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—quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignes,  
*Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.*

THOMAS GRAY.

GLASGOW.

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DIVINE  
DIALOGUES,

Containing

DISQUISITIONS

Concerning the

ATTRIBUTES

AND

PROVIDENCE of GOD.

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IN THREE VOLUMES.

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By HENRY MORE, D. D.

---

Thy wisdom, O Lord, reacheth from one end to another mightily; and sweetly doth she order all things. *Wisdom viii. 1.*

---

G L A S G O W,

Printed by ROBERT FOULIS, and sold by him there; at *Edinburgh*, by Mess. HAMILTON and BALFOUR, and JOHN PATON. MDCCLIII.



## The EDITOR to the READER.

**T**HE high reputation Dr. HENRY MORE obtained for eminent learning and piety, in that religious age in which he flourished, gave the editor ground to hope, that this new edition of his Divine Dialogues would be very acceptable to the better sort of readers in this age, and could give offence to none. He was justly renowned for great piety, and purity of manners, during the whole course of his life. He was fellow of Christ's College in Cambridge during the civil wars, and after the restoration: and his works continued in such high reputation, long after his decease, that certain gentlemen of great piety and liberality generously contributed to have a collection of his Theological and Philosophical works translated into English, and printed in two volumes in folio, in the reign of Queen ANNE; and were thought to have by this means done great service to religion. His Dialogues are deemed not inferior to any of his works, either in the goodness of the

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design, or the justness of reasoning, or the pleasantry of the composition.

The design is to establish the grand foundations of all religion, the being, and moral perfections of GOD, and to vindicate his Providence in the permission of evil natural and moral. The reasonings are much the same with those insisted on by the greatest authors, both ancient and modern; and the agreeable manner of delivering them is in a very natural dialogue, managed by a variety of characters, very well maintained thro' the whole conversation; mixed with abundant humour and pleasantry, such as, however now a little antiquated, will please all that can relish the manners of other ages as well as their own, and have some other standard of politeness than the usual chat and wit of our modern drawing-rooms, coffee-houses, or play-houses. 'Tis enough to justify the editor, that our author is never mentioned without expressions of esteem and reverence by men of piety and learning, in their defences of religion and virtue; and that even the ingenious Earl of  
Shafts-

Shafsbury has done the highest honour to this author's *Enchiridion Ethicum*, or, his *Summary of Morals*.

As to such readers who are acquainted with the controversies of the learned, no apology is necessary for any part of these dialogues: they know the indulgence due to inquisitive minds, in their peculiar sentiments about some abstruse metaphysical questions relating to the immensity and eternity of God: and that no meaner names than Sir Isaac Newton and Dr. Clarke seem to have embraced the same sentiments with Dr. MORE; nor will such readers be surprized, that, in the infancy of true natural philosophy among us in Britain, there are some reasonings of our author's not conclusive against the whimsical fictions of Cartesius. Few men of that age knew more of these things than our author; but the honour of grand improvements in natural knowledge was reserved by Providence to the subsequent generation.

As to other readers of good judgment, if they can excuse some little difficulties



*faculties of metaphysicks in the first dialogue, they will find interspersed some beautiful just reasonings, easy to be apprehended; and, in the second and third dialogues, 'tis hoped, they will find abundant pleasure and entertainment, as well as useful instruction. They will easily see the constant friendly intention toward Christianity, to warn men against the corruptions, depravations, and abuses of that divine institution, and to remove, as far as 'tis possible for our weak understandings, the objections which have given the greatest perplexity to inquisitive and serious minds in all ages.*

*To some editions of these three dialogues, a fourth and fifth are subjoined; but, as these were separately published by the author, and are upon subjects quite different, viz. the explication of some obscure parts of the prophetick books, particularly, the Revelation; it was not thought proper to subjoin them. The editor sincerely wishes these dialogues he has re-published may continue to serve the pious and worthy intention of the author, in promoting true RELIGION and VIRTUE.*

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The proper CHARACTERS of the PERSONS  
in the ensuing DIALOGUES, with some  
allusion to their NAMES.

PHILOTHEUS, A zealous and sincere lover of God  
and *Christ*, and of the whole Creation.

BATHYNOUS, The deeply-thoughtful or profoundly  
thinking man.

SOPHRON, The sober and wary man.

PHILOPOLIS, The pious and loyal Politician.

EUISTOR, A man of criticism, philology, and histo-  
ry.

HYLOBARES, A young, witty, and well moralized  
Materialist.

CUPHOPHRON, A zealous, but airy minded, Plato-  
nist or Cartesian.

D I A L O G U E S

CONCERNING THE

A T T R I B U T E S OF GOD,

A N D

P R O V I D E N C E.

D I A L O G U E I.

PHILOTHEUS, BATHYNOUS, SOPHRON,  
PHILOPOLIS, EUISTOR, HYLOBAR-  
RES, CUPHOPHRON.

- I. The preference of Virtue and assurance of an happy Immortality before the pleasures and grandeur of this present world.

*Cuph.* **T**HREE welcome, O Philotheus, who have brought along with you two such desirable associates as Bathynous and Sophron. Will you please to make a step up into the garden?

*Philoth.* With all our hearts. There is nothing more pleasant these summer-evenings than the cool open air. And I'll assure you it is very fresh here, and the prospect very delightful.

B

*Cuph.*

2 Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

*Cuph.* Methinks I envy greatness for nothing so much as their magnificent houses, and their large gardens and walks, their quarters contrived into elegant knots adorned with the most beautiful flowers, their fountains, cascades and statues; that I might be in a more splendid capacity of entertaining my friends. This would be to me no small prelibation of the joys of paradise here upon earth.

*Philoth.* For my part, Cuphophon, I think he need envy no-body who has his heart full fraught with the love of God, and his mind established in a firm belief of that unspeakable happiness that the virtuous and pious soul enjoys in the other state amongst *the spirits of just men made perfect*. The firm belief of this in an innocent soul is so high a prelibation of those eternal joys, that it equalizes such an one's happiness, if he have but the ordinary conveniences of life, to that of the greatest potentates. Their difference in external fortune is as little considerable as a semidiameter of the earth in two measures of the highest heaven, the one taken from the surface of the earth, the other from its center: the disproportion you know is just nothing.

*Cuph.* It is so.

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* And for gratifying your friends; they that are in a capacity of being truly such, are as fully well-satisfy'd with your ordinary entertainment, as if you were master of the fortunes of princes. Besides that it would be hazardous to yourself to live in that affected splendour you speak of, as it is not altogether safe to affect it. For both the desire and enjoyment of external pomp does naturally blind the eyes of the mind, and attempts the stifling of her higher and more heavenly operations, engages the thoughts here below, and hinders those meditations that carry the soul to an anticipatory view of those eternal glories above.

*Cuph.* What you say, Philotheus, may be, and may not be: these things are as they are used. But I must confess I think worldly fortunes are most frequently abused, and that there is a danger in them: which makes me the more contented with the state I am in.

*Philoth.* And so you well may be, Cuphophon: for tho' you will not admit you live splendidly, yet it cannot be denied but that you live neatly and elegantly. For such are the beds and alleys of this little spot of ground: and such also that arbour, if the inside be as neat as the outside.

#### 4 Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.

*Cuph.* That you may quickly see, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* All very handsome, table, cushions, seats and all.

II. The description of Hylobares his genius, and of Cuphophon's entertainments in his philosophical bowre.

*Cuph.* Here I love to entertain my friends with a frugal collation, a cup of wine, a dish of fruit and a manchet : the rest they make up with free discourses in philosophy. And this will prove your greatest entertainment now, Philotheus, if Philopolis, Euistor and Hylobares were come.

*Sophr.* No entertainment better any-where than a frugal table, and free and ingenuous discourse. But I pray you, Cuphophon, who is that Hylobares? Is it he who is so much famed for holding, That there is *nothing* but *body* or *matter* in the world; that there is *nothing just* or *unjust* in its own nature; That all pleasures are alike honest, tho' it be never so unaccountable a satisfaction of either a man's cruelty or his lust?

*Cuph.* O no, it is not he. For I verily believe I know who you mean, tho' it never was yet my fortune to be in his company, and I least of all desire it now. For he is a person very inconvertible, and, as they say,

say, an imperious dictator of the principles of vice, and impatient of all dispute and contradiction. But this Hylobares is quite of another genius and extraction; one that is as great a *moralist* on this side rigour and severity of life, as he is a *materialist*, and of a kind and friendly nature.

*Bath.* That is not incredible: for I see no reason why a soul that is unfortunately immersed into this material or corporeal dispensation may not in the main be as solid a *moralist* as a *mathematician*. For the chief points of *morality* are no less demonstrable than *mathematicks*; nor is the subtilty greater in *moral* theorems than in *mathematical*.

*Sophr.* In my mind it is a sign of a great deal of natural integrity and inbred nobleness of spirit, that maugre the heaviness of his complexion that thus strongly bears him down from apprehending so concerning *metaphysical* truths, yet he retains so vivid resentments of the more solid *morality*.

*Philoth.* That will redound to his greater joy and happiness, whenever it shall please God to recover his soul into a clearer knowledge of himself. For even *moral honesty* itself is part of the law of God, and an adumbration of the *divine life*. So that when regeneration has more thoroughly il-

6      *Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.*

luminated his understanding, I doubt not but that he will fall into that pious admiration and speech of the ancient Patriarch, \* *Verily God was in this place, and I knew it not.* Wherefore those that are the true lovers of God must be friendly and lovingly disposed towards all his appearances, and bid a kind welcome to the first dawnings of that diviner light.

*Cuph.* But besides the goodness of his disposition, he has a very smart wit, and is a very shrewd disputant in those points himself seems most puzzled in, and is therein very dexterous in puzzling others, if they be not through-paced speculators in those great theories.

*Sophr.* If he have so much wit added to his sincerity, his case is the more hopeful.

*Cuph.* What he has of either, you will now suddenly have the opportunity to experience yourselves: for I see Philopolis and the rest coming up into the garden. I will meet them, and bring them to you. Gentlemen, you are all three welcome at once, but most of all Philopolis, as being the greatest stranger.

*Philop.* I pray you, Cuphophon, is Philotheus and the rest of his company come?

*Cuph.* That you shall straightway see, when you come to the arbour.

\* Gen. xxviii. 16.

*Philoth.*

Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES. 7

*Philop.* Gentlemen, we are very well met. I am afraid we have made you stay for us.

*Philoth.* It was more fitting that we should stay for Philopolis, than he for us. But we have been here but a little while.

*Cuph.* A very little while indeed; but now our company is doubled, so little will be twice as little again. I am very much transported to see my little harbour stored with such choice guests. But that mine own worthlessness spoils the conceit, I could think our company parallel to the seven wise men of Greece.

*Hyl.* I warrant the *Septenary* will be henceforth much more sacred to Cuphophron for this day's meeting.

*Cuph.* The *Senary* at least.

*Hyl.* You are so transported with the pleasure of the presence of your friends, O Cuphophron, that you forget to tell me how welcome they are.

*Cuph.* That is soon recounted. I sent into my harbour just before Philotheus came this dish of fruit, and this wine, the best, I hope, in all Athens; and I begin to Philopolis, and bid you now all welcome at once.

*Hyl.* You was very early in your provision, Cuphophron.

*Cuph.*



8      **Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES.**

*Cuph.* I did early provide for our privacy, that there might be no need of anybody's coming here but ourselves.

*Hyl.* A large entertainment.

*Cuph.* I keep touch both with my promise to Philopolis and with my own usual frugality in these kind of collations: and yet, Hylobares, you have no cause to complain; you have to gratify all your five senses. Here is another glass, taste this wine.

*Hyl.* It is very good, Cuphophon, and has an excellent flavour.

*Cuph.* There's to gratify your taste then, Hylobares, besides the delicacy of these ripe fruit, which recreate also the nostrils with their aromattick scent; as also does the sweet smell of the eglantines and honey-suckles that cover my arbour.

*Hyl.* But what is there to gratify the touch, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* Is there any-thing more delicious to the touch than the soft, cool evening-air, that fans itself through the leaves of the arbour, and cools our blood, which youth and the season of the year have so vermuch heated?

*Hyl.* Nothing that I know of; nor any-thing more pleasant to the sight than the faces of so many ingenuous friends met together

Of GOD'S ATTRIBUTES. 9

together, whose candour and faithfulness is conspicuous in their very eyes and countenances.

*Cuph.* Shame take you, Hylobares, you have prevented me: it is the very conceit and due complement I was ready to utter and bestow upon this excellent company.

*Hyl.* It seems good wits jump, and mine the nimbler of the two. But what have you to gratify the ear, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* Do you not hear the pleasant notes of the birds both in the garden and on the bowre? and if you think meanly of this musick, I pray you give us a cast of your skill, and play us a lesson on your flagellet.

*Hyl.* Upon condition you will dance to it.

*Sophr.* I dare say Philopolis thinks us Athenians very merry souls.

*Philop.* Mirth and chearfulness, O Sophron, are but the due reward of innocency of life; which, if any-where, I believe, is to be found in your manner of living, who do not quit the world out of any *hypocrisy, sullenness, or superstition*, but out of a sincere love of true knowledge and virtue. But as for the pretty warbling of the birds, or that greater skill of Hylobares on the flagellet, I must take the liberty to profess, that it is not that kind of musick

musick that will gain my attention at this time, when I see so many able and knowing persons met together; but the pursuance of some instructive argument freely and indifferently managed for the finding out of the truth. Nothing so musical to my ears as this.

*Cuph.* Nor, I dare say, to any of this company, Philopolis.

*Philop.* But I am the more eager, because I would not lose so excellent an opportunity of improving my knowledge. For I never met with the like advantage before, nor am likely again to meet with it, unless I meet with the same company.

*Cuph.* We are much obliged to you for your good opinion of us, Philopolis. But you full little think that you must be the beginner of the discourse yourself.

III. Philopolis his queries touching the kingdom of God, together with his sincere purpose of proposing them.

*Phil.* Why so, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* For it is an ancient and unalterable custom of this place, that in our philosophical meetings he that is the greatest stranger must propound the argument. Whether this custom was begun by our ancestors out of an ambition of shewing their extemporary ability of speaking upon any subject,

subject, or whether out of mere civility to the stranger, I know not.

*Philop.* I believe it was the latter, I am so sensible of the advantage thereof, and do not only embrace, but, if need were, should claim the privilege, now I know it; but shall use it with that modesty, as to excuse the choice of my argument, if it shall appear rather a point of religion than philosophy. For religion is the interest of all, but philosophy of those only that are at leisure, and vacant from the affairs of the world.

*Philoth.* Let not that trouble you Philopolis: for, for my part, I look upon the Christian religion rightly understood to be the deepest and the choicest piece of philosophy that is.

*Philop.* I am glad to hear you say so, Philotheus; for then I hope the argument I shall pitch upon will not appear over-unfuitable. It is touching the kingdom of God.

*Cuph.* Philopolis hath both gratify'd Philotheus, and most exquisitely fitted himself in the choice of his argument, his genius and affairs being so notedly political. It must be a very comprehensive argument, in which *religion, philosophy* and *policy* do so plainly conspire.

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* It must, indeed. But what are the *Queries* you would propose touching the kingdom of God, O Philopolis ?

*Philop.* They are chiefly these. First, *What the kingdom of God is.* Secondly, *When it began, and where it has been or is now to be found.* Thirdly, *What progress it hath made hitherto in the world.* Lastly, *What success it is likely to have to the end of all things.*

*Philoth.* These are grand questions indeed, Philopolis, insomuch that I am mightily surpris'd that so weighty and profound *Queries* should come from a person that is so continually taken up with affairs of the world.

*Cuph.* I dare pawn my life that the noise of the *fifth monarchy*, or the late plausible sound of *setting Jesus Christ in his throne*, did first excite Philopolis to search after these mysteries.

*Philoth.* I am not so curious to enquire into the first occasions of Philopolis his search after these things, as solicitous for what end he now so eagerly enquires after them. For it is a great and general error in mankind, that they think all their acquisitions are of right for themselves, whether it be power, or riches, or wisdom, and conceit they are no farther obliged than to fortify  
or

or adorn themselves with them : whenas they are in truth mere *depositums*, put into their hands by *providence* for the common good ; so that it were better they had them not, than not to use them faithfully and conscienciously to that end : for they bring the greater snare upon their own heads by such acquired abilities, and make themselves obnoxious to the greater condemnation, unless they use them, as I said, as the *depositums* of God, not to their own pride or lust, but to the common good of the *church*, of their *prince*, and of their *country*.

*Philop.* I acknowledge that to be exceeding true, Philotheus. And next to those are they obnoxious that craftily decline the acquisition of any power or knowledge, that they may not run the risques of fortune in witnessing to the truth, or assisting the public concern : which hypocrisie I being aware of, am so far from being discouraged, that my zeal is the more enkindled after important truths, that I may the more faithfully and effectually serve God and my prince in my generation, tho' with the hazard of all that I have.

*Euist.* Which he has once already more than hazarded in the cause of his Sovereign, besides the hazard of his life in five or six  
C
bloody

bloody battels. But I hope he will never have the occasion of running that hazard again.

*Philoth.* O admired Philopolis, you are of a right faithful and upright spirit; ~~verily~~ I have not discovered more true virtue and nobleness, no not in the most famous philosophical societies.

*Philop.* I love to feel myself of an express and settled judgment and affection in things of the greatest moment; and nothing, I think, can be of greater than the affairs of the kingdom of God, to know who are more properly and peculiarly his people; that my heart may be joined with them, where-ever they are discoverable in the world, and my hand may relieve them to the utmost extent of the activity of my narrow sphere. For it seems to me both a very ignoble and tedious condition, to be blown about with every wind of doctrine or transitory Interest, and not to stick to that wherein a man's loss proveth his greatest gain, and death itself a translation into eternal life and glory.

IV. Hylobares's interposal of his queries: First, touching the existence of God, and Divine providence.

*Hyl.* This were an excellent temper in Philopolis indeed, to be thus resolved, if he

he were sure not to fall short in his account.

*Sophr.* But suppose he was not sure, seeing he ventures so little for so great a stake, I think his temper is still very singularly excellent and commendable.

*Philoth.* But what needs any such supposition, O Sophron? for as sure as there is a God and a providence, such a single-minded soul as Philopolis will after this life prove a glorious citizen of heaven.

*Hyl.* I am fully of your opinion, O Philotheus, that Philopolis his future happiness is as sure as the existence of God and divine providence. But the assurance of these has hitherto seemed to me very uncertain and obscure: whence, according to right method, we should clear that point first. For there can be no kingdom of God, if God himself be not, or if his providence reach not to the government of the universe, but things be left to blind chance or fate.

*Philop.* For my part, gentlemen, I could never yet call such truths into doubt, tho' Hylobares has divers times attempted to disettle me at my house near the other Athens, where sometimes he gives me the honour of a visit. But all his reasonings have seemed to me sophistical knots or tricks



tricks of legerdemain, which tho' they might a little amuse me, yet they could not move me at all from my settled faith in God and his providence.

*Philoth.* So great a firmitude is there in life against all the subtil attacks of shifting reason. This farther confirms me in an observation I have made a long time ago, *That there is a kind of sanctity of soul and body that is of more efficacy for the receiving or retaining of divine truths, than the greatest pretences to discursive demonstration.*

*Philop.* But tho' I want nothing to confirm me in these points, yet if Philotheus could convince Hylobares of the truth of of them, and beat him at his own weapon, it would be to me a pleasant spectacle; provided he come to my proposed theme at the last.

V. The existence of God argued from the orderly designs discoverable in the phænomena of Nature.

*Philoth.* It is a great wonder to me that a person so ingenious as Hylobares, and so much conversant in philosophy, should at all doubt of the existence of the Deity, any more than he does of Philopolis his existence or my own; for we cannot so audibly or intelligibly converse with him as  
God

God doth with a philosopher in the ordinary *phenomena* of Nature. For, tell me, O Hylobares, whether if so brief a treatise as that of *Archimedes de sphero & cylindro* had been found by chance, with the delineations of all the figures suitable for the design, and short characters (such as they now use in *specious Arithmetick* and *Algebra*) for the setting down of the demonstrations of the orderly-disposed propositions, could you or any else imagine that the delineating and fitting these things together was by chance, and not from a knowing and designing principle, I mean from a power intellectual?

*Hyl.* I must confess I think it in a manner impossible that any one that understood the purpose of those figures and the adnexed demonstrations should doubt but that the description of them was by some intelligent Being.

*Philoth.* But why do you think so, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* Because it is the property of that which is intelligent to lay several things together orderly and advantageously for a proposed design. Which is done so constantly and repeatedly in that treatise, and so methodically, that it is impossible to

doubt but that it is the effect of some intellectual agent.

*Philoth.* Wherefore wherever we find frequent and repeated indications of pursuing skilfully a design, we must acknowledge some intelligent being the cause thereof.

*Hyl.* We must so.

*Philoth.* But what a small scroll and how few instances of pursuing a design is there in that treatise of Archimedes, in comparison of the whole volume of nature, wherein, as in Archimedes, every leading demonstration to the main upshot of all (which is the proportion betwixt the sphere and cylinder) is a pledge of the wit and reason of that mathematician, so the several subordinate natures in the world (which are in a manner infinite) bear conspicuously in them a design for the best, and therefore are a cloud of witnesses that there is a divine and intellectual principle under all?

VI. Several instances of that general argument.

*Hyl.* This is better understood by instances, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* It is. And I will instance in the meanest first, I mean, in the most loose and general strokes of the skill of that great Geometrician, as Plutarch somewhere calls the Deity. As in the nature of gravity,  
which

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which precipitates thick terrestrial parts downward through both air and water, without which power no beasts nor fowls could live upon the earth or in the air, dirt and filth would so flow into their mouths and stop their breath; nor could fishes subsist in the water. 2. In that strong tug against over-much baring the subtilest matter in these lower regions, that thinner element being disproportionated to the lungs of either birds or beasts; as is to be more fully understood in those excellent experiments of the air-pump. 3. In the parallelism and the due proportionated inclination of the axis of the earth, and the latitude of the Moon from the æquator.

*Hyl.* I cannot deny but that these laws are better than if things had been otherwise.

*Philoth.* 4. The contrivance of the earth into hills and springs and rivers, into quarries of stone and metall: is not all this for the best?

*Hyl.* I conceive it is.

*Philoth.* And what think you of land and sea? whenas all might have been quagmire?

*Hyl.* That also is for the best. For on it depends the pleasure and profit of navigation. Besides that the sea is the fountain of moisture that administers to the springs under-

underneath, as the springs supply the rivers above-ground, and so imitate the circulation of the blood in man's body.

*Philoth.* Cast your eye also upon the variety of herbs and trees, their beauty, their virtue and manifold usefulness, the contrivance of their seed for propagation; and consider if all be not for the best.

*Hyl.* It would require an age to pursue these things.

*Philoth.* Well then, let us for brevity's sake consider only the several kinds of animals: which, beside the usefulness of some of them especially and more appropriately to mankind, (as the dog and the horse for services, and oxen and sheep for his food) their external shapes are notoriously accommodated to that law or guise of life that nature has designed them; as in general the birds for flying, the fish for swimming, and the beasts for running on the ground; the external frame and covering of their bodies are exquisitely fitted for these purposes. Besides, what also is very general, that contrivance of male and female for propagation, and that notable difference of fishes and birds being oviparous, that there might be the more full supply for that great havock that would be necessarily made upon these kind of creatures  
by

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by their devouring enemies. To these you may add the instinct of birds in building their nests and sitting on their eggs; the due number and position of the organs of sense and peculiar armatures of creatures, with the instinct of using them: that those fowls that frequent the waters, and only wade, have as well long legs as long necks; and those that are made for swimming have feet like oars: and that no birds have paps, as beasts have. All which things, and infinite more, do plainly argue the accuracy of design in their framing.

*Hyl.* Things are, I must confess, as if they were plainly designed to be so.

*Philoth.* But to put an end to these instances, which, as you said, a whole age would not suffice to enumerate; the inward anatomy and use of parts in many thousand kinds of animals is as sure a demonstration of a very-curiously-contrived design in each of these animal's bodies, as the several figures and demonstrations in the above-named book of Archimedes are of the writer's purpose of concluding the truth of each proposition to which they appertain. That in Man's body is notorious. The fabrick of the eye, its safe and useful situation, the superaddition of muscles, and the admirable contrivance of the flesh  
of

of the whole body in a manner into that useful organization; those of the larynx for speech and singing; the industrious perforation of the tendons of the second joints both of fingers and toes, and the drawing of the tendons of the third joints through them; the ventricles of the heart and their *valvula*, as also the *valvula* of the veins; the fabrick of these, and the apparently-designed use of them, and of a thousand more, not only in man, but analogically in the rest of animals, are as certain a pledge of the existence of a God, as any voice or writing that contains such specimens of reason as are in Archimedes his treatise are an argument of the existence of some man or angel that must be the author of them.

*Hyl.* The weight of reason and the vehemence of Philotheus his zeal does for the present bear me down into this belief whether I will or no. For I easily feel the force of his arguing from these few hints, having perused the latest treatises of this subject, and being sufficiently versed in anatomical history; which, I must confess, urges upon me, more effectually than any-thing, the existence of God.

*Philoth.* Which belief, methinks, you should never be able to stagger in, if you consider that in these infinite kinds of living

ing creatures, none of them are made foolishly or ineptly, no not so much as those that are gendered of putrefaction. So that you have infinite examples of a steady and peremptory acting according to skill and design, and abundant assurance that these things cannot come to pass by the fortuitous jumbling of the parts of the matter.

VII. That necessary causality in the blind matter can do as little toward the orderly effects in nature as the fortuitous jumbles thereof.

*Hyl.* No, Philotheus, they cannot. But tho' they be not the results of such fortuitous causes, why may they not be the effects of necessary ones, I mean, of the necessary mechanical law of the motion of matter? As a line proportionally cut, if the greater segment subtends an *isosceles* whose *crura* each of them are equal to the whole line, each angle at the *basis* will necessarily be double to that of the *vertex*. And this will be the necessary property of this triangle.

*Philoth.* But what does this prove, when as there is no necessity in the matter that any line should be so cut, or, if it were, that any two lines of equal length with the whole should clap in with the greater segment to make such a triangle, much less to inscribe a *quinquangle* into a circle, or that the



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the motion of the matter should frame an exact *icosaedrum* or *dodecaedrum*, whose fabrick much depends on this proportional section of a line, as you may see in *Euclid*? And yet there is a more multifarious artifice in the structure of the meanest animal. I tell thee, Hylobares, there is nothing necessarily in matter that looks like an intellectual contrivance. For why should blind necessity do more in this kind than fluctuating chance? or what can be the motion of blind necessity but peremptory and perpetual fluctuation? No, the necessary and immutable property of such a triangle as thou hast described, with such a *basis* and such a *crura*, is in thy own mind or intellect, which cannot but conceive every triangle so made to have such a property of angles, because thy mind is the image of the eternal and immutable intellect of God. But the matter is lubricous and fluid, and has no such intellectual and immutable laws in it at all, but is to be guided and governed by that which is intellectual.

*Hyl.* I mean as Cartesius means and professes, that the mechanical Deduction of causes in the explication of the *phenomena* of the world is as close and necessary as mathematical sequels.

*Piloth.* Nay, I add farther, that he conceives

ceives his own mechanical deductions to be such. And I must confess I think they are as much such as any will be; and so excellent a wit failing so palpably, makes me abundantly confident, that the pretence of salving the *phenomena* by mere mechanical principles is a design that will never prove successful.

VIII. That there is no phenomenon in nature purely mechanical.

*Hyl.* Why? where does Cartesius fail, O Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Nay, rather tell me, O Hylobares, where he does not; or rather instance in any one *phenomenon* that is purely mechanical.

*Hyl.* The earth's being carried about in this our *vortex* round the sun.

*Philoth.* That is very judiciously pitched upon, if the *deferent* of the earth, I mean the *vortex*, were the result of mere mechanical principles.

*Hyl.* Why? is it not? what can mechanical motion do, if not produce that simple *phenomenon* of liquidity?

*Philoth.* The matter of the *vortex* is not simple enough, not to need the assistance of an higher principle to keep it in that consistence it is.

*Hyl.* Why so, Philotheus?

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*Philoth.* Because *disunity* is the natural property of matter, which of itself is nothing else but an infinite congeries of *physical monads*.

