filthy indeed, when the sonne of God, who disdained not to take on him man's nature and the infirmities thereof, yet thought it unbeseeming his holiness to be conceived after the sinful manner of man's conception) so that thy mother was ashamed to let thee know the manner thereof. What cause then hast thou to boast of thy birth, which was a cursed pain to thy mother and to thy self the entrance into a troublesome life? the greatnesse of which miseries, because thou couldst not utter in words, thou didst express (as well as thou couldest) in weeping teares.

Meditations of the Miseries of Youth

What is Youth, but an untamed beast? all whose actions are rash and rude, not capable of good counsel when it is given, and Ape-like, delighting in nothing but in toys and babies? Therefore thou no sooner begannest to have a little strength and discretion, but forthwith thou wast kept under the rod, and fear of parents and masters. As if thou hadst beene borne to live under the discipline of others, rather than at the disposition of thine owne will. No tyred horse was ever more willing to be rid of his burthen than thou wast to get out of the servile state of this bondage. A state not worthy the description.

Meditations of the Miseries of Manhood

What's man's estate but a sea, wherein (as waves) one trouble ariseth in the necke of another; the latter worse than the former? No sooner diddest thou enter into the affairs of this world, but thou wast inwrapped about with a cloud of miseries. Thy flesh provokes thee to lust, the world allures thee to pleasures, and the Devil tempts thee to all kind of sins. Feares of enemies affright thee, suits in law do vexe thee, wrongs of ill neighbours do oppress thee, cares for wife and children do consume thee, and disquietnesse betwixt open foes and false friendes doe in a manner confound thee. Sinne stings thee within, satan laies snares before thee. Conscience of sinnes past doggeth behind thee. Now, adversity on the left-hand frets thee, anon prosperity on the right-hand flatters thee. Over thy head God's vengeance due to thy sin, is ready to fall upon thee; and under thy

feete hell's mouth is ready to swallow thee up. And in this miserable estate whither wilt thou go for rest and comfort? The house is full of cares, the field full of toyle, the country of rudenesse, the city of factions, the court of envy, the church of sects, the sea of pirats, the land of robbers. Or in what state wilt thou live, seeing wealth is envied, and poverty contemned; wit is distrusted, and simplicity is derided, superstition is mocked, and religion is suspected, vice is advanced and virtue is disgraced? O with what a body of sinne art thou compassed about in a world of wickednesse? What are thine eyes but windowes to behold vanities? What are thine ears but flood-gates to let in the streams of iniquity? What are thy senses but matches to give fire to thy lusts? What is thine heart but the anvil whereon Satan hath forged the ugly shape of all lewd affections? Art thou nobly descended, thou must put thy self in peril of forraine warres, to get the reputation of earthly honour; oft-times hazard thy life in a desperate combate to avoid the aspersion of a coward. Art thou born in mean estate? Lord! what paines and drudgery must thou endure at home and abroad to get maintenance? and al perhaps scarce sufficient to serve thy necessitie; and when (after much service and labour) a man hath got something, how little certainty is there in that which is gotten? seeing thou seest by daily experience that he who was rich yesterday, is to day a begger; he that yesterday was in health, to day is sicke; he that yesterday was merry and laughed, hath cause to day to mourne and weepe; he that yesterday was in favour, to day is in disgrace; and he who yesterday was alive, to day is dead. And thou knowest not how soone, nor in what manner thou shalt die thy self. And who can enumerate the losses, crosses, griefes, disgraces, sicknesses and calamities, which are incident to sinful man? To speak nothing of the death of friends & children, which oft-times seem to be unto us far more bitter than present death it selfe.

Meditations of the Miseries of Old Age

What is old age but the receptacle of all maladies? for if thy lot be to draw thy daies to a long date, in comes old bald-headed age, stooping under dotage, with his wrinckled face, rotten teeth, and stinking breath, teastie with choler, withered with drynesse, dimmed with blindnesse, abscurd with deafnesse, overwhelmed with sicknesse, and bowed together with weaknesse, having no use of any sense but of the sense of paine, which so racketh every member of his body that it never easeth him of grieve till it hath thrown him down to his grave.

Thus farre of the miseries which accompany the body. Now of the miseries which accompany chiefly the soul in this life.

Meditations of the Miseries of the Soul in this Life

The misery of thy soul will more evidently appeare if thou wilt but consider:

1. The felicity shee hath lost.
2. The misery which shee hath pulled upon her selfe by sin.

1. The felicity lost was first the fruition of the image of God, whereby the Soul was like unto God in knowledge, enabling her perfectly to understand the revealed will of God. Secondly, true holinesse, by which she was free from all prophane error. Thirdly, righteousnesse whereby she

was able to encline all her natural powers, and to frame uprightly all her actions, proceeding from those powers. With the losse of this divine image she lost the love of God, and the blessed communion which she had with his majestie, wherein consisteth her life and happinesse. If the loss of earthly riches vex thee so much, how should not the losse of this divine treasure perplex thee much more?

