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N^o 11

Innocency no Shield against Envy.

A

SERMON

Preached on *Friday, April 11.* Being

The Fast-Day

Appointed by the

KINGS Proclamation

To seek Reconciliation with God, &c.

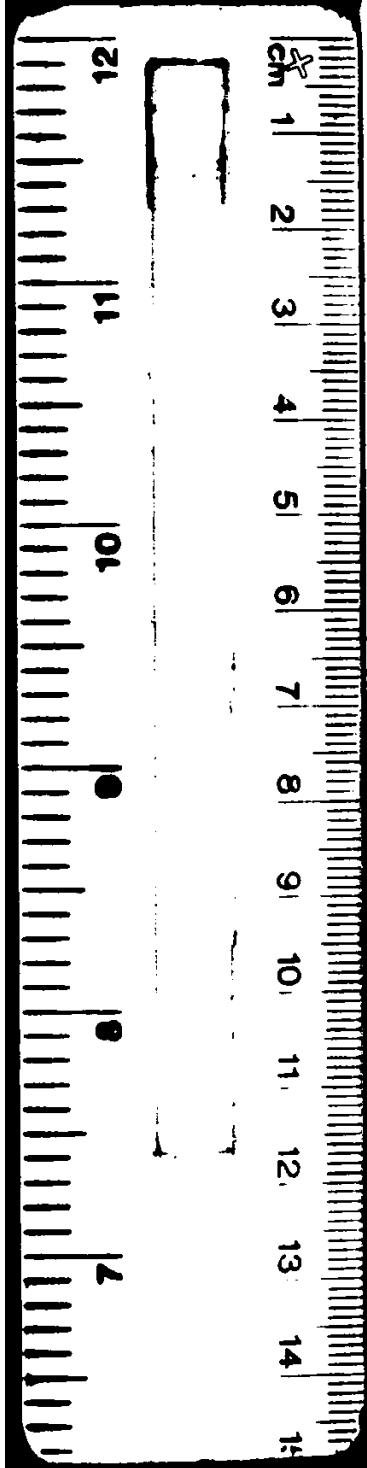
BY

GEORGE TOPHAM, Rector
of *Boston in Lincolnshire.*

Perused and approved of by the Right
Reverend Father in God, *THOMAS*,
Lord Bishop of *Lincoln.*

L O N D O N: *J*

Printed for *Thomas Fox*, and are to be sold at his Shop
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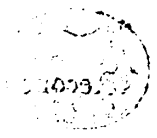
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A
S E R M O N

Preached upon

P S A L M lix. 3. *CG*

For lo, they lie waiting for my Soul: The mighty men are gathered against me without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.



That the Argument of this Psalm is; why, when, and by whom written, the Title shews and tells us, that it was *Davids*, made when *Saul* sent, and they watcht the house to kill him. I shall not trouble your attention with the mystical or Prophetical sense of it, either as it relates to Christ or his Church; a discourse more proper for some other season; but only with the Historical or Literal, as it concerned King *David*, and by his example all that succeed him in the like dangers and deliverances; and at this time fit for our more than ordinary Consideration: For it is a Psalm in which *Israels* sweet Singer, makes his Address to his God, by way of vindicating his own Innocency.

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For lo, they lie waiting for my Soul: The mighty men are gathered against me without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.

Wherein be pleased to observe these particulars:

First, *Dauids Petition*, ver. 2. *Deliver me from mine Enemies, O my God.*

Secondly, A description of them,

1. By their practices, *they lie waiting for my Soul.*
2. Of their persons, *the mighty men are gathered against me.*

Thirdly, His Justification, *Without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.*

Lastly, Upon his being delivered, his resolution to praise God, ver. 16, 17. *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: for thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.*

Of these in order.

First, *Dauids Petition*, *Deliver me, O my God.* And surely never did greater reason and encouragement center in any one person, more than in this Princely Prophet: Nor ever had any man better assurance of the Almighty's favour than himself; so that well may he stile him, not only God, but his God. How had he raised him from a low estate, to sit upon no less than the Throne of *Israel*; changing his Shepherds Cap into a Crown, his Coat into a Robe, and his Staff into a Scepter? How had he given him, not only Courage to encounter, but Power to Conquer, that daring *Philistim*, whose very Bravadoes frightened the *Israelites* out of their Valour, and at once made them forget both God and themselves? How oft had he turned his enemies Swords into their own breasts, and maugre all their malice, chained Victory to his Conquering Chariot? Which made the *Damofels* of *Israel* at his Triumphant return, playing sing, and singing play, *Saul hath slain his thousands, but David his ten thousands.* It were endless by retail to

reckon

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reckon all the donatives that Heaven bestowed upon this Prince: For the no less joy of himself, than the Envy and wonder of his Adversaries. Yet the greatest wonder is, How *David* (a King and Saint, both which intitle him to a more than ordinary interest in Gods protection, for Kings are his Viceroys, and Saints his Friends, and *David* eminent in both relations) should have enemies and rebels.

But if we rightly consider, it will appear none, since no state or condition of men upon earth is so exposed to dangers as theirs: For it is one, and not one of the least, unhappineses of the Sons of *Adam*; to be by nature proud and impatient of restraint, greedy of liberty, always dissatisfied with the present, and thirsting after Novelities; scarce any content with their station. Some are aspiring, and would be higher; others covetous, and would be richer; some revengful, and will be quarrelling; some malicious, some turbulent, and many the like. Now all this croud of inordinate passions discharge themselves upon those in power and place, hoping by some publick disturbance, that in troubled waters they may catch that which calmer times would have conferred upon persons of better merit.

And the State, the Emplay, the Condition of Kings, gives some advantage to such intendments, for they stand high, all eyes are upon them, nothing they say or do escapes observation and censure. If any thing be amiss (as in multiplicity of affairs it is impossible but there should) they are sure to hear of it, with all its hightning circumstances; the giddy multitude not considering that there may be a great Sacriledge committed in *Israel*, and yet *Joshua* not know of it: Some errors will escape the best vigilancy; that sin is not half cunning enough that hath not learned secrecie, yet when such miscarriages happen, Magistracy must be traduced for it.

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at: Nay, how oft is their very innocency charged with aberrations? Making good holy *David's* assertion, *For lo, they lie waiting for my Soul, The mighty men are gathered against me without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.* Where be pleased to take notice how he describes his Enemies.