*Hyl.* I understand you, Philotheus. And indeed there is nothing so unconceivable to me as the holding together of the parts of matter; which has so confounded me when I have more seriously thought upon it, that I have been prone to conclude with myself, that the gimmers of the World hold together not so much by *geometry* as some natural *magic*, if I knew what it was.

*Philoth.* You may do in due time. But in the mean while it is worth our noting, that there is another great flaw in this most hopeful instance you produce of pure mechanism. For the earth never got into this orbit it is now moved in by virtue of those mechanical laws Cartesius describes, nor is still detained here by them.

*Hyl.* Why not?

*Philoth.* For if the earth had been banished out of one *vortex* into another, as is supposed, all that looser and lighter matter that hung about it had been stript from it long before it came hither: (as if a man should fling out of his hand feathers, chaff and a bullet together, the solidity of the bullet

bullet will carry it from the chaff and feathers, and leave them behind) and so the Matter of the third Region of the earth had been lost, whereby it had become utterly uninhabitable.

*Hyl.* I never thought of this before.

IX. That there is no levitation or gravitation of the æther or of the vulgar elements in their proper places: whence 'tis plain, that matter's motion is moderated from some diviner principle.

*Philoth.* And then the descending of the earth to this orbit is not upon that mechanical account Cartesius pretends, namely, the strong swing of the more solid *globuli* that overflow it. For if there were such an actual tug of the *globuli* of the *vortex* from the center toward the circumference, the pressure would be intolerable, and they would even mash themselves and all things else a-pieces.

*Hyl.* I am again surpris'd, Philotheus, but I must ingenuously confess, I think so.

*Philoth.* But there being no such hard pressure, no *levitation* or *gravitation* (as is also manifest in the elements vulgarly so called) *in locis propriis*, is it not a manifest argument that all is not carried according to mechanical necessity, but that there is a principle that has a prospect for the best, that rules all?

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*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* It is very manifest, in that neither the celestial matter of the *vortices* nor the air nor water are pressitant in their proper places, that it is for the best; else how could any creatures live in the air or water? the weight of these elements would press them to death.

*Philoth.* Must not then some diviner principle be at the bottom, that thus cancels the mechanical laws for the common good?

*Hyl.* It should seem so; and that the motion of matter is not guided by matter, but by something else.

*Philoth.* That seems very evident from light things that rise up in water. As for example in a deep bucket of water, where we will suppose a thin round board forced to the bottom, of almost the same wideness that the bucket is: the water of the bucket we will suppose so heavy, that scarce two men shall be able to bear it. Now tell me, *Hylobares*, how this thin board does get to the top, so massie a weight lying on it. The whole water that lies upon it does actually press downward, and therefore rather presses it down, than helps it up.

*Hyl.* It may be the weight of the water gets by the sides under it, and so bears it up by its own sinking.

*Philoto.* That is ingeniously attempted,  
*Hyl.*

Hylobares. But you must consider that the water that lies upon the board to press it down is, it may be, forty times more than that which you conceive to press betwixt the rim of the round board and the vessel.

X. That the primordials of the world are not mechanical, but vital.

*Hyl.* I am convinced that the rising of the round board is not mechanical. But I pray you deal freely with me, Philotheus, for I perceive you are cunninger than I in that philosophy; has Des-Cartes truly solved no *phenomenon* in nature mechanically?

*Philoth.* He thinks he has solved all mechanically he treats of. But, to deal freely, I find none of his solutions will hold by mere mechanicks: not his formation of suns, stars, nor planets; not the generation nor motion of the magnetick particles; not his hypothesis of the flux and reflux of the sea; not the figure and colours of the rainbow; not the winds, nor clouds, nor rain, nor thunder: neither of these, nor of any other *phenomena*, has he given sufficient mechanical causes. Nay, I will add at once, That that simplest and first hypothesis of his, \* That all the matter of the universe was first cast into small parts equal

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\* Princip. Philos. Part. 3. Sect. 46, 47.

in motion and magnitude, and that hence the suns or stars and *vortices* arose in the distinction of the matter (by the mutual fridging of those particles one against another) into the first and second element, I will add, I say, That this first original of things is most grossly repugnant to the actual proportion of these elements one to another. For from this mechanical way, so stated as he has declared, it will follow, that the sun overflows the orbit of *saturn* no less than ten millions four hundred eighty four thousand semidiameters of the earth: which one would think were intimation sufficient to give us to understand, that the *primordials* of the world are not *mechanical*, but *spermatical* or *vital*; not made by rubbing and filing and turning and shaving, as in a Turner's or Blacksmith's shop, but from some universal principle of inward life and motion containing in it the seminal forms of all things, which therefore the *Platonists* and *Pythagoreans* call the great *λόγος σπειρωματικὸς* of the world.

*Hyl.* This is admirable: and it would be a great pleasure to me to see these things made out by reason, that I might the more clearly understand how much that great wit has fallen short in his account.

*Philop.* I prithee, dear Hylobares, deny thyself

thyself that pleasure at this time: for I fear all the time of my abode here in the town will not suffice for such a task.

*Philoth.* It would, I must confess, be something too copious a digression.

*Cuph.* And the more needless, forasmuch as it cannot be denied but that Des-Cartes's deductions are not always so mathematically or mechanically certain as he took them to be. But however, tho' he fails in his attempt, yet the *mechanical philosophy* may stand firm still. It is not the error of the *art*, but of the *artist*.

*Philoth.* But it is a shrewd presumption, O *Cuphophon*, that when so transcendent a wit as Des-Cartes, and so peculiarly mechanical, fails so palpably even in the general strokes of nature, of giving any such necessary mechanical reasons of her *phenomena*, it is too palpable a presumption, I say, that the pretence itself is rash and frivolous, and that it is not the true and genuine mode of philosophizing.

*Philop.* What Philotheus says, seems to me infinitely credible, tho' I be no pretender to philosophy.

XI. Instances of some simple phænomena quite contrary to the laws of mechanics.

*Philoth.* But if we produce even among the more general *phenomena* of nature, such



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such instances as plainly thwart the acknowledged laws of mechanics, let Cuphophon tell me then what will become of his pure and universal mechanism he pretends to run through the whole frame of the world.

*Cuph.* I will tell you when you have produced them.

*Philoth.* But tell me first whether you do not firmly believe the motion of the earth *annual* and *diurnal* ?

*Cuph.* I do ; and every one else I think that has any skill in philosophy.

*Philoth.* Why then, you must necessarily hold a *vortex* of æthereal matter running round the sun, which carries the earth about with it.

*Cuph.* I must.

*Philoth.* And being so great a *mechanist* as you are, that the particles that have swallowed down the earth thus far into our *vortex*, that even those that are near the earth, so many of them as answer to the magnitude of the earth, are at least as solid as it.

*Cuph.* They are so.

*Philoth.* And that therefore they move from the center with a very strong effort.

*Cuph.* They do so.

*Philoth.* And so do the *vortices* that bear against our *vortex*.

*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* No question; or else our *vortex* would over-run them, and carry them away with itself.

*Philoth.* Do you or any else either here or under the line, at mid-day or mid-night, feel any such mighty pressure as this hypothesis infers?

*Cuph.* I believe not.

*Philoth.* There is one thrust at your pure pretended mechanism.

*Cuph.* Well, at it again; I will see if I can lie at a closer ward.

*Philoth.* The *phenomenon* of gravity, is it not perfectly repugnant to that known mechanical principle, That what is moved will continue its motion in a right line, if nothing hinder: whence it will follow, that a bullet flung up into the air must never return back to the earth, it being in so rapid a motion with that of the earth's.

*Cuph.* I understand what you mean; you thrust at the mechanical philosophy before, you have now shot at it.

*Philoth.* Ay, and hit the mark too, I trow: so that it is needless to add that of the great weight hanging at the sucker of the air-pump, and drawn up thereby beyond all the accounts of mechanic philosophy, with other things of the like nature.

*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* I expected these instances of Philotheus, and understand the force of them throughly out of a late † Author, and must ingenuously confess that they seem to me such as contain little less than a demonstration, that all things in nature are not carried on by principles merely mechanical.

*Cuph.* If they be so good, I pray you let us hear some more of them, Philotheus.

*Phil.* When I have heard your answer to these.

*Cuph.* My answer is, O Philotheus, that these instances seem for the present demonstrative and unanswerable; so far Hylobares and I concur. But I hope I may without offence profess that I think the cause of the mechanick philosophy is not therefore quite desperate, but that when our active and searching Wits have made farther enquiry into things, they may find out the pure mechanical causes of that puzzling *phenomenon* of gravity.

*Philoth.* Ay, but Hylobares may take notice, that the Author he mentions does not only confute the false solutions of that *phenomenon*, but demonstrates all mechanical solutions of it impossible, it being so manifestly repugnant to the confessed laws of mechanics.

*Hyl.*

† Dr. More's Antidote, lib. 2. ch. 2. Immort. lib. 3. ch. 12, 13.

*Hyl.* It is very true.

*Cuph.* That may seem a demonstration for the present, which to posterity will appear a mere sophistical knot, and they will easily see to loose it.

*Bath.* I believe by the help of some new improved microscopes.

XII. The fond and indiscreet hankering after the impossible pretensions of solving all phenomena mechanically, freely and justly perstringed.

*Philop.* Nay but in good earnest, O Cuphophon, (if you will excuse my freedom of speech) tho' I have not that competency of judgment in philosophical matters, yet I cannot but deem you an over-partial mechanist, that are so devoted to the cause, as not to believe demonstration against it, till mechanics be farther improved by posterity. It is as if one would not believe the first book of Euclid, till he had read him all over, and all other mathematical writers besides. For this *phenomenon* of gravity is one of the simplest that is, as the first book of Euclid one of the easiest. Not to add what a blemish it is to a person, otherwise so moral and virtuous, to seem to have a greater zeal for the ostentation of the mechanical *wit* of men, than for the manifestation of the *wisdom* of God in nature.

*Sophr.* Excellently well spoken O Philopolis

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lopolis. † *As in water face answers to face, so the heart of man to man.* You have spoken according to the most inward sense and touch of my very soul concerning this matter. For I have very much wondred at the devotedness of some mens spirits to the pretence of pure mechanism in the solving of the *phenomena* of the universe, who yet otherwise have not been of less pretensions to piety and virtue. Of which mechanic pronity I do not see any good tendency at all. For it looks more like an itch of magnifying their own or other mens wit, than any desire of glorifying God in his wise and benign contrivances in the works of nature, and cuts off the most powerful and most popular arguments for the existence of a Deity, if the rude career of agitated matter would at last necessarily fall into such a structure of things. Indeed if such a mechanical necessity in the nature of matter were really discoverable, there were no help for it: and the Almighty seeks no honour from any man's lie. But their attempts being so frustraneous, and the demonstrations to the contrary so perspicuous, it is a marvel to me, that any men that are virtuously and piously disposed should be so partially and zealously affected in a cause  
that

† Prov. 27. 19.

that has neither truth nor any honest usefulness in it.

*Cuph.* O Sophron, Sophron, full little do you consider what a wonderful pleasure it is to see the plain mechanical sequels of causes in the explication of the *phenomena* of the world as necessarily and closely coherent as mathematical demonstration itself.

*Sophr.* Certainly, O Cuphophron, you are much transported with the imagination of such fine spectacles, that your mere desire should thus confidently present them to you before they are. But for my part, I conceive there is far more pleasure in clearly and demonstratively discovering that they are not, than there would be if it were discoverable that they are. And that way of philosophizing that presses the final cause, the τὴν ἀνω ἀρχήν, as \* Aristotle calls it, seems to me far more pleasing and delicious than this haughty pretence of discovering that the frame of the world owes nothing to the wisdom of God.

*Bath.* All things must out, O Sophron, in the promiscuous ferments and ebullencies of the spirits of men in this age, that that wisdom which is the genuine fruit or flower of the *Divine Life* may in succes-

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\* *De generat. Animal. lib. 2.*

sion of time triumph over the most strutting attempts or performances of the highest *natural wits*.

*Cuph.* What wisdom is that which flows out of the Divine Life, O Bathynous?

*Bath.* That which leads to it; which the mechanical philosophy does not, but rather leads from God, or obstructs the way to him, by prescinding all pretence of finding his footsteps in the works of the creation, excluding the *final cause* of things, and making us believe that all comes to pass by a blind, but necessary, jumble of the matter.

*Cuph.* Well, be the future fate of things what it will, I doubt not but Cartesius will be admired to all posterity.

*Bath.* Undoubtedly, O Cuphophon; for he will appear to men a person of the most eminent *wit* and *folly* that ever yet trode the stage of this earth.

*Cuph.* Why of *wit* and *folly*, Bathynous?

*Bath.* Of *wit*, for the extraordinary handsome semblance he makes of deducing all the *phenomena* he has handled, necessarily and mechanically, and for hitting on the more immediate material causes of things to a very high probability.

*Cuph.* This at least is true, Bathynous. But why of *folly*?

*Bath.*

*Bath.* Because he is so credulous, as not only to believe that he has necessarily and purely mechanically solved all the *phenomena* he has treated of in his philosophy and meteors, but also that all things else may be so solved, the bodies of plants and animals not excepted.

*Cuph.* Posterity will be best able to judge of that.

*Philop.* Cuphophon is very constantly zealous in the behalf of the mechanic philosophy, tho' with the hazard of losing those more notable arguments deducible from the *phenomena* of nature for the proving the existence of a God : and yet I dare say he is far from being in the least measure smutted with the soil of atheism.

*Cuph.* I hope so.

XIII. The existence of God argued from the consent of nations, from miracles and prophecies, from his works in nature, and from his Idea.

*Philop.* Wherefore, O Cuphophon, let me beg the liberty of asking you, what other inducements you have to believe there is a God. Is it the authority of the catholick Church? or what is it?

*Cuph.* I have a very venerable respect for the Church, O Philopolis, which makes me the more sorry when I consider how much they have wronged or defaced their



authority in obtruding things palpably impossible, and most wretchedly blasphemous, with equal assurance and severity as they do the belief of a God.

*Euist.* I conceive Cuphophon reflects upon their barbarous butchering of men for denying the article of *transubstantiation*.

*Cuph.* It may be so. Who can believe men upon their own authority that are once deprehended in so gross and impious an imposture?

*Euist.* But these are not the Church catholic, but only a some-thing-more-numerous faction of men. But not only these, but the whole Church, and indeed all nations, believe that there is a God.

*Cuph.* Indeed Tully says, *Nulla gens tam barbara, &c.*

*Euist.* It is consent of nations therefore, O Cuphophon, that you chiefly establish your belief of a Deity upon.

*Cuph.* That is a plausible argument, Euistor.

*Euist.* But the history of miracles and prophecies, with their completion, a far greater.

*Cuph.* They are very strong arguments that there are *invisible Powers* that superintend the affairs of mankind, that have a greater virtue and comprehension of knowledge than ourselves. *Bath.*

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*Bath.* And so may be able to bring to pass what themselves predict in long succession of ages. As if the government of the world and the affairs of mankind were intrusted into the hands of angels.

*Sophr.* But some miracles are so great, and predictions of so vast a compass of time, that none but God can rationally be thought to be the author of them.

*Bath.* Most assuredly God himself superintends and acts through all.

*Philop.* Is this then the *basis* of Cuphron's belief?

*Cuph.* I will tell you, O Philopolis, because I see you so hugely desirous, what is the main philosophical *basis* of my belief of a God.

*Philop.* What is it?

*Cuph.* The *innate idea* of God in my mind: the arguings from thence seem to me undeniable demonstrations.

*Philop.* I believe they are the more prevalent with you because they are Des-Cartes'.

*Cuph.* It may be so. And they are so convictive, that I do very securely disregard all that other way of arguing from the *phenomena* of nature.

*Philop.* I have read those reasonings of Des-Cartes, but they seem to me hugely  
E 3 high

high and metaphysical, and I meet with many men that look upon them as sophistical; most men some of them, others all. But it is the privilege of you high and exalted wits to understand the force of one another's notions the best.

*Cuph.* I must confess, O Philopolis, there is an extraordinary and peculiar congruity of spirit betwixt me and Des-Cartes.

*Philop.* Ay, but we ought to consult the common good, O Cuphophon, and not decry the more vulgar intelligible arguments, or affect such a philosophy as will exclude all from laying hold of God but such as can soar so high as you raised wits can. Arguments from the *phenomena* of the world are far more accomodate to a popular understanding.

*Cuph.* Wherefore I talk at this rate only in our free philosophical meetings.

*Philop.* It is discreetly done of you.

*Hyl.* Well, *Cuphophon*, you may hug yourself in your high *metaphysical Acropolis* as much as you will, and deem those arguments fetched from the frame of nature mean and popular; but for my part, I look upon them as the most sound and solid philosophical arguments that are for the proving the existence of a God. And I wonder you do not observe that mighty  
force

force that Philotheus his comparing of the volume of nature and Archimedes his book of the sphere and cylinder together has for the evincing some intellectual principle to be the framer of the world. For those figures and characters annexed to each proposition with an effectual subserviency to the demonstration of them is not a more manifest indication of an intellectual agent, than an hundred thousand single fabricks of matter here in the world are of the like agency; the parts being so disposed to one end, as the management of the demonstration to one conclusion, and the subordination of several conclusions to one final and ultimate one: which subordinations of things are also most evidently and repeatedly conspicuous in nature.

*Philop.* On my word, Philotheus, you have not spent your labour in vain on Hylobares, that does thus judiciously and respectfully recapitulate your main reasonings from nature for the existence of a God. I hope now, Hylobares, Philotheus may proceed to treat of *God's Kingdom*, we being all so well assured of his *existence*.

XIV. The obscurity of the nature of God, and the intricacy of Providence, with preparatory cautions for the better satisfaction in these points.

*Hyl.* I must confess, while I am in this company,

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company, I am like Saul among the prophets. Philotheus his zeal and smartness of arguing carries me away captive, whether I will or no, into an assent to the conclusion. And indeed when at first I set my eyes on this side of things, there shines from them such an intellectual fulgor, that methinks the very glory of the Deity becomes visible through them. But when I would more fully comprehend his nature, and approach more nigh him, the same glory that recreated mine eyes before, strikes me blind, and I lose the sight of him by adventuring to look too near him. This is one entanglement and confusion of mind, that I understand not *the Nature of God*. And the second thing is this, *The obscurity and intricacy of the ways of Providence*.

*Sophr.* Is it not consonant to the transcendency of so high a Nature as that of God, Hylobares, that it be acknowledged *incomprehensible*, as also to his infinite wisdom, that his *ways be past finding out*?

*Bath.* This is excellently well spoken, O Sophron, if it be rightly understood: otherwise, to give no other account of the Nature of God and his ways than that they are *unintelligible*, is to encourage the Atheist, and yield him the day; for that is the

the thing he does chiefly applaud himself in, that he is secure there is neither head nor foot in the mysteries of religion, and that the very notion of a God implies a contradiction to our faculties.

*Hyl.* I desire only so to understand God, that nothing be attributed to him *repugnant to my understanding*, nor any thing found in the world *repugnant to his Attributes*.

*Bath.* I believe Philotheus will make this good, that nothing is truly attributed to God but what is most certainly existent in the world, whether we understand it or not; and that there is nothing in the world truly in such circumstances as are repugnant to the Attributes of God:

*Philoth.* I conceive Bathynous means this, that unless we will entangle ourselves with making good some fictitious Attributes of God, or defend his Providence upon false suppositions and circumstances, there will be no greater entanglements touching the notion of God and his Providence, than there would be in the nature of those things we are sure do exist, tho' there were no God in the world. Wherefore Hylobares, let me advise you to this, since you have such fast and certain hold of the existence of the Deity by the repeated effects thereof in nature, not to let that hold go upon  
any

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any grounds that are uncertain or false. For the scripture declares nothing contradictory touching the Nature of God : nor is there any human authority that has any right to be believed when it propounds contradictions : nor are we bound to burden the notion of a Deity with any thing we are not assured implies perfection. These cautions if we use, no man, I think, need be much entangled in his thoughts touching the Nature of the Deity.

XV. The attribute of Eternity.

*Hyl.* This is a hopeful preamble, Philotheus, and therefore I will the more cheerfully propound my difficulties, which are drawn from these five heads; from the *Eternity* of God, from his *Immutability*, from his *Omniscieny*, his *Spirituality*, and his *Omnipreseney*. For, to my understanding, the very notion of *Eternity* implies a contradiction, as some describe it, namely, That it is an essential preseney of all things with God, as well of things past, present, as to come; and that the duration of God is all of it, as it were, *in one steady and permanent τὸ νῦν* or *instant at once*. If there cannot be a God, but he must be in such a sense as this eternal, the contemplation of his *idea* will more forcibly pull a man back from the belief of his existence, than

than his effects in nature draw a man to it. For what can be more contradictory, than that all things should have been really and essentially with God from all eternity at once, and yet be born in time and succession? For the reality and essence of corporeal things is corporeal; and those very individual trees and animals that are said to be generated, and are seen to grow from very little principles, were always, it seems, in their full form and growth: which is a perfect repugnancy to my understanding. For it implies that the same thing that is already in being may, notwithstanding, while it is, be produced of a-fresh. That eternal duration should be at once, is also to me utterly unconceivable, and that one *permanent instant* should be commensurate, or rather equal to all successions of ages. Besides, if the duration of God be all at once, first no agent acts but within the compass of its own duration, God must both create and destroy the world at once. Whence it seems impossible that eternal duration should be indistant to itself, or without continuation of intervals.

*Philoth.* You argue shrewdly, Hylobares, against that notion of eternity that some have rashly pitched upon, but without the least prejudice to the belief of  
 God's



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God's existence, if you have but recourse to those cautions I intimated at first, *That we are not bound to believe contradictions upon any man's account.* These are over-sublime reaches of some high-soaring wits, that think they never fly high enough till they fly out of the sight of common sense and reason. If we may charitably guess at what they would be at in this so lofty a notion, it may be it is only this, That the whole evolution of times and ages from everlasting to everlasting is so collectedly and presentfickly represented to God at once, as if all things and actions which ever were, are, or shall be, were at this very instant, and so always, really present and existent before him: which is no wonder, the animadversion and intellectual comprehension of God being absolutely infinite according to the truth of his *idea*.

*Hyl.* This, I must confess, is a far more easy and passable notion than the other.

*Philoth.* Yes surely; and not harder to conceive how continuity of duration is also competent to the divine existence, as well as *eternity* or *life eternal*, which comprehends the *idea's* of all things and ages at once in the Intellect of God. For it is as a vast globe wholly moved on a plain, and carried on in one exile line at once: or like the  
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the permanency of a steady rock by which a river slides ; the standing of the rock, as well as the sliding of the river, has a continuity of duration. And no other way can eternity be commensurate to time than so ; that is to say, the comprehension of the evolution of all times, things and transactions is permanently exhibited to God in every moment of the succession of ages.

*Hyl.* What makes the schools then so earnest in obtruding upon us the belief, that nothing but *nunc permanens* is competent to the divine existence ?

*Philoth.* It may be out of this conceit, as if that whose existence was successive would necessarily break off, or at least may hazard to fail, one part of successive duration having no dependance on another. But it is a mere panick fear : for the continuation of duration is necessary where the existence of the thing is so. And such is manifestly the existence of God from his own *idea*.

*Bath.* And this *necessary existence* of God I conceive to be the most substantial notion of his eternal duration : which cannot well be said to be *successive* properly and formally, but only virtually and applicatively ; that is to say, it contains in it *virtually* all the successive duration imaginable

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nable, and is perpetually *applicable* to the succeeding parts thereof, as being always present thereto, as the channel of a river to all the water that passes through it; but the channel is in no such successive defluxion, tho' the water be. Such is the steady and permanent duration of the necessary existence of God in respect of all successive durations whatsoever.

*Philoth.* I do not yet so thoroughly understand you, Bathynous.

*Bath.* I say that *successive duration* properly so called is incompetent to God; as being an essence *necessarily* existent, and therefore *without beginning*: but the most infinite *successive* duration that you can imagine will be found to have a beginning. For whatever is past was sometime present: and therefore there being nothing of all this infinite succession but was sometime present, the most-infinitely-remote moment thereof was sometime present: which most-infinitely-remote moment was the *terminus terminans* thereof, which plainly shews it had a beginning.

*Philoth.* You say true, Bathynous. There must be a *most-remote-moment* in succession, and a most-infinitely remote one in infinite succession. But being the most-infinitely-remote moment cannot be *terminus copulans*,

*copulans*, there being nothing for it to couple with future succession, and therefore it being *terminus terminans*, and of necessity having been once *present*, it is plain that at that present was the term or beginning of this infinite supposed succession.

Or briefly thus, to prevent all possible exceptions against the *most*-infinitely-remote moment in an *infinite* succession, as if they were *ἀνούσαλα*, I would rather argue on this manner; *viz.* that forasmuch as all the moments *past* in infinite succession were sometime *present*, it thence plainly follows that all the moments in this infinite succession, or at least all but one, were sometime to come. And if either all these moments, or all but one, were sometime to come, it is manifest that the whole succession (or at least the whole bating but one moment) was sometime to come, and therefore had a beginning. I understand the strength of your reasoning very well. And therefore when I spake of the successive duration of God, I did not mean succession in that *proper* and *formal* sense, but only a virtual, applicative or relative succession; as you might gather from some passages or expressions in my speaking thereof. The duration of God is like that of a *rock*, but the duration

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of *natural things* like that of a river ; their succession passes ποταμῷ δίκην, as Heraclitus speaks. And therefore they that give *successive* duration properly so called to the steady permanency of a necessary self-existence, seem like those that fancy the shore to move by reason of the motion of the ship.

*Provehimur portu, terræque urbisque recedunt.*

We apply our own fluid successive duration to the steady permanency of the eternal duration of God : whose duration tho' steady and permanent, and without all defluxion and succession, (as being indeed nothing else but his *necessary self-existence*) is notwithstanding such as the most infinite *successive* duration *past* can never reach beyond, nor *future* ever exhaust. Whence it is plain, that tho' the eternal duration of God be really *permanent*, yet it is impossible to be an *indivisible instant*, and to be perfectly and in all regards indistant to itself, and not to comprehend all possible successive evolutions that are.

XVI. An objection against the all-comprehension of eternity, with the answer thereto.

*Hyl.* This is very well, Philotheus : but yet there are some scruples still behind. I must acknowledge that eternity in your sense bears along with it no palpable contradiction ; but methinks it is not altogether

ther free from a marvellous strange incredibility.

*Philoth.* What's that?

*Hyl.* That all the noises and cryings, and howlings and shriekings, and knockings and hammerings, and curfings and swearings, and prayings and praifings, that all the voices of men, the squawlings of children, the notes of birds, and roarings and squeekings of beasts, that ever were or shall be, have ever been in the ears of God at once: and so all the turnings and toyings of every visible object, all the diffusions, motions and postures of hairs, and leaves, and straws, and feathers, and duff, in fine, all the little and inconsiderable changes of the ever-agitated matter which have been, are, or ever shall be, are, and ever were, and ever shall be in the fight of God at once. This seems to me, (tho' not an impossible, yet) a very incredible *privilege* of all-comprehending eternity.

*Philoth.* This is a wild, unexpected fetch of yours, Hylobares, and as madly expressed. But if you will answer me soberly to a question or two, you shall see the difficulty will vanish of itself.

*Hyl.* I will.

*Philoth.* Whether do you think, O Hylobares, that this privilege, as you call it,

is really a privilege, that is, a perfection, of the Divine Nature, or no?

*Hyl.* I cannot tell.

*Eust.* Those philosophers in Maimonides, which I do not well remember whether he calls the sect of the *loquentes*, would tell us roundly that it is not; they presuming God's Providence reaches no farther than the *species* of things, but that he little concerns himself in *individuals*.

*Bath.* I suppose then that they hold that he has concredited the administration of his more particular Providence to several orders of Angels, and in some sort to men and all intelligent creatures, in whom he has implanted a law for the rightly ordering individuals.

*Eust.* It may be so.

*Bath.* Which if they could order as well as if God himself look'd on, as it is no addition to God's happiness to have made the world or to meddle with it; so it would be no detriment to the world if he were conceived to be wholly rapt into the contemplation of his own divine excellencies.

*Eust.* This, I must confess, is not much abhorrent from the *Aristotelian* theology.