2. The misery, which shee pulled upon her selfe consists in two things:

1. Sinfulnesse.
2. Cursednesse.

1. Sinfulness is an universal corruption, both of her nature and actions. For her nature is infected with a proneness to every sin continually, the minde is stuffed with vanity, the understanding is darkned with ignorance, the will affecteth nothing but vile and vain things. All her actions are evil; yea, this deformity is so violent that oftentimes in the regenerate soul the appetite will not obey the government of reason, and the will wandreth after, and yields consent to sinful motions. How great then is the violence of the appetite and will in the reprobate aoul, which still remains in her natural corruption! hence it is, that thy wretched soul is so deformed with sinne, defiled with lust polluted with flthiness, outraged with passions, overcarried with affections, pining with envy, overcharged with gluttony, surfeited with drunkenness, boiling with revenge, transported with rage, and the glorious image of God transformed into the ugly shape of the Divell, so farre as it once repented the Lord that he ever made man.

From the former flows the other part, of the soul's miseries, called cursedness whereof there are two degrees.

1. In part.
2. In fullness thereof.

1. Cursednesse in part is that which is inflicted upon the soule in life and death, and is common to her with the body.

The cursednesse of the soul in life is the wrath of God, which lyeth upon such a creature so far, as that all things, not only calamities, but also very blessings, and graces, turn to ruine. Terror of conscience drives him from God and his service, that he dares not come to his presence and ordinances; but is given up to the slavery of Satan, and to his own kusts and vile affections. This is the cursednesse of the soul in life. Now follows the cursednesse of the soul and body in death.

Meditations of the Misery of the Body and Soul in Death.

After that the aged man hath conflicted with long sickness, and having endured the brunt of pain, should now expect some ease, in comes Death (nature's slaughter-man, God's curse and Hels purveyor) and lookes the old man grim, and black in the face; and neither pitying his age, nor regarding his long endured dolours, will not be hired to forbear either for silver or gold; nay, he will not take, to spare his life, skin for skin, & all that the old man hath, but batters all the principal parts of his body, and arrests him to appear before the terrible judge.

And as thinking that the old man will not dispatch to go with him fast enough, Lord! how many darts of calamities doth he shoot through him, stitches, aches, cramps, feavers, obstructions, rheummes, Flegme, collicke, stone, winde, &c.

O, what a ghastly sight it is, to see him then in his bed, when death hath given him his mortal wound! what a cold sweat overrunnes all his body? what a trembling possesseth all his members? the head shooteth, the face waxeth pale, the nose black, the neather jaw-bone hangeth down, the Eye-strings break, the tongue faltereth, the breath shortneth and smelleth earthly, the Throat ratleth, and at every gaspe the heart-strings are ready to breake asunder.

Now the miserable Soul sensibly perceiveth her rarthly body to begin to die; for as towards the dissolution of the universal frame of the great world, the sunne shall be turned into darknessesse, the moon into bloud, and the starres shall fall from heaven, the ayre shall be full of stormes and flashing meteors, the earth shall tremble, and the sea shall roare, and men's hearts shall faile for feare, expecting the end of such sorrowful beginnings. So towards the dissolution of man (which is the little world) his eyes, which are as the sunne and moone, lose their light, and see nothing but blood-guiltinesse of sin. The rest of the senses, as lesser starres, do one after another fail and fall: his mind, reason, and memory, as heavenly powers of his soule, are shaken with fearful storms of despaire, and fierce flashing of hellfire. His earthly body beginneth to shake and tremble, and the humours, like an overflowing sea, roare and rattle in his throate, still expecting the woful ende of these dreadful beginnings.