First, By their policy, lying in wait for his Soul: that is, for his life. And how and when they did this, is set down, *2 Sam. xix. 11.* when *Saul's* unbounded malice mist of its design, by *David's* avoiding his darted Javelin; his hatred pursues him home: Sending Messengers thither, under the pretence of a visit, to slay him, and to bid him a good Morning with the loss of his life. And though this Stratagem failed of its desired end as well as the other; *Saul* will not fail of a further contrivance for his ruine, and that of a most unpardonable nature: To cozen under the colour of Amity, is the most execrable villany. And there is no defence for that Pistol that is charged with the Bullet of friendship; yet such was this of *Saul's*; *Be thou valiant and fight the Lords Battels, and I will give thee my eldest Daughter Merab to Wife; for he said, my hand shall not be upon him,* *2 Sam. xviii. 17.*

David was now grown so popular that the King durst not offer him personal violence; therefore he hires him into the jaws of death, by no less a price than his eldest Daughter. What a Saint, what a Friend was *Saul*? Yet he never intended more mischief to *David*, nor more unfaithfulness to his God than in this offer; for, for all these fair flourishes, he hoped *David* would have fallen by the Sword of the *Philistins*, as appeared by the not performing of his promise, for *Merab* was not given to *David*, but to *Adriel*. And now the breaking of his word must certainly be a sufficient oblation to his hatred. No, revenge knows no limits: He has one plot more,
by

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by which he does not doubt, but to bring *David* to his Grave, if he will but bring him an hundred Foreskins of the *Philistins*, he has another Daughter which shall be his Wife: And though the younger, yet the more affectionate, she was as sick of love as her Father was of hatred toward him. *Saul* is glad of this, his Daughter could never do him better service: If *David's* valour (overheated with the hopes of her Espousal) do but make him perish in this attempt. But all those projects failing, and *Saul's* death ensuing; sure nothing now can discompose his rest, or raise a storm upon the face of his serene Government.

Yes, this rare and excellent Person, this gracious Prince, the very light of *Israel*, as his Subjects stiled him, *2 Sam. xxi. 17.* was restless all his days; I cannot reckon his troubles because he himself says they were innumerable, *Psal. xl. 12.* nor his enemies that hated him without a cause, and sought to destroy him wrongfully, for they were mighty, *Psal. xxxviii. 19.* The Grandees; the gravest that fate in the Gate, (the place of Judicature,) *Psal. lxix. 12.* were those that conspired his destruction. Which is the next considerable, *The mighty men.*

Had it only been the Drunkards, the scum of the People, that had made Songs of him; he would either have reduced them to their obedience, by some punishment suitable to their Crime; or with a noble scorn or pity have past by their affronts: But for the mighty men to lie in wait for his life, must needs not only awaken his diligence, but his devotion too, that Heaven would be pleased to fortifie his Guards against their treacheries, who were daily contriving his ruine. And that after the most insinuating ways imaginable; traducing that Government which God himself never found fault with, and at last took Arms against him: And to make up his
sorrows

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sorrows to the full; who should head these Rebels but his dearly beloved *Abfalom*; who drew into conspiracy with him; besides the most of his Fathers Subjects, even his familiar Friend *Achitophel*, whose Counsel, whilst good, was as an Oracle of God, but when bad, might stand in competition with the Devil; as appeared by that he gave *Abfalom*, *2 Sam. xvi. 21.* for he fearing that *Abfalom* should relent, and *David* remit, and so that breach be pieced, he advised him to second his unnatural Conspiracy with as unnatural Incest; nor only to violate his Fathers Throne, but his Fathers Bed: And this Villany not to be acted in secreste, the argument of Fear or Modesty, but so that all *Israel* might be Witnesses of the Sons sin, and the Fathers shame. And that this treason may end in victory, he has another design ready; Protraction may be an advantage to *David*: Therefore he resolves, *2 Sam. xvii. 2. I will pursue him to night, and come upon him while he is weary.* How pernicious, how destructive was this intendment? For besides the weariness and unreadiness of *Davids* Army, the spirits of that holy King were low and daunted: And had not *Hushai*, *2 Sam. xvii. 14.* put a stop to this piece of *Achitophels* policy, *Davids* Army had been half vanquished ere one blow had been given.

Thus was this excellent King used, by an unworthy Master, an unnatural Son, and an ungrateful Subject: Nay, that the Cup of his affliction may not want, but run over, they will not suffer him to die in peace; for *Adonijah*, another of his darling Sons, obtrudes himself a Successor upon him, endeavouring as it were to bury him alive, But I shall proceed from their Cruelty to his Innocency, the third thing proposed, *Davids* Justification, *Without any offence in fault of me; O Lord.*

Now that this was no Complement, but a real truth, is evident to any that consults the history of his life.

For

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For he was a Pious man, a great Souldier, and a gracious Prince; one in whom nothing was wanting to oblige a people to obedience and respect; *A man after Gods own heart*, *1 Sam. xiii. 14.* proposed as a Pattern to *Solomon*, with a promise to entail his Kingdom and blessings upon him and his Posterity, if he would but walk in his steps, *2 Chron. vii. 17, 18.* His life was the Measure and Standard, by which succeeding Princes were to be judged, his vertues out-lived himself, and many Generations fared the better for him.

Yet you see this incomparable Prince, this Favorite of Heaven, this glory of after-Ages was continually disturbed in his own, by the Seditions and Rebellions of his Enemies: Which made him say, *They are minded to do me some mischief, so maliciously are they bent against me.*

But surely these Persons of Honour had some just cause to lie in wait for *David*, perhaps he had degraded them, or taken away their Estates, or at least his rising Sun had darkned and caused theirs to set in a cloud of disgrace. No, he was not guilty of any of these: For as God was wonderful in placing him on his Throne, so was he merciful even to the worst of his Enemies. How did he pardon that railing *Shimei*, *2 Sam. xvi. 7.* when he cursed him, saying, *Come out thou bloody man, and thou man of Belial.* What Tongue, but that of this wicked Rebel, durst thus have slandered the Majesty of a King? Every word was alie: He calls him an Usurper, a man of blood, and that of *Sauls* House; how false! God sent for him out of the fields to be Anointed, How was he an Intruder? The man after Gods own heart, is branded for a man of *Belial*, and he that regretted for but the cutting off *Sauls* Garment, is reproached as a man of blood.

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Indeed,

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Indeed, for his Master, what respect did he pay him? Meeting his Envy with Love; yea, at that very time that he sought his death: for *Saul* being weary with pursuing of him, seeks a repose in *Dauids* Cave, 2 *Sam.* xxiv. 3. where *David* takes him napping, and now his Souldiers advise him to carve his own revenge; and to encourage him to it, they alledge Gods promise and this advantage concurring. But he, like himself, gives way, neither to his own passion, nor their sollicitation, but only makes this opportunity the trial of his Loyalty, and the means of his Peace. It had been as easie to have cut *Sauls* Throat as his Garment; but his Coat not his Person shall be the worse: Nor that neither but for a monument of his Innocency. Did he not shed the blood of that *Amalekite*, who did but say he had shed *Sauls*? How did he bewail the death of so bad a Master; wishing no dew might fall where that Royal blood was poured out?

And as for *Absolom* and *Achitophel*, what humane power could have done more than *David* did, to endear and secure the Duty of the one, and the Loyalty of the other? With what love and affection had he treated *Absolom*? And for *Achitophel*, he made him not only of his Privy Council, but the Grand Minister both of his State and favour. And therefore when this ungrateful Politician turned Traitor, how deeply did it wound the Royal breast that had advanced him? For it was not (says he, *Psal.* lv. 12.) an enemy that reproached me, then I could have born it; neither was it he that hated me, that did magnifie himself against me, then I would have hid my self from him: But it was thou, a man, mine equal, my guide, and mine acquaintance, &c. thou whom I had honoured, thou whom I had preferred, thou whose growing greatness knew no Rivality.