*Bath.* But it is intolerably false, if the frame of the creation be not such as that the *standing* spirits hugely exceed the number of the *lapsed*.

*Eust.*

*Euist.* They need do so. Besides, what a ridiculous thing were it to offer sacrifice or pray to God, if he were always so rapt into himself that he never were at leisure to hear us?

*Barb.* That is most pertinently observ'd, *Euistor*: and all pious men must acknowledge that they draw power and influence by their earnest devotions to the Deity.

*Hyl.* And therefore I easily acknowledge that all things in present succession be open to the eyes of God. But whether all voices and sights whatsoever from everlasting to everlasting be represented continually to him at once, for all that this short tally of *Bathynous* and *Euistor* has given me some time to think of it, yet I must still profess I cannot tell.

*Philorb.* Well then, *Hylobates*, in such case as this, you know the above mentioned rule, *That you are not to let go your hold of those solid and certain grounds of the existence of a God, for what is either false or uncertain.*

*Hyl.* You say very true. Nor does this at all shake my belief.

*Philorb.* But farther to corroborate it, answer me but this one question; *Hylobares*. Is it not necessary that that part of the representation



presentation you made of eternity be either a *perfection*, or an *imperfection*, or a thing of *indifferency*?

*Hyl.* That cannot be deny'd.

*Philoth.* If it be an *imperfection*, it is to be removed, and so the difficulty is removed therewith: if an *indifferency*, it is indifferent whether you remove it or not: if a *perfection*, being that it is not impossible, as you cannot but acknowledge, no man need hesitate, nay he ought not, but to attribute it to God. So that be your fate what it will in the determination of your assent to any of these three parts, it can be no impediment to the belief of God's existence. This is the thing that made your objection seem so considerable to you, that you did not consider, that tho' all those voices and sights are perceived in the Divine Being at once, yet they are perceived in the same distances and distinctnesses that they are found in, in the very succession of ages. For *infinite comprehension admits, or rather implies this.*

XXII. Another objection, with its answer.

*Hyl.* You are a man, O Philotheus, of the most dexterous art in facilitating our adherence to the belief of a Deity that ever I met with in my life. I have but one scruple more touching God's eternity, and  
I will

I will pass to the next Attribute. The eternal succession of God's existence seems to imply a contradiction. For unless every denominated part be infinite, the whole cannot be infinite. And if every denominated part, suppose the tenth, the hundredth, the thousandth, be infinite, there are so many infinities.

*Philoth.* I understand you very well. But you must consider that either God has been *ab aeterno*, or the world has been so. Wherefore something being so certainly eternal, it is no repugnancy that God be so. So that you see there is no more perplexity or difficulty on the account of God's Being, than if he were not in the world, according to the last of my preliminary advertisements. Nay, indeed, the most inextricable perplexity of all would be to admit a world *ab aeterno* without God. For an eternal flux of motion of the matter would be eternal *succession* properly so called; which Bathynous shrewdly suggested to be impossible. And if it ever rested, and afterwards was moved, there must be a first mover distinct from the matter. Which seems necessarily to infer there is a God; and the rather, because if matter was of itself, it must eternally have rested before it moved.

*Hyl.*

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*Hyl.* This difficulty has vanished so of a sudden, that I am half ashamed I ever propounded it.

*Philoth.* I have met with not a few that this would have seemed no small difficulty to; so that it was not unworthy the propounding.

*Philop.* But I pray you to proceed to the next Attribute, *Hylobares*: for I am hugely pleased to see the successfulness of *Philotheus*.

XVIII. The Attribute of Immutability.

*Hyl.* The next is *Immutability*, which seems to me a necessary Attribute of God, forasmuch as *mutability* implies imperfection. But here human understanding does seem to be caught in this *dilemma*; That either we must acknowledge a mutable God, or an immutable one: if the former, he is not properly God; because God excludes all imperfection in his nature: if the latter, he is not to be worshipped; for all the good that was to come will come without our worshipping him; and none of the evil can be kept off by all our services, because he is *immutable*. Wherefore we must either grant an imperfect God, or a God not to be worshipped: either of which is so absurd, that it seems forcibly to suggest that there is no God at all.

*Philoth.*

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*Philo.* This seems a smart *dilemma* at first, *Hylobares*; yet I think neither horn is strong enough to push us off from our belief of the existence of a God. But for my part, I will bear the push of the former of them, and grant that God is *mutable*; but deny that all *mutability* implies imperfection, tho' some does, as that vacillancy in human souls, and such mutations as are found in corporeal matter. But such a mutability as whose absence implies an impotency to or incapacity of the most noble acts imaginable, such as the creation of the world, and the administration of justice to men and angels, is so far from being any defect, that it is a very high perfection. For this power in God to act upon the creature in *time*, to succour or chastise it, does not at all discompose or distract him from what he is in himself in the blessed calmness and stillness of his all-comprehensive *eternity*, his animadversion being absolutely free and infinite. So that they that would account this power of acting in *time*, an imminution to the perfection of God, are, I think, as much out in their account, as if one should contend that  $A c \dagger A q.$  is less than  $A c$  alone.

*Hyl.* This is convincing.

*Bath.* And that you may be the more through-

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throughly convinced of the weakness of your *biaion*, I will bear the push of the latter horn, and deny that the *immutability* of God would imply that he is not to be worshipped. For what is the worshipping of God but the acknowledging those supereminent and divine excellencies in him to which the world owes its conservation and subsistence, and from which is that beautiful order and wise contrivance of things in the universe? It is therefore a piece of indispensable justice to acknowledge this rich fountain and original of all good, and not the less, because he is so perfectly good, that he cannot be nor act otherwise, but is immutably such. Besides, that this praise and adoration done to him are actions perfective of our own souls, and in our approaches to him he is made nearer to us; as the opening of our eyes is the letting in of the light of the sun.

*Hyl.* What you say, Bathynous, I must confess will hold good in that part of worship which consists in praising of God: but I do not see how his *Immutability* will well consist with our praying to him. For things will be or will not be whether we pray unto him or no.

*Bath.* But you do not consider, that tho' this were, yet our praying to him is an acknow-

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knowledge of his being the great Benefactor of mankind ; and it is like children asking their father's blessing, who yet would *pray to God to bless them* whether they ask it or no. Besides that while we pray to God for internal good things, for grace, wisdom and virtue, we do *ipso facto* open our souls to receive the divine influence, which flows into our hearts according to the measure of the depth and earnestness of our devotion. Which is, as I said, like the opening of our eyes to receive the light of the sun. Nor do we alter or change the will of God in this, because it is the permanent and immutable will of God, that as many as make their due addresses to him shall receive proportionable comfort and influence from him. And, lastly, for external good things, tho' we should imagine God still resting in the immutable *sabbatism* of his own ever-blessed *eternity*, and that nothing is done in this world *ad extra* but by either natural or free created agents, either good men or those more high and holy orders of angels, that are as the ears and eyes and arms of God, as *Philo* somewhere insinuates, and who are so steadily and fully actuated by the Spirit of God, that they will do the very same things that God himself would do if he

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were

were to act *ad extra* in the affairs of the world: upon this hypothesis of things, notwithstanding the immutability of God, it implies no incongruity to pray unto him. For he does not only hear and behold all things at once, but has eternally and immutably laid such trains of causes in the world, and so rules the good powers and over-rules the bad, that no man that prays unto him as he ought shall fail of obtaining what is best for him, even in external matters.

*Hyl.* This is a consideration I never thought of before. But it seems to me not altogether irrational.

XIX. Of the Deity's acting *ad extra*.

*Euiſt.* But, methinks, something needless, because the divine records do testify, that the very Deity sometimes steps out into external action; as in our Saviour *Chriſt's* feeding the multitude with five loaves and two fishes, in his raising the dead, and in that great execution he is to do on the globe of the earth at the last day.

*Bath.* The Deity indeed does act here *ad extra*, but not the bare Deity, as I may so speak, but the Divine Magick of the exalted Soul of the *Messias*.

*Euiſt.* But what will you say to those passages in the Old Testament, Bathynous, such

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such as the dividing of the Red-sea, the making of the sun and moon stand still, the keeping of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego harmless in the fiery furnace, and the like? did not the bare Deity, as you called it, step out then into external action?

*Bath.* You know, Euistor, there was a mighty east-wind that blew all night, and divided the sea; and that there appeared a *fourth* man in the fiery furnace *like unto the Son of God*. And in brief, all the miracles that were done by Moses or any way else among or upon the people of the Jews were done by virtue of the presence of the same *Christ*, who was the conductor of the Israelites into the land of Canaan, and the *Residentiary Guardian* of that people.

*Euist.* Indeed I remember some such opinion of some of the ancient fathers, but I look'd upon it as one of their extravagancies.

*Sophr.* And I upon the hypothesis of Bathynous as a very high reach of wit; but methought Philotheus had fully satisfied Hylobares his *dilemma* before.

XX. The Attribute of Omniscieny.

*Hyl.* I must ingenuously confess, that I think neither of the solutions so weak but that they sufficiently enervate my argument



ment touching the *Immutability* of God: and therefore I willingly pass on to his *Omniscience*.

*Philoth.* What is it that pinches you there, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* A *certain* and *determinate* prescience of things *contingent*, *free* and *uncertain*. For it seems otherwise to take away the liberty of will and the nature of sin: for sin seems not to be sin, unless it be voluntary.

*Philoth.* It may be not, Hylobares. But why do you then attribute such a Prescience to God as is involved in such dangerous inconveniencies?

*Hyl.* Because it is a greater Perfection in God to foresee all things that are to come to pass certainly and determinately, than the contrary.

*Philoth.* And would it not be a greater Perfection in the *Omnipotency* of God to be able to do all things, even those that imply a contradiction, than not be able to do them?

*Hyl.* It would. But because they imply a contradiction to be done, no body thinks the Omnipotency of God maimed or blemished in that it reaches not to such things.

*Philoth.* Why then, Hylobares, if *certain* prescience of *uncertain* things or events

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vents imply a *contradiction*, it seems it may be struck out of the Omniscieny of God, and leave no scar nor blemish behind; for God will nevertheless be as *omniscient* as he is *omnipotent*. But if it imply no contradiction, what hinders but we may attribute it to him?

*Hyl.* But it seems necessary to attribute it to him: else how can he manage the affairs of the world?

*Philoth.* O Hylobares, take you no care for that. For that eternal Mind that knows all things possible to be known, comprehends all things that are possible to be done, and so hath laid such trains of causes as shall most certainly meet every one in due time in judgment and righteousness, let him take what way he will.

*Hyl.* I understand you, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* And you may further understand that, according to some, what you would attribute to God as a Perfection sounds more like an imperfection, if well considered.

*Hyl.* Why so, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Is it not the perfection of knowledge to know things as they are in their own nature?

*Hyl.* It is so.

*Philoth.* Wherefore to know a *free agent*,

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gent, which is *undeterminate* to either part, to be so *undeterminate*, and that he may chuse which part he will, is the most perfect knowledge of such an agent and of his action, till he be perfectly *determinate* and has made his choice.

*Hyl.* It seems so.

*Philoth.* Therefore to know him determined before he be determined, or while he is free, is an imperfection of knowledge, or rather no knowledge at all, but a mistake and error; and indeed is a contradiction to the Nature of God, who can understand nothing but according to the distinct *idea's* of things in his own mind. And the *idea* of a *free agent* is *undeterminateness* to one part before he has made choice. Whence to foresee that a free agent will pitch upon such a part in his choice, with knowledge certain and infallible, is to foresee a thing as certain even then when it is uncertain; which is a plain contradiction or gross mistake.

*Hyl.* You do more than satisfy me in this, Philotheus, That to conceive things undeterminate determinately, or that they will be certainly this way while they may be either this way or that way, is an imperfection or contradiction to the truth. But there is yet this piece of perplexity behind,

behind, that this pretence of perfection of knowledge will necessarily infer an imperfection or inability of predicting future actions and free agents, and take away *divine inspiration and prophecy.*

*Philoth.* That is shrewdly urged and seasonably. But you are to understand, that so much liberty as is in man will leave room enough for millions of certain predictions, if God thought fit to communicate them so throngly to the world. For tho' I question not but that the souls of men are in some sense free; yet I do as little doubt but there are or may be infinite numbers of actions wherein they are as certainly determined as the brute beasts. And such are the actions of all those that are deeply lapsed into corruption, and of those few that are grown to a more heroical state of goodness: it is certainly foreknowable what they will do in such and such circumstances. Not to add, that the divine decrees, when they find not men *fitting* tools, make them so, where prophecies are peremptory or unconditionate.

*Bath.* What Philotheus has hitherto argued for the reconciling of the divine Omniscience with the notion of man's free-will and the nature of sin, bears along with it a commendable plainness and plausibleness

ness for it's easiness to the understanding. But in my apprehension, for all it looks so repugnantly that there should be a certain foreknowledge of what is free and uncertain, yet it seems more safe to allow that privilege to the infinite understanding of God, than to venture at all to circumscribe his Omniscience. For tho' it may safely be said, that he does not know any thing that *really* implies a contradiction to be known; yet we are not assured but that may seem a contradiction to us that is not so really in itself. As for example, To our finite understanding a quadrate whose diagonal is commensurate to one of the sides is a plain contradiction, and we conceit we can demonstrate it to be so, that is to say, that the *ratio* of the one to the other is unconceivable and undefinable. But dare any one be so bold as to affirm that the Divine Intellect itself, whose comprehension is infinite, cannot define to itself the *ratio* of a diagonal line in a quadrate to the side thereof? The application is very obvious.

*Philoth.* It is so, Bathynous. For I suppose in brief you mean this; That as the diagonal line and side of a quadrate, which to our apprehension are incommensurate, are yet commensurable to the infinite comprehension of the Divine Intellect; so a certain

certain and infallible Prescience of uncertain futurities, that seems inconsistent to us, may notwithstanding be apprehended abundantly consistent by the all-comprehensive understanding of God. A very safe and sober solution of the present difficulty. I am very well contented it should be so, Bathynous, and that what I have offered at therein should pass as spoken by way of Essay rather than of dogmatizing, and according to the sense of others rather than mine own.

*Philop.* I never saw that saying so much verified any-where, that *wisdom is easy to him that understands*, as in Bathynous and Philotheus' discourses. Are you not thoroughly satisfied hitherto, Hylobares ?

*Hyl.* I must confess I am. But now I come to the most confounding point, and which is such as that I fear it is fatal to me never to be satisfied in.

*Philoth.* What is that, Hylobares ?

XXI. The Attribute of Spirituality, and that God cannot be material.

*Hyl.* The *Spirituality* of God. It is the proper disease of my mind, not to be able to conceive any thing that is not *material* or *corporeal*. But I hope it is not a disease unto death.

*Philoth.* God forbid it should be, Hylobares,

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bears, so long as it is no impediment to the belief of the Existence of God, and of all those Attributes that are requisite for the engaging a man's soul in the pursuit of true piety and virtue. God will at last bring such an one to the true knowledge of himself, whatever his ignorance may be for the present. And for my part, I am not fond of the notion of *spirituality* nor any notion else, but so far forth as they are subservient to *life* and *godliness*; that there may be as much happiness in this life, as human affairs are capable of, and that we may be eternally happy in the life to come. Otherwise, I have no such great solicitude, that any should be such trim and precise speculators of things, as not to err an hairs-breadth in matters of great perplexity and obscurity.

*Euist.* I read that some of the Fathers have been of opinion that God is a kind of *pure subtile body*.

*Bath.* That may very well be. But then they had not that true and precise notion of a subtile body that most philosophers have in this age: but it is likely they understood no more thereby, than that it was a *subtile extended substance*; which, for my part, I conceive in the general may be true. But to say it is properly a subtile body,

body, is to acknowledge it a *congeries* of very little atomes toying and playing one by another, which is too mean a conception of the Majesty of God. Besides, that it is unconceivable how these loose atomes, which are so independent of one another, should join together to make up the Godhead; or how they do conspire to keep together, that there is not a dissolution of the Divinity. Or thus: if this multitude of divine atomes be God, be they interspersed amongst all the matter of the world? or do they keep together? If they be dispersed, God is less one than any thing else in the world, and is rather an infinite number of Deities than one God or any God; and this infinite number in an incapacity of conferring notes to contrive so wise a frame of the universe as we see. But if there be one *congeries* of divine atomes that keep together, in which of those infinite numbers of *vortices* is it seated? or amongst which? or how it can it order the matter of those *vortices* from which it is so far distant? or how again do these atomes, tho' not interspersed, communicate notions one with another for one design? Do they talk or discourse with one another? or what do they do? And then again—

*Hyl.*



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*Hyl.* Nay forbear, Bathynous, to go any farther, for you have put me quite out of conceit with a *material* Deity already, the more my grief and pain. For to make a *material* Deity, I must confess, seems extremely ridiculous; and to make a *spiritual* one impossible: so that I am in greater straits than ever I was.

XXII. The false notion of a spirit.

*Philoth.* Why, Hylobares, what conceit have you of a *Spirit*, that you should think it a thing impossible?

*Hyl.* Is it not infinitely incredible, Philotheus, if not impossible, that some thousands of spirits may dance or march on a needle's point at once?

*Cuph.* Ay, and that booted and spurr'd too.

*Hyl.* And that in one instant of time they can fly from one pole of the world to the other?

*Philoth.* These things, I must confess, seem very incredible.

*Hyl.* And that the spirit of man, which we usually call his soul, is wholly, without sitting, in his toe, and wholly in his head, at once? If the whole soul be in the toe, there is nothing left to be in the head. Therefore the notion of a spirit is perfectly impossible: or else all things are  
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alike true : for nothing seems more impossible than this.

*Philoth.* But whose description of a Spirit is this, Hylobares ?

*Hyl.* It is, Philotheus, the description of the venerable schools.

*Philoth.* But did I not pre-advertise you, that no human authority has any right of being believed when they propound contradictions ? Wherefore their rash description of a spirit ought to be no prejudice to the truth of its existence. And tho' the true notion of a spirit were incomprehensible, yet that would be no solid argument against the reality of it ; as you may observe in the nature of *eternal succession*, which we cannot deny to be, tho' we be not able to comprehend it.

XXIII. That there is a spiritual Being in the world.

*Hyl.* That is very true indeed, and very well worth the noting. But how shall we be so well assured of the *existence* of a spirit, while the comprehension of its *nature* is taken for desperate ?

*Philoth.* That there is some intellectual Principle in the world, you were abundantly convinced from the works of nature, as much as that *Archimedes* his treatise *de sphaera & cylindro* was from a rational agent : and even now it seemed ridiculous to you

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beyond all measure, that a *congeries* of atoms should be *divine* and *intellectual* : wherefore there is something that is *not matter* that is *intellectual*, which must be a substance immaterial or incorporeal, that is in a word, a *Spirit*.

*Hyl.* I am, I must confess, very strongly urged to believe there is a *Spirit* as well as an *eternal Duration*, tho' I can comprehend neither.

*Philoth.* And that you may be farther corroborated in your belief, consider the manifold stories of apparitions, and how many spectres have been seen or felt to wrestle, pull or tug with a man : which, if they were a mere *congeries* of atoms, were impossible. How could an arm of mere air or æther pull at another man's hand or arm, but it would easily part in the pulling? Admit it might use the motion of *pulsion*, yet it could never that of *attraction*.

*Hyl.* This indeed were a palpable demonstration that there must be some other substance in these spectres of air or æther, if the histories were true.

*Euisf.* We read such things happening even in all ages and places of the world ; and there are modern and fresh examples every day : so that no man need doubt of the truth.

*Hyl.*

XXIV. That extension and matter are not reciprocal.

*Hyl.* These experiments indeed strike very strongly on the imagination and senses, but there is a subtle reason that presently unlooses all again. And now methinks I could wish the *nature* of a spirit were more unknown to me than it is, that I might believe its *existence* without meddling at all with its *essence*. But I cannot but know thus much of it, whether I will or no, that it is either extended, or not extended; I mean, it has either some *amplitude of essence*, or else none at all. If it has no *amplitude* or extension, the ridiculous hypothesis of the schools will get up again, and millions of spirits, for ought I know, may dance on a needle's point, or rather, they, having no *amplitude*, would be nothing. If they have any *amplitude* or extension, they will not be *spirits*, but mere *body* or *matter*. For, as that admired wit, Des-Cartes solidly concludes, *extension is the very essence of matter*. This is one of the greatest arguments that fatally bear me off from a cheerful closing with the belief of spirits properly so called.

*Philoth.* It is much, Hylobares, that you should give such an adamantine assent to so weak and precarious an assertion as this of Des-Cartes. For tho' it be wittily sup-

posed by him, for a ground of more certain and mathematical after-deductions in his philosophy; yet it is not at all proved, that matter and extension are reciprocally the same, *as well every extended thing matter, as all matter extended.* This is but an upstart conceit of this present age. The ancient atomical philosophers were as much for a *vacuum* as for *atomes*. And certainly the world has hitherto been very idle, that have made so many disputes and try'd so many experiments whether there be any *vacuum* or no, if it be so demonstratively concludible, as Des-Cartes would bear us in hand, that it implies a contradiction there should be any. The ground of the demonstration lies so shallow and is so obvious, that none could have missed of it, if they could have thought there had been any force in it.

*Hyl.* It is true, this might in reason abate a man's confidence a little, Philotheus; but the apprehension is so deeply rivetted into my mind, that such rhetorical flourishes cannot at all loosen or brush it out.

XXV. That there is an extension intrinsic to motion.

*Philoth.* Well then, give me leave, Hylobares, to attack you some other way.  
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Did you not say even now, that whatever has no extension or amplitude is nothing?

*Hyl.* I did, and do not repent me of so saying. For I doubt not but that it is true.

*Philoth.* Wherefore *extension* or *amplitude* is an intrinsecal or essential property of *ens quatenus ens*, as the metaphysicians phrase it.

*Hyl.* It is so.

*Philoth.* And what is an intrinsecal or essential attribute of a thing, is in the thing itself.

*Hyl.* Where should it be else?

*Philoth.* Wherefore there is extension in every thing or entity.

*Hyl.* It cannot be deny'd.

*Philoth.* And it can as little be deny'd but that motion is an *entity*, I mean a *physical entity*.

*Hyl.* It cannot.

*Philoth.* Therefore extension is an intrinsecal property of motion.

*Hyl.* It must be acknowledged; what then?

*Philoth.* What then? Do you not yet see, Hylobares, how weak an assertion that of Des-Cartes is, That extension and matter are reciprocal? for you plainly see that extension is intrinsecal to motion, and yet motion is not matter.

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*Hyl.* Motion is not *ens*, but *modus entis*.

*Philoth.* Nay, by your favour, Hylobares, motion is *ens*, tho' in some sense it may be said to be *modus corporis*.

*Hyl.* Methinks I am, I know not how, Philotheus, illaqueated, but not truly captivated into an assent to your conclusion.

*Philoth.* That is because you are already held captive in that inured conceit of Des-Cartes, that makes you suspect solid reason for a sophism.

*Hyl.* If motion were a thing that was loose or *exemptitious* from matter, then I could not but be convinced that it had extension of its own; but being it is a mere mode of matter, that cannot pass from it into another subject, it has no other extension than that of the matter itself it is in.

*Philoth.* But if it have another essence from the matter itself, by your own concession it must however have another extension. Besides, you seem mistaken in what I mean by motion. For I mean not simply the *translation*, but the *vis agitans* that pervades the whole body that is moved. Which both Regius and Des-Cartes acknowledge *exemptitious* and loose, so that it may pass from one part of matter to another.

*Hyl.* But what is that to me, if I do not?

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* It is at least thus much to you, that you may take notice how rashly and groundlessly both Des-Cartes and Regius assert extension and matter to be reciprocal, while in the mean time they affirm that which according to your own judgment does plainly and convincingly infer that extension is more general than matter.

*Hyl.* It is, I must confess, a sign that the apprehensions of men are very humour-some and lubricous.

*Philoth.* And therefore we must take heed, Hylobares, how we let our minds cleave to the opinion of any man out of admiration of his person.

*Hyl.* That is good advice, and of great consequence (if it be given betimes) for the keeping out of error and falshood. But when a fancy is once ingrafted in the mind, how shall one get it out?

*Philoth.* I must confess I marvel much, Hylobares, that you being so fully convinced that every real and physical *entity* has an intrinsecal extension of its own, and that motion is a physical entity different from matter, you should not be presently convinced that motion has also an intrinsecal extension of its own. To which you might add, that the manner of the extension of matter is different from the nature of the  
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the extension in motion: the former being one single extension, not to be lessened nor increased without the lessening and increase of the matter itself; but the other a gradual extension, to be lessened or augmented without any lessening or augmenting the matter. Whence again it is a sign that it has an extension of its own, *reduplicative* into itself, or reducible to thinner or weaker degrees; while the extension of the matter remains still single and the same.

*Hyl.* I must confess, Philotheus, that I am brought to these straits, that I must either renounce that principle, That every physical entity has an intrinsecal extension of its own, as much as it has an intrinsecal essence of its own, (which I know not how to do;) or else I must acknowledge that something besides matter is extended. But I must take time to consider of it. I am something staggered in my judgment.

XXVI. That there is an immovable extension distinct from that of movable matter.

*Philoth.* Give me leave then, Hylobares, to follow my blow with one stroke and see if I cannot strike your opinion with one blow more to the ground.

*Hyl.*

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*Hyl.* Do, Philotheus, I will stand the shock of it.

*Philoth.* Place yourself then under the æquinoctial line, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* Is it not better being in this cool harbour?

*Philoth.* I hope the mere imagination of the torrid zone will not heat you. But you may place yourself in a more temperate clime, if you please.

*Hyl.* What then Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Shoot up an arrow perpendicularly from the earth; the arrow, you know, will return to your foot again.

*Hyl.* If the wind hinder not.\* But what does this arrow aim at?

*Philoth.* This arrow has described only right lines with its point, upwards and downwards, in the air; but yet, holding the motion of the earth, it must also have described in some sense a circular or curvilinear line.

*Hyl.* It must so.

*Philoth.* But if you be so impatient of the heat abroad, neither your body nor your fancy need step out of this cool bowre. Consider the round trencher that glafs stands upon; it is a kind of short *cylinder*, which you may easily imagine a foot longer if you will.

*Hyl.*

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*Hyl.* Very easily, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* And as easily fancy a line drawn from the top of the *axis* of that *cylinder* to the *peripherie* of the *basis*.

*Hyl.* Every jot as easily.

*Philoth.* Now imagine this *cylinder* turned round on its *axis*. Does not that line from the top of the *axis* to the *peripherie* of the *basis* necessarily describe a *conicum* in one circumvolution?

*Hyl.* It does so Philotheus.

*Philoth.* But it describes no such figure in the wooden cylinder itself: as the arrow in the aerial or material æquinoctial circle describes not any line but a right one. In what therefore does the one describe, suppose, a *circular line*, the other a *conicum*?

*Hyl.* As I live, Philotheus, I am struck as it were with lightning from this surprising consideration.

*Philoth.* I hope, Hylobares, you are pierced with some measure of illumination.

*Hyl.* I am so.

*Philoth.* And that you are convinced, that whether *you live* or no, that there ever was, is, and ever will be an *immovable extension* distinct from that of *movable matter*.

*Hyl.* This evidently demonstrates the existence of the ancient *democritish vacuum*.

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*em*, and withal that extension and matter are not convertible terms; for which yet Cartesius so much contends. This conceit is struck quite dead with the point of the arrow describing a curvilinear line in the steady æquinoctial circle. And if it should ever offer to flame out again into life in my thoughts, I would use the *conicum* as an extinguisher to smother it.

*Philop.* What a chearful thing the apprehension of truth is, that it makes Hylobares so pleasant and so witty?

XXVII. That this extension distinct from matter is not imaginary, but real.

*Cypb.* But methinks he claps<sup>s</sup> his wings before the victory, or rather submits before he be overcome. For it may be seasonably suggested, that it is *real extension* and *matter* that are terms convertible; but that extension wherein the arrow-head describes a curvilinear line is only *imaginary*.

*Hyl.* But it is so imaginary, that it cannot possibly be dis-imagined by human understanding. Which methinks should be no small earnest that there is more than an imaginary being there. And the ancient Atomists\* call this *vacuum τὴν ἀναφῆ φύσιν*, the *intangible nature*; which is a sign they thought it some real thing. Which appears farther

\* Diog. Laert. in vita Epicuri.