Whilst he is thus summoned to appear at the great assizes of God's judgment, behold, a quarter-sessions, & jayle-delivery, is held within himselfe, where reason sits as judge, the Devil puts in a bill of indictment, as large as that Book of Zechary, wherein are alledged all thy evil deeds that ever thou hast committed, and all the good deeds that ever thou hast omitted, and all the curses and judgments that are due to every sin. Thine own conscience shall accuse thee, and thy memory shall give bitter euidence, and death stands at the barre ready, as a cruel executioner, to dispatch thee. If thou shalt thus condemn thy self, how shalt thou escape the just condemnation of God, who knows all thy misdeeds better than thy selfe? Faine wouldst thou put out of thy mind the remembrance of the wicked deeds that trouble thee, but they flow faster into thy remembrance, and they will not be put away, but cry unto thee, We are thy works, and we will follow thee, and whilst thy soul is thus within, out of peace and order, thy children, wife, and friends, trouble thee as fast, to have thee put thy goods in order; some crying, some craving, some pitying, some chearing. All like flesh-flies, helping to make thy sorrows more sorrowful. Now the Devils, who are come from hell to fetch away thy soule, begin to appear to her, and wait, as soon as she cometh forth to take her and carry her away. Stay she would within, but that she feels the body begin by degrees to die, and ready, like a ruinous house, to fall upon her head. Fearful she is to come forth, because of those hellhounds which wait for her coming. O, she that spent so many days and nights in vain and idle pastimes, would now give the whole world, if she had it, for one hour delay, that she might have space to repent, and reconcile her selfe unto God. But it cannot be, because her body which joynd with her in the actions of sinne is altogether now unfit to joyne with her in the exercise of repentance, and repentance must be of the whole man.

Now shee seeth that all her pleasures are gone as if they had never been; and that but only torments remain, which never shall have an end of being. Who can sufficiently express her remorse for her sins past, her anguish for her present misery, and her terror for her torments to come?

In this Extremity shee looketh every where for help, and findeth her selfe every way helpless. Thus in her greatest misery (desirous to hear the least word of comfort) she directs this, or the like speeche unto her eyes. O eyes, who in times past were so quick sighted, can yee spy no comfort, nor any way how I might escape this dreadful danger? But the eye-strings are broken, they cannot see the Candle that burneth before them, nor discern whether it be day or night.

The soule (finding no comfort in the eyes) speaketh to the eares. O eares, who were wont to recreate your selves, with hearing new pleasant discourses, and musicks sweetest harmonie, can you hear any news or tyding of the least comfort for me? The eares are either so deaf, that they cannot hear at all, or the sense of hearing is grown so weak, that it cannot endure to hear his dearest friends to speak. And why should those rares hear any tydings of joy in death, who could never abide to hear the glad tidings of the Gospel in this life? The eare can minister no comfort.

Then shee intimates her grieffe unto the tongue: o tongue, who wast wont to brag it out with the bravest, where are now thy big & daring words? now (in my greatest need) canst thou speak nothing in my defence? Canst thou neither daunt these enemies with threatning words, nor entreat them with fair speeches? Alas, the tongue two days ago lay speechlesse. It cannot in his greatest extremity either call for a little drink, or desire a friend to take away the flegme that is ready to choak him.

Finding here no hope of help, she speaks unto the feet. Where are ye, o feet, which sometime were so nimble in running, can you carry me no where out of this dangerous place? the Feet are stone-dead already, if they be not stirred, they cannot stir.

Then she directs her Speech unto her hands: o hands, who have beene so often approved for manhood, in peace and war, and wherewith I have so often defended my selfe and offended my foes; never had I more need than now. Death looks me grim in the face, and kills me. Hellish fiends wait about my bed to devour me, help now, or I perish for ever . Alas, the hands are so weak, and do so tremble, that they cannot reach to the mouth a spoonful of supping to releev languishing nature.

The wretched soul seeing her selfe thus desolate and altogether destitute of friends, helpe, and comfort, and knowing that within an hour she must be in everlasting pains, retires her selfe to the heart (which of all members is *primum vivens*, and *ultimum moriens*) from whence she makes this doleful lamentation with her selfe:

O miserable caitife that I am! How do the sorrowes of death compasse me! How do the flouds of Belial make me afraid! Now have, indeed, the snares both of the first and second death overtaken me at once. O how suddenly hath death stolne upon me with insensible degrees! like the sunne which the eye perceives not to move, though it be most swift of motion. How doth Death wreake eon me his spite without pity! The God of mercy hath utterly forsaken me; and the Devil, who knows no mercy, waits for to take me. How often have I been warned of this doleful day by the faithful preachers of God's word, and I made but a jest thereat? What