But *David* had his faults, and great ones too, for which he was punished! It is true, he had so, but none
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to provoke his People to disobedience, they were private and personal, not of publick Concernment, his Government was just and moderate, never taxed by God as his faults; and if this must be assigned a just cause for disturbance, that they were governed by a Man, not by an Angel, by one subject to humane infirmities like themselves, all the World would be in a flame, and none left to rule in peace. What has the Subject to do with the private failings of his Prince? He that was King of *Israel* was accountable to none but the God of *Israel*, and therefore he says, *Psal.* li. 4. *Against thee, thee only have I sinned*; and well he might say so, for as to the people entrusted to his charge, he was so upright and discreet in the managing his honour and power that he gave them no offence: So equal in his Justice, so obliging in his Favours, that he committed no fault against them. And so I pass to the last particular proposed, *Dauids* resolution to praise God for delivering of him, *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: For thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.* Where we may observe,

- I. The Person resolving, and that is *David*, *I will*:
- II. Of what he resolves; and that is to sing: *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing.*
- III. The reason of this his Resolution, *For thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.*

First, *I will*, (says this holy King) and it was but his duty; he in the first place, he to lead the way, he to give the example. The deliverances were publick, and he a publick person, and so more concerned in them than any other; yet all obliged too as well as he, though not in so high a degree, even in those dangers that aimed only at his Person: As the Members for the Head, if that be wounded, all suffer with it. And that the
B 2 *Israelites*

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Israelites were very sensible of this; see what an esteem they set upon *Dauids* preservation, (2 *Sam.* xviii. 3.) when that unnatural *Absolom* had blown the Trumpet of Rebellion, and the warlike King was once more resolved to give his Subjects a further proof of his personal valour: *Thou shalt not go forth; for if we flee away, they will not care for us, neither if half of us die will they care for us; but now thou art worth ten thousands, therefore it is better that thou succour us out of the City:* If the King be safe, the Nation is secure; and when he has cause to sing, if he say, *I will*; it is then a shame and folly too, as well as sin, for the Subjects to be silent, so to mind our Private, as if we had no relation to the Publick; no obligation to mourn for to endeavour to remove National Calamities: Or to sing and rejoyce for publick mercies and deliverances, since that is each particulars interest, and therefore as every man is concerned in the benefit, every man must betake himself to the duty; that is thankfulness, *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing.* The next particular.

If Gratitude be within, something will appear without; if there be that apprehension, that estimation of the blessing as it deserves, it cannot be kept shut in the heart, no more than fire in the bosom. Gods glory and his delivering from dangers will make a good man speak, even when terrour it self hath commanded silence. In *Luke* xi. 14. our Saviour cast out a dumb devil, and the dumb spake, and the people wondred. Many are possessed (I am afraid in this Age of ours) with this dumb devil: So that to hear one of them sing forth the praises of the Almighty for his deliverances, would make all the people wonder. The Tongue was principally given (you know) to set forth his praise and glory, and it concerns us to use it accordingly; we offend, we pull down Judgments by it, and it is but meet we give thanks with

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with it for our deliverances, else we have but dull resentments of his Favours. And therefore says this Princely Prophet, *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: For thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God.*

That *David* look'd upon God to be his *Asylum*, his refuge, and his only sanctuary of defence, his many *Psalms* (penned as the records of his gratitude) sufficiently enform us. *Deliver me,* (says he, *Psal.* xxxiv. 19.) *O God, for vain is the help of man;* And in the height of distress he cries out, (*Psal.* xxv. 22.) *Deliver Israel, O God, out of all his troubles.* It was *Rabshakehs* blasphemy, *Isa.* xxxvi. 20. *What God can deliver out of my hand? What God?* He found it to his cost. Till *Lot* be escaped, not a spark must kindle. The impartial Sword must not touch *Rahab*, nor the destroying Angel offer a blow to the sprinkled doors. Those Ministers of Justice (*Ezek.* ix. 4.) have an Inkhorn as well as a Sword: An Inkhorn, first to mark the chosen, and then to go and smite. It were endless to multiply proofs out of Scriptures, which are but the Registers of his Providence, and you cannot look besides them there. And it is no less apparent unto reason, for that finds there is a God, and from thence concludes a Providence. So that should I lead you out of the Church into the Schools of the Heathens of all sorts, you will find them, by the very instinct and light of Nature, asserting the same truth; over ascribing all good successes to their *Demons*, and accordingly giving thanks, courting them with Sacrifices, and Holy days, dressing their Images with Garlands, and devoting part of their spoils taken for the maintenance of their Worship, and making magnificent their Temples.

But unto what times, O Lord, hast thou reserved us? For to our great shame and greater grief be it spoken, Have we not some in these days (I fear many) more heathenish than the Heathens, who will not allow God to govern in his

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his own House, to have the management of his own Family, that deny his taking care of things below; and having the confidence to assert, that he is so far from delivering us from dangers, that he takes no cognizance how we come in, or how we get out. A persuasion that thwarts the common Notions of mankind, that destroys, that confounds the advancement of all noble resolutions, that wholly makes void and ridiculous the duty we are about, and indeed all other; for it is totally destructive of all Vertue, Religion, and Government; none of which can subsist, or be long lived, without a belief, a sense, a reverence of some Divine Power, that does not only protect, guard, and defend us from dangers, but that will be sure to call for an account of our acknowledgments.

Yet these must be cried up for the Virtuoso's, the Wits of the Age. It is strange, it was not so thought of old, and yet who will admire them, *David* sets a Fools Cap upon their heads, *Psal. xiv. 1. The fool hath said in his heart, there is no God,* that is, (as the word there signifies) no Judge, no Providence, and I hope you will not think the term uncivil, it is not mine, but his. And would they but have recourse to their own Consciences; consult those indeleble Letters there engraven, and never to be ras'd out, they must (however puff'd up with pride, and aiming to be singular, and different in Paradoxism from all the world) acknowledge that there is a good providence over them, that orders all the Affairs of the world, from the least to the greatest, from Crowns and Scepters to the falling of a Sparrow on the ground, and the very numbring of their hairs, and joy'n with holy *David*, and say, *Unto thee, O my strength, will I sing: For thou, O God, art my refuge, and my merciful God...*

Having taken a view of *David's* Innocency, and the malice of his Enemies, together with Gods delivering of him,

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him, and his thankfulness. Let me now beg your patience and attention, to see how our gracious King runs parallel, not only with him in his dangers, but in his deliverances too.

And first, as *David* having been oft delivered not only from the private designs of his Enemies, but when their Rebellion was grown to that height, and power, as to force him from his Throne; was brought back again by the powerful arm of Heaven, had good reason to stile the Almighty not only God, but his God. So surely no Prince since *Adams* Creation, ever had greater proofs of an Omnipotent Protection, than our now most gracious Sovereign. How diligent, how vigilant was Heaven in the securing of him, (when our Nation was in a flame of Rebellion) from his Enemies; who prized his destruction more than their own preservation: And had not a more than ordinary Providence provided for his escape, how had his Royal blood been sacrificed as an Allay to their unheard-of Cruelty?