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farther from their declaring, that this and atomes were the only true things, but that the rest were mere appearances. And Aristotle somewhere in his *physicks* expressly declares of the *Pythagoreans*, that they held there was a *vacuum*, from an infinite spirit that pervades heaven or the universe, as living and breathing in virtue thereof.

*Euist.* I remember the passage very well: it is in the fourth book and the sixth chapter.

Εἶναι δ' ἔφασαν καὶ οἱ Πυθαγόρειοι κενόν, καὶ ἐπειστέναι αὐτό τῷ ἔρανῳ ἐκ τῆ ἀπείρου πνεύματος ὡς ἂν ἀναπνέοντι.

*Bath.* As if this *Pythagorick vacuum* were that to the universe which the air is to particular animals, that wherein and whereby they live and breathe. Whence it is manifest the *Pythagoreans* held it no imaginary being.

*Hyl.* And lastly, O Cuphophon, unless you will flinch from the dictates of your so highly-admired Des-Cartes, forasmuch as this *vacuum* is extended, and measurable, and the like, it must be a reality; because *non entis nulla est affectio*, according to the reasonings of your beloved master. From whence it seems evident that there is an extended substance far more subtil than body, that pervades the whole matter of the universe.

*Bath.*

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*Bath.* Excellently well argued, O Hylobares! Thou art become not only a disciple, but a very able champion for the truth of immaterial beings, and therefore art not far off from the right apprehension of the nature of God. Of whose essence I must confess I have always been prone to think this subtile extension (which a man cannot dis-imagine but must needs be) to be a more obscure shadow or adumbration, or to be a more general and confused apprehension of the *Divine Amplitude*. For this will be necessarily, tho' all matter were annihilated out of the world. Nay indeed this is antecedent to all matter, forasmuch as no matter nor any being else can be conceived to be but in this. In this are all things necessarily apprehended *to live and move and have their being*.

Sophr. \* *Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations. Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever thou hadst formed the earth or the world: even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.*

*Bath.* Whence the *Cabbalists* have not vainly attributed those titles of *Adonâi* and *Makôm* unto God, who is the *immovable Mover, Receptacle and Sustainer* of all things.

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\* Psal. 90. 1, 2.

things. Answerable to what Hylobares noted of the opinion of the *Pythagoreans*, who have a great affinity with the ancient *Cabbalists*.

*Cuph.* What mysterious conceits has Bathynous of what can be but a mere *vacuum* at best?

*Bath.* It is an extension plainly distinct from that of matter, and more necessarily to be imagined in this distinctness than that extension of matter, and therefore a ground infinitely more certain of the existence of an infinite *Spirit* than the other of indefinite *matter*. For while that extension which Cartesius would build his matter on is conceived *movable*, this *Spirit* is necessarily supposed in which it *moves*, as appears from Philotheus his instances. So that *this* is the *extension only* which must imply the necessity of the existence of some real being thereunto appertaining; which therefore must be coincident with the *Essence of God*, and cannot but be a *Spirit*, because it pervades the matter of the universe.

*Cuph.* It is only the capacity of matter, Bathynous.

*Bath.* What do you mean by capacity, Cuphophonon? *Matter in potentia*?

*Cuph.* Yes.

*Bath.*

*Bath.* But we conceive this extension loosely distinct from that of matter: that of matter being *movable*, this *immovable*; that of matter *discerpible*, this *indiscerpible*. For if it were discerpible, it would be also movable, and so *ipso facto* distinguish itself from the indiscerpible and immovable extension. But when *ens potentia* is once made *ens actu*, they are one and the same undivided essence actually existent, nor can possibly be loose from one another while they are: as your metaphysical wit cannot but easily apprehend.

*Cuph.* I cannot so easily apprehend it in this case, Bathynous, who must, with Descartes make *extension* and *matter* reciprocal. For I am certain I am illaqueated with a mere sophism, forasmuch as I easily conceive that, if God were exterminated as well as matter out of the world, yet this extension you talk so magnificently of would to my deluded fancy seem necessarily to remain. But if there were no God nor matter, there would be nothing. Which is a plain sign that this remaining extension is the extension of nothing, and therefore that itself is nothing but our imagination.

*Bath.* This is cunningly fetch'd about, O Cuphophon. But if you well consider things, this fetch of yours, which seems



to be against me, is really for me. For in that you acknowledge that while you conceive God exterminated out of the world, this extension does notwithstanding remain, it is but an indication of what is true, that the conception of God's being exterminated out of the world implies a contradiction, as most certainly it does. For no essence that is exterminable can be the essence of God, forasmuch as his essence implies necessary existence. Wherefore that God which you did exterminate, that is to say, conceived exterminable, was a figment of your own: but that extension which remains to you whether you will or no, is really and indentifically coincident with the amplitude of the essence of God. Whence we may see not only the folly, but the impiety, of the other position, which would transplant that main prerogative of God, I mean his necessary existence, upon matter, upon pretence that whatever is extended must be such; and withal necessarily exterminate God out of the universe with as many as cannot conceive any thing to be but what is extended, that is to say, has some kind of amplitude or other.

XXVIII. A fresh appeal touching the truth of that point to reason, sense and imagination.

*Hyl.* And therefore it had been my inevitable

vitale fate to have been an Atheist, had not Philotheus so fortunately freed me from so mischievous a conceit by those instances of the *conicum* and arrow. For I do most immutably apprehend thereby, that there is an extension distinct from that of matter, which tho' we should admit to be imaginary, yet this at least will result therefrom, That extension being thus necessarily applicable as well to imaginary things as to real, it is rather a *logical* notion than a *physical*, and consequently is applicable to all objects as well *metaphysical* as *physical*.

*Cuph.* As well *phantastical* or *imaginary* as *physical*, you should say, Hylobares. For if any real thing be extended, it is *ipso facto* matter, as that oracle of philosophy has concluded, I mean Renatus Descartes.

*Hyl.* That is again spitefully interposed, Cuphophon, (but not at all proved) and yet repugnantly to your own admired oracle, who has declared, as I told you before, that *nihili nulla est affectio*. Wherefore there being a measurable extension distinct from that of matter, there is also a substance distinct from matter, which therefore must be *immaterial*, and consequently *metaphysical*. But that there is an extensi-

on distinct from matter, is apparent in that instance of the *conicum*.

*Cuph.* There is no real description of a *conicum*, Hylobares, nor in any extension but that of the wooden cylinder itself. These are whims and turnings of our fancy only: and then we make grave theological inferences, and uses of reproof, as if we carried all before us.

*Hyl.* Answer me but with patience, Cuphophon, and I doubt not but I shall quickly convince you, that there is more than fancy in those arguings. I will appeal to your *reason*, your *imagination*, and your *sense*. What therefore is it, O Cuphophon, to describe a figure, as the mathematicians speak, but to draw some *extensum* or some point of it through the parts of some other *extensum*, so that the parts are passed through of that *extensum* in which the figure is said to be described?

*Cuph.* Right, Hylobares, that is plain at first sight.

*Hyl.* This to gratify your *reason*. But farther too, to caress your *sense* and *fancy*, let us imagine for that wooden cylinder a glass one, with a red line in it for its *axis*, and from the top of this *axis* another red line drawn down to the peripherie of the *basis*; which lines would be visible to  
your

your very sight through the transparent glass?

*Cuph.* A fine thing to play with, Hylobares, what then?

*Hyl.* I would have you play with such a thing, O Cuphophon, but in such sort, as to make it turn swiftly upon its *axis*. And there will appear to your very sight a red *conicum*, like the usual shape of an extinguisher. If the line were blue, it would be like it something in colour as well as figure. This I conceive (for I never try'd it, nor thought of it before now) you might distinctly see in the glass.

*Cuph.* A goodly sight: but what of all this?

*Hyl.* I demand in what *extensum* this *conicum* is described?

*Cuph.* In the same it is seen, namely in the glass, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* You answer what is impossible, Cuphophon, and against your first concession. For the red line does not pass through the parts of the glass, but is carried along with them, and therefore cannot describe the *conicum* in it. But there is a *conicum* described even to your very *sense*. In what *extensum* therefore is it described?

*Cuph.* In an imaginary *extensum*.

*Hyl.* But what is imaginary, Cuphophon,  
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is a figment made at pleasure by us: But this *extensum* we cannot dis-imagine, as I told you before, but it is whether we will or no: for no figure can be drawn but through the parts of some *extensum*.

*Cuph.* I am cast upon the same answers again that I was before: then it is the *idea* of a possible *extensum*, which indeed the glass-cylinder actually is.

*Hyl.* That is to say, It is the particular or individual possible *idea* of that *extensum* which the glass-cylinder is actually.

*Cuph.* It is that, or else I confess I know not what it is. It is a mockery of the mind, it is a troublesome fallacy.

*Hyl.* But you do not mean any *idea* in our brain by this possible *idea*. For the red line that describes the *conicum* is in the glass, not in our brain.

*Cuph.* Therefore I must mean the object of that *idea*.

*Hyl.* But is not the actual describing of a figure in a mere possible *extensum* like sense to the writing of an actual epistle in a possible sheet of paper? Besides, this particular or individual possible *idea* of the *extensum* which this particular cylinder is, *actually* is an immovable *extensum*, but this cylinder removable from it even while it does exist. How can it then be that particular

cylar possible *extensum* which the cylinder is actually : but admit it could be, and let this cylinder be removed from this possible immovable *extensum*, and another cylinder of the same bigness succeed into its place. Now this second cylinder is *actually* that particular *extensum* which still the same individual possible *extensum* is or was *potentially*. And so both the first and second cylinders are one and the same individual cylinder : for one *individual possibility* can afford no more than one *individual actuality* in the world. And therefore one and the same cylinder is in two distant places at once.

*Sophr.* This makes Cuphophon rub his temples. I believe he is confounded in the midst of this hot and hasty career he has taken a-fresh in the behalf of Des-Cartes. Let me help him a little. It may be that immovable possible cylindriacal *extensum* is the *genus* of the two other *cylinders*, and, as I remember, \*Des-Cartes intimates some such thing.

*Hyl.* But how can that which is *immovable*, O Sophron, be the *genus* of those things that are *movable*? And we will suppose both these cylinders removed from this

\* Princ. philos. par. 2. sect. 10, 11.

this possible cylindrical *extensum*, and thus the *genus* will be deserted of its *species*, and the *species* destitute of their *genus*. Which can be good in no *logick* but Cuphophon's or Des-Cartes'. But if by *genus* you mean a mere logical notion, that is only in the brain, which the red line is not, but in the glass.

*Sophr.* Nay, I perceive there is no dealing with Hylobares when his wit is once awakened. I am presently forced to sound a retreat. And yet I care not to cast this one conceit more at him before I run away. What if I should say it is only *spatium imaginarium*, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* Then you would only say but what in effect Cuphophon has said twice already. But I tell you, Sophron, that the extension of this space which you call *imaginary* is real. *For whatsoever is a real affection or attribute any-where, (and you know extension is so in matter) is every where real where it is apprehended to be independently on our imagination.* And that this extension is actual, necessary and independent on our imagination, is plainly discoverable in those instances of the *arrow* and *conicum*.

*Philoth.* You are an excellent proficient, Hylobares, that can thus vary, improve  
and

and maintain things from so few and slender hints. I never spoke with better success to any one in all my life touching these matters.

XXIX. The essential properties of matter.

*Hyl.* I find myself hugely at ease since your freeing me, O Philotheus, from that prejudice, *that whatsoever is extended, must be matter*. Whence I can now easily admit the existence of spirits; but have therefore the greater curiosity, and find myself finely at leisure, to be more punctually instructed concerning the nature of them.

*Philoth.* I dare say, Hylobares, you will be able abundantly to instruct yourself touching that point, if we do but first carefully settle the notion of matter, whose essence I conceive consists chiefly in these three attributes, *self-disunity, self-impene- trability, and self-inactivity*.

*Hyl.* But I desire, O Philotheus, to know the distinct meaning of every one of these terms.

*Philoth.* By *self-disunity* I understand nothing else but that matter has no *vinculum* of its own to hold it together, so that of itself it would be disunited into a *congeries* of mere *physical monads*, that is, into so little particles, that it implies a contradiction they should be less.

*Hyl.*



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*Hyl.* I understand the notion well enough. But what makes you attribute *disunity* to matter rather than firm union of parts, especially you attributing *self-inactivity* thereto?

*Philoth.* Because there is no *vinculum* imaginable in matter to hold the parts together. For you know they are impenetrable, and therefore touch one another as it were in smooth *superficies's*. How therefore can they hold together? what is the principle of their union?

*Cuph.* O, that is very clear, Philotheus; that stupendious wit Des-Cartes plainly tells us that it is *rest*.

*Philoth.* But I pray do you tell me, Cuphophon, what is *rest*?

*Cuph.* That is easily understood from *motion*, which Des-Cartes intimates to be the separation or translation of one part of matter from the other.

*Philoth.* And so *rest* is the *union* or *unseparateness* of one part of matter from another.

*Cuph.* I can imagine nothing else by it. For if a whole mass of matter move together in one hard piece, the whole is moved; but the parts in respect of one another, because they do not separate one from another, are said to rest. And on this account

account *motion* is said to be reciprocal, because indeed separation is so.

*Philoth.* Then *rest* and *unseparateness* of parts are all one.

*Cuph.* It seems so.

*Philoth.* And *unseparateness* and *union* all one.

*Cuph.* The very same, I think.

*Philoth.* Why then, *rest* and *union* are all one, and so the principle of the *union* of the parts of matter is the *union* of their parts.

*Hyl.* That is, they have no principle of *union* at all, and therefore of themselves are disunited.

*Philoth.* And there is great reason they should have none, forasmuch as they are to be bound together in such forms and measures as some more *divine* cause shall order.

*Cuph.* I think in my heart Philotheus and Hylobares have both plotted a conspiracy together against that prince of philosophers, our admired Des-Cartes.

*Hyl.* Philotheus and I have conspired in nothing, O Cuphophon, but what so noble a philosopher would commend us for, that is, the free searching out of truth : in which I conceive we are not unsuccessful. For I must confess I am convinced

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that this first attribute of matter, as Philotheus has explained it, is true. And for *self-impenetrability*, it is acknowledged of all sides. But what do you mean, O Philotheus, by *self-inactivity*?

*Philoth.* I mean that matter does not move nor actuate itself, but is or has been always excited by some other, and cannot modify the motion it is excited into, but moves directly so as it is first excited, unless some external cause hinder.

*Hyl.* This I understand, and doubt not of the truth thereof.

*Cuph.* This is no more than Des-Cartes himself allows of.

*Bath.* And good reason, O Cuphophon, he should do so. For there being no *medium* betwixt *self-activity* and *self-inactivity*, nor betwixt *self-union* and *self-disunity*, nor any immediate *genus* to these distributions, as cogitation and figure are to the kinds or modes under them, it is necessary that one of the twain, and not an indifferency to either, should be the innate property of so simple an essence as matter: and that therefore *self-inactivity* and *self-disunity* should be the properties thereof, it being a passive principle, and wholly to be guided by another.

*Philoth.* You say right, Bathynous; and the

the consecratory from all this will be, That *sympathy* cannot immediately belong to matter.

*Hyl.* Very likely.

*Philoth.* We are fully agreed then touching the right notion or nature of matter, *Hylobares*.

*Hyl.* We are so, *Philotheus*.

*Philoth.* Can you then mis of the true notion of a *spirit*?

XXX. The true notion of a *spirit*.

*Hyl.* Methinks I find myself able to define it by the rule of contraries. For if *self-disunity*, *self-inactivity*, *self-impenetrability*, be the essential attributes of *matter* or *body*; then the attributes of the opposite *species*, viz. of *spirit*, must be *self-unity*, *self-activity*, *self-penetrability*.

*Philoth.* Very right. And have you not as distinct a notion of every one of these attributes as of the other?

*Hyl.* I will try. By the *self-unity* of a *spirit* I understand a *spirit* to be *immediately* and *essentially one*, and to want no other *vinculum* to hold the parts together but its own essence and existence; whence it is of its own nature *indiscerpible*.

*Philoth.* Excellently well defined.

*Hyl.* This I am carried to by my reason. But methinks my imagination boggles

and starts back, and brings me into a suspicion that it is the notion of a thing that cannot be. For how can an extended substance be indivisible or indiscerpible? For *quatenus* extended it must be divisible.

*Philoth.* It is true, it is *intellectually* divisible, but *physically* indiscerpible. Therefore this is the fallacy your fancy puts upon you, that you make *indivisibility* and *indiscerpibility* all one. What is *intellectually* divisible may be *physically* indivisible or indiscerpible: as it is manifest in the nature of God, whose very *idea* implies indiscerpibility, the contrary being so plain an imperfection. For whatsoever is discernible is also movable: but nothing is movable but must be conceived to move in that which is a necessary and immovable essence, and which will necessarily be, tho' there were nothing else in the world: which therefore must be the holy essence of God, as Bathynous has very well noted already, and seems to have light upon the true  $\tau\acute{o}$   $\pi\rho\acute{\omega}\tau\omicron\nu$   $\kappa\iota\nu\theta\epsilon\nu$   $\acute{\alpha}\kappa\iota\nu\eta\tau\omicron\nu$ , which Aristotle sought for above the heavens, but Bathynous has rightly found to be every-where. Wherefore at length to make our inference; If it imply a contradiction, Hylobares, that the Divine Extension should be discernible,

pible, extended essence *quatenus* extended cannot imply *physical* divisibility.

*Hyl.* It is very true, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* What hinders then but spirit *quatenus* spirit, according to the right *idea* thereof, be *immediately* or *essentially* one, that is to say, *indiscerpible*? For what is immediately and essentially one, and not *instrumentally*, or *one by virtue of some other*, is necessarily and immutably one, and it implies a contradiction to be otherwise, while it at all is, and therefore is *indiscerpible*.

*Cuph.* Why, Philotheus? cannot the Omnipotence of God-himself discern a spirit, if he has a mind to it?

*Philoth.* He may annihilate a spirit, if he will. But if a spirit be immediately and essentially one, he can no more discern it, than he can separate that property, of having the power of the *hypotenusæ* equal to the powers of both the *basis* and *cathetus*, from a *rectangle-triangle*.

*Cuph.* You know, Philotheus, Des-Cartes asserts that God might change this property of a *rectangle-triangle*, if he would.

*Philoth.* He does indeed say so, but by way of a slim jeer to their ignorance, as he deems it, that are not aware of his supposed mechanical necessity of the result of all

the *phenomena* of the world from the mere motion of the matter. This piece of wit I suspect in this paradox of that great Philosopher. However, I will not contend with you, Cuphophon: Let but a spirit be no more discernible than that property of a rectangle-triangle is separable from it, and then we are agreed.

*Cuph.* I am well pleased that we can agree in any thing that is comphable with the dictates of the noble Des-Cartes.

*Philoth.* So I dare say should we all, O Cuphophon: But I must pursue my purpose with Hylobares. What do you understand by *self-activity* in a spirit, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* I understand an active power in a spirit, whereby it either modifies itself according to its own nature, or moves the matter regularly according to some certain modifications it impresses upon it, uniting the *physical monads* into particles of such magnitude and figure, and guiding them in such motions as answer the end of the spiritual agent, either conceived by it or incorporated into it. Whence there appears, as was said, the reason why both *disunity* and *inactivity* should belong to matter.

*Philoth.* Very accurately and succinctly answered, Hylobares. You are so nimble  
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at it, that certainly you have thought of these notions before now.

*Hyl.* I have read something of them. But your dexterous defining the attributes of *matter* might of itself make me a little more chearfully nimble at defining those of a *spirit*, especially now I can close with the belief of its existence, which I could never do heartily before. And for the last Attribute, which seemed to me the most puzzling, I mean that of *self-penetrability*, it is now to me as easy a notion as any: and I understand nothing else by it, but that different spirits may be in the same space, or that one and the same may draw its extension into a lesser compass, and so have one part of its essence lie in the same space with some others: by which power it is able to dilate or contract itself. This I easily conceive may be a property of any created and finite spirit, because the extension of no spirit is corporeal.

*Philoth.* Very true. But did you not observe, Hylobares, how I removed *sympathy* from the capacity of matter?

*Hyl.* I did, Philotheus; and thereby I cannot but collect that it is seated in the *spiritual* or *incorporeal* nature. And I understand by this *sympathy*, not a mere *compassivity*, but rather a *coactivity* of the spirit



spirit in which it does reside : which I conceive to be of great use in all *perceptive* spirits. For in virtue of this attribute, however or in whatever circumstances they are affected in one part, they are after the same manner affected in all. So that if there were a perceptive spirit of an infinite Amplitude and of an infinite exaltedness of *Sympathy*, where-ever any perceptive Energie emerges in this infinite Spirit, it is suddenly and necessarily in all of it at once. For I must confess, Philotheus, I have often thought of these notions heretofore, but could never attribute them to a *spirit*, because I could not believe there was any such thing as a spirit, forasmuch as all extension seemed to me to be corporeal. But your æquinoctial arrow has quite struck that error out of my mind. For the more I think of it, the more unavoidable it seems to me, that that extension in the æquinoctial circle wherein the arrow is carried in a curvilinear motion is not only an extension distinct from that of the aerial circle, but that it is an extension of something real and independent of our imagination. Because the arrow is really carried in such a curvilinear line, and *we not being able to dis-imagine it otherwise*, we have as great a certainty for this as we have for a-  
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ny thing. For it is as certainly true as our faculties are true: *and we have no greater certainty than that of our faculties.* And thus was the sole obstacle that kept me off from admitting the existence of spirits demolished at once by the skilful assaults of Philotheus.

*Philop.* I am exceeding glad of it, Hylobares, and must owe Philotheus many thanks for his successful pains. The *Spirituality* of God then is not the least prejudice to your belief of his existence.

*Hyl.* Not the least, Philopolis. The notion of a *spirit* is now to me as easie and comprehensible as that of *matter*; and the attributes of a spirit infinitely more easie than the competibleness of such properties as they must be forced to give to matter who deny there is any such thing as a spirit in the world.

*Philop.* Why then, you may without any more ado proceed to the last Attribute of God which you propounded.

XXXI. The Attribute of Omnipresency.

*Hyl.* I will, Philopolis. It was *Omnipresency*, I mean the *essential* Omnipresency of God. For attending to the infinite perfection of God according to his *idea*, I cannot but acknowledge his Essence to be infinite, and therefore that he is essentially present

present every-where. And for those that would circumscribe the Divine Essence, I would ask them, how they can make his Essence finite, and his Attributes infinite; or to what extent they conceive him circumscribed. To confine him to a point were intolerably ridiculous. And to pretend that the amplifying of his Essence beyond this were any advantage or perfection, were plainly to acknowledge that the taking away his essential Omnipresency is to attribute to him an infinite imperfection. For any circumscription implies an infinite defect. These considerations, O Philopolis, force me to believe that God is essentially omnipresent, and that he pervades all things, even to all infinite imaginable spaces. But when I have thus concluded with myself, I am cast off again with a very rude and importune check, as if this were to draw down the Divinity into miry lakes and ditches and worse-scented places, and to be as unmannerly in our thoughts to the true God as Orpheus is in his expressions to the Pagan Jupiter,

Ζεῦ κούδισε, μέγιστε Θεῶν, εἰλυμένε κόπρω.

*Exist.* It is the very verse that Gregory Nazianzen quotes in his *invectives* against *Julian the apostate*, and does severely reproach

proach the poet for the slovenliness and unmannerliness of his style.

*Cuph.* And well he may, *Euiſtor.*

*Euiſt.* But how ſhall we redeem our imagination from this captivity into ſuch ſordid conceits?

*Cuph.* I can tell, *Euiſtor*, and I am very glad of the opportunity of the ſhewing the uſefulneſs of a peculiar notion I have of the *Omnipreſency* of God, to ſolve ſuch difficulties as this of *Hylobares*.

*Hyl.* For the love of the truth, good *Cuphophron*, declare it.

*Cuph.* But it is ſo *ſublime*, ſo *ſubtile* and ſo *elevated*, O *Hylobares*, (tho' not the leſs ſolid) that I queſtion whether it will be diſcretion to commit it to unprepared ears.

*Hyl.* Why? you ſee, *Cuphophron*, that I am not altogether an undocible auditor of metaphyſicks, by *Philotheus* his ſucceſs upon me. Beſides, it is againſt the profeſſed freedom of philoſophizing in theſe our meetings to ſuppreſs any thing, and the more injurious, in that you have ſet our mouths a-watering by the mentioning of ſo excellent a notion, and ſo ſerviceable for the ſolving this preſent difficulty touching the Divine Omnipreſence.

*Cuph.* Well, *Hylobares*, becauſe you do  
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thus forcibly extort it, I will not suppress my judgment concerning this matter.

*Hyl.* What is it then, dear Cuphophon?

XXXII. Cuphophon's paradox of God's being no-where.

*Cuph.* That *God is no-where* : and therefore neither in miry lakes nor dirty ponds, nor any other fordid places.

*Hyl.* Ha ha he. Cuphophon, this is a subtle solution, indeed, to come from one that does, I think, as firmly adhere to the belief of a God as any one in the whole company. If all the Atheists in Italy, in England, in Europe, should hear this pious solution of thine, they would assuredly with one voice cry out, Amen, venerable Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* It is much, Hylobares, the Atheists should be so universally devout.

*Philop.* This solution seems to me point-blank against the very words of scripture ; *If I climb up into heaven, thou art there ; If I descend to the bottom of the sea, thou art there also*, and the like. And again, *In him we live and move and have our being*. If we have all this in him, we have it no-where, if he be no-where, nor are we any-where our-selves.

*Philoth.* I suppose that Cuphophon's meaning is, that God is no-where *circumscriptivé*.

*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* I mean he is no-where *essentially*, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Monster of opinions !

*Sophr.* The Pythagoreans and Platonists, and all the established religions of the civilized parts of the world, are for the essential omnipresence of God : only Aristotle places him on the *primum mobile* ; whom Pomponatius, Cardan and Vaninus follow. Nor do I know any other opinion, nor could I imagine any more divisions touching God's presence, but of those that would place him at least some-where, or else of those that would declare him every-where. But now we are come from every-where to some-where, and from some-where to no-where at all. This is a strain of wit, I suppose, peculiar to this present age.

*Cuph.* It may be so, O Sophron. For I think no age within the records of history has produced more *elevated* wits than this present age has done.

*Bath.* I suspect this new conceit, O Cuphophon, of *God's being no-where*, is the waggish suggestion of some sly and sculking Atheists, (with which sort of people this present age abounds) who, upon pretence of extolling the nature of God above the capacity of being so much debased as to be present with any thing that is *extended*, have

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thus stretched their wits to the utmost extent to lift the Deity quite out of the universe, they insinuating that which cannot but imply as much in their own judgments. For it is evident that that which is nowhere is not at all. Wherefore it must needs make fine fleering sport with these *elevated* wits, while they see their ill-intended raillery so devoutly taken up for choicest and sublimest pieces of natural theology by well-meaning, but less cautious, contemplators of philosophical matters.

*Euist.* Is not this something inhospitable for us all to fall upon Cuphophon thus in his own arbour at once?

*Cuph.* No, Euistor, there is nothing committed against the laws of hospitality, but all transacted according to that liberty that is given and often made use of in these our philosophical meetings. They are not at all *uncivil*, tho' you be *extremely much a gentleman*, Euistor, and it may be, a more favourable estimator of my distressed opinion than the rest.

*Euist.* I must confess I think none can conceive better of your person, Cuphophon, than myself; but your assertion of *God's being no-where* is the most odd and unexpected assertion that ever I heard in my life; and, but that you are so very well known

known for your piety otherwise, I should have thought to have been the voice of a down-right Atheist. You will pardon this liberty.

*Cuph.* I told you at first, Euistor, that the notion was more than ordinarily *subtile and sublime*: These things are not apprehended in an instant.

XXXIII. The confutation of that paradox.

*Hyl.* Ay but a man may in almost less than an instant discover the assertion to be impossible, supposing God has any essence at all, as Philotheus or Bathynous could quickly convince you.

*Philoth.* The cause is in a very good hand; I pray you proceed, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* Tell me then first, O Cuphophon, whether God be not as essentially present every-where as he is any-where.

*Cuph.* That I must not deny, Hylobares: He is.