profit have I now of all my pride, fine house, and brave apparel? What's become of the sweet relish of all my delicious fare? All the worldly goods which I so carefully gathered, would I now give for a good conscience which I so carelessly neglected! And what joy remains now of all my former fleshly pleasures, wherein I placed my chief delight? Those foolish pleasures were but deceitful ereams, and now they are past, like vanishing shadows; but to think of those eternal pains which I must endure for those short pleasures, pains me as hell before I enter into hell. Yet justly I confess, as I have deserved, I am served, that being made after God's image, a reasonable soul, able to judge of mine own estate and having mercy so often offered, and I intreated to receive it. I neglected God's grace, and preferred the pleasures of sin before the religious care of pleasing God, lewdly spending my short time, without considering what accounts I should make at my last end. And now all the pleasures of my life being put together, countervail not the least part of my present pains. My jys were but moment any, and gone before I could scarce enjoy them. My miseries are eternal, and never shall know end. O that I had spent the hours that I consumed in carding, dicing, playing, and other vile exercises, in reading the Scriptures, in hearing sermons, in receiving the Communion, in weeping for my sinnes, in fasting, watching, praying, and in preparing my soul, that I might have now departed in the assured hope of everlasting salvation! O that I were now to begin my life again, how would I condemn the world and the vanities thereof! How religiously and purely would I lead my life! How would I frequent the Church, and sanctifie the Lord's Day! If Satan should offer me all the treasures, pleasures, and promotions of this world, he should never entice me to forget these terrors of this last dreadful hour. But, o corrupt carkasse and stinking carrion! How hath the Devil deluded us, and how have we served and deceived each other, and pulled swift damnation upon us both! Now is my case more miserable than the beast that perisheth in a ditch. For I must go to answer before the judgment seat of the righteous jdge of heaven and eartrh, where I shall have none to speak for mee, and these wicked fiends, who are privie to all my evil deeds, will accuse me, and I cannot excuse my selfe. My owne heart already condemns me, I must needs therefore be damned before his judgment seat; and from thence be carried by these infernal fiends, into that horrible prison of endless torments and utter darkness, where I shall never more see light, that first most excellent thing that God made. I, who gloried heretofore in being a libertine, am now enclosed in the very claws of Satan, as the trembling partridge is within the griping talons of the ravenous Faulcon, Where shall I lodge to night, and who shall be my companions? O horror to think! O grief to consider! O cursed bee the day wherein I was born, and let not the day wherein my mother bare mee, be blessed. Cursed be the man that shewed my father, saying, a child is born unto thee, and comforted him. Cursed be that man, because he slew me not. O that my mother might have been my grave, or her womb a perpetual conception! How is it that I came forth of the womb to endure these hellish sorrows! And that my days should thus end with eternal shame? Cursed be the day that I was first united to so lewd a body. O, that I had but so much favour, as that I might never see thee more! Our parting is bitter and doleful, but our meeting again to receive at that dreadful day, the fullness of our deserved vengeance, will be far more terrible and intolerable. But what mean I thus (by too late lamentation) to seek to prolong time? My last hour is come, I hear the heart-strings break; this filthy house of clay falls on my

head, here is neither hope, help, nor place of any longer abiding. And must I needs be gone? thou filthy carcase. O filthy carcase, with fare ill, fare well, I leave thee. And so all trembling she cometh forth; and forthwith is seized upon by infernal fiends, who carry her with a violence, torrenti similes, to the bottomless lake that burneth with fire and brimstone, where she is kept as a prisoner, in torments, till the general judgment of the great day.

The loathsome carcase is afterwards laid in the grave. In which action, for the most part, the dead bury the dead; that is, they who are dead in sin, bury them who are dead for sin. And thus the godless and unregenerate worldling, who made earth his paradise, his belly his God, his lust his law; as in his life he sowed vanity, so he is now dead, and reapeth misery. In his prosperity he neglected to serve God; in his adversity God refuseth to save him. And the Devil, whom he long served, now at length pays him his wages. Detestable was his life, damnable his death. The Devil hath his soul, the grave hath his carcase; in which pit of corruption, den of death, and dungeon of sorrow, let us leave the miserable creature, rotting with his mouth full of earth, his belly full of worms, and his carcase full of stench; expecting a fearful resurrection when it shall be reunited with the soul, that as they sinned together, so they may be eternally tormented together.

Thus far of the miseries of the soule and body in death, which is but cursedness in part. Now followes the fulnesse of cursedness, which is the misery of the soul and body after death.

Meditations of the misery of man after death, which is the fulnesse of cursedness.

The fulnesse of cursedness (when it falls upon a creature, not able to bear the brunt thereof) presseth him down to that bottomless deep of the endless wrath of almighty God; which is called the damnation of Hell. This fulnesse of cursedness is either particular or general.