But above all, that of his miraculous Restauration, when his Adversaries thought themselves in secure possession, when Church and State, Religion and Learning, Laws and Liberty, were not only in danger, but already devoured in the hope and expectation of his Enemies; when Atheism and Ignorance were in a full and fierce torrent breaking in upon his Dominions, and w^{ere} his Subjects at the very brink of a remediless Confusion. fit Objects either for the pity, or the scorn of the World; as they stood affected to us; then, even then (when nothing but faith, and that of the taller sort too, could see any appearance of him) did Heaven (to the wonder and amazement of the world) place him on the Throne of his Fathers. All which may justly intitle him when in danger, as well as *David*, to say, *Deliver me, O my God; for lo, they lie waiting for my Soul.*

Now

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Now for Policy, the next Parallel, his Majesties Enemies that lie waiting for his Soul, clearly out-vie, and out-do King *Dauids*: Alas they (in those more early days of Impiety) were never acquainted with such contrivances and stratagems; as the old Gentleman of *Rome* (by his Agents the Jesuits) teaches his Creatures in these of ours: Who put on all the formalities of Religion and merit when they intend to murder. Making good that Prediction of our ever blessed Saviour, *They shall kill you, and think they do God good service.* And have they not turned their Pens into Pen-knives, multiplied the School into a Camp, Arguments to Armies, teaching all their Profelytes dismal Conclusions.

Indeed, what mask do they not make use of to destroy, and promote faction? Observing that Maxim of their old Roman Masters, *Divide & impera*; and to this end have they not been, nay, are they not Presbyterians, Anabaptists, Libertines, Pagans, any thing, so they be not Subjects. Most, if not all the storms, that have been raised in Christendom, since *Charlemains* time, are owing to the Pope and his Ministers. And I hope it will be no digression (for the King of *England* never dies) to let you see, how industrious they have been in all Ages, to bring this Nation under the Romish slavery, ten times worse than that of *Egypt*. And though our Kings have been more kind and generous Vassals than any of their Neighbours, though they were as obedient Sons as any that ever owned *St. Peters* Keys, as liberal in their erecting and endowing Churches and Monasteries as any Princes in the world; as the many stately and magnificent Structures (before the hammers of their own impieties rung their passing-bells) in each corner of the Land did (and their ruines still do) sufficiently witness, yet none have been so ungratefully requited as they: No Crown suffered so much ignominy and bondage under the
Tyranny

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Tyranny of the Roman Prelate, as this of *England*.

For no sooner had the munificent Monarchs of this Nation, built so many famous Fabricks, but the Pope claimed the investing and Collating of them. Not that the Church might be better provided for; but that by Bribery and Simony he might enrich his Treasury; of which (though many instances might be given) let that of *Walter Gray* (set down by a Monk of their own) speak for all the rest; who for his investiture at *Rome* obliged himself to pay to the Pope ten thousand pounds sterling, in those days enough for a Kings Ransom.

*Math. Paris in
Johan. p. 263.*

This was the end for which the Pope had used so many Policies, taking the advantage of the necessities of Kings, and their rebellious Subjects. This was it for which so much blood had been shed, for which above an hundred set Battels were fought since *Gregory VII*. This was it for which those that suffered in the Popes claim for it, were stiled Martyrs, put into the List of Saints, and were sure to do Miracles after their death.

This was it which made *Urban* the Second espouse the Interest of *Anselm*, who was fled from his own Prince, *William Rufus*, and liking the prudence of that Fugitive, made use of his Counsel, and gave him the Archbishops Pall, thereby voiding the Investiture he had received from the King his Master; and obliging him (with the gift of that he had nothing to do with) to a dependency on him: And what disturbances followed both to King and State, the above-cited Monk has largely set down.

*Math. Paris in
Guliel. Roso.*

Neither did this quarrel die with *Urban* and King *William*, for no sooner had *Henry* the First of that name ascended the Throne, and *Paschal* the Second seated himself in *St. Peters* Chair, but he justified (as well as his Predecessor) the Archbishop in his Rebellion against his Sovereign, and sends him a *Mandate* to declare, that no

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Lay man should have power to confer any Investiture: Upon which (this Bishop devoted to the *Roman Interest*) began to degrade his Brethren, promoted by the Kings nomination, and refused to Consecrate others named by him. At which the King (as he had good reason) being angry, banished him out of his Kingdom. But how this was resented at *Rome*, and what troubles ensued thereupon to this Realm, the Historians of that Age have sadly recorded.

After *Henry the First* came *Stephen*, and after him *Henry the Second*, A potent and warlike Prince, who besides *England*, held *Normandy*, *Anjou*, *Poitou*, &c. Yet this potent King was strangely disquieted by *Thomas Becket* Archbishop of *Canterbury*. A man abundantly stored with an ambitious, turbulent, and ungrateful Spirit, as appeared by his disowning the Investiture of the King, by whose favour and bounty he was promoted, and receiving his Pall from the Pope. At which the King, being enraged, exiled him out of his Dominions; but he fled to *Rome*, (the Sanctuary in those days always open for such Traitors) where he was not only entertained, (to the great grief of the King) but countenanced, encouraged, and bid heartily welcom by Pope *Alexander the Third*, who vindicated the quarrel (for indeed it was his own) at so high a rate, that this great Prince, partly through necessity, and fear of the power of the Keys, (which made wonderful clinking in those times) and partly being perswaded by some Prelates, gave this Archbishop a meeting (in hopes of a reconciliation) at *Froncevaux*, and did that which no man would have believed, for he held the Bridle of *Becket's* horse, and that proud Prelate not contented to have received the honour once, alighted on purpose that the King should pay him submission twice, as he also did. Thus that Priest practised Apostolick humility.

After

Math. Paris in
Hen. Second.
p. 117.

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After this Triumph highly applauded at *Rome*, *Becket* returned into *England* full of glory: Where instead of bringing Peace, he was the Bearer and Proclaimer of an Excommunication, and Sentence of deposition of the Archbishop of *York* and his Adherents, for Crowning the young King in his absence.

The King being in *Normandy*, and hearing of these procedures of the Archbishops, sent four of his Attendants to require him to absolve those he had so unjustly excommunicated, and take off his Suspensions from others. Which command he refusing to obey, the King began to lament his condition. This moved the same four whom he had sent before, to return into *England*, and finding the Archbishop in the Church of *Canterbury* (some say at the High Altar) at three a clock in the Afternoon, calling him Traitor, slew him.

No sooner did the news of this arrive, King *Henry* still in *Normandy*, but he shew'd a great deal of sorrow for it, and though he protested his innocency as to the fact, yet he sent an Embassie to the Pope, to make satisfaction. But the testy old man was so enraged, that he would not so much as vouchsafe his Embassadors to kiss his feet, but in great wrath spake of Interdicting the whole Kingdom, which (in those days) was looked upon as the sending all the English into Hell. The dread of which forced this Magnanimous King to buy his Absolution at a dear rate; acquitting not only his right of investing, but likewise engaging to keep two hundred men of Arms in pay, for the service of the Holy War, and the Popes Assigns to be the receivers. And to make the satisfaction compleat, the Majesty of this great Monarch (to the wonder of the world) must be so far debased, as to be stript naked, and whipt by a company of Monks. And that such Rebels as *Becket* might never want encouragement in succeeding Ages, the Pope did not only defend

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defend him whilst he lived, but Canoniz'd him when he was dead.