*Hyl.* And whether his essential Attributes be not in his Essence, not out of it.

*Cuph.* Who can imagine to the contrary?

*Hyl.* And whether Omnipotency, wherein is contained the power of moving the matter, be not an essential Attribute of God.

*Cuph.* That is universally acknowledged.



*Hyl.* And that he does or did sometime move at least some part of the matter.

*Cuph.* That Des-Cartes himself asserts, with whom I am resolved to stand and fall.

*Hyl.* Now I demand, if it be possible for the matter to be moved by the power of God, unless there be an application of God's power to the matter?

*Cuph.* It is not possible, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* Nor the power, being only in the essence, not out of it, to be apply'd without the application or presence of the essence to that part of the matter the power acts upon.

*Cuph.* I am surpris'd.

*Hyl.* And therefore there being a necessity that the Essence of God should be present to some part of the matter at least, according to your own concession, it is present to all.

*Cuph.* And so I believe you will infer, Hylobares, that the Divine Essence is in some sense *extended*.

*Hyl.* That indeed, Cuphophon, might be inferred, if need were, that there is an *amplitude* of the Divine Essence.

*Bath.* It might; but this in the mean time most seasonably noted: How that that atheistical plot laid against the Existence of God in that bold assertion, [That there can be

be no extension or amplitude, but it must necessarily be matter, ] being defeated by the notion of the *essential Omnipresence* of God, to make sure work, and to baffle the truth, they raised this *sublime and elevated* fiction, that instead of *God's being everywhere*, according to the universal opinion of all sober men, that his nature is such that *he can be no-where*: without which far-fetch'd subterfuge they could never have born two faces under one hood, and play'd the *Atheist* and *Deist* at once, professing God was no-where, and yet that he was.

*Cuph.* Is this your sagacity or deep melancholy, Bathynous, that makes you surmise such plots against the Deity? For I have no more plot against God, than against my own soul, which I hold to be a spirit. And I hold God to be no-where, not as he is God, but as he is an intellectual spirit: for I hold of all spirits, that they are no-where.

*Hyl.* It seems then, Cuphophon, that the plot aims farther than we thought on, not only to exclude God, but all the orders of spirits that are, out of the world.

*Cuph.* I know not what you call excluding out of the *world*, Hylobares; I am sure I do not mean any excluding out of *being*.

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XXXIV. That all spirits are some-where.

*Hyl.* That is mercifully meant, O Cuphophon; but we cannot conceive they are, if they may not be upon any other terms than you conceit them. And it is a wonder to me, that you do not easily discern your own soul to be *some-where*, if you can distinctly discern her to be at all.

*Cuph.* I do most intimately and distinctly perceive my own soul or mind to be, and that I am it, and yet without being any-where at all.

*Hyl.* But cannot you also think of two things at once, O Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* Every man can do that that can compare two things or two *idea's* one with the other: For if he do not think of them at once, how can he compare them?

*Hyl.* Let not go therefore this perception you have of yourself, but raise up also the *idea* or remembrance of the indefinitely extended matter of the universe, which is dis-continued no-where, but reaches from *yourself* to infinite spaces round about you, or is continued from infinite spaces round about till it reach your thinking *selfship*. Can you be surrounded by all this, and yet be no-where? Or can you compare your distinct *selfship* with this immense compass, and yet not conceive yourself surrounded?

*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* I compare what is no-where with that which is every-where, and find them to be ἀσύμβλητα.

*Hyl.* You suppose your mind or soul no-where first, or rather say so, tho' you cannot conceive it, and then you cry out that the universe and she are ἀσύμβλητα. Which error, if you were unprejudiced, this consideration would convince you of, especially back'd with what palpably falls under sense.

*Cuph.* What's that, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* The soul's being touch'd and transfix'd, as it were, from real objects *ab extra* round about, from above and beneath, and from every side: which would be notoriously perceptible to you, if you could perch yourself, as a bird, on the top of some high steeple.

*Cuph.* It is more safe to suppose the experiment, than to try it. But what then, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* There being from above and beneath and from every side round from those external objects (suppose of sight) motion transmitted to the perceptive soul herself through the air and organs of her body, and she palpably perceiving herself thus affected from things round about her,  
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it is manifest from thence that she is in the midst of them, according as she plainly feels herself to be, and that consequently she is *some-where*.

*Cupb.* That which is no-where cannot be in the midst of any things. It is only the body that is in the midst of those objects, which obtrudes this mistake upon the soul, while she thinks herself to be in the midst of them, whenas indeed she is not.

*Hyl.* But the body with all its organs, and those more external *media* betwixt the body and the objects, are but the instruments whereby the soul perceives those distant objects round about. Wherefore she herself must needs be where the lines of motion through these continued instruments of her perception do concenter. Nay indeed the transmission of any single motion through matter that affects the soul is a palpable argument that she is *some-where*. For how can that which is *some-where*, as matter and motion are, reach that which is *no-where*? How can they come at it, or it at them? Not to add, that Des-Cartes \* himself expressly admits that those objects the soul sees and flies from or pursues are without her. Wherefore many of these in a compass must needs surround her, and there-

\* Princ. part. 1. art. 71.

therefore they being without her, she must be within them, and so of necessity be *somewhere*.

*Cuph.* The Philosopher, it may be, there slips into the ordinary conceit of the vulgar.

*Hyl.* Again, Cuphophon, if the souls of men be no-where, they are as much in one man's body as another's, and one man's soul may move another man's body as well as his own, and at what-ever distance that man is from them: which seems impossible for any finite spirit to do, nor are there any examples of their doing so.

*Cuph.* You give the reason yourself, Hylobares, why they cannot act at any distance; namely, because their power is finite.

*Hyl.* And you Cuphophon, acknowledge souls to be nearer and farther off, in that you acknowledge they cannot act at any distance. But that which is nearer and farther off is some-where, at least *definitivé*.

*Cuph.* And that one man's soul does not move another man's body, is because it is vitally united only to one.

*Hyl.* Is it then united to the inside of the body, Cuphophon, or to the outside?

*Cuph.* That is a captious question. For whether I say to the inside or to the outside, you will infer the soul to be *somewhere*.

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where. But that which is no-where cannot be united to either side.

*Hyl.* And therefore is not united at all.

*Cuph.* These things will not fall into every man's capacity.

*Hyl.* Again, Cuphophon, is the soul united to the body by its essence, or by some essential attribute of the soul ?

*Cuph.* There is another caption, Hylobares : for I foresee your sophistry, that if I say the *essence* of the soul is united with the body, then the soul must be where the body is. But if I say by an *essential attribute*, the soul must be where the essential attribute is, and consequently where the body is : so that it will come all to one.

*Hyl.* Or thus, Cuphophon, Does not the soul move the body ?

*Cuph.* What moves the bodies of brutes, Hylobares ? Is not their soul mere mechanical motion, according to that admirable philosopher ?

*Hyl.* But I ask you, does not the rational soul by the power of its will move the body ?

*Cuph.* Else there were no exercise of free-will in external actions ?

*Hyl.* Is then the power of moving the body thus by her will in the soul, or out of the soul ?

*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* In the soul, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* How then can this power be exerted on the body to move it, unless the soul be essentially present to the body to exert it upon it?

*Cuph.* By a certain *emanative efficacy* that comes from the soul.

*Hyl.* And flows like a streamer in the air betwixt the soul and the body.

*Cuph.* You run always into these *extensional* phantasms, Hylobares, the busie importunities of which, when I am rapt up into my *metaphysical sublimities*, I look as contemptuously down upon, as upon the quick wriggings up and down of Pismires and Ear-wigs upon the *extended* surface of the earth.

*Hyl.* You have a very *elevated* soul, I must confess, O Cuphophon. But I pray you look down a little lower and closer on this *emanative energy* of the soul upon the body, and pursue it from the body to the source of it, the soul, where ends it, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* In the soul, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* But where is then the soul?

*Cuph.* No-where.

*Hyl.* Why then it ends no-where, and began from no-where.

*Cuph.* That must needs be, because the soul is no-where.

*Hyl.*



*Hyl.* But this is marvelously mysterious, O Cuphophon, that there should be a continued emanation betwixt two things, whereof one is some-where, and yet the other no-where; the intermediate *emanation* also proceeding but to a finite distance.

*Cuph.* *Metaphysicks* were not *Metaphysicks*, Hylobares, if they were not mysterious.

*Hyl.* Had you not better admit of an immaterial or metaphysical extension with Philotheus and myself, than to harbour such unconceivable notions, that ly so unevenly in every man's mind but your own?

*Cuph.* I am not alone of this mind, Hylobares. And as for Philotheus his opinion and yours, (since you have adopted it) I have heard what has been said all this while, and have thought of these things over and over again, but your reasons move me nothing at all.

XXXV. The grounds of Cuphophon's paradox (that spirits are no-where) produced and examined.

*Hyl.* Tell me then, I pray you, Cuphophon, what is it chiefly that moved you to be of the opinion that you are, *That no spirit can be any-where*, or that the soul of man is *no-where*?

*Cuph.* O Hylobares, there be convincing reasons of this seeming paradox, if they meet

meet with a mind capable of them: but the chief are these two. First, In that the mind of man thinks of such things as are no-where, as of many *moral, logical and mathematical* truths, which being of the nature to be no-where, the mind that conceives them must be necessarily no-where also. The second, In that *cogitation*, as cogitation, is *ipso facto* exempted or prescind- ed from all extension. For tho' we doubt whether there be any matter or any extend- ed thing in the world, yet we are even then assured that we are *res cogitantes*. Which shews that *cogitation* has nothing at all to do with *extension*, nor has any *applicability* to it; forasmuch as we perceive ourselves to think, when we have not the least thought of any thing extended. Where- fore our thoughts having *no relation or applicability* to extension, they have no applica- bility to place, and consequently neither they nor our minds are any-where.

*Hyl.* I partly understand what you would be at, Cuphophon, but not so fully as to discover any strength at all in your reason- ings. The weakness of the first ground you may understand from hence; That it will as well follow, that the soul or mind of man is some-where, because it thinks of things that are some-where, as that it is no-  
M where,

where, because it thinks of things that are no-where. Besides that those things which you say are no-where are some-where, I mean those *moral, logical and mathematical* truths. For they are in the mind or soul; and the soul I before demonstrated, I think, to any unprejudiced auditor, to be in the body, and the body you cannot deny but to be some-where. It is true, some of those truths, it may be, as they are *representations*, respect neither time nor place; but as they are *operations or modes of a subject or substance*, they cannot but be conceived to be in that substance. And forasmuch as there is no substance but has at least an *essential amplitude*, they are in a substance that is in some sort extended, and so by virtue of their subject must necessarily be conceived to be some-where. For the mode of a thing is inseparable from the thing itself.

*Cuph.* But here you run away with that, Hylobares, which I will not allow you to assume, *viz.* That there is a substance of the mind or soul distinct from *cogitation*. I say that *cogitation* itself is the very substance of the soul, and therefore the soul is as much no-where as if it had no substance at all.

*Hyl.* But observe, Cuphophon, that in your saying that *cogitation* itself is the ve-  
ry

ry *substance* of the soul, you affirm the soul is a substance. And so my argument returns again upon you; tho' the saying the *very operation* is the substance is a manifest falshood. For the operations of the soul are specifically distinct, and such specifically distinct operations succeeding one another must be, according to your account, so many specific substances succeeding one another. So that your soul would not be always the same *specific substance*, much less the same *individual*; than which nothing can be more wild and extravagant. Again, the soul is accounted a *permanent thing* by all men, but her operations are in *flux* and *succession*: how then can the operations be the soul herself? or what will become of memory? There is therefore, O Cuphophon, a substance of the soul as distinct from its operations or succeeding cogitations, as the matter is from the figures and motions that succeed in it.

*Cuph.* I am not yet convinced of that.

*Hyl.* And now for your second ground, which would infer from our being assured we *think*, while we doubt whether there be any extended thing in the world, or, it may be, think of no extension, that therefore our minds have no *relation* or *applicability* to any extension whatsoever; The  
weakness

weakness of this reasoning you may easily discover, if you will but consider, That intension of heat or motion is considered without any relation to extension, and yet it is related to a subject extended; suppose to a burning-hot iron. And we think without at all thinking of time or of the course of the sun; and yet our thought is applicable to time, and by the motion of the sun may definitively be said not to have commenced till such a minute of an hour, and to have ceased by such a minute. And there is the same reason of place as of time, that is to say, such a man's thoughts may be said definitively to have been conceived in such a place, as well as within such a time. And, to conclude, it seems a mere sophism, to argue from the precision of our thoughts, that the things themselves are really prescindend one from another; and it is yet far worse, to infer they have not any relation or applicability one to another. If they were so unrelated indeed in the full and adequate apprehension of them, as well circumstantial as essential, then I confess the inference might be sound: but when the mind is so set on the metaphysical rack as to pull those things asunder that are found together in nature, and then to say they have no relation to one another, or to leave

leave out by inadvertency what cannot be excluded from the perfect *idea* of such or such a being; all conclusions from such principles must be like the principles themselves, defective or distorted. And therefore, being so little satisfied with Cuphron's solution of the present difficulty touching the *Divine Omnipresence*, I foresee that Philotheus must have the sole honour of fully easing and settling my mind in a right and rational apprehension of all the Attributes of God.

*Philoth.* The honour of that satisfaction is due to God alone, Hylobares, who has given you so quick an apprehension, and so impartial a love of the truth, where ever it is found.

*Hyl.* That honour I do unfeignedly render to God that is his peculiar due; and yet I think there is a civil gratitude due also to those that he vouchsafes to make instruments of his goodness and bounty, as he has at this time made you, Philotheus. And therefore you having had so excellent success hitherto, I desire you would proceed to the solution of this last difficulty, touching the *Divine Omnipresence*.

XXXVI. That God is essentially present everywhere.

*Philoth.* I will, Hylobares, and I believe  
 M 3. you

you will find it one of the easiest you have propounded, tho' I must confess it may seem odd at the first sight, as it has done to very famous criticks in points of theology, who mainly from this consideration, that the foul and ill-scented places of the earth are an unfit receptacle of the divine Presence, have made bold to confine the Godhead to the heavens. Which opinion of theirs is rather to be imputed to the nicety of their sense than to the sagacity of their wit. For all those things that seem so foul and disagreeable in nature are not *really* so in themselves, but only *relatively*; and what is one creature's *poison* is the *delight* and *food* of another, and what is the *death* of the one is the *life* of the other. So that we may easily conceive, tho' God has an apprehension of whatever is, that yet there is no necessity at all that he should be disaffected, disgusted, or any way annoyed by being present with any thing: nay, rather, that it is impossible he should, every thing that implies imperfection being incompatible to the Divine Essence; so that he need not withdraw himself from it, he suffering nothing by immediately residing in it, no more than he can be *wounded* with a *sword* or *prick'd* with a *thorn*; and there is the like reason for any other ingrateful sense.

sense. For all is to be resolved into the motion and figure of the particles of the matter variously impressed upon the organs of our bodies : and what unholiness or absolute defilement can there be in any either motion, figure, or exility of such particles ? Wherefore the frame of all natural things whatsoever, nothing at all excepted, is no less inoffensive, no less holy, no less agreeable to the Eternal Mind, than the lines of a picture or statue are to a limner or statuary, no part whereof gives him the least disgust or averfation from the matter he has thus shaped or figured ; for art and skill and reason runs through all. Whence it appears that this exception against the Omnipresence of God is nothing but a fallacy put upon our own inadvertent thoughts, while we fancy God liable to the same inconveniencies that we ourselves are by reason of our weak and passive senses.

*Philop.* This seems to me, tho' less versed in philosophy, a very plain, solid and intelligible solution of the present difficulty. But Cuphopron's hypothesis is, I must confess, to my slower apprehension infinitely paradoxical, and methought was very intelligibly confuted by Hylobares, tho' with some circumstances that to me seemed  
not



not so becoming toward so worthy and obliging a person as Cuphophon.

XXXVII. The Arborist's affected liberty of dissenting in unnecessary opinions and friendly abusiveness of one another in their philosophical meetings.

*Cuph.* I thank you, Philopolis, for your sensibleness on my behalf. But in contest he ordinarily looks as if he were abused who is thought to be overcome. Besides, it is an usual thing in our meetings, and to which we are much inured who are so familiarly acquainted, to abuse one another into the truth, by shewing the ridiculousness of the error, and intimating from what disproportion of temper of mind it may arise. For this subderisive mirth is so far from giving any offence to us who understand one another, that it is rather a pleasant condiment of our conversation, and makes our serious discourses the less tedious to ourselves, and, I think, sometimes not the more ungrateful to strangers, when they understand that there is not the least enmity under it.

*Philoth.* That solicitude, Philopolis, which you seem to have for the excusing of Hylobares, we on the other side, I think, ought to have in the behalf of Cuphophon;

phophon, who was not at all behind-hand with him in any jocant wit or humour.

*Cuph.* I confess it, in that sense I have already explained unto Philopolis.

*Philop.* You pass away your time in a marvellous way of pleasantry and innocency, O Cuphophon, while those things which may seem blemishes elsewhere are truly the badges of virtue and good nature amongst you. But it is much that, there being so great consent of affection and friendship amongst you, there is not likewise the same consent of opinion.

*Cuph.* That is a thing we do not so much as affect, unless it be in those things that are necessary for proficiency in piety and virtue.

*Philop.* Are then the opinions of God's being no-where and of his being every-where alike conducive to virtue and piety?

*Cuph.* Yes, Philopolis, if they be rightly understood. For he that says that God is no-where, holds notwithstanding that his Providence and protective presence is every-where. So that it is no discouragement to virtue and true piety. Wherefore the case stands thus betwixt Hylobares and myself. He has a great zeal against my opinion of God's being no-where, for fear it should be thence inferr'd that there is no  
God

God at all: and I have as great a zeal for my opinion, because if I acknowledge God any-where, I must acknowledge him *extended*, and to me it is all one to acknowledge an *extended* God, and no God at all. For whatever is extended, is either matter, or as incapable of cogitation or perception as matter itself. For if any entire thing, any form or figure be perceived by what is extended, nothing in the extended *perceptient* perceives the whole, but only part. Which is a sign that our own souls are not extended, much less the Essence of God. But I will not renew the dispute.

*Philop.* I am surpris'd with an unexpected subtilty of Cuphophon's: how will you rescue me, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* Very easily. Do you not remember the notion of *sympathy*, Philopolis, in virtue whereof whatever the least real point of the Essence of the *perceptive* part of the soul, suppose, does perceive, every real point of the *perceptive* must perceive at once?

*Philop.* I partly understand you, Hylobares: but now I see you so good at these notions, we will discourse some time more fully of them at my house. In the meantime I think you cannot but be fully satisfy'd with Philotheus his solution of this last difficulty

difficulty touching the Divine Omnipresence.

*Hyl.* Very fully.

*Philop.* And I am abundantly pleased with the consideration, that the widely-different apprehensions betwixt you and Cuthophron touching God's Omnipresence, meet together and join so strongly in one common zealous design of turning off whatever may seem to supplant his existence.

*Hyl.* I believe it is a great satisfaction to us both.

XXXVIII. The conclusion.

*Philop.* But I triumph in nothing so much as that Philotheus has so thoroughly convinced you, that there is nothing in all the Divine Attributes so intricate as to hinder your closing heartily with the belief of a God.

*Hyl.* There is nothing, I thank God and Philotheus, in all those Attributes we have hitherto considered that seems not extremely much more easy than any other *hypothesis* that ever yet came into my mind. But there is a main Attribute behind, which is the *goodness* of God, the notion whereof tho' it be not hard to conceive, yet to make the *phenomena* of the world and the passages of providence constantly to comport with it, I foresee may prove a very great difficulty.

*Philop*

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*Philop.* This therefore is the *second obstacle*, Hylobares, you at \* first mentioned.

*Hyl.* It is so.

*Philoth.* And I fear will be too copious a subject to be entered upon at this time.

*Philop.* I conceive so too. And besides, I have some letters to dispatch by the post this night, which I must not neglect. *For we may rectify our inward thoughts so soon as we find our error; but if any error or neglect be committed in outward affairs, tho' the error be discovered, the loss is many times irrecoverable, and the inconvenience incorrigible.*

*Cuph.* That is very true. But, according to the ancient custom of Athens, you have a right, Philopolis, as well of putting an end to as beginning the dispute.

*Philop.* This law was undoubtedly an intended civility by your ancestors, O Cuphophon, but in this circumstance of things I look upon it as a piece of cruelty; that I must do execution upon myself, and by mine own act deprive myself of that ingenuous converse which I could enjoy with pleasure even to break of day.

*Cuph.* It is the common loss of us all, especially mine, who enjoy myself nowhere so well as in so excellent company. But

† See. 14.

But it is in your hand, Philopolis, to remedy this: for you have the right of appointing the time of our meeting again, as well as of dissolving this present meeting.

*Philop.* Have I so? This makes amends for the other misfortune, which I will repair by a more timely appointment. I adjourn therefore this meeting till to-morrow at five a clock in the afternoon, if Philotheus and the rest be agreed.

*Philoth.* Agreed.

*The End of the first Dialogue.*

N



D I A L O G U E S

CONCERNING

The A T T R I B U T E S of G O D

A N D

P R O V I D E N C E.

D I A L O G U E I I.

Containing Answers to the most important Objections against the Wisdom and Goodness of God from the Appearances of natural and moral Evil.

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By H E N R Y M O R E, D. D.

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V O L U M E I I.

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G L A S G O W,

Printed by R O B E R T F O U L I S.

M D C C X L I I I.





THE

## SECOND DIALOGUE,

CONCERNING

The PROVIDENCE of GOD.

PHILOTHEUS, BATHYNOUS, SOPHRON, PHILOPOLIS, EUISTOR, HYLOBARES, CUPHOPHRON.

- I. The introduction, containing Philopolis his thanks for the last day's discourse; with a touch by the by of inspiration, and of the difficulty of the present subject.

*Philop.* **Y**esterday's performance, O Philotheus, has endeared to me the memory of that day, of this place, (this sacred arbour wherein we are again so happily met) and of your excellent self and the rest of this worthy company, for ever. I never reap'd so much pleasure in so few hours in all my life. In which notwithstanding the chiefest satisfaction was, that my dear friend Hylobares was so fully satisfied touching those most intricate theories concerning the *Nature of God and his Attributes*. It remains now, Philotheus, that with the like happy success you clear  
 O his

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his mind of those manifold scrupulosities and difficulties it seems laden with touching the *Providence of God.*

*Philoth.* Your extraordinary kind resentment, O Philopolis, of my former endeavours is no small obligation upon me to do the best I can in this present task. But I cannot omit to take notice, that your overproportionate propensions towards myself makes you seem not so just to others, who bore their part in whatever contributed either to your own delight, or Hylobares his satisfaction. Nor can I alone sustain this day's Province, but must implore the help of others, especially in so copious and various a subject.

*Cupb.* Yes, Philotheus, that is supposed. Euistor, Bathynous and the rest will assist; nor shall I fail to put in for one, when occasion requires, and I find my mind moved thereunto.

*Euist.* Cuphophon expresses himself in such phrase, as if it were hopeful that he will speak by inspiration.

*Hyl.* He seems to me, Euistor, so to do sometimes: of which some passages of yesterday's discourse are fresh instances. For he was several times so highly rapt and divinely inspired, that I profess I think no human understanding could reach his meaning.

Sophr.

**Sophr.** *Nullum numen abest, si sit prudentia.* So I think close and cautious reason in a calm and pure spirit is the best inspiration now-adays in matters of contemplation, as well as prudence in the common practices of life.

**Cuph.** I am as much for illuminated reason, O Sophron, as any man living can be.

**Hyl.** So am I, Cuphophon; provided the illumination be not so bright and fulgent as to obscure or extinguish all perceptibility of the reason.

**Sophr.** I always thought right reason itself to be the illumination or light of the mind, and that all other light is rather that of the eye than of the understanding.

**Hyl.** Let Cuphophon look to that, O Sophron, and defend his own magnificent style.

**Philop.** But be you pleased in the meantime, O Hylobares, according to the purpose of our present meeting, to propound your difficulties to Philotheus touching Divine Providence, and to the rest of this judicious company.

**Sophr.** How becomingly does Philopolis exercise his office, and seasonably commit the opponent with the respondent, like a long practised moderatour? I wish Philotheus no worse success than he had

yesterday. But I cannot ominate so well touching this congress. I fear such a storm will be raised as all the wits in Europe will not be able to allay. So intricate, so anfractuouſ, ſo unſearchable are the ways of *Providence*.

*Cuph.* I wonder whence *Sophon* took this ill omen, *Hylobares*.

*Hyl.* I ſuppoſe from our two ſporting together, which he look'd upon as the playing of two ſea-calves before a ſtorm.

*Sophr.* I wiſh, *Hylobares*, you prove calf enough to bring no objections but what *Philotheus* or ſome of us may ſufficiently answer.

*Philop.* I earneſtly wiſh *Philotheus* aſſiſtance enough and ability from above, that he may with ſatisfaction answer the greateſt difficulties that either *Hylobares* or any one elſe can produce touching *Divine Providence*.

*Sophr.* That indeed is the more deſirable of the two, and my heart and vote goes along with yours, O *Philopolis*.

*Philop.* Begin then, if you pleaſe, O *Hylobares*.

*Hyl.* I have in my mind, ſuch a crowd and cloud of difficulties, that I know not where to begin, or when I ſhall make an end.

*Sophr.*

*Sophr.* Did not I tell you so, Philopolis?

II. The two main heads of objections against Providence, with certain laws to be observed in disputing thereof.

*Hyl.* But I believe they are mainly reducible to these three heads, or rather, if you will, to these two more general ones, *The evils that are in the world*, and *The defect of good*. For when you have fenced as well as you can, Philotheus, and pretty well satisfy'd us that all things here upon earth are at least well enough, and that there is no such evil discoverable as implies the first principle of all things not to be the *Sovereign Goodness*; there is yet this difficulty behind, How it can consist with the goodness of God, that this good scene of things should begin no sooner or spread no farther, that is to say, that there should be no more earths than one, or that this one or all should have been but six thousand years ago or there about.

*Sophr.* This very last difficulty, Philopolis, is able to confound any mortal living.

*Philoth.* Dear Sophron, be not so dismay'd; I dare pass my word that nothing that is holy or sacred shall suffer any detriment by this conflict, when I have declared the laws of the combate, and what weapons we must be confined to, namely  
to

to mere *reason* and philosophy. In which field I must notwithstanding confess that I suspect Hylobares will prove a stout champion. But 'tis much if we be not all able to deal with him. And forasmuch as it is so plainly evident from a world of *phenomena*, that there is a Principle that acts out of wisdom and counsel, as was abundantly evidenced by yesterday's discourse, and as roundly acknowledged; it shall be severely expected and exacted of *Hylobares*, That he do not oppose false or uncertain hypotheses, or popular mistakes and surmizes, or vagrant and fictitious stories, against certain truth, such as is discoverable every day before our eyes.

*Philop.* That is very equitable and reasonable.

*Philoth.* And if he cannot keep his philosophical fingers from meddling with the holy writ, that he do not handle it so ineptly, as to draw expressions accomodated to the capacity of the vulgar into a philosophical argument, or to infer a negation from the preterition of such or such a subject.

*Euiſt.* It is incredible that *Hylobares*, professing himself a philosopher, should betake himself to such nugacities, as are exploded even by the theologers themselves,  
 who

who notwithstanding spend their main study on the holy Scriptures.

*Hyl.* These laws, O Philotheus, I accept as just and right.

III. Evils in general how consistent with the goodness of God.

*Philoth.* And if they be kept to, *Hylabares*, as stout a *Retiarius* as you ate, you shall never be able to catch me in your net, or entangle me in any of your intricacies touching *Divine Providence*. For as for that which you have proposed in general touching the *evils in the world*, whether they be those that seem more tragical, or else lesser miscarriages in the manners of men, or the accidents of fortune, if such things were not, where were the objects of sighs and tears, of smiles and laughter? So that what you bring as an argument against *Providence*, is in my apprehension a very palpable argument for it. For it is plain that that power that made the world foresaw the evils in it, in that he has so exquisitely fitted us with passions correspondent thereto.