Particular, is that which in a less measure of fulnesse lighteth upon the soul immediately as soon as she is separated from the body. For, in the very instant of dissolution, she is in the sight and presence of God. For when she ceaseth to see with the organ of fleshly eyes, she seeth after a spiritual manner, like Stephen, who saw the glory of God, and Jesus standing at his right hand. Or, as a man, who being born blind, and miraculously restored to his sight should see the Sun, which he never saw before. And thereby the testimony of her own conscience, Christ the righteous judge, who knoweth all things, makes her by his omnipresent power, to understand the doom and judgment that is due unto her sins, and what must be her eternal state. And in this manner standing in the sight of heaven, not fit for her uncleanness to come into heaven, she is said to stand before the throne of God. And so forthwith she is carried by the evil angels, how came to fetch her with violence into hell, where she is kept as in a prison, in everlasting pains and chains, under darkness, unto the Judgment of the great day. But not in that extremity of torments which she shall finally receive at the last day.

The general fulnesse of cursedness is in a greater measure of fulnesse, which shall be inflicted upon both thy soul and body, when (by the mighty power of Christ the supreme judge of heaven and earth) the one shall be brought out of hell, and the other out of the grave, as prisoners to receive their dreadful doom, according to their evil deeds. How shall the reprobate by the roaring of the sea, the quaking of the earth, the trembling of the powers of heaven, and terrors

of heavenly signs, be driven at the worlds end, to their wits end! Oh, what a woeful salutation will there be, betwixt the damned soul and body, at their re-uniting at that terrible day!

O sink of sinne, o lump of filthiness, (will the soul say unto her body) how am I compelled to re-enter into thee, not as into an habitation to rest, but as a prison to be tormented together! How dost thou appear in my sight like Jephthes Daughter to my greater torment! Would God thou hadst perpetually rotted in the grave, that I might never have seen thee again! How shall we be confounded together, to hear before God, angels, and men, laid open all those secret sins, which we committed together! Have I lost heaven for the love of such a stinking carrion? Art thou the flesh, for whose pleasures I have yielded to commit so many fornications? O filthy belly, how became I such a fool as to make thee my God! How mad was I for momentary joys, to incur these torments of eternal pains! Yee rocks and mountains, why skip ye so like rams, Psalm 144. 4. and will not fall upon me, to hide me from the face of him that comes to sit on yonder throne; for the great day of his wrath is come, and who shall be able to stand? Rev. 6. 16, 17. Why tremblest thou thus, earth, at the presence of the Lord, and wilt not open thy mouth and swallow me up, as thou didst Korah, that I be seene no more?

O damned furies! I would ye might without delay tear me in pieces, on condition that you would tear me into nothing! But whilst thou art thus in vain bewailing thy misery, the Angels hale thee violently away from the brink of the Grave, to some place near the Tribunal Seat of Christ, where being as a cursed Goat separated to stand beneath on Earth, as on the left-hand of the Judge; Christ shall rip up all the benefits he bestowed on thee, and the torments he suffered for thee, and all the good deeds which thou hast omitted, and all the ungrateful villainies which thou didst commit against him and his holy Laws.

Within thee, thine own conscience (more than a thousand witnesses) shal accuse thee; the Devils who tempted thee to all thy lewdness, shall on the one side testifie with thy Conscience against thee; and on the other side, shall stand the holy saints and angels, approving Christ's justice, and detesting so filthy a creature; behind thee an hideous noise of innumerable fellow-damned Reprobates tarrying for thy company. Before thee all the world burning in flaming fire; above thee an ireful Judge of deserved vengeance, ready to pronounce his Sentence upon thee; beneath thee, the fiery and sulphureous mouth of the bottomless pit, gaping to receive thee. In this wofull estate, to hide thy self will be impossible (for on that condition, thou wouldst wish that the greatest Rock might fall upon thee) to appear will be intolerable, and yet thou must stand forth, to receive, with other Reprobates, this thy sentence, depart from me ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.

Depart from me] There is a separation from all joy and happinesse.

Ye cursed] There is a black and direful excommunication.

Into fire] There is the cruelty of paine.

Everlasting] There is the perpetuity of punishment.

Prepared for the Devil and his angels.] Here are thy infernal tormenting and tormented companions.

O terrible sentence! from which the condemned cannot escape; which being pronounced, cannot possibly be withstood: against which a man cannot except, and from which a man can no

where appeal: so that to the damned nothing remains but helish torments, which know neither ease of pain, nor end of time. From this Judgment seat thou must be thrust by angels (together with all the damned devils and reprobates) into the bottomless lake of utter darkness, that perpetually burneth with fire and brimstone. Whereunto as thou shalt be thrust, there shall be such weeping woes and wailing, that the cry of the company of Korah, Dathan and Abiram, when the earth swallowed them up, was nothing comparable to this howling; nay, it will seem unto thee an hell before thou goest into hell, but to hear it.