King Henry being gathered to his Fathers, his Son Richard (surnamed Cor de Lion) succeeded him, not only in his Throne, but in his troubles too. That Prince for the better securing Normandy, was resolved to fortifie the Castle of Andeli: At which Walter Archbishop of Rouen being displeas'd, immediately Interdicts all Normandy; and flies to Rome, where he found as kind entertainment as ever Becket did. And now, what must the King do? Alas submit; to contest was in vain, for such was the fear of an Interdict in those times, that there was nothing which the Pope could not obtain of Princes and Nations, if he did but threaten them with it.

See Mat. Paris, P. 175.

But above all, that in the Reign of King John was the most dismal, when England remained under the Interdict six years, three months, and an half. Not only the King and his Court, but all the People of the Nation were Excommunicated, and that not for Heresie, not for any Crime of theirs; but for a quarrel between the King and the Pope, about Investitures, Collations, and Money matters. Then (saith Matthew Paris, who was an Eye-witness of all that disorder) all the Sacraments of the Church ceased in England, saving only the Confession and Communion of the Host in the last necessity, and Baptism of little Children. Then were the Dead carried out of Towns, as if they had been Dogs, and buried in High-ways and Ditches; without Prayers, and without Service of Priests.

Matth. Paris in Johan. P. 217.

Yet this not producing the end it was designed for, the Balaam of Rome proceeds to curse the King by name; and finally, to pronounce sentence of Deposition against him; discharging all his Subjects of their Oaths of Allegiance; and sends his Legat to Philip August, King of France,

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France, that for the remission of his sins, he should invade the Realm of England with force of Arms, and giving to all those that would attend him in that Conquest, forgiveness of all theirs, and the same graces as to them that visit the Holy Sepulchre: Whereupon Philip to obtain pardon of his sins (or rather to make himself Master of this Land) raised a mighty Army, whilst Innocent (by his Creatures) was labouring to engage the English against their own King. By this means King John was strangely and suddenly weakned, and utterly disabled to hold his Kingdom, and seeing strong invasions from without, and daily revoltings within to open Insurrections, and every man now counted a Saint and Martyr that would fight against him; and considering that the Popes Bulls, like Magick Spells, had let loose many turbulent Spirits, not to be laid again, but by him that raised them. After much debate, and with a heart full of anguish and rage, at last resolves to prostitute his Crown and Dignity to Pandulph the Legate, that he might receive it again from him, as from the Popes hands, and be protected by him: Thus the Pope taking advantage of this poor Princes misery, made him a Vassal to his own greatness, and his Kingdom a prop to uphold St. Peters Chair.

For these pretended Successors of that great Apostle, fish not for Souls, but for Empire; even with the destruction of Millions (if their own Doctrine be true) which says that all that die under the Interdict (without some special grace or priviledge, and that not to be had without ready money) are eternally damned, as dying out of the Communion of the Church. So that if St. Peter should now come to his Successor in his old tone, Silver and Gold have I none, if he were a thousand Peters, he must into Purgatory.

How

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How many Millions then of Souls, did this *Innocent* the Pope wilfully send to Hell in this great Kingdom of *England* in the Space of above six years? And this for no offence, no fault of theirs: For what could they do, if the King would not be ruled by the Pope? Are these the actions of the Vicar of Christ? Is this the kind Father of the Church? Is this the way of managing the Keys? Yes, he that consults the Reigns of our succeeding Kings, from the time of King *John* to our own (which would make me too great a debtor to your patience particularly to relate) shall find, that no stone has been left unturn'd, no policies (though never so horrid) have not been put in execution, to reduce this Nation to that miserable slavery they had once imposed upon it.

For it is not for the Points of true Doctrine, but for Wealth and Grandeur, for the setting up of their visible Monarchy of the Church (whereof Christ and his Apostles never spake a word, and of which the Primitive Fathers never dreamt) they so much contend. *Henry* the Eighth held all the Doctrinal Points of the Romish Religion, yet for rejecting the Jurisdiction of *Rome*, was Excommunicated by the Pope, his Subjects commanded to deny obedience, and all men to take Arms against him. This is it, which if our Religion would allow, they would allow of our Religion. The Politick rather than Pious Pope said once: Since he could not regain the Protestants, it was necessary to keep those in obedience which he had, to make the division strong, and the parties irreconcilable. Conformable whereunto their now Doctrine is, that such as submit not to the Popes Supremacy do renounce Christianity.

When the Fires of Queen *Maries* bloody Reign could not do this work, how many Plots were laid against the life of Queen *Elizabeth*, that Queen of blessed memory,

*Pius IV. Hist.
Conc. Trid.
lib. 8. p. 745.*

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memory, by whose gracious hand God wrought those wonders, that the most potent Kings can hardly reach, Honour filled the Circle of her Crown, her brow with Majesty, her heart with Piety, and her lap with Plenty. Yet how execrable were the Treasons against that glorious Defender of the Faith, and of her Royal Rights? When neither the Dagger nor the Poyson could reach her Sacred Person, an invincible Armado (as they themselves stiled it) must be sent to invade *England*, three Popes having made way for the Sword, by three roaring Bulls, which dethroned the Queen, and commanded her Subjects to take Arms against her. But when the invincible Army had lost that name, being defeated by the powerful Arm of God, other Armies were poured from time to time into *Ireland*, ever prone to Rebel. When all those effects were frustrated, God blessing *England* because the Popes cursed it, and *Elizabeth* full of days and glory, was translated from a Temporal, to an Eternal Diadem; her peaceful Successor, Defender of the same holy Faith, must be welcomed to his Throne by a Mandate of *Clement* the VIII. declaring him unworthy to sit there, as an Heretick, and forbidding his Subjects to obey him.

When all that would not effect the desired end, to make short work, such a device is excogitated as nothing but *Rome* and the Devil could have invented: And now they are resolved on that desperate Cry, *Incendium extingatur ruina*, the King and his Royal Issue, Lords and Commons, all the flower and vigour of the Kingdom must be blown up, sent to heaven before the Resurrection. Bloody Priests, that would have offered a whole burnt Sacrifice, and made both Prince and Peers pass through the fire, an oblation to their *Moloch* of *Rome*.

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And as for our late King of blessed memory, that Prince in whose breast all those Vertues Centred, which severally had commended the great Monarchs of former Ages. Was he not beholden (as it is now apparent) to his Holiness, for raising all those storms of Rebellion, upon the face of his calm Government, hoping in those troubled waters to have catch'd that Fish, he had been Angling for so many Ages.

Indeed, the large claim of St. Peters Regalities, has been for these last six hundred years, the cause of all the Corruptions of Faith and Religion, of all the Confusions and Distractions, of all the Seditions and Rebellions in the West of the world. And we of this Island (by sad experience) have been taught, that this is the great Wheel, that sets those Mischiefs, Plots, and Treasons on going, wherewith the State hath been so many times shaken, torn, and brought to the brink of ruine.

For when hot-headed Zealots are really perswaded, that the Pope has power to depose Emperours and Kings that oppose him, and absolve Subjects from their Allegiance to them (and this believed as absolutely necessary to Salvation) what Royal blood will they spare? What attempt, be it never so cruel, never so unjust, never so difficult, will they not assay, to bring their Country under the Popes subjection, and to promote his Universal Monarchy? Or can it be expected they will desist from endeavouring its reducement, (though after the most inhumane and barbarous way, that any thing but Rome, and Hell ever thought of) so long as the Pope (whose slaves they are) is himself a slave to his own cruel and illimited Ambition, which to satiate all the Kingdoms, and all the blood in the world are too little.