*Hyl.* This is ingeniously inferr'd, O Philotheus, so far as it will reach, namely, to prove there is a Providence or Fore-sight of God: but you seem to forget the main question in hand, which is, *Whether the measure*



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*measure of his Providence be his Goodness,* and that nothing is transacted against that **Attribute.** But your concession seems to imply that he knowingly and wittingly brought evil into the world ; which seems therefore the more grossly repugnant to *his Goodness.*

*Sophr.* Methinks, Gentlemen, you are both already agreed in a point of so great concernment, namely, That there is a Divine Providence, that if there were any modesty in mortal men they might be content with that bare discovery, without so strictly examining or searching into the laws or measures thereof, but apply themselves to the law of life which God has written in their hearts, or expressed in the holy Writ, that it may go well with them in the conclusion.

*Philop.* That is very piously and judiciously noted, O Sophron.

*Batb.* So it is indeed, O Philopolis : But yet I humbly conceive that it is not always an itch of searching into, but sometimes a necessity of more punctually knowing the truth of the mysteries of God, that drives some mens spirits into a more close and anxious meditation of so profound matters. As it may well do here in this present point touching the *Measure*  
of

of God's Providence, namely, Whether the Rule thereof be his *pure Goodness*, or his *mere Will and Sovereignty*. For if it be his *Goodness*, all free agents have all the reason in the world to apply themselves to that law of life which *Sophron* mentions, because *their labour shall not be in vain in the Lord*, as the apostle speaks. But if the measure of his Providence be his *mere Power, Will or Sovereignty*, no man living can tell what to expect in the conclusion. All true believers may be turned into hell, and the wicked only and the blasphemers ascend into the regions of bliss. For what can give any stop to this but God's *Justice*, which is a branch or mode of his *Goodness*?

*Philop.* Methinks, *Bathynous*, that you both have reason, both *Sophron* and yourself; nor do I desire *Philotheus* to desist from the present subject, tho' I much long, I confess, to hear him discourse of the affairs of the *Kingdom of God*.

*Philoth.* That shall be done in due time,  
*Philopolis.* In the mean while I dare avow to *Hylobares*, that there are no evils in the world that God foresaw (and he foresaw all that were to be) which will not consist with this principle, *That God's Goodness is the Measure of his Providence.*

P

For

For the nature of things is such, that some particulars or individuals must of necessity suffer for the greater good of the whole; besides the manifold *impossibilities* and *lubricities* of matter, that cannot have the same conveniences and fitnesses in any shape or modification, nor would be fit for any thing, if its shapes and modifications were not in a manner infinitely varied.

*Hyl.* I partly understand you, *Philoth.* ; I pray you, go on.

*Philoth.* Wherefore I infer, That still the measure of God's Providence is his goodness: forasmuch as those *impossibilities* in matter are unavoidable; and whatever designed or permitted evil there seems in Providence, it is for a far greater good, and therefore is not properly in the summary compute of the whole affairs of the universe to be reputed evil, the loss in particulars being so vast a gain to the whole. It is therefore our ignorance, O *Hylobares*, of the true law of goodness (who are so much immersed into the life of *selfishness*, which is that low life of plants and animals) that makes us such incompetent judges of what is or is not carried on according to the law of that *love* or *goodness* which is truly divine: whose tenderness and benignity was so great as to provide

provide us of sighs and tears, to meet those particular evils with which she fore-saw would necessarily emerge in the world; and whose gayety and festivity is also so conspicuous in endowing us with that passion or property of laughter, to entertain those lighter miscarriages with, whether in manners or fortune: as if Providence look'd upon her bringing man into the world as a spectator of a tragick-comedy. And yet in this which seems so ludicrous, see, *Hylobares*, what a serious design of good there is. For *compassion*, the mother of tears, is not always a mere idle spectator, but an helper oftentimes of those particular evils that happen in the world; and the tears again of them that suffer, oftentimes the mother of compassion in the spectators, and extort their help. And the news of but one ridiculous miscarriage fills the mouths of a thousand men with mirth and laughter; and their being so liable universally to be laugh't at makes every man more careful in his manners, and more cautious in his affairs, especially where his path is more slippery.

*Hyl.* I perceive by these beginnings, that you are likely to prove a marvellous *Mysta* of Divine Providence, O Philotheus.

*Soph.* I wish with all my heart, Philopolis, that Pilotheus may come off so cleverly in the particular difficulties that will be proposed, as he has done in this general one. For there are infinite unexpected puzzles that 'tis likely a busy searching wit, such as *Hylobares*, may unluckily hit upon.

The arguments of *Lucretius* against Providence.

*Euist.* What, do you think any harder or greater, O Sophron, than are comprised in those elegant, tho' impious, verses of *Lucretius*?

*Sophr.* What verses do you mean, Euistor?

*Euist.* Those in his fifth book *de rerum natura*, where he proposes this conclusion to himself to be proved, *viz.*

*Nequaquam nobis divinitus esse paratam Naturam rerum*———

*Sophr.* And by what arguments, I beseech you, does he pretend to infer so impious a conclusion?

*Euist.* The argument in general is the culpability of nature,

—— *Tantá stat praedita culpá.*

and that therefore it cannot be the work of God: and I think he brings in at least half a score instances of this faultiness, as he fancies it.

*Sophr.* *Lucretius* is esteemed so great a  
wit,

wit, that ~~it~~ were worth the while, Euistor, if you thought fitting, to give yourself the trouble of recounting those instances.

*Philop.* A very good motion, and such, O Sophron, as whereby you may easily guess whether Philotheus has undertaken so desperate a province as you imagine. For 'tis likely that so great and elegant a wit as Lucretius would, out of those many, pick the most choice and most confounding puzzles (as you call them) that the Epicurean Cause could afford him. And therefore if these should not prove such invincible arguments against the *Goodness of Providence*, it may be the better hoped that there are none absolutely such.

*Sophr.* You say well, Philopolis, and that makes me the more desirous to hear them.

*Euist.* And that you shall, Sophron, upon the condition you will answer them.

*Sophr.* Either I or Philotheus or some of us will do our best.

*Euist.* I will not repeat the verses themselves, for I should do that but brokenly; but I believe there are very few of the particular instances in them but I remember firmly enough. As first, That so much of the earth is taken away from us by the barrenness of mountains and rocks, by the

inaccessibleness of large woods inhabited by wild beasts, by the overspreading of the seas, and by huge vast marishes: besides that the torrid and frigid zones are uninhabitable, the one by reason of the excess of heat, the other by reason of the extremity of cold: That that part of the earth that is inhabited by men is of so perverse a nature, that if it were not for man's industry and hard labour, it would be all overrun with thorns and brambles: that when with much toil he has made the ground fruitful, and all things look green and flourishing, often all this hope is quash'd by either excess of heat and drought, or violence of rain and storms, or keenness of frosts. To which he adds the infestation of wild beasts, that are so terrible and hurtful to mankind both by land and by sea; the morbidness of the seasons of the year; and the frequentness of untimely death; and, lastly, the deplorableness of our infancy and first circumstances of entering into life; which he sets off so pathetically, that I cannot but remember those verses whether I will or no.

*Soph.* I dare say they are very good ones then, if you like them so, *Euistor*: I pray you let us hear them, if it be no trouble to you to repeat them.

*Euist.*

*Euist.* No, it is not, *Sophron.* The verses are these :

*Tum porro puer, ut saevis projectus ab undis  
Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni  
Vitai auxilio, cum primùm in luminis oras  
Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit,  
Fagituque locum lugubri complet, ut aequum est,  
Quoi tantum in vita restat transire malorum.*

*Cuph.* They are a very empaffionating strain of poetry, *Hylobares* ; me-thinks I could have fallen a-weeping while *Euistor* repeated them. I remember them very well. But is there not something in the following verses about *childrens rattles* ? for these are not all.

*Hyl.* Let me intreat you of all friendship, *Euistor*, to repeat to *Cuphophon* the *rattle verses*, to keep him from crying.

*Euist.* They are these that *Cuphophon* means, and immediately follow the former :

*At variae crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,  
Nec crepitacula eisopu' sunt, nec quoiquam adbibenda est  
Alme nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela,  
Nec varias quarunt vestes pro tempore carli.*

What think you of these instances, O *Sophon* ?

*Sophr.* I must ingenuously confess that if *Lucretius* have no better arguments against Providence than these, nor *Hylobares* than *Lucretius*, their force will not seem so formidable to me as I suspected ; but I must on the contrary suspect, that they are ordi-  
nari.



narily very small motives that precipitate those into *atheism* and *epicurism*, that have of themselves an inward propension thereunto.

*Philoth.* Are these the same arguments, Hylobares, that you intended to invade me withal?

V. Providence argued aginst from the promiscuous falling of the rain, and indiscriminating discharges of thunder-claps.

*Hyl.* These are only of one sort of them referrible to the classis of *natural evils* and but few of those neither. But to speak the truth, Philotheus, I had not so dinumerately and articulately mustered up or shaped out the particular arguments I would urge you with, tho' I felt my mind charged with multifarious thoughts; and that pressed the forwardest, that had left the latest impressi- on on my mind on the road as we rid hither to this city, upon our being overtaken with so great a storm of thunder, hail, and a mighty dafh of rain, that we were well-nigh wet to the skin. For I began to think with myself how consistent those kind of accidents could be with so good and exact a Providence as men imagine. For the highways yield no crop; nor do we ourselves grow by being liquored without-side, but within: besides the wetting of all our clothes,  
and

and the indangering the catching of an ague or a fever. Wherefore if Providence were so exact, the rain would be always directed to such places as are benefited thereby, not to such as it does no good to, but trouble and mischief to those that are found there.

*Philoth.* Your meaning is then, Hylobares, that it is a flaw in Providence that the rain is not restrained from falling on the high-ways. But in the mean time you do not consider how intolerably dusty they would be, especially in summer, and how constant a mischief that would prove and troublesome both to horse and man.

*Hyl.* Ay but it rains as much on the high-ways in winter-time as summer-time, be they never so deep in wet and mire already: which methinks is not consistent with so accurate a Providence as you contend for.

*Philoth.* And this, Hylobares, I warrant, you take to be an impregnable argument, a stout instance indeed, in that you place it thus in the front of the battle. But if it be sounded to the bottom, it will be found to stand upon a ground no less ridiculous than that comical conceit in Aristophanes, of Jupiter's pissing through a sieve as often as it rains: or what is a more cleanly and unexceptionable

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ceptionable expression, that the descending of rain is like the watering of a garden with a watering-pot by some free agents; where they do not water the walks of the garden, but only the beds or knots where in the flowers grow. Which is the most idiotick and unphilosophical conceit, Hylobares, that could ever fall into the mind of any man of your parts. For the committing of all the motions of the natural *phenomena*, as they are called, to any free agents, were the utter abolishing of all natural philosophy, and indeed of nature itself; and there would be no object left of speculation in these things, but either metaphysical or moral. And by the same reason that you require that the rain should only fall upon such plats of the earth as are destin'd for grass, for corn, for trees, and the like, you must require also that the sun should not shine on the high-ways for fear of infesting us with dust, and that it should divert its beams from the faces of tender beauties; that the shadow of the earth should withdraw to those that travel in the night; that fire should not burn either an useful building or an innocent man; that the air should not transmit the voice of him that would tell a lie, nor the rope hang together that would strangle the guiltless,  
nor

nor the sword of the violent, be it never so sharp, be able to enter the flesh of the just. These and many millions more of such sequels would follow in analogy to this rash demand.

*Hyl.* I must confess, Philotheus, that what you urge makes so great an impress upon me, that it has almost dash'd me out of conceit with this first instance, which I thought not so contemptible. But tho' with but a broken confidence, yet I must persist, and demand, if Providence would not be more exact, if all things were carried thus as my instance implies they should be, than it is now as they are.

*Philoth.* No, by no means, Hylobares. For the scene of the world then would be such a languid flat thing, that it would disgrace the great *Dramatist* that contrived it. For there would be no compass or circuit of any plot or intrigue, but every thing so shallow or sudden, so simple and obvious, that no man's wit or virtue would find any game to exercise themselves in. And assure yourself, it is one fundamental point of the Divine Counsel, and that laid deep in his Wisdom and Goodness, *that at least on this terrestrial stage there should be sufficient difficulty and hardship for all sensible and intellectual creatures to grapple*  
and

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*and contest with*, that an ignoble and corruptive torpour may not seize their bodies and spirits, and make their life languid and their faculties useless, and find nothing to do in the world but to eat and drink and sleep. For there are very few men given to *contemplation*, and yet fewer successful in it. That therefore that I contend for is this, That in these general, but constant and peremptory, strokes of nature there is an exact Providence of God; and that which you account a defect is indeed a perfection and a surer pledge of a Divine Foresight, that does thus manifestly in the compute of things defalcate either useless or hurtful superfluities; as this guidance of the *rain* from the high-ways in winter. For has he not given man wit and art to make a supply by good wax'd boots, oil'd coats and hoods, and eyes in his head to chuse his way, if one be better than another; or if all be intolerable, political wit to make laws and orders for the mending of the high-ways? For thus are men honestly employed for their own and the common good. And judge you what a ridiculous thing it were, that the sun should so miraculously turn off his beams from every fair face, whenas the same end is so easily served by the invention of masks; or that the

continued

continued shadow of the earth should be broken by sudden miraculous eruptions or disclussions of light, to prevent the art and officiousness of the lantern-maker and the link-boy; or lastly, that the air should not resound a lie, nor the point of a sword pierce the skin of the innocent. For this were an exprobration to the Wisdom of God, as if he had mistook himself in creating of free agents, and by an after-device thus forcibly ever defeated their free actings, by denying them the ordinary assistances of nature. This would be such a force and stop upon the first spring of motion, that the greatest trials of men's spirits and the most pompous external solemnities would be stifled thereby, or utterly prevented; and all political prudence, sagacity, justice and courage would want their objects. Wherefore this indifferent and indiscriminating constancy of nature ought to be; it being reckon'd upon in those faculties God has endow'd both men and other animals with, whereby they are able to close with the more usual advantages of these standing laws of nature, and have sense and foresight to decline or provide against any dangerous circumstances of them; and that with at least as much certainty as is proportionable to the considerableness of the

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safety

safety of such an individual creature cannot live always, nor was ever intended to live long upon earth.

*Hyl.* I partly understand what you would be at, Philotheus, and indeed so far, that I am almost disheartned from propounding the remainder of the meditations that met me on the road touching the *hail* also and the *thunder*. For methought nature seem'd very unkind to pelt a young foal so rudely with so big hail-stones, and give him so harsh a welcome into the world.

*Philoth.* Tush, Hylobares, that was but a sportful passage of nature, to try how tight and tinnient her new workmanship was; which if it were not able to bear such small fillips, it would be a sign that things hung very crazily and unsoundly together. Wherefore Nature does but justify the accuracy of her own artifice, in exposing her works to a number of such trials and hardships. This is but a slight scruple, Hylobares; but surely some profound conceit surprized your mind in your meditations touching the *thunder*.

*Hyl.* The main thing was this, That if Providence were so exact as some pretend, those thunder-claps that do any execution should ever pick out some notoriously-wicked fellow to make him an example, and not

not strike an heedless goat brouzing on the side of a rock, or rend some old oak in a forest.

*Philoth.* This indeed is more shrewdly urged. But are you sure, Hylobares, that this were the most perfect way that nature could pitch upon?

*Hyl.* So it seems to me.

*Philoth.* I suppose then it is because you take this to be the most effectual way to make men good.

*Hyl.* Why not Philotheus?

*Philoth.* But suppose a mighty, if not an almighty arm out of the clouds should pull men by the ears as often as they offered to offend, would not that be more effectual?

*Hyl.* One would think so.

*Philoth.* Wherefore upon this ground you should require that also, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* But that would be too great a force upon free agents, O Philotheus.

*Philoth.* And how do you know, Hylobares, but that that other would be so likewise?

*Hyl.* I must confess, Philotheus, it is an hard matter to define what measure of force is to be used by Providence to keep men from sin.

*Philoth.* And therefore a rash thing to

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prescribe



prescribe laws or ways to Providence in so obscure a matter. Besides, there are so many notoriously-wicked, that there would be such thundring and rattling, especially over great cities, that we should be never quiet night nor day. And those that escaped would be forward to fancy themselves thunder-proof; and others, that there was no judgment to come, because vengeance was taken so exactly in this life. Besides that you seem to forget that the strokes of nature level not at particulars. For she is an unperceptive principle, and cannot act *pro re nata*, or suspend herself from acting; and that the end of *thunder* is not to forestall the last day of judgment, but for clearing the air, and sending more fattening shows into the bosom of the earth.

*Hyl.* But do *thunder-bolts* conduce any thing to that, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Those are very seldom, *Hylobares*; and I deny not but they may have their moral use: but best so moderated as they are, not so constantly vibrated as your curiosity would have them. For if every perjured or notoriously-wicked person is to be pelted from heaven with *thunder-bolts*, people will presume them innocent whenever they die without this solemn vengeance done upon them.

*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* Well, I perceive I must produce new objections, and such as I have thought on more deliberately. For these, Philotheus easily blows away.

VI. An answer to Lucretius' arguments.

*Philop.* We will give you some little time of respite to consider, Hylobares. For I believe Euiſtor and his Lucretius will think themselves slighted if no man vouchsafes those Lucretian instances any answer.

*Euiſt.* If Philotheus thinks his hands will be full enough otherwise, I pray you, Philopolis, let Sophron play the Philotheus as well as I have play'd the Hylobares.

*Sophr.* Why truly Philotheus' discourse is able to make us all Philotheusses. And methinks, following his footsteps, it is no such difficult business to answer all those instances of Lucretius. I shall willingly attempt some of them myself. As that complaint of the earth's being run over with thorns and thistles, if man by his hand-labour did not cultivate it. For besides that we know that curse that came upon the fall, it is fit that we in this life should have something to grapple with, to keep us from idleness, the mother of mischief. And that the husbandman's pains are sometimes lost by ill weather, over-much heat, or wet, or the like; he is taught thereby not to sacrifice

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crifice to his own net, but to depend upon God, and to give him the praise when he is successful, as also to be frugal and provident, and to lay up for an hard year. But for that imputation of so much of the earth's being uninhabitable by reason of extremity of heat or cold, we find by experience that it is mostly a mere calumny of nature. For the *torrid zone* is habitable, and a considerable part of the *frigid*: and that which is not is so little, that it is inconsiderable. And to speak briefly and at once; the inclination of the *axis* of the earth is so duly proportionated for the making it as habitable as it can be, that the wit of man cannot imagine any posture better. Now for those allegations, that rocks and mountains and woods and the sea take up so great a part; whatever elegancy there may be in Lucretius' poetry, the philosophy of such objections, I am sure, lies very shallow. For it is as unskilfully alledged against nature, that all the earth is not soft molds, as it would be that any animal is not all flesh, but that there is blood also and bones. The *rocks* therefore, beside other uses for conveying the subterraneous water, may serve also for consolidating the earth. And it is manifest that the *hills* are usually the promptuaries of rivers and springs, as Geographers

phers make good by infinite examples. Not to add what a treasury they are of minerals and metals, and wholesome pasturage for sheep, as the rocks delight the goats and the coneys. But the poet seems to speak so unskilfully, as if he expected all the face of the earth should be nothing else but rank green meadow; whenas to exclude the *sea*, would be like the draining of an animal of its heart-blood. Or if things could be so contrived as that all the surface of the earth should be rich meadow, and the world thereby thick inhabited by men, the air, in all likelihood, would become so unwholsome, that plagues and death would ever and anon sweep away all. Wherefore long tracts of dry and barren places are the security of so much health as we enjoy: which is of more consequence than to have the earth pester'd so with inhabitants, and ever and anon to have all to stink with noisomeness, pestilence and death.

*Bath.* And it is questionable, Sophron, whether these places that seem mere forlorn solitudes be not inhabited by at least as considerable creatures as men.

*Cuph.* I'll pawn my life, Bathynous means some aerial dæmons or spirits.

*Bath.* And why not, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* Nay, I know nothing to the contrary. *Hyl.*

*Hyl.* But I do.

*Cuph.* What's that, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* Why, I pray you tell me, Cuphophon, how can a spirit that is no-where, be in dry and barren places more than in meadow-pastures.

*Cuph.* Away, Hylobares, you are a very wag, I perceive you will break your brown study at any time to reach me a rap upon the thumbs.

*Euist.* Gentlemen, I know not whether you be in earnest or in jest touching these aerial *genii* in remote solitudes. But this I can assure you, that besides the usual and frequent fame of the dancing of fairies in woods and desolate places, Olaus and other historians make frequent mention of these things; and that there are *demonnes metallici*, that haunt the very inside of mountains, and are seen to work there when men dig in the mines. What merriment they also make on the outside of vast and remote hills, that one story of mount Athos may give us an instance of, as the matter is described in \* Solinus. The impression of the passage sticks still fresh in my memory even to the very words. *Silet per diem universus, nec sine horrore secretus est: lucet eternis ignibus, choris Ægipanum undique persona-*

\* *Polybist.* c, 37.

*personatur ; audiuntur & cantus tiliarum  
& tinnitus cymbalorum per oram mariti-*

*mam.* But of a more dreadful hue is that  
desart described by \* Paulus Venetus,  
near the city Lop, as I take it, in the  
dominions of the great Cham, " This wil-  
" derness, saith he, is very mountainous  
" and barren, and therefore not fit so much  
" as to harbour a wild beast, but both by  
" day and (especially) by night there are  
" heard and seen several illusions and im-  
" postures of wicked spirits. For which  
" cause travellers must have a great care  
" to keep together. For if by lagging be-  
" hind a man chance to lose the sight of  
" his company amongst the rocks and  
" mountains, he will be called out of his  
" way by these busy deceivers, who salut-  
" ing him by his own name, and feigning  
" the voice of some of his fellow-travel-  
" lers that are gone before, will lead him  
" aside to his utter destruction. There is  
" heard also in this solitude sometimes the  
" sound of drums and musical instruments,  
" which is like to those noises in the night  
" on mount Athos described by Solinus."

Wherefore such things as these so frequently  
occurring in history make Bathynous' con-  
ceit to look not at all extravagantly on it.

*Sophr*

\* *Lib. 1. c. 44.*

*Sophr.* Our Saviour's mentioning spirits that haunt *dry places*, gives some countenance also to this conceit of Bathynous.

*Euist.* And so does the very Hebrew word *Sharim*, whose notation is from the *field*. But all these must be *lapsed spirits* therefore.

*Bath.* Ay, as sure as men themselves are *lapsed*, than which nothing is more, Euistor.

*Euist.* And so *lapsed spirits* and *lapsed men* divide the *earth* amongst them. And why not the *sea* too, Bathynous?

*Bath.* You mean the air over the surface of the sea: for the *sea* is sufficiently well peopled with fishes.

*Euist.* 'Tis true.

*Sophr.* If this were not as poetical as Lucretius' poetry itself, his arguments against Providence were very weak indeed. But this is to bring in again the *Nereides* and *Oreades* of the Pagans.

*Euist.* And if so, why not also the *Hamadryades* and other spirits of the woods, that the vast woods Lucretius complains of may not be left to wild beasts only, no more than the sea to the fishes?

*Sophr.* In my apprehension Lucretius seems mightily at a loss for arguments against Providence, while he is forced thus to fetch them from the *woods*. *Cupb.*

*Cuph.* Because you think, Sophron, that no arguments can be brought from thence but wooden ones.

*Sophr.* Indeed, Cuphophon, I was not so witty: but because the plentiful provision of wood and timber is such a substantial pledge of Divine Providence, the greatest conveniencies of life depending thereupon.

*Euiſt.* That is so plain a case, that it is not to be insisted upon. And yet it is not altogether so devoid of difficulty, in that the great woods are such coverts for wild beasts to garrison in.

*Bath.* But you do not consider what a fine harbour they are also for the harmless birds. But this is the ignorance and rude immorality of Lucretius, that out of a straight-laced self-love he fancies all the world so made for man, that nothing else should have any share therein; whenas all *unregenerate* persons are as arrant *brute animals* as these very *animals* they thus vilify and contemn.

*Sophr.* I thank you for that, Bathynous; for from hence, methinks, an answer is easily framed against his objection from man's being liable to be infested by horrible and hurtful beasts. For considering the general mass of mankind was grown such an herd  
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of wicked animals, that is, beasts, what repugnancy to Providence is it that one beast invades another for their private advantage? But yet Providence sent in such secret supplies to these beasts in human shape, that seemed otherwise worse appointed for fight than their savage enemies armed with cruel teeth, and stings, and horns, and hoofs, and claws, (which she did partly by endowing them with such agility of body and nimbleness in swarming of trees, as apes and monkeys have now, but chiefly by giving them so great a share of wit and craft and combining policy) that Lucretius has no reason to complain against nature for producing these objects that do but exercise men's policy and courage, and have given them an opportunity of so successful a victory, as we see they have obtained in a manner throughout the whole world at this very day. And lastly, for that lamentable story of the circumstances of the entrance of infants into this life, it is *καπνὸς ποιητικὸς*, it is *mere poetical smoke or fume*, that vanishes in the very uttering of it, and is so far from being a just subject of Lucretius' complaining rhetoric against Providence, that it is a pregnant instance of the exactness and goodness of Providence in nature. For there being  
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so much, wit and care and contrivance in mankind, both male and female, the weakness and destituteness of the infant is a grateful object to entertain both the skill and compassion of that tenderer sex, both mother, midwife, nurse, or what other assistants: tho' perhaps there has come in a greater debility in nature by our own defaults. But however, that body that was to be an habitacle for so sensible a spirit as the human soul, ought to be more tender and delicate than that of brute beasts, according to that physiognomical aphorism of Aristotle, *οἱ μαλακόσαρκοι εὐφρεῖς*. Nor is the crying of the infant so much a presage of the future evils of life, as a begging of aid against the present from them about him, by this natural rhetorick which Providence has so seasonably furnished him with. And for lambs, and calves, and cubs of foxes, they are not so properly said to need no rattles, as not to be capable of them, they having not so excellent a spirit in them as to be taken up with the admiration of any thing. For the child's amusement at the rattle is but the effect of that passion which is the mother of reason and all philosophy. And for that last of all, that mankind clothe themselves according to the seasons of the year, it is their privilege, not their defect:

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for brute beasts, when it is cold, willingly apply themselves to the fire: But thus filly are ordinarily the reasonings of those men that have a mind there should be no God.

*Euist.* I promise you, Sophron, you have laid about you very notably, I think; and tho' I am something taken with the elegance of the poet, yet I must confess I cannot but be convinced that his reasonings are very weak.

*Sophr.* I have answered as well as I could this extemporarily; and if I have omitted any of the objections, Hylobares, if he see it worth the while, will resume them, and propose them to Philotheus, who is more exercised in these speculations.

*Philoth.* None more able in this kind than yourself, O Sophron: and I cannot but commend your caution and discretion, that you intimate, that the fulness and solidness of the cause we contend for is not to be measured from what we utter thus extemporarily in the defence thereof; as if we in a moment could find out all the richness of that divine wisdom that is couched in the contrivance of nature and in the ordering of the world. It is sufficient that we shew, that even to our present thought such reasons occur as are able to stop the mouths of  
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of them that are not partially affected, and to give a taste how that, if they would search farther into the reasons of things without prejudice, they will still find nature less faulty, or rather more and more perfect at the bottom.

VII. Of death, how consistent with the goodness of Providence.

*Philop.* I think it is not without a special Providence, O Hylobares, that you are fallen into the company of so many skilful and successful defenders of Providence; and therefore I desire you would produce the most considerable scruples that ever diseased your mind. For if any-where, you will here find a cure.

*Hyl.* I shall produce all, Philopolis, and consequently the most considerable, but in such order as they occur to my memory. And for the present these are those that swim uppermost in my thoughts; viz. *diseases, war, famine, pestilence, earthquakes,* and *death* itself, the sad effect of so affrightful causes. These, methinks, do not so well consist with that *benignity of Providence* that Philotheus contends for.

*Philoth.* These are indeed sad and terrible names, Hylobares; but I hope to make it appear, that the world in general are more scar'd than hurt by these affright-

ful bugbears. I will begin with that which is accounted the most horrid, I mean, *death* itself. For why should mankind complain of this decree of God and nature, which is so necessary and just? I mean not only in reference to our lapsed condition, which incurr'd the penalty of death; but that there is a becoming sweetness in this severity, in respect both of the soul itself, as it is so timely released from this bondage of vanity, and also in regard of our *pecaminous terrestrial* personalities here. For I hold it an oeconomy more befitting the goodness of God, to communicate life to a succeeding series of *terrestrial* persons, than that one constant number of them should monopolize all the good of the world, and so stifle and forestal all succeeding generations.