Into which bottomless lake after that thou art once plunged, thou shalt ever be falling down, and never meet a bottom; and in it thou shalt ever lament, and none shall pity thee; thou shalt always weep for pain of the fire, and yet gnash thy teeth, for the extremity of cold; thou shalt weep to think that thy miseries are past remedy: thou shalt weep to think, that to repent is to no purpose: thou shalt weep to think, how for the shadows of short pleasures thou hast incurred these sorrows of eternal pains: thou shalt weep to see how that weeping it self can nothing prevail; yea, in weeping, thou shalt weep more tears than there is water in the sea, for the water of the Sea is finite, but the weeping of a reprobate shall be infinite.

There thy lascivious eyes shall be afflicted with sights of ghastly spirits, thy curious eares shall be affrighted with hideous noise of howling Devils, and the gnashing teeth of damned reprobates; thy dainty nose shall be cloyed with noisom stench of sulphur; thy delicate taste shall be pined with intolerable hunger; thy drunken throat shall be parched with unquenchable thirst; thy mind shall be tormented to think how for the love of abortive pleasures, which perished ere they budded, thou so foolishly lost heaven's joys, and incurredst hellish pains, which last beyond eternity. Thy conscience shall ever sting thee like an adder, when thou thinkest how often Christ by his preachers offered the remission of sins, and the kingdom of heaven freely unto thee, if thou wouldest but believe and repent; and how easily thou mightest have obtained mercy in those days; how near thou wast many times to have repented, and yet didst suffer the Devil and the World to keep thee still in impenitency, and how the day of mercy is now past, and will never dawn again.

How shall thy understanding be racked to consider, how for momentary riches thou hast lost eternal treasure, and changed heaven's felicity for hell's misery; where every part of thy body, without intermission of pain, shall be continually tormented alike.

In these hellish torments, thou shalt be for ever deprived of the beatifical sight of God, wherein consisteth the sovereign good and life of the soul. Thou shalt never see light, nor the least sight of joy, but lie in a perpetual prison of utter darkness, where shall be no order, but horreur; no voice, but of vaspemers and howlers; no noise but of torturers and tortured; no society, but of the Devil and his angels, who being tormented themselves, shall have no other ease, but to wreak their fury in tormenting thee. Where shall be punishment without pity; misery, without mercy; sorrow, without succour; crying, without comfort; mischief, without measure; torment, without ease; where the worm dyeth not, and the fire is never quenched; where the wrath of God shall seize upon the soul and body, as the flame of fire doth on the lump of pitch or vrimstone. In which flame thou shalt ever be burning, and never consumed; ever dying, and never dead; ever roaring in the pangs of death, and never rid of those pangs, nor knowing end of

thy pains. So that after thou hast endued them so many thousand years as there are grass on the earth, or sands on the seashore, thou art no nearer to have an end of thy torments, than thou wast the first day that thou wast cast into them; yea, so far are they from ending, that they are ever but beginning. But if after a thousand times so many thousand years, thy damned soul could but conceive a hope that those her torments should have an end, this would be some Comfort, to think that at length an end will come: But as oft as the mind thinketh of this word never, it is as another Hell in the midst of Hell.

This thought shall force the damned to cry [greek characters], as much as if they should say [Greek], O Lord, not ever, not ever, torment us thus. But their consciences shall answer them as an echo, [Greek], ever, ever. Hence shall arise their doleful [Greek], woe and alas for evermore.

This is that second death, the general perfect fullnesse of all cursedness, and misery, which every damned reprobate must suffer, so long as God and his saints shall enjoy bliss and felicity in heaven for evermore.

Thus far of the misery of man in his state of corruption, unless he be renewed by Grace in Christ.

Now followeth the knowledge of man's self, in respect of his state of regeneration by Christ.

(...)

A Prayer at the yielding up of the Ghost

O Lamb of God, which by thy blood hast taken away the sins of the world: have mercy upon me a sinner, Lord Jesus receive my Spirit. Amen.

When the sick party is departing, let the faithful that are present kneel down and commend his soul to God, in these or the like words.

O gracious God, and merciful father, who art our refuge and strength, and a very present help in trouble; lift up the light of thy favourable countenance at this Instant upon thy servant, that now cometh to appear in thy presence: wash away, good Lord, all his sins, by the merits of Christ Jesus' blood, that they may never be laid to his charge. Increase his faith, preserve and keep safe his soul from the danger of the Devil and his wicked angels. Comfort him with thy Holy Spirit, cause him now to feel that thou art his loving Father, and that he is thy child by adoption and grace. Save, o Christ, the price of thine own blood; and suffer him not to be lost, whom thou hast bought so dearly. Receive his soul, as thou didst the penitent thief, into thy heavenly paradise. Let thy blessed angels conduct him thither, as they carried the soul of Lazarus; and grant unto him a joyful resurrection at the last day. O Father, hear us for him, and hear thine own Son, our only mediator, that sits at thy right hand, for him and us all; even for the merits of that bitter death and passion which he hath suffered for us. In confidence whereof, we now recommend his soul into thy fatherly hands, in that blessed prayer, which our saviour hath taught us in all times of our troubles to say unto thee: Our Father, &c.