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And never was it more evident, more apparent to the world (than in this late discovered Conspiracy against our most gracious Sovereign) what their resolutions are, and what both King and People must expect from the Roman Prelate; whose malice never sleeps, nor whose Agents never rest to work his Ruine, so that he may say of them (and justly too) as King David did of his, *They are minded to do me some mischief, so maliciously are they bent against me.* But we will pass from their Malice and Policy, to a consideration of their Might and Power, the next in order: *The mighty men are gathered against me.*

The mighty! alas he is such in the Superlative degree (that is enemy to his Majesty) if you will believe him for this, he that asserts, that all Empires and Scepters are at his dispose. As *Pius* the Fifth taught the People of this Kingdom in express words, in the Bull of Deprivation which he thundred against Queen *Elizabeth*. And to make this good to the world, and to shew the height of his Pride, Pope *Celestine* crowned *Henry* the Sixth Emperour of that name with his feet, and kickt it off when he had done, making no less than an Emperours Crown his Foot-ball. *Gregory* the Seventh made *Henry* the Fourth pay attendance at his Gates in Winter four days bare-footed. And *Alexander* the Third with an insulting scorn trode on the Neck of *Frederick Barbarosa*.

This is he that can give and take Heaven away at his pleasure, a Priviledge that great Usurper his Father never challenged. Nay, this is he that has encroach'd upon the highest Prerogatives and Titles of God himself, Pope *Sixtus* the Fourth (out of his singular modesty) assumed that authority, which not only we, but all the Primitive Christians thought to belong to Christ alone; *All power is given me both in heaven and*

D earth.

Mat. 4. 9.

Cerem. Sacra. l. 1. §. 7. c. 6.

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Earth. Pope Paul the Second was stiled a Celestial Majesty, which all know is only proper to God. Pope Sixtus Quintus called the Corner-stone in *Sion*, due to the Son of God. And in the last Council of *Lateran* it was decreed, that the Pope must be adored by all Nations, and that he is most like unto God. Yea, we are further told in the same place, that he must be adored with the same Adoration enjoyned, *Psal. lxxii. All the Kings of the earth shall worship him*; in which Text the Adoration proper to our ever-blessed Saviour is understood, and so it is taken by *Tertullian*. So that if *David* were permitted to speak from the dead, he must needs acknowledge and say, that those of his (though mighty) were far inferiour to these enemies of his Majesty. Which brings me to the next considerable, *Without any offence or fault of me, O Lord.*

And does not our gracious King run parallel with him in this? What Prince ever writ his favours in such engaging Characters as he has done? That were his Adversaries any thing but what they are (Vassals to the *Roman* greatness) he must for ever have endeared and secured their obedience. A Prince whose unspotted Innocency is such, that no fancies or fears disturb his breast; for as he is guilty of nothing, so there is nothing he dreads. He is the very Compound of Charity and Compassion: For he pities those that will not pity themselves; and whilst they contrive his destruction, his Prayers ascend heaven for their pardon? Nor can the utmost of their malice provoke him to a retaliation, having learnt not only of God, but the King his Father to forgive his very Enemies.

Now to study, to design and plot the ruine of such a Prince, must make a strange aggravation of the Crime; and render the Conspirators much more black, not only to this, but to all succeeding Ages; especially when they shall

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shall find that some of them were indebted to his bounty for their bread. O, but he will not admit of the power of our Father the Pope, and all Obligements, all Oaths, all that is Sacred are too weak to engage and bind our Loyalty, when he claims not only Rivality, but Supremacy. And therefore (Great Sir) pardon us, we will serve you in any thing else; but when that Interest is on foot, when he enjoyns and commands us, we are bound (and that under no less penalty than eternal damnation) to develt our selves of all to promote it.

Is this the cause, is this his offence, is this his fault? What if the Pope command his Majesty to break the Sacred Mandates of the Almighty, and kneel before an Idol, and offer his Invocation unto others than God? What if he appoint him other Redeemers than Christ, and other merits for his Propitiation, than those of his obedience in the Death of the Cross? What if contrary to the Apostle he tell him, that the Blood of Jesus cleanseth him not from all sin, and will send him to be cleansed in an imaginary fire of Purgatory, and fright his Conscience to drain his Purse? Must he, to please the unmatchable pride and insatiable griping of that Tyrant, hoodwink his Reason, befool his Conscience, make shipwreck of his Faith, and blindly and wilfully enslave himself, and his Subjects under the yoke of the Romish bondage? Or else be deposed and murdered, and his Kingdoms disposed of at the Popes pleasure.

Good God! how contrary is this to the Religion of the ever blessed Jesus, to the practice of his Apostles, and the Primitive times? Our Saviour himself was so far from pretending to a disposal of temporal Empires; that he refused to divide Inheritances among Brethren, as a thing that belonged not to him, in *Luke xii. 14*. And for the Apostles, how earnestly did they exhort and persuade

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their Auditors to be obedient, not only for wrath, but for Conscience sake. Not because the Emperours had their Swords in their hands, and might therefore punish them; but because God did command and require it of them. That known passage of *St. Paul* may serve for an abundant evidence, *Rom. xiii. 2.* where he not only affirms, *That whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the Ordinance of God,* but also *that they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.*

And that the ancient Christians were of the same temper with their Master and his Apostles submitting themselves to the penalties of those Laws, whose Injunctions they thought it not lawful to observe, is clear from *Tertullian* and others. And this they did too, not (as that great Cardinal would have the world believe) because they wanted force and power to resist; but in a real practice of the Precepts of the ever blessed Jesus.

Tertullian and *Cyprian*, two Ancient Fathers, being under the Persecution of the heathen Emperours, do make their Apologies in behalf of the Christian and Catholick Church, *Tertullian* thus: "God forbid that our Christian Profession should be revenged by Humane Power, or should grieve to suffer that whereby we are tried: Although if we would become either secret or open revengers of our own wrongs, could we want either number or power? What War is there that we are not fit for, yea, and ready also to undertake, if that our Religion taught us not rather to be killed, than to kill for the profession thereof? And *St. Cyprian*, "Our Professors (saith he) do not take revenge against unjust violence, though our people be more in number. And agreeing hereto when the *Theban* Legion, which consisted of six thousand, six hundred sixty six Christian Souldiers, were by the Emperour *Maximian* commanded

Bel. lib. 5. de Rom. Pont. cap. 4. & 7.

Tertul. Apol. contra Gentes. cap. 37.

Cyprian ad Dimitr.

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manded to offer Sacrifice to the heathen Gods, though they refused to obey his commands, yet when he upon that refusal, commanded every tenth man to be slain, they suffered themselves so to be without any the least resistance; looking upon themselves as obliged by their Religion, to obey him either actively, or passively.