*Hyl.* I do not understand that, *Philoth.* Why may not a set sufficient number of men, equal to the largest number of the succession, be as meet an object of the divine goodness, as a continual succession of them? For there is an equal communication of good in the one case as in the other.

*Philoth.* If there be this equality, it argues an indifferency whether way it be; and therefore it is no flaw in Providence what-ever way it is. But yet I say that way that is taken is the best: because that  
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in this terrestrial condition there would be a satiety of the enjoyments of this life; and therefore it is fit that, as well saturated guests, we should at length willingly recede from the table.

*Euist.* I believe Philotheus alludes to that of Lucretius, where he brings in nature arguing excellently well against the fond complaints of mankind:

Quid tibi tantopere est, mortalis, quod nimis aegris  
Luctibus indulges? quid mortem congemis ac fles?

Nam si grata fuit tibi vita ante acta priorque,  
Et non omnia, pertusum congesta quasi in vas,  
Commoda perfluxere atque ingrata interiere,  
Cur non ut plenus vitae conviva recedis?

*Philoth.* But my eye was most upon the following verses:

Nam tibi praeterea quod machiner inveniamque  
Quod placeat nihil est, eadem sunt omnia semper.  
Si tibi non annis corpus jam marcet, et artus  
Confecti languent, eadem tamen omnia restant,  
Omnia si pergas vivendo vincere secla.

From whence I would infer, that there is more joy and pleasure arises to men in this way of succession of mankind, than if there were the same men always. And the theater of the world is better varied and made more delightful to the invisible spectators of it, as also the records of history to them that read them. For it were a dull thing to have always the same actors upon the stage. Besides that the varieties of mens ages would be lost, and the prettinesses of their passions, and the difference of sexes, which afford their pe-

cular pleasures and delights one to another. And there is the same reason for brutes, who when they die, tho' they find not themselves in the other state, as we do, yet they no more miss themselves after death than they sought themselves before they were born.

*Hyl.* I must confess, Philotheus, that the case is at least so disputable, that a man cannot lay any just charge against Providence from this topick.

*Philoth.* Besides, Hylobares, it seems to be of the very nature of terrestrial animals to be mortal, and that without the force of a miracle they cannot endure for ever. What therefore could Providence do better, than to make their *species* immortal by a continued propagation and succession? For that is the infirmity of *our particular* nature to dote upon *individuals*: But the *divine goodness*, which is *universal*, is of a more released and large nature; and since *individuals* will be thus fading and mortal, concerns herself only in the conservation of the *species*. To all which you may add, That unless you could secure this terrestrial world from sin and sense of grief and pain, not to be able to die, to the generality of men oppressed and tormented by the tyranny and wickedness of others, might

might prove the greatest infelicity that could befall them. Immortality, Hylobares, join'd with pride and ambition, would easily bring the world to this pass: and men now, tho' mortal, yet conceive immortal enmities one against another.

VIII. Of diseases.

*Hyl.* That's shrewdly suggested, Philotheus. But admit the necessity of dying, what necessity or conveniency of the frequentness of *diseases*? Which is an head in Lucretius which Sophron forgot to speak to.

*Philoth.* As for *diseases* in general, Hylobares, they are as necessary sequels of the terrestrial nature as death itself. But as *death* would visit us more slowly, so would *diseases* less fiercely and frequently, if it were not for our own intemperance and irregular passions; which we are to blame for what we find most intolerable, and not to tax Providence, which has contrived all for the best, and has let nothing pass without mature judgment and deliberation. For *diseases* themselves, tho' the natural sequels of a mortal constitution, may well be approved of by the Divine Wisdom for fundry reasons. As first, While they are inflicted they better the mind in those that are good, and are but a just scourge to them that are evil; and the pleasure



sure of recovery doth ordinarily more than compensate the over-past misery in both. So little cause have either to complain of the neglect of Providence in such visitations.

*Bath.* Nay, indeed, I think that mankind have so little reason to complain, that they have rather a very high obligation to admire and extol that Providence that suffers so many outward evils, as they are called, to rove in the world. For where they hit, they frequently put us into such capacities of seriously bethinking ourselves of the duties of piety and virtue as we should never meet with, for all the *boasts of our free-will*, unless these heavy weights were cast into the balance to *poize against* our propensions to follow the lusts and pleasures of life, and the ordinary allurements of the world.

*Philoth.* That is excellently well observed indeed, Bathynous.

*Hyl.* But I pray you proceed, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* I was observing in the second place, That the sick being a spectacle to them that are well, make them more sensible of their own health, and should stir up in them thankful devotion towards God their preserver, and engage them to employ

ploy their health to the best purposes. And lastly, That *diseases* are a notable object of man's art and industry and skill in medicine; the exercise whereof does very highly gratify them that are either lovers of *mankind* or of *money*. That therefore that does naturally accrue to the condition of a terrestrial creature, why should God interpose his omnipotency to disjoin it, especially it bringing along with it such considerable conveniences? Nor must we think much that sometimes a disease is *invincible*: for thereby sickness becomes more formidable to the patient, without which it would not prove so good physick to his soul; and general success would lessen the estimate of the cure, and the pleasure of escaping the danger of the disease; as likewise it would diminish the joys and congratulations of friends and officious visitants. For it is fit that things should be set home upon our passions, that our delights thereby may become more poignant and triumphant.

IX. Of war, famine, pestilence, and earthquakes.

*Hyl.* You come off jollily, methinks, Philotheus, apologizing thus in the general. But if you will more closely view the particular grim countenances of those more horrid disasters of mankind, *war, famine, pesti-*

*pestilence, and earthquakes,* which I intimated before, these one would think should abate your courage.

*Philoth.* Concerning these, Hytobares, I answer, first in general, That it is worth our taking notice of, how Divine Providence has counted upon this extraordinary expence of man's blood and life, the generations of men being not considerably scant for all these four greedy devourers of them. And therefore we ought to consider what a testimony of the perfection of the works of God in nature the greatest disasters of the world are. For if they did not appear, we should think it liable to none, but that it stood wholly on its own legs. But we now seeing it liable to so great ones, and yet such as are perpetually triumphed over by that wisdom and counsel of God that is so peremptorily carried on in the nature of things, we are thereby manifestly convinced of a Providence even from such things as at first sight seem most to contradict it. To which you may add that eminent use of the calamitousness of this scene of things, if we must needs think it so, namely the serious seeking after a portion in those regions that are not subject to such horrid disasters, those *sedes quiete*, as your Lucretius calls them,

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them, Hylobares, and in imitation of Homer, that more religious poet, describes them very elegantly. I believe Euristor could recite the verses.

*Eurist.* I remember them very well,  
*Philoth.*

Apparet, Divum numen, sedesque quietae,  
Quas neque concutiunt venti, nec nubila nimbis  
Aspergunt, neque nix acti concreta pruina  
Caha cadens violat, sedaperque innubilus aether  
Integit, et large diffuso lumine ridet.

*Hyl.* But I do not intend to be thus put off with an old song, Philotheus: I desire to hear your account of those four more dismal particulars I proposed.

*Philoth.* Why, that is no such hard province, Hylobares. For as for *war* and its effects, it is not to be cast upon God; but on ourselves, whose untamed lusts, having shaken off the yoke of reason, make us mad after dominion and rule over others, and our pride and haughtiness impatient of the least affront or injury. And for *famine*, it is ordinarily rather the effect of *war* than the defect of the soil or unkindliness of the season; which if it were, mens providence and frugality might easily prevent any more direful ill consequences thereof; and present necessities fet mens wits on work. And there is also that communication betwixt nations and countries, that supplies are usually made in such

such like exigencies. I confess *plagues* and *pestilences* would seem more justly chargeable upon God, did we not pull them down upon ourselves as deserved scourges for our disobedience. And tho' whole cities be sometimes swept away with them, as that of *Athens* and *Constantinople*, yet we are to consider that such acute diseases make quick dispatch; which makes *earthquakes* in like manner the more tolerable. For whether they be islands or cities that are thus swallowed into the ground or sunk into the sea, it is a present death and more speedy burial. Thus perished those two famous cities of *Achaia*, *Helice* and *Buris*; as also, according to *Plato* and some others, an ancient *Atlantick* island sunk into the sea. But what more than ordinary mischief came to the inhabitants? For the souls of the good, having once left their bodies, would easily find way through the crannies of the earth or depth of the sea, and so pass to those ethereal seats and mansions of the blessed. And for the souls of the bad, what advantage the atheist can make to himself by enquiring after them I know not. If a man's fancy therefore be not suddenly snatch'd away, these things are nothing so terrible as they seem at first sight;

nay,



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haustible stock of the universe will very easily bear the expence of all these so amusing pomps and solemnities: which therefore give the more ample witness to the *wisdom* and *power* of the Deity.

*Hyl.* But we seek more ample witnesses of his *goodness*, O Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Why, it is one part of his *goodness* thus to display before us his *wisdom* and *power*, to perfect our natures, and bring us into admiration and love of himself. For you see all these things have their usefulness, that is, their advantageous regard to us. For God wants nothing.

X. Of ill accidents happening to brute creatures, whereby their lives become miserable.

*Hyl.* Nay, I see you will make every thing out, Philotheus. Nor dare I adventure to propose to you the *murrain* of cattle or *rots* of sheep, whenas you have already suggested that touching the mortality of men, which you will expect should stop my mouth. And I confess you may add, that they may be swept away sometimes for the wickedness or trial of their owners. And therefore I will not so much insist upon the death of dumb creatures, as upon such accidents as may make their lives more lingeringly miserable; as the putting some limb out of joint, the break-

breaking of a bone, or the like. For why does not that invifible power that invigilates over all things prevent fuch bad accidents? it being as eafy for him that made them to keep them from harm, as it was to make them; he being *able* to do all things without any trouble or difturbance to himfelf, and being fo *good* and *benign* as to defpife none of his innocent creatures.

*Philof.* This is pertinently urged, Hylobares. But I anfwer, That God has made the world as a complete *Automaton*, a *Machine* that is to move upon its own fpring and wheels, without the frequent *recourfe* of the artificer; for that were but a bungle. Wherefore that the Divine art or *kill* incorporate into matter might be *manifeft*, *abfolute* power does not *interpoze*, but the condition of every thing is according to the beft contrivance this *terrene* matter is capable of. Wherefore thefe *ill* accidents that happen to living creatures *teftify* that there is nothing but the *ordinary* *Divine* *artifice* modifying the matter that keeps up the creature in its natural condition and happinefs. Whereby the *wifdom* of God is more clearly and *wonderfully* fet out to us; that notwithstanding the frailty of the matter, yet the careful organization of the parts of a creature

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does



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does so defend it from mischief, that it very seldom happens that it falls into such harms and casualties as you specify. But if an immediate extraordinary and absolute power did always interpose for the safety of the creature, the efficacy of that intellectual contrivance of the matter into such organs and parts would be necessarily hid from our knowledge, and the greatest pleasure of natural philosophy come to nothing. Which is of more concernment than the perpetual security of the limbs of every beast; especially it happening so very seldom that any of them are either strain'd or broken, unless it be long of us, and then Providence is acquitted.

*Hyl.* How long of us, Philotheus? For these mischances are incident to more creatures than we ride on, or make to draw at either plough, coach, or cart.

*Philoth.* As for example, when one shoots at a flock of pigeons or a flush of ducks, do you expect that Divine Providence should so guide the shot, that it should hit none but what it kill'd outright, and not send any away with a broken leg? By the same reason neither should it be in our power to break the leg of a bird, if she were in our hands. And, which is of greater moment, the judge should be struck dumb

dumb so soon as he began to give sentence against the innocent; the sword should fall out of the hand of him that maintains an unjust quarrel; the lips of the priest should be miraculously sealed up so soon as he began to vent false doctrines, and delude the people with lies; and the dangerous physick of either an unskilful or villainous physician should never be able to find the way to the mouth of the credulous patient. The sense of which would be, That God should make man a free creature, and yet violently determine him to one part. Which would make uselefs the sundry faculties of the soul; prevent the variety of orders of men, silence these busy actors on this stage of the earth, and by this palpable interposal, as it were, bring *Christ* to judgment before the time. Thus would the ignorance and impatience of the unskilful raise the theatre before the play be half done, the intricacy of the plot making the spectacle tedious to them that understand it not. But let the atheist know there will be a Θεὸς ἀπὸ μηχανῆς, *Christ* coming in the clouds, that shall salve up all, whom he shall see at length to his own sorrow and confusion.

*Philop.* Excellently good indeed, Philotheus!

*Hyl.* And it is well it is so, *Philopolis*, for otherwise it were intolerable. For he repeats but what he said before upon my first objection. But *δὲς κὶ τρεῖς τὸ καλόν.*

*Philop.* I pray you, *Philotheus*, proceed.

*Philoth.* In the mean time God has not left us without excuse, having given us the admirable works of nature and the holy oracles to exercise our faith and reason. But so frequent and palpable interpellations in human affairs would take away the usefulness of both, and violently compel, not persuade the free creature. And thus would our intellectuals lose their most proper and pleasant game, the seeking out God by his footsteps in the creation. For this were to thrust himself upon us whether we would or no, not to give us the pleasure and exercise of searching after him in the tracts of nature; in which there is this surprizing delight, that if we meet with any thing that seems less agreeable at first sight, let us use the greatest wit we can to alter it, upon farther trial we shall find that we have but made it worse by our tampering with it. So that we always find that what-ever evil there is in the world, it is to be charged upon the incapability of the creature, not the envy or oversight of the Creator. For did things proceed from such a principle

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cept as wanted either *skill* or *goodness*, that were not *God*.

III. Of the cruelty and rapacity of animals.

*Hyl.* That is acknowledged on both sides. But this is the thing we sweat at, to make the *phenomena* of the world correspond with so excellent a principle. Which, methinks, nothing does so harshly grate against as that law of *cruelty* and *rapine*, which God himself seems to have implanted in nature amongst ravenous birds and beasts. For things are there as he has made them, and it is plain in the talons, beaks, paws and teeth of these creatures, that they are arm'd fittingly for that tragical design. Besides that commission that man hath over the lives of them all.

*Cuph.* I am heartily glad to see this puzzling objection brought upon the stage; not that I would have the cause of Providence any way entangled or prejudic'd, but that there is so fit an opportunity of shewing the unparallel'd usefulness (in the greatest exigencies) of the peculiar notions of that stupendious wit Des-Cartes: amongst which that touching brutes being mere *machina's* is very notorious.

*Philop.* So it is indeed, O Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* And the usefulness here as notorious. For it takes away all that conceived  
hardship

hardship and misery that brute creatures undergo, either by our rigid dominion over them, or by their fierce cruelty one upon another. This new hypothesis sweeps away all these difficulties at one stroke.

*Hyl.* This is a subtil invention indeed, Cuphophon, to exclude brute creatures always from life, that they may never cease to live.

*Cuph.* You mistake me, Hylobares; I exclude them from life, that they may never die with pain.

*Hyl.* Why, few men but die so, Cuphophon, and yet scarce any man but thinks it worth the while to have lived, tho' he must die at last in such circumstances. And there not being that *reflexiveness* nor so *comprehensive* and *presagient* an *anxiety* or *present deep resentment* in brutes in their suffering as in rational creatures, that short pain they undergo when they are devoured by one another cannot be considerable nor bear the thousandth proportion to that pleasure they have reaped in their life. So that it is above a thousand times better that they should be animated with sensitive life, than be but mere *machina's*.

*Phil.* Truly, methinks Hylobares argues very demonstratively against you, Cuphophon; and that therefore the *Cartesian* hypothesis

pothesis in this case is so far from helping out any difficulty in divine Providence, that it were the greatest demonstration in the world against the goodness thereof, if it were true; namely, that such an infinite number of animals, as we call them, capable of being so truly, and of enjoying a vital happiness, should be made but mere senseless puppets, and devoid of all the joys and pleasures of life.

*Hyl.* I expect a better answer from Philotheus, or else I shall be very much left in the dark.

*Philoth.* My answer in brief is this: that this is the sport that the divine wisdom affords the contemplative in the speculation of her works, in that she puzzles them at the first sight even to the making of herself suspected of some oversight, and that she has committed some offence against the sacred nature of God, which is *goodness* and *justice* itself; which yet they afterwards more accurately scanning find most of all agreeable to that rule. As certainly it is here. For what is so just as that aphorism of Pythagoras' school, Τὸ χέρηρον ἕνεκα τῆ βελτίονος, that *the worse is made for the better*? And what so good wisdom, as to contrive things for the highest enjoyment

ment of all? For I say, as I said before, that divine Providence in the generations of fishes, birds and beasts, cast up in her account the supernumeraries that were to be meat for the rest. And Hylobares is to prove whether so many individuals of them could come into the world and continue so in succession, if they were not to be lessened by this seeming cruel law of feeding one upon another. And besides, we see sundry *species* of living creatures this way the most pleasantly and transportingly provided for. For how delightful a thing it is for them by their craft and agility of body to become masters of their prey, men that make to themselves a fortune by their own wit, policy and valour, let them be judges. Where something of consequence is in chace, it makes the pleasure of the game more solid, fills the faculties with more vigour and alacrity, and makes the victory more savoury and valuable. As running for a wager makes a man feel his limbs with more courage and speed, and find himself more pleased that he has overcome his antagonist. Wherefore the *animal life* in beasts and birds (and they were never intended for any thing higher) is highly gratify'd by this exercise of their strength and craft, and yet the *species* of all things very copiously

copiously preserved. But to complain that some certain numbers are to be lopp'd off, which notwithstanding must at last die, and if they lived and propagated without any such curb, would be a burthen to the earth and to themselves for want of food, it is but the cavil of our own *softness* and *ignorant effeminacy*, no just charge against God or nature. For the divine wisdom freely and generously having provided for the whole, does not, as man, dote on this or that particular, but willingly lets them go for a more solid and more universal good. And as for *beeves* and *sheep*, the more ordinary food of man, how often is the countryman at a loss for grass and fodder for them? Judge then what this foolish pity of ever sparing them would bring upon them. They would multiply so fast, that they would die for famine and want of food.

*Hyl.* What you say, Philotheus, I must confess is not immaterial. But yet, methinks, it looks very harshly and cruelly, that one living creature should fall upon another and slay him, when he has done him no wrong.

*Philoth.* Why, Hylobares, tho' I highly commend this good nature in you, yet I must tell you, it is the *idioticalness* of your fancy that makes you thus puzzled in



in this case. For you fancy brutes as if they were men: whenas they have no other law than the common law of nature, which is the law of *self-love*, the cravings of which they will satisfy, whatever is incommodated thereby. As the fire will burn if it take hold, tho' to the consumption of a whole forest, notwithstanding the wood never did the fire any hurt, that it should use it so: so every animal would satisfy its own craving appetite, tho' it were by the devouring of all the world beside. This every sparrow, titmouse or swallow would do. So that if you will indulge to that fancy, they are all wicked alike; and therefore it need not seem so harsh that the devourers are also to be devoured. But it is the most true and philosophical apprehension, to impute no more wickedness to devouring brutes than to swallowing gulfs of the sea or devouring fire.

XII. Of the rage of the elements, the poison of serpents, and wrath of wild beasts.

*Hyl.* Why, Philotheus, that is the thing I was going to object in the next place; I mean, as well the rage of the elements, as the wrath of wild beasts, and several monstrosities of creatures that occur, whether whole *species* or single individuals. For  
do

do not these discover some malignancy in the principles of the world, inconsistent with so lovely and benign an author as we seek after?

*Euist.* I can tell you an hypothesis, Hylobares, that will sufficiently solve this objection, if you and I could close with it.

*Hyl.* I warrant you mean the *Behmenical*, the corruption of the *Divine Salnitre* by the rebellion of *Lucifer* against his Maker. These things I admire at a distance, Euistor, but, as you say, I have not an heart to close with them. For I cannot believe that there is any might or counsel that can prevail against God; or that he can overshoot himself so far, as to give the staff out of his own hands in such a measure as is taught in that hypothesis. Wherefore, Philotheus, I desire a more credible account of these things from you.

*Philoth.* I shall offer you, Hylobares, a very easy and intelligible supposition.

*Hyl.* I pray you what is it, Philotheus? I long to hear it.

*Philoth.* Only this; That this stage of the earth, and the comprehension of its *Atmosphere*, is one of the meanest, the least glorious and least happy mansions in the creation; and that God may make one part of the creation less noble than another,

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ther, nay it may be his wisdom requires it should be so at length in process of time; as the art of painting requires dark colours as well as those more bright and florid in well-drawn pictures. Therefore I say, the nature of things, even of all of them, sin only excepted, is but less good here, not truly evil or malignant.

*Hyl.* How does that appear, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* It is manifest, for example, that there is no such malignant heat as is supposed in fire, but all is sound and sacred, if it be in due measure and in right circumstances apply'd. For it is well known, that the gentle and comfortable rays of the sun may be so crowded together in one point by the artifice of glasses, that they will be so furiously hot as to melt hard metalline bodies. And little question is to be made, but that there are certain particles, good store, in nature, of a form long and flexible, that the ordinary heat of the sun raising into a vapour, and he or some higher principle still more strongly agitating them, will cause mighty winds and tempests, and these tempests vehemently toss the sea, and make it rage and roar. But that sea-voyages become dangerous by this means, is but the exercise of the wit and observation of man,  
and

and has occasioned a most accurate art of navigation. And if some ships notwithstanding be cast away, it ever makes the passenger that has any piety in him pay his vows at land with greater religion and devotion. And for the wrath of beasts, it has nothing more diabolical in it than natural choler and the flames of fire, which do no more hurt than the pure beams of the sun passing through a pure glass, whose figure only makes them burn. But the power of God indeed seems more barely set out in these fierce beasts of prey, such as the *lion*, *bear*, and *tyger*, and is yet more terrible in huge scaled *dragons* and *serpents*. But if these kind of creatures bear any mischief or poison in their teeth or tails or their whole body, that poison is nothing but disproportionality of particles to the particles of our own or other animals bodies. And nature has armed us with caution, flight and abhorrency from such dreadful spectacles. But we must not make our abhorrency the measure and true estimate of others natures. For those poisonous creatures are not poisonous to their own kind, and are so far from mutual abhorrency, that they are joined in the nearest link of love that can be, whereby they propagate their *species*. Wherefore

fore these objects of so terrible an aspect are not evil in themselves, but being capable of the delights of the *animal life* as well as any other, and being so egregiously direful to behold, as living symbols of that attribute of *power* unqualified with *goodness*, they were rightly brought into being in this region of sin, as ready instruments of Divine wrath, notorious ornaments of the theatre of the world, and a great enrichment of the history of nature, which would be defective, did it not run from one extreme to another. For even variety of sweet things cloy, and there is no remedy so good as the mixture of sharp, bitter and sour.

XIII. Of monstrosities in nature.

And therefore those more sacred and congruous laws of nature are sometimes violated by her own prerogative, as is manifest in the birth of *monsters*; which I look upon as but a piece of sportfulness in the order of things, as when a well-favoured boy makes a wry mouth out of wantonness, whereupon the sudden composure of his countenance into its natural frame seems the more lovely and amiable: but for these prodigious deviations, they are not many. For it is the rarity of them that invites the people to look after them.

And

And it is a plain argument they are well pleased with these novel spectacles, they so willingly parting with their monies to have the sight of them. For these diversities of objects in the world variously touch the minds of men, playing upon their several affections and faculties as a musician on the fundry keys of an organ or virginals. And that stop which is a discord of itself, yet not being too long stood upon, makes the succeeding harmony more sweet. And so it is in that which is uglily defective or mishapen, it quickens the sense of that due shape and elegancy we see ordinarily in other things. But that there are whole nations absolutely monstrous or mishapen, such as the *Cynocephali*, *Acephali*, *Monoculi*, *Monocoli*, and the like, it will be then time enough to answer to that difficulty, when the truth of the story is cleared. The probability of which I think Euistor is as able to judge of as most men, he taking so special a felicity in reading of histories.

*Euist.* That there are such monstrous nations mentioned in history, O Philotheus, it cannot be dissembled. But for the credibility of the story or pertinency to this subject, that is not so clear. For in my apprehension historians do very much betray  
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their vanity in the very circumstances of what they relate. As in the *Monocoli of Tartarie*, which, they say, have but one arm as well as but one leg; but they add, that they run so swift on that single hand and foot, that no horse can keep pace with them. Which if it were true, what great charge could be laid against nature for making so admirable and useful a fabrick? There is also a people near *California*, called *Enoticæti*, which they say have long ears that reach to the very ground, but withal so large and thin and limber, that they hang like a scarf behind or before them; which they spread and lie in a nights on the ground, (if any be so foolish as to believe it:) from whence they are called *Enoticæti*, as having their *ears* for sheets to *lie in*. So that when they travel they may *in utramque aurem dormire*, and be afraid of no contagion but what they carry with them.

*Cuph.* This is a pretty privilege, *Euist*. But I would be very loth to be so liable to be lugg'd by the ears up and down as they are, for all their security of wholesome sheets.

*Euist.* For my part, I must confess, I look upon it as a very fable; as I do also upon those several stories of the *Monoculi*.  
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And Sir *John Mandevill*, to outbid the mendacity of all his predecessors, thought it not enough to feign nations with one eye in their heads only, but also such as had none at all, but only two holes like empty sockets where the lights should be placed. But to give you my conjecture, I think the first occasion of this fable of the *Monoculi* was raised from the *Scythian Arimaspi*, which were famed to be such, and indeed have their name from thence, as *Eustathius* notes upon *Dionysius Afer*, 'Αρι γὰρ τὸ ἐν Σκυθίῃσι, μασσὸς δὲ ὁ ὀφθαλμός.

*Philop.* What's that *Euiſtor*?

*Euiſt.* 'Αρι in the *Scythian* language is as much as *one*, and *μασσὸς* as much as to say an *eye*. So that *Arimaspi* signifies as much as *one-eyed*. And *Æschylus* in the same author calls them *μονῶπα στρατὸν*, the *one-ey'd army*, as being excellently well exercised archers, and having by frequent winking on one eye lessened it so much as in a manner to have lost the use of it. I believe there is no more in it than this; and can hardly conclude with *Eustathius*, that in process of time they begot children quite deprived of one of their eyes. But be that how it will, that was no fail



fail of nature, but a fault of their own. But surely from such slight hints as these might so many loud lies be spread abroad in the world. And when they had once brought it to one eye, they might then place it according to the easiness of their fancy, not on one side of the nose, but, as Pliny does those of the † *Arimaspi*, in the midst of their forehead.

And as for the *Acephali*, they might be nothing but some strong hutch-back'd people, that having their heads very low and their shoulders high, men in humour and derision might say that they had their mouths in their breasts and their eyes in their shoulders. For men love to express themselves so as to raise admiration.

And lastly, for the *Cynocephali*, it is a thing incredible, and betrays the falseness by the circumstances of the report. As that they understand one another by barking and howling, and partly by signs with their hands and fingers; that they have long tails like dogs, and that they engender as dogs do, and that the human way is by them, forsooth, accounted more shameful and dishonest. I believe the truth of the existence of those apes that are called *Cynocephali* gave the first ground to this amplify'd fable; which you may see more enlarged

† Hist. Nat. l. 7. c. 2.

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in † *Eusebius Neirimbergius*, but rejected even by him as a vain report.

And as the *Cynocephali* are but brutes, so I conceive those terrible men with horns beyond *Cathay*, and those human shapes with long tails that straggle on the mountainous parts of the island *Borneo*, with other sportful variations and deviations from the usual figure of man, were but so many several kinds of *Satyrs*, *Monkeys* and *Baboons*, that are of a middle nature betwixt men and beasts, as the fundry sorts of *plant-animals* are betwixt *beasts* and *trees*. And as the perfectest of *plant-animals* come very near an absolute animal, as the *Borranetz* not far from the Caspian sea amongst the *Tartars*; so the perfectest of *Satyrs* and *Apes* may very well come so near mankind that they may be suspected to be of human race. But that they can ever be improved to the accomplishment of a man, I think as little probable, as the turning of a *Zoophyton* into a perfect animal.