Thus far of the Practice of Piety in dying in the Lord.

Now followeth the Practice of Piety in dying for the Lord

The *Practice of Piety* in dying for the Lord is termed martyrdom.

Martyrdom is the testimony which a Christian berth to the doctrine of the gospel, by enduring any kind of death: to invite many, and to confirm all, to embrace the truth thereof. To this kind of death, Christ hath promised a crown. Be thou faithful unto the death, and I will give thee the crown of life. Which promise the Church so firmly believed, that they termed martyrdom it self a crown. And God to animate Christians to this excellent prize would, by a prediction, that Stephen, the first Christian martyr, should have his name of a crown.

Of Martyrdom there are three kinds.

1. Sola voluntate, in will only, as John the Evangelist, who (being boiled in a cauldron of oil) came out rather annointed than sod, and died of old age at Ephesus.

2. Solo opere, in deed only: as the innocents of Bethlehem.

3. Voluntate & opere, both in will and deed, as in the primitive church, Stephen, Polycarpus, Ignatius, Laurentius, Romanus, Antiochianus, and thousands. And in our days, Cranmer, Latimer, Hooper, Ridley, Farrar, Bradford, Philpot, Sanders, Glover, Taylor, and others innumerable, whose fiery zeal to God's Truth, brought them to the flames of martyrdom; to seal Christ's Faith. It is not the cruelty of the death, but the innocence and holiness of the cause, that makes a martyr. Neither is an erroneous conscience a sufficient warrant to suffer martyrdom: because science in God's word, must direct conscience in man's heart. For they who killed the Apostles, in their erroneous consciences, thought they did God good service, and Paul of zeal breathed out slaughters against the Lord's Saints. Now whether the cause of our Seminary Priests and Jesuits be so holy, true, and innocent, as that it may warrant their conscience to suffer death, and to hazard their eternal salvation thereon, let Paul's Epistle written to the ancient Christian Romans (but against our new Antichristian Romans) be judge. And it will plainly appear, that the doctrine which St. Paul taught to the ancient Church of Rome, is ex diametro opposite in 26 fundamental points of true religion, to that which the new Church of Rome teacheth and maintaineth. For St. Paul taught the primitive church of Rome,

1. That our election is of God's free grace, and not ex operibus praevisis, Rom. 9. 11. Rom. 11. 5, 6.

2. That we are justified before God by faith only, without good works, Rom. 3. 20, 28. Rom. 4. 2, &c. Rom. 1. 17.

3. That the good works of the regenerate, are not of their own contiguity meritorious, nor such as can deserve Heaven, Rom. 8. 18. Rom. 11. 6. Rom. 6. 23.

4. That these Books only are God's Oracles and Canonical Scripture, which were committed to the custody and credit of the Jews, Rom. 3. 2. Rom. 1. 2. Rom. 16. 26. such were never the apocrypha.

5. That the Holy Scriptures have God's authority, Rom. 9. 17. Rom. 3. 4. Rom. 11. 32. conferred with Gal. 3. 22. Therefore above the authority of the Church.