Thus the Supremacy and Power in those days was in the Emperours, and Obedience was held better than Sacrifice: And this owned and practised by several of the Popes of *Rome* themselves, as *Binius* and *Baronius* (two Witnesses against whom I hope they will take no exception) have set down, yet I shall only produce three of them, that number having always looked upon (especially of such men) sufficient for any Test. And the first is Pope *Leo* the first who made his addresses to the Emperour, that the Emperour would be pleased to command a Synod to be celebrated in *Italy*, and (though he did it by all the ways of humility) could not obtain it. The next is Pope *Pelagius* the first, who asserted that by holy Scripture (then adjusted as the rule of faith and manners) they were commanded to be subject to Kings. The third is Pope *Adrian* the first, who devoted himself to the Emperour by Letters, as one in supplication fallen down prostrate at the soles of his feet. That base submission of Princes kissing the Popes Toe being not then known to the world.

It was a thousand years after Christ, before *St. Peters* temporal Sword was found, unheath'd and flourished to fright Kings out of their Authority and Power, and what horrid means have they used (it having laid rusting so long) to make it bright, deluding and inebriating the people with false opinions, perswading them to drink down Poyson, instead of wholesome Doctrine, to break the most manifest and positive Laws of God at the Popes command. How strongly do the Precepts of the Almighty

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mighty bind us to an obedience to all that are in Authority and Power? How has he hedged in Regality, saying, *Touch not mine Anointed?* That one would think nothing could be more safe. Yet alas, how has this wild Boar out of the Forrest broke down all those Fences? Telling his Devotaries, that he hath power to absolve them from all their Oaths of Allegiance to their King the Lords Anointed, and declaring they ought rather to obey him than God. That it is no matter, nay, though St. Peter himself gave it in charge, and that for Conscience sake, as acceptable to heaven, (1 Pet. ii. 17.) not only to fear God, but to honour the King: Thereby plainly intimating, that it is impossible to be true Servants to God, without being Loyal Subjects to the King, so long as he says, Rebel against Princes who will not own my Supremacy, and for Conscience sake (though contrary to Religion and common honesty) work Treasons, Insurrections, Massacres, and what not, for that is acceptable to God.

What new incredible abominable Doctrine is this? That firing Cities, Treasons, Rebellions, dethroning of Princes, adjudging their Kingdoms to strangers, filling the World with Perjuries, Wars, Invasions, bringing in a Chaos of Confusion, and the face of Hell into the Christian world, should be meritorious, a work of Piety and Religion!

Yet is not this preached up by the Jesuits, espoused and faithfully believed and practised by the Romanists? Could the Martyrs of his Holiness speak to us from their Ashes under the Gallows, how would they tell us that what they did, was in obedience to the Father of their Faith the Pope, whose Mandate did instruct and encourage them to do it; upon him then, upon that your unwearied enemy, lay the greatest burden of the infamy. Look to shield your heads from the designs of the living,

living,

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living, and leave the dead in the hands of Gods Justice: For be assured that though we are cut off, he will not want some Sons as blindly zealous as we were, who for the hopes of a Canonization, will refuse the executing of no Treason, though never so horrid, never so bloody, nay, though against Princes by whom they have been never so much obliged. And that this is their Creed and Practice; was there ever a more clear demonstration to the world, than in this damnable Plot against his Sacred Majesty, which Heaven (in despite of all their secret contrivances) has been pleased to lay open to their shame, (if they be capable of any) and our comfort. Which brings me to the last particular proposed by way of Parallel, Davids resolution to praise God for delivering of him.

Now in this as well as in the rest, our King is resolved not to be behind King David, having commanded to blow the Trumpet in Zion, and sanctifie a Fast, a Trumpet worthy of Royal breath, having set this day apart to bless God for his mercies already bestowed, and by an early and timely repentance (in and through the blood of the ever blessed Jesus) to engage a further continuance of them: Never was it, never can it be more seasonable than now. Now when our God has done so great things for his Anointed, delivering from his enemies, whose Malice is not to be defeated, and whose secret Combinations are not to be discovered, but by his goodness, who never slumbers nor sleeps in our preservation. Ask from East to West, consult the days of old, and see if ever God has appeared more visibly for any Nation than this of ours.

How did he scatter that daring Armado in Eighty Eight, (not only to the wonder of our Allies, but to the Amazement of our Enemies, which made some of them (though blasphemously) say, *That God himself*

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himself was turned Lutheran) whose prodigious weight seemed to make the very Waves groan with its insupportable burden?

How did he (in the days of King *James*) lay open those *Penetralia mortis*, those inward Chambers, and recesses of death? Their secrecie made them confident, engaging their Agents with all that is looked upon as Sacred, Religion, Oath, and Sacrament not to reveal it, eating their God upon a bargain of blood.

How did he, when they (by raising those late uncivil Civil Wars and dissensions among us) hoped to have made us fallen by our own Swords, make us happy in his Majesty's return? And to endear our gratitude, how is he resolved (as it is evident by the discovery of this late most detestable Conspiracy) still to defend (maugre all their envy and malice) *the Great Defender of the Faith*? So that if we have not absolutely taken leave of our Understandings, if our spirits be not quite besotted, we must say with holy *David*, *What shall we return unto the Lord, for all his benefits done unto us?*

What indeed, O God! for delivering us from a Religion, that (contrary to all thy Precepts in the Old, and the Doctrine and Example of thy Son in the New Testament) commands us to Worship Images, Adore Reliques, Invoke Saints, Sacrifice for the sins of the living and the dead, hold a Purgatory (as if the blood of the ever blessed Jesus was not able to do it) for the cleansing of Souls; tread down thy Viceroy's from their Thrones, and set up an usurping Prelate, who by the consent of all Ages, has been acknowledged a Vassal to Princes; in short, from a Religion that would take away the Scriptures, (those Sacred Legacies of thine to the Sons of men) and wrap up our Consciences in the livery of an unknown Language; that licentes

Stews,

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Stews, condemns Marriage, sells Pardons, and Canonizes Traitors. So that surely were there nothing but this, it were enough for ever to oblige our thankfulness.

Yet besides, (for ever to engage us to thy service) how hast thou chosen us out of all the Earth, and divided us from the rest of the World, that we might be a singular Pattern, and strange wonder of thy bounty? How hast thou fenced us about with the Hedge of good Discipline, of wholesome Laws, of gracious Government, with the Brazen Wall of thy Almighty and miraculous protection! never people had more exquisite rules of justice; thou hast not left us to the mercy of a rude Anarchy, or a Tyrannical violence, but hast regulated us by Laws of our own asking, and swayed us by the just Scepters of moderate Princes.

How hast thou made us members of a Church, as pure for Doctrine and Discipline, as any that either is, or has been these fifteen hundred years; a Church which has no other rule of Faith and Practice than the holy Scriptures. A Church that receives for Canonical, neither more nor less, than those Books, of whose Authority there was never any doubt. A Church that professes the same Faith and no more, than what all Christians have made the Badge and Symbol of theirs; namely, that which is briefly compiled in the Apostles Creed, explained in those others, stiled the *Nicene* and *Athanasian*. A Church where in are used the same Sacraments Christ left in his, and no other. A Church, the Administration of whose Worship and Sacraments are in a Language understood by all those that are concerned in them, as St. *Paul* commanded, *1 Cor. 14.* and those performed with such Rites, as are consonant to the Word of God, and the direction of the same Apostle, (*1 Cor. 14. 40.*) in decency and order. Lastly, we are members of a Church, which

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See Art. 6. of the Church of England.