6. That all, as well Laity as Clergy that will be saved, must familiarly read or know the Holy Scripture, Rom. 15. 4. Rom. 10. 1, 2, 8. Rom. 16. 26.
7. That all Images made of the true God are very Idols, R. 1. 23. & R. 2. 22. conferred.
8. That to bow the knee religiously to an Image, or to worship any Creature is meer idolatry, R. 11. 4. and a lying service, R. 1. 25.
9. That we must not pray unto any but to God only, in whom we believe, Rom. 10. 13, 14. Rom. 8. 15, 27. therefore not to saints and angels.
10. That Christ is our only intercessor in heaven, Rom. 8. 34, Rom. 5. 2 Rom. 16. 27.
11. That the only Sacrifice of Christians, is nothing but the spiritual Sacrificing of their souls and bodies to serve God in holiness and righteousness, R. 12. 1 R. 15. 16. therefore no real sacrificing of Christ in the Mass.
12. That the religious worship called dulia, as well as latria, belonged to God alone, Rom. 1. 9. Rom. 12. 11. R. 16. 18. conferred.
13. That all Christians are to pray unto God in their own native language, R. 14. 11.
14. That we have not of our selves, in the state of corruption, free will unto good, Rom. 7. 18, &c. Rom. 9. 16.
15. That Concupiscence in the regenerate, is sin, Rom. 7. 7, 8, 10.
16. That the Sacraments do not confer grace ex opere operato, but sign and seal that it is conferred already unto us, Rom. 4. 11, 12. Rom. 2. 28, 29.
17. That every true believing Christian may in this life be assured of his salvation, Rom. 8. 9, 16, 35, &c.
18. That no man in this life, since Adam's fall, can perfectly fulfil the Commandments of God, Rom. 7. 10, &c. Rom. 3. 19, &c. Rom. 11. 32.
19. That to place Religion in the difference of meats and days, is superstition, Rom. 14. 3. 5, 6, 17, 23.
20. That the imputed righteousness of Christ, is that only that makes us just before God, Rom. 4. 9, 17, 23.
21. That Christ's flesh was made of the Seed of David, by Incarnation; not of a Wafer Cake, by Transubstantiation. Rom. 1. 3.
22. That all true Christians are Saints, and not those whom the Pope only doth Canonize, Rom. 1. 7. Rom. 8. 27. Rom. 15. 31. Rom. 16. 2. and 15. Rom. 15. 25.
23. That Ipse, Christ, the God of Peace: and not Ipsa, the woman, should bruise the Serpent's Head, Rom. 16. 20.
24. That every soul must of conscience be subject, and pay Tribute to the higher powers, that is, the magistrates which bear the Sword, Rom. 13. 1, 2. &c. and therefore the Pope and all Prelates must be subject to their emperors, kings and magistrates, unless they will bring damnation upon their souls, as traitors, that resist God and his ordinance, Rom. 13. 2.
25. That Paul (not Peter) was ordained by the grace of God, to be the chief Apostle of the Gentiles, and consequently of Rome, the chief city of the Gentiles, Rom. 15. 15, 16, 19, 20, &c. Rom 11. 14. Rom. 16. 4.

26. That the Church of Rome may err, and fall away from the true Faith, as well as the Church of Jerusalem, or any other particular Church, Rom. 11. 20, 21, 22.

And seeing the new upstart Church of Rome teacheth in all these, and in innumerable other points, clean contrary to that which the apostle taught the primitive Romans, let God and this epistle judge betwixt them and us, whether of us both stands in the true ancient Catholick Faith, which the Apostle taught the old Romans? And whether we have not done well to depart from them, so far as they have departed from the Apostles doctrine? And whether it be not better to return to St. Paul's Truth, than still to continue in Rome's error? And if this be true, then let Jesuites and Seminary Priests take heed and fear, lest it be not faith, but faction; not truth, but treason; not Religion, but rebellion, beginning at Tiber, and ending at Tyburn, which is the cause of their deaths. See, rather than from a peaceable apostolical seat, because they cannot be suffered to perswade subjects to break their oaths, and to withdraw their allegiance from their sovereign, to raise rebellion, to move Invasion, to stab and poison Queens, to kill and murder kings, to blow up whole states with gun powder, they desperately cast away their own bodies to be hanged & quartered; and (their souls saved, if they belong to God) I wish such honour to all his Saints that sends them. And I have just cause to fear, that the miracles of Lipsius's two ladies, Blunstone's boy, Garnet's atraw, and the maid's fiery apron, will not suffice to clear that these men are not murderers of themselves, rather than Martyrs of Christ.

And with what conscience can any Papist count Garnet a martyr, when his own conscience forced him to confess, that it was for treason, and not for religion that he died? But if the priests of such a gunpowder Gospel be martyrs, I marvel who are murderers? If they be saints, who are Scythians? & who are canibals, if they be Catholicks?

But leaving these, if they will be filthy to their filthiness still, let us (to whose fidelity the Lord hath committed his true faith, as a precious depositum) pray unto God, that we doe lead a holy life, answerable to our holy faith in piety to Christ, and obedience to our King; that if our Saviour shall ever count us worthy that honour to suffer martyrdom for his Gospel's sake: be it by open burning at the stake, as in Queen Mary's days; or by secret murdering, as in the Inquisition house; or by outrageous massacring, as in the Parisians mattens; in being blown up with gunpowder, as was intended in the Parliament house: we may have grace to pray for the assistance of his holy Spirit, so to strengthen our frailty, and to defend his cause; as that we may seal with our deaths the evangelical truth which we have professed in our lives. That in the days of our lives we may be blessed by his word in the day of Death, be blessed in the Lord, and in the day of judgment be the blessed of his Father, even so grant, Lord Jesus. Amen.

Transcription from pages 54-90, 152-106, and 663-665 of the original.