Art. 8.

Art. 25.

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above all other Constitutions in the Christian World, enforces the great duty of obedience and submission to Kings, and all that are in authority under them, and this not only for wrath, but for Conscience sake.

Thus, O Lord! hast thou courted us by thy favours, in the miraculous restoring, and gracious preserving hitherto the breath of our nostrils, thine Anointed Servant, and under his protection the solemnities of thy Sacred Ordinances, the establishment of our Laws, and the enjoyment of our Interests. Thus hath the vigilant eye of thy Providence, out of the Window of Heaven watcht over this Nation for good: not an hellish Pioneer could mine under ground, but thou hast spied him out; nor a dark-Lantern offer to deceive midnight, but thou hast descried it; not a Plot, not a purpose of evil could look out, but thou hast discovered it, and glorified thy mercy in our deliverance.

And now what service, what obedience, what thankfulness, must such a Defender, such a Protector, such a deliverer expect, from a people so wonderfully obliged? But O my soul! what deplorable retributions have we made? When God gave us great and long prosperity, like *Jeshurun* we waxed fat, and kicked against him. When he threw us into horrid confusions, from which we saw little hope of arising, even in the time of that distress, did we trespass yet more against him. When by miracles of mercy he turned our Captivities, we soon returned to our wallowing in our former or greater filthiness. Even while he has of late appeared for us, by discovering the Plots and Contrivances, of our implacable enemies of the Romish Faction, we have been in the mean time (and that most impudently) by our sins fighting against heaven, and against him.

Vice formerly, like an old Curtezan guilty of her own witheredness, durst not walk abroad without a borrowed Mask.

Mask.

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Mask. They are frontless *Zimries*, that bring Whores to their Tents in the face of all *Israel*; Yet such is the debauchedness of the Age wherein we live, that he is look'd upon as a cowardly sinner, that is ashamed to shew his face, though the spots of his guilt be written there; we even dare noon-day to witness our ungodliness, and do our villainies, as the Pharisees gave their Alms, *to be seen of men*. O the Oaths and blasphemies that are to be heard in each Corner of our Streets! It is not only a fashionable sin, and the Mode of the vain Gallants; but it is spread among the Herd; the brutish among the People are got to it; the very Vagabond, and he that has scarce a rag to his back, will swagger with his Oaths; O that that Name which is Reverend to Angels, and terrible to Devils; O that that Name we have been so oft delivered by from the hands of our Enemies, should be so profaned! A complaint we have cause to fill up with tears, more than words. Have we so learnt Christ, as only to swear by him? Will neither the mercies received, nor those we expect, charm our lips from such a Rebellion?

What drinkings, what staggerings, what reelings are to be seen in all parts of our Land? This deluge of excess has drown'd the face of the earth, and risen many Cubits above the highest Mountains of Religion and good Laws. What extortings, what defraudings, what oppressings of the poor, what covetings, (even the pretenders to a further Reformation, look askint with a sacrilegious eye upon the small remnant of the Churches Patrimony) what repinings, what traducings of Magistracy, what Atheistical discourings of a Deity? It is deplorable to see how these sinners are set down in the seat of the Scorners, and since they cannot argue, resolve to laugh all Piety out of countenance.

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Yet alas, were these the sins of ignorance, of infirmity, they might be worthy of a pious pity. But O the high hand of our presumptuous offences! we draw iniquity with the strings of vanity, and shoot up those hateful shafts against heaven: Did we sit in darkness and the shadow of death, as too many Pagan and Popish Regions do, these works of darkness would be less intolerable: But now that the glorious Sun of the Gospel has darted its Rays, has shined so long bright in our faces, nay, even now when God has declared visibly for us; What can we plead against our own confusion? O God! where shall we appear, when thy very favours aggravate our Crimes, and thy Judgments.

What pious soul can consider all this, and much more, and not fear that all these mercies are but fore-runners of some greater miseries, that all our preservations are but reservations to some more signal destruction? How justly may heaven give us over into the hands of our enemies, depopulate our Cities, destroy our whole Nation like *Sodom*, and make us the scorn and Proverb of all succeeding Generations? But, O our God, let thine anger and fury be turned away from thy *Jerusalem*, thy holy Mountain. O Lord hear, O Lord forgive, O Lord harken, and do: Defer not for thine own sake, O our God, for thy City, and thy people that are called by thy Name.

But what speak I of not deferring to a God of mercy, who is more ready to give than we to crave, more loth to strike than we to smart, and when he must Complain, *Why will you die O house of Israel?* To a God who in despite of all our sins, of all our impieties, of all our ingratitude, does still continue his favours, does still preserve us from our Adversaries that delight in blood. Let me rather direct the discourse to our selves, the fault is our own, if we perish; Heaven has not, nor will not be wanting, if we do

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do but our parts. And therefore that Iniquity may never be our ruine, that God may never repent of his protecting and delivering of us, let us resolve for the future to be in good earnest Pious to our God, Loyal to our King, and Loving and Charitable one towards another.

Let our Repentance be a real *μετάνοια τῷ θεῷ*, a de-vesting of our selves of all those sinful habits, with which we have provoked Heaven; let each man rend his heart, with sorrow for his own sins, and the sins of his People; let every man ransack his own soul, and life, and offer an holy violence to all those sinful Corruptions, that may hinder heavens protecting of us, and let not these resolutions end with the day; let us not think it enough to forbear a meal, or to hang down our heads like a Bull-rush for a day, but let us break the bonds of wickedness, and in a true contrition of soul vow and perform better obedience.

Let our Loyalty be such as it ought, true and ingenuous; let no murmurings, nor complainings find entertainment in our breasts. It is the trick of Mutineers, of impenitent Covenanters, to say, the former days were better than these: And if they once come to wear their teeth in their Tongues, as *Shimei* did, they will do what they can to have the Trumpet at their mouths, as *Sheba* had. Let not us that decry *Romes* Supremacy, make a Pope of an Anarchy. God himself says, *By me Kings Reign*, not by the Pope, nor by the People. In a word, let us not be less free in exposing our Lives and Estates, for the preservation of our King and Country, than our Adversaries are to destroy both. It is a pity but his Neck should hang in suspense with his Conscience in a halter, who scruples to venture all for his King, the Church, and his Country.

Lastly, Let us learn to be unanimous, it is by our disunion our Enemies are so strong. Were we but so wise,

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as to stand as a City that is compact together, and not fall out about Circumstances, and Points of less moment, while we agree in the main substance; the Skirts of the Scarlet Whore had been rent to pieces ere this, and the Walls of Babylon with the Trumpet of the Gospel would have long since fallen down, as Jericho at those of the Sanctuary. To conclude, Let us keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace; and though we may differ in Opinions, let us not differ in our Affections, but unite against these common Enemies of our Interest, and make our hearty Prayers to God, that he may still continue his mercies, infatuate and defeat the Counsels of these our bloudy and unparallel'd Adversaries; continue the light of the Gospel to us and our Posterity; bestow his abundant blessings upon his Sacred Majesty, and this present Parliament; make us all happy here, and eternally happy hereafter. A M E N.

FINIS.

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