*Philop.* On my word, *Hylobares*, *Euistor* has laid about him more than ordinary in this point.

*Hyl.* I must confess, *Philopolis*, that *Euistor* has spoke so probably touching these stories of human monstrosities, that I cannot

† Hist. Nat. l. 5. c. 15.

not have the face upon so uncertain reports to lay a charge against Providence, whose exactness is so conspicuous in things of assured and certain knowledge. And therefore I would now pass from this *classis* of *natural evils*, if that three more of this kind (if I may call them all *natural*) did not forcibly detain me. For indeed they are such as do more amuse me and dissettle me than any I have yet proposed.

*Philoth.* I pray, what are those, *Hylobares*?

XIV. Of fools, mad-men, and men irreclamably wicked from their very birth.

*Hyl.* That sad spectacle of *natural fools*, of *mad-men*, and of *men from their very childhood irreclamably wicked*. I cannot devise how such *phenomena* as these can well comport with so benign a Providence as you seem to plead for. To me, *Philotheus*, they are the most dismal sights in the world.

*Philoth.* And, to deal ingenuously with you, *Hylobares*, there is nothing does more contristate and melancholize my spirit than any reflections upon such objects. But yet I cannot conclude but that God may be exactly good and just in his dealings with men for all this. For we must consider that mankind by their fall are lapsed  
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into a parallel condition with that of beasts in a manner, and, by their being invested with these terrestrial induments, do put themselves into all those hazards that the brutal life is obnoxious to, that is to say, not only the diseases of the body, but the maladies also of those better faculties of perception and imagination, of natural wit and sagacity, and of natural humour and disposition. The distemper of any of these seizes the soul, if it meet with so ill a fitted body. For we see that some beasts are egregiously more sottish and slow than others of their own kind, and more mischievous and unmanageable, as is observable in *dogs* and *horses*. And several brutes are capable of becoming mad. These mischiefs follow this terrestrial fate of things, which none can be secure from but those that inhabit not in these houses of clay. And who knows but he that is born a natural fool, if he had had natural wit, would have become an arrant knave? which is an hundred times worse. And to have been in a capacity of being good, and yet to range out into all manner of wickedness, is more horrible than to have ever had a senselessness of what is pious and virtuous uninterruptedly from the very birth. And as for *mad-men*, it is notoriously known that  
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the greatest cause is ordinarily immorality, pride, the want of faith in God, or inordinate love of some outward object. But no madness but that which is purely a disease is to be charged upon Providence: for which there is the like apology as for other diseases; which if we should admit they did not always good to the afflicted, yet it cannot be denied but that they do very naturally tend to the bettering of the spectators, as this sad object of *madness* ought to do; to make men humble and modest, and masters of their passions, and studious of purification of soul and body, and close adherers to the Deity, that so horrid a distemper may never be able to seize them; to keep down the ferocity of desire, and to be wholly resigned to the will of God in all things, and not to seek a man's self no more than if he were not at all; not to love the praise of men, nor the pride of the world, nor the pleasures of life, but to make it his entire pleasure to be of one will with his Maker, nor to covet any thing but the accomplishment of his will in all things.

*Hyl.* This *divine madness*, you will say, Philotheus, will extinguish all natural madness, as the pure light of the sun does any coarse terrestrial fire.

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* This divine sobriety, Hylobares, will keep our animal spirits safe and sober.

*Bath.* I conceive, Philotheus, that Hylobares may not call that excellent state of the soul a *divine madness* out of any reproach to it, but for the significancy of the expression. For madness is nothing else but an ecstasicalness of the soul, or an emotion of the mind, so that a man is said *not to be himself, or to be beside himself*. The misery of which in natural madness is, that he being thus unhinged, he roves and is flung off at random whether it happens, or lock'd into some extravagant fancy or humour that is to no purpose, or else to ill purpose. But *divine madness* is, when a man by studiously and devotionally quitting himself and his own animal desires thro' an intire purification of his spirit, being thus loosened from himself, is laid fast hold on by the Spirit of God, who guides this faithful and well-fitted instrument, not according to the ignorant or vicious modes of the world, but his motions keep time to that musick which is truly holy, seraphical and divine, I mean, to the measures of sound reason and pure intellect.

*Hyl.* I meant no worse, Bathynous, than you intimate; but you have apologized  
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more floridly and rhetorically for me than I could have done for myself. And therefore this rub being removed, I beseech you, Philotheus, proceed in your well-begun apology touching those difficulties in Providence which I last propounded.

*Philoth.* I will add therefore these two considerations. First, that this life is short, and that no more is required of these ill-appointed persons for wisdom and virtue than proportionally to the talent committed to them. So that their danger is diminished according to the lessening of the measure of their capacities. Secondly, that it is our fancy rather than our reason that makes us imagine these objects so much more sad and deplorable, than what we see in the ordinary sort of men. For, as I was intimating before, which of these two is the more deplorable state, to be a fool by *fate* or upon *choice*? And are not all things toys and fools-baubles and the pleasures of Children or beasts, excepting what is truly *moral* and *intellectual*? and how few, I pray you, amongst many thousands do seriously spend their studies in any thing weightily moral or intellectual, but fiddle away their time as idly as those that pill straws or tie knots on rushes in a fit of deliration or lunacy? The wits of this age contend

contend very much for this paradox, That there is no other happiness than content; but it is the happiness of natural fools, to find their content more easily and certainly than these very wits. And there is in this case much the same reason of *mad-men* as of *fools*. And what is the gaudiness of fools coats but the gallantry of these wits, tho' not altogether so authentickly in fashion? Besides, this may excuse Providence something, that the generality of men do usually flock after fools and mad-men, and shew themselves delighted with the object.

*Bath.* They are pleased, it may be, to see some more mad and sottish than themselves, and so congratulate to themselves the advantage and pre-eminency, as they fancy, of their own condition.

*Hyl.* It may be they approach to them as to alluring looking-glasses, wherein they may so lively discern their own visages.

*Philoth.* You may have spoken more truly in that, *Hylobares*, than you are aware of, saying that generally men are more foolish and mad than these looking-glasses can represent them. *Nihil tam absurde dici potest quod non dicatur ab aliquo philosophorum*, is a saying of Cicero. And if the Philosophers themselves be such




fools, what are the Plebeians? Could ever any thing more sottish or extravagant fall into the mind of either *natural fool* or *mad-man*, than, *that the eternal God is of a corporeal nature and shape; that the world and all the parts of it, the organized bodies of men and beasts not excepted, are the result of a blind jumble of mere matter and motion without any other guide?* What more phrantick than the *figment of transubstantiation*, and of *infallible lust, ambition, and covetousness?* Or what more outragious *specimen* of madness, than the killing and slaying for the non-belief of such things? A man is accounted a natural fool for preferring his bauble before a bag of gold; but is not he a thousand times more foolish that prefers a bag of gold, a puff of honour, a fit of transient pleasure, before the everlasting riches, glory and joys of the kingdom of heaven? No man wonders that a mad-man unadvisedly kills another; and if he did it advisedly and of set purpose, yet it being causelessly and disadvantageously to himself, he is reputed no less mad. How notoriously mad then are those that, to their own eternal damnation, depopulate countries, sack cities, subvert kingdoms, and not only martyr the bodies of the pious and righteous, but murder  
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the souls of others, whom by fraud or violence they pollute with idolatrous and impious practices; and all this for that gaudy bauble of ambition, and a high conceit of *one universal spiritual monarch*, that ought to wallow in wealth, and tumble in all the fleshly and sensual delights of this present world? Wherefore, to speak my judgment freely, Hylobares, seeing that there would be such abundance of men *mad* and *foolish* and *wicked* according to the *ordinary guise* of the world, it does not mis-beseem the *goodness* of Providence to anticipate this growing degeneracy in some few, by making them *fools* and *mad-men* as it were by *birth* or *fate*: that folly and madness being represented to the sons of men, in a more unusual disguise, by hooting at it, they may do that piece of justice as to reproach themselves thereby, who are upon their *own cost* and *charges* more reprehensibly wicked than they that never came within any capacity of being virtuous, (if there be any such) and more outrageously mad and abominably sottish in the eyes of him that can judge rightly, than any natural fool or bedlam; or rather, that using that seasonable reflection which Plato somewhere commends upon the consideration of the ill carriage of others, ἦπερ ἄρ' ἐγὼ

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TOIST , they may find by such analogies as I have hinted at, that they are far worse fools and madmen than are hooted at in the streets, and so for very shame amend their lives, and become truly wise and virtuous. For what can be more effectual for the raising an horror and detestation of what is ugly and dishonest in ourselves, than the reflexion, that what we so abhor in others is more in ourselves both as to degrees and other circumstances; and that whereas others may seem an object of *pity*, ourselves deserve the highest *reproof* and *scorn*.

XV. The best use to be made of the saddest scene of the things of this world.

So that you see, Hylobares, that even in these pieces of providence that seem most forlorn, most dark and desperate, a very comfortable account of the *Divine goodness* does unexpectedly emerge and shine forth. Which would still clear up into a more full satisfaction, the more leisure and ability we had to search into things. But if you cannot keep your eye from being fixed on the *black side* of *Providence* rather than on the *bright side* thereof, and must ruminatè on the particular evils of plagues and pestilences, of war and famine, of devouring earthquakes,  
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of that cruel and savage custom of both birds, beasts and fishes, in preying and feeding one upon another, which is a shadow of the most outrageous violence and iniquity imaginable; if you will melancholize your fancy with the remembrance of the groans of the maimed and sick, the dread of ravenous beasts and poisonous serpents, the destroying rage of the elements, the outrageousness of the distracted, and the forlornness and desolateness of that forsaken habitacle, the body of a natural fool, (whom therefore we most usually call a *mere body*;) this consideration also has its grand use, and it is fit that so sunk a condition of mankind as this terrestrial life is, should be charged with such a competency of tragical fatalities, as to make the considerate seriously to bethink himself of a better state, and recount with himself if he be not, as they say, in a wrong box, if he be not stray'd from his native country, and therefore, as the *Platonists* exhort, *φεύγειν ἐντεῦθεν*, if he ought not seriously to meditate a return, and to die sometimes to this world, that death at last striking off the fetters of this mortal body, the soul may emerge far above the steam of this region of *misery* and *sin*. *ὁ praeclearum diem, cum ad divinum illud animorum*  
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*concilium coetumque proficiscar, cumque ex hac turba ac colluvione discedam!*

*Euist.* It is part of that excellent speech of *Cato* to *Scipio* and *Laelius*. What say you now, *Hylobares*, to *Philotheus* his affoiling these your last and most puzzling and confounding difficulties about *natural evils*?

XVI. How the entrance of sin into the world can consist with the goodness of Providence.

*Hyl.* I say *Philotheus* discourses excellently well, *Euistor*, and beyond my expectation. And I cannot deny but that there being such a lapsed state of mankind, that Providence upon this supposition does manage things to the best even in those *phaenomena* we call *natural evils*; and that the frame of things, taking them in their full comprehension, could scarce be better, so far as my understanding reaches, than it is. But the greatest difficulty of all remains touching this *sinful lapse*, (which is the second head of evils I had in my thoughts to propose to *Philotheus*) That Providence should ever suffer so *abominable*, so *diabolical* and destructive a thing as *sin* ever to appear on this stage of the universe: a thing that has brought in such a tragical train of miseries upon us, and is in itself so *detestable* and *hateful* both to  
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God and man. I know not how to make sense of these things.

*Cuph.* I am even glad at heart to see Hylobares so much puzzled with this difficulty, it giving me the opportunity, with Philotheus his leave, to raise him into as high a pleasure by the agreeableness and perspicuity of the solution. And, methinks, I find upon me a very great *impetus* of spirit to do him this friendly office.

*Philoth.* I pray you proceed then, Cuphophon; I hope your success will be the better.

*Cuph.* That I shall do right willingly: For I hold it a matter of great importance, that mankind have a right understanding of one another's actions and manners, and that they be not over-harshly censorious, and think every thing *infernal* and *diabolical* that is not in so high a degree good as the rest. For my purpose is, O Philopolis, to clear unto the world such principles as may sweeten the passions of men, or excite in them only the *sweet passions*, and take off all anger, hatred, and indignation against their mutual carriages; that seeing so little hurt done or meant, they may live quietly and neighbourly one with another.

*Philop.* That is an excellent plot, O Cupho-

Cuphophon, and very advantageous to as many of us justices of peace, as desire to get as much time as we can to bestow upon the more profitable parts of philosophy. But I would rightly understand this plot of yours.

*Cuph.* I perceive Hylobares (which is a symptom of his great sense of virtue) looks upon that which we ordinarily call *sin* or *wickedness*, to have such an *essential* and *infernal* poison and *hellish* perverseness in it, so *abominable* and *detestable*, and so contrary and repugnant to the nature of God, that it seems a contradiction that they should both coexist in the world together, but that the wrath of the Almighty ought to have thunder-struck or stifled so horrid a monster in the very birth, not only by reason of those natural evils it unavoidably brings upon mankind, but even for its own *diabolical ugliness* and *detestableness*. But for my part, gentlemen, I commend his zeal more than his judgment, in his adhering to so groundless an imagination.

*Soph.* I wish, Cuphophon, you beginning so daringly, that your *judgment* do not prove as little as your *zeal*. You are such an extoller of the *sweet passions*, and so professed an enemy to those more grim  
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and severe ones, that I fear, to bid adieu to them for the milder repose of our minds, you will persuade us to shake hands and be friends with sin itself.

*Cuph.* You know not what I would, Sophron, nor I scarce myself; but something I am very big of, and desire your assistance or patience in my delivering of myself of it.

*Hyl.* I pray you let it be neatly then, and a cleanly conveyance, O Cuphophon.

XVII. Cuphophon's lunatick apology, whereby he would extenuate the hainousness of sin.

*Cuph.* It shall be very dry and clean. For it shall be only a disquisition touching the mere nature of sin and wickedness, in what it consists: Whence we shall make the duest estimate of the poison of its condition. And I wish my breath may be as grateful and agreeable to your ears, as this fresh evening-air, wafted through the sides of my arbour, and steeped in the cooling beams of the moist moon, (whose strained light through the shadow of the leaves begins to cast a tremulous chequer-work on the table, our clothes and faces) is delightful and comfortable to my heated temples.

*Philop.* It begins indeed to be late of the night, Cuphophon, but it is not the less pleasant to continue our discourse in this



this chequer'd moon-shine, especially you having thus raised our expectations. Wherefore I pray you proceed.

*Cuph.* In my judgment no man has so luckily pointed at the true nature of wickedness as *Mercurius Trismegistus*, in that short saying, Ἡ κακία σύμφυλος τοῖς Ἰηρίοις, That wickedness is connate or natural to beasts. Which yet I am so far from believing in that sense the words found in, that I hold it incompetent to them. But rather, as that mirror of wisdom, *Moses*, has defined in his law, when the leprosy is all over a man, no part untainted, that he is to be reputed as clean; so brutes, who are constituted only of sense and the animal affections, without any participation of an higher principle, they are incapable of sin. And if there were any rational animals, be they in what shape they will, from the sight of whose minds that higher principle was ever excluded fatally and naturally, they would be as the *Mosaical* leper, or rather as an ordinary brute, devoid both of sin and conscience, relishing only the laws of the *animal* life: wherein when we have considered how much there is of the Divine wisdom and goodness that contrived them,  
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we shall not have so venomous a conceit concerning the creation of God, or be cast upon *Manicheism* or *Gnosticism*, fancying the sign of the Devil's paw, or scenting the sulphur of hell in every thing as strongly as the bishop's foot in milk burat to the skillet bottom.

Nay, I may say that those mysterious depths of Satan which the theosophers so diligently discover, such as are *ipseity*, *egoity*, or *selfishness*, it is nothing else but that sovereign or radical principle in the *animal life*, which is *self-love*. Of which if there be no necessity in nature that it should be, (as indeed we see sometimes the affections of creatures to be carried out so to others that they forget themselves) yet it was fit for Divine Providence to settle this principle in them all, That every thing should love itself very heartily and provide for itself; as the roots of trees without all scruple draw to themselves all the nourishment they are capable of, not regarding what tree withers, so they flourish, in which notwithstanding there is nothing of either Devil or sin.

But now that Providence did very well in implanting so smart a *self-love* in every animal, is manifest. For those more notable functions of the animal life, such as

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218 *Of the Providence of God.*

depend on strength and agility, craft and sagacity, could not be exercised to any considerable degree without this principle. A crow would not have the heart to pick at a worm, nor a swallow to snatch at a fly. And there is the same reason for those more notable and industrious insidations of other stronger and more crafty creatures that hunt after their prey. Besides, every animal in respect of itself has in some sense or measure a resemblance of that Divine attribute of *Omnipresence*; for be it where it will, it cannot leave itself behind. Wherefore it is fit it should be endowed with this great love and care of itself, being in a more constant readiness to pleasure, help and provide for itself than for another. Lastly, it is a thing unimaginable, unless brutes were endowed with intellectual faculties, (and then they would be no longer brutes) that they should be able to have so free and reflexive cogitations, as to seek the improvement and live in the sense of the publick good. And if their thoughts and fancies were always taken up or gadding after the welfare of others, the height of life and joy in every one would much be diminished and obscured. For fancy is far weaker than the present sense of the body: And  
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enjoyment? What *pride*, but self-love partly desiring to be the best or to be approved for the best, and partly triumphing and glorying that it is now become none of the meanest? And, lastly, what is *lust*, but self-love seeking its own high delight and satisfaction in the use of venery?

These are the main mishapen spawn of that monstrous fiend; that deeply couched dragon of hell, *self-love*; which if we eye more accurately, we shall find as necessary and useful in the *animal life* as the mother that bears them. For as for *wrath*, and also *craft*, (which I forgot to mention before) it is plain they are as unblameable in beasts as prudence and valour in men. And for *pride* and *gloriation*, it is but a natural spur to quicken their animal powers, or but the overflowing of that tickling sense they have of those perfections nature has bestowed upon them; and shews how mightily well-pleas'd they are with them, and what thankful witnesses they are of that goodness and wisdom that framed them. And for *lust*, who dare blame it in the brute creature, there being distinction of sexes, fitness of organs, and sufficiency of spirits prepared by the Divine Wisdom in nature for it? Besides that it is one of the most important acts, as well as ac-

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compained with the greatest and most enravishing joy that the *animal* life will afford. A matter of that consequence, that the generations of living creatures would cease to be without it; and the sun and moon be constrained once again to shine on an empty earth; and the shadows of the trees to shelter nothing but either the trees themselves, or the neighbouring herbs and flowers. That which looks most like a fury of all this litter is *envy*; which as bad as it is, yet methinks *Aristotle* slanders it, whiles he would make it such a passion as was not raised from the sense of our own want, but merely out of the sense of another's good, without reference to ourselves; which for my part I look upon to be such a monster as I suspect is scarce to be found in the regions of hell.

*Philop.* That's a marvellous charitable conceit of your's, *Cuphophon*.

*Cuph.* But that *envy* that is, O *Philopolis*, is a genuine result of the animal life, and more usually in a passive melancholick spirit, and is a grief arising from the sense of our want discovered, as I said, and set off more stingingly to us by the more flush and full representations of another's happiness. But that there should be any more wickedness in grief than in joy,

or in pain than in pleasure, is a thing my understanding cannot reach to. For their repentance itself would be a sin.

*Sophr.* 'Tis well you pass so favourable a censure on those more *sour passions*; O Cuphophon; I thought you had been only for the *sweet affections*.

*Cuph.* It is in virtue of the *sweet affections*, O Sophron, that I speak so favourably of the *sour*. But to tell you the truth, I had rather give them good words at a distance, than to receive them into my house, or entertain any more *unward familiarity* with them. To my peculiar temper they are but harsh guests.

*Sophr.* I have but interrupted you, Cuphophon, I pray you go on.

*Cuph.* Wherefore we conclude that no branch of the *animal life* is simply *fatal*, *poisonous* or *diabolical*, they being really the contrivances of the good and wise God in the frame of nature, or else the necessary sequels of such contrivances. And that therefore those men that are so strongly enveagled in the pleasures and allurements of this lower life, are rather lapsed into that which is *less good*, than detained in that which is *absolutely evil*. And it is but a perpetual gullery and mistake, while they are so hugely taken with so small matters, they

they being in the condition, as I may so say, of children and fools, of whom it is observed *that a small thing will please them*: tho' it be a doubt whether these things be so small and contemptible, if that be true that the divinity of philosophers have asserted, that the whole world and the parts thereof are but so many symbols and sacraments of the Deity; every thing being either εἰκὼν, εἰδωλον, or ἵχνος Θεῶν, some more perfect *image*, or at least some *picture*, *shadow*, or *footstep* of the Divinity. Upon which if our eyes be stayed and our affections entangled, as it is a real testimony of our improvement of the excellency of the Archetype, so are we in some meaner sort religious, we adoring thus and doting upon these congruous gratifications we receive from these particular shadows of that perfect good, until we are called up to an higher participation of him. But that even those that seem to fly from God seek after him in some sort, is apparently necessary, there being nothing but *himself*, or *what is from him*, in the world: otherwise he could not be that absolutely perfect good, whose *goodness*, *wisdom* and *power* fills all things. And I think there is no perceptive being in the whole universe so estranged from its original,



nal, but it is either courting or enjoying these or some of these attributes in some rank and measure or other, they ever trying and proving what they can do in matters of either *pleasure, wit, or dominion*. And the sincere and undistracted fruition of any one part of any of these has so mightily taken up the minds of some men in complexion fitly framed for such delights, that they have sacrificed even their lives, liberties and fortunes, to these slighted glimpses of the great Godhead, whom they thus unwittingly and unskilfully seek to adore, and so become in a sort religious martyrs for a *part*, which they that make profession of their love and honour of the *entire* Diety seldom are persuaded to undergo.

Now sith it is something of God that the minds of all spirits (even of those that seem to be in actual rebellion against him) are set after, it is a very hard thing to find out how he should look upon himself as disesteemed, whenas all the creatures are mad after something or other of his, most religiously prizing it even above their own beings. For it is only their ridiculous mistake to cleave to that which is of less worth and moment, and therefore deserves laughter and pity more than fury and revenge.

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Not to add what a childish and idiotick conceit it is, to fancy God in the similitude of some aged tetrical person, impatient of and obnoxious to affronts and injuries; when neither any can be really done him, nor any is intended against him; but men out of a debasing modesty or laziness of spirit take up with smaller good things, when they may be more welcome to greater. Which solution as it may well satisfy Hylobares touching his query, Why God almighty did not at the first appearance of sin straightway with sulphurous thunderbolts strike it dead upon the spot; so it may be also an excellent antidote against the rage of the more grim and severe passions, mitigate the harshnesses of several disgusts in human life, and generally *sweeten* the conversation of men one with another.

XVIII. A solid answer to the foregoing apology, though ushered in with something a ludicrous preamble.

*Hyl.* Sweet Cuphophon and mellifluous, young *Nestor* in eloquence, that hast conceived such raised notions from the wafts of the evening-air and the chequered moon-shine, whose tongue is thus bedew'd with bewitching speech from the roscid lips and nectarine kisses of thy silver-faced *Cynthia!* But dost thou think thus to drown  
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our sense of solid reason by the rapid stream or torrent of thy turgid eloquence? No, Cuphophon, no: one touch of right reason will so prick the tumour of thy brain thus blown up by the percibrated influence of thy moist mistress, the moon, that these notions that look now so fair and plump, shall appear as lank and scran- nel as a calf that sucks his dame through an hurdle; and all thy pretences to right ratiocination shall be discovered as vain and frivolous as the idlest dream of *Endymion*.

*Sophr.* In the name of God, what do you mean, Hylobares, to answer so phantastically in so serious a cause?

*Hyl.* Did not he begin thus, O Sophron? I only answer my phantastick friend according to his own phantastry. Which yet you may observe I have done very hobblingly, it being out of my road. But yet the sense is very serious and in earnest, viz. that it is a kind of *lunacy*, not *reason*, that reigns thus turgidly in Cuphophon's copious harangue; that is, in brief, he seems in this rapture, be it from what influence it will, to be *wittily and eloquently mad*.

*Sophr.* Nay, if you mean no otherwise than so, 'tis well enough; but it beginning to be late, it had been better expressed in shorter

shorter terms. And I pray you, Hylobares, since you think Cuphophon mad, make him sober by discovering to him his deliration.

*Hyl.* I hope I shall very briefly discover it to the rest, but I know not how far he may be in love with his own lunacy. That there is no poison nor harm in any of the animal functions or passions, I easily grant him, and it may be the least in the sweetest. For I was before convinced by Philotheus that there is nothing substantially evil in the world. But it is immensely manifest, that those things that are good in themselves, yet by misapplication or disproportion may cause that which is unsufferably naught. As in a musical instrument whose strings are good and the stick good, yet if they be touch'd upon when they are out of tune, what more harsh and intolerable? And so may the exercise of the animal functions or passions, tho' good in themselves, yet if they be either set too high, or exercised upon undue objects or in unsuitable circumstances, become very nauseously evil. To spit is one of the animal functions, good and useful in itself, and to spit into the mouth of a dog and clap him on the back for encouragement, is not indecorous for the man, and grateful

ful also to the dog: but if any one had gone about to spit into Cuphophon's mouth, and clap him on the back to encourage him in that rapturous oration he made, he would have thought it an intolerable absurd thing, and by no means to be suffered.

*Cuph.* Why, so far as I see, Hylobares, that was needless; you making as if dame *Cynthia*, alias *Diana*, had spit into my mouth already, and clapt me on the back, as one of her hunting dogs, and so put me into this loose rhetorical career.

*Hyl.* Something-like it, Cuphophon, it may be. But now you are out of this career, how do you like this instance of the exercise of the *animal* functions, that men and women should stale and dung (like mares and horses in a stable) in any room or company they came into? It is something a course question, Cuphophon, but very substantially to our purpose.

*Cuph.* That's stinkingly naught, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* But they then but exercise their *animal* functions. And were that quicker sense revived in us whereby we discern *moral* good and evil; adultery, drunkenness, murder, fraud, extortion, perfidiousness, and the like, all these would have infinitely a worse scent to our souls, than  
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this which you say is so stinkingly evil can have to our noses. And yet in all these things there is nothing but an *undue use* of the *animal faculties*. And forasmuch as *order* and *proportion* and the right *congruity* of things are those things in the world which are the most *intellectual* and *divine*, the confounding and opposing of these must be the greatest *opposition* and *contradiction* that can be made or devised against the *Divine Intellect* or *eternal Godhead*. For altho' the faculties of the soul of man be but gradually differenced as to goodness, that is to say, that some of them are better than other some, others only less good: yet the *incongruity* and *disproportionateness* of the use of them are *diametrically opposite* to the *congruity* and *proportionateness* of their use, and have the greatest *contrariety* that can be betwixt *good* and *evil*; and are really such, the one *good*, the other *evil*, not a less good only.

*Sophr.* Excellently well argued, Hylobares! and it was as seasonably intimated at first, That there is a *sense* in a man, if it were awakened, to which these *moral incongruities* are as harsh and displeasing as any incongruous object, be it never so nauseous, is to the outward senses. But a mere *rational* or *imaginary* apprehension or con-

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ception of these *moral* congruities and incongruities does not reach that due *antipathy* we ought to have against sin and wickedness: whereby also we do more lively understand how contrary and repugnant they are to the will of God. But besides this fallacy in general, Hylobares, there were several particular passages, in my mind, very rash and unsound; but especially that, which makes our inordinate adhesion to some parts of the creation a religious worship or service of God.

*Bath.* There may be some shew of wit in such like conceits and expressions; but undoubtedly, O Sophron, such exorbitant adhesions to the creature is so far from being the *due worship* of God, that it is *down-right idolatry*. For neither the whole creature nor part is God himself. And therefore to love them more highly and affect them more devoutly than the pure Godhead, that is to say, to love them *most of all*, is to do that honour to them which is only due to God. Which is to play the Idolater.

*Sophr.* That is very true, Bathynous, and the same that the apostle glances at, when he calls covetousness *Idolatry*.

*Bath.* That also, O Sophron, is very perversely and unplatonicly done of Cuphron,

phosphron, that, whereas the *Platonists* from that notion of things having some similitude or at least some shadow of the Divinity in them, would draw men off from the doting on these meaner objects, that they might approach nearer the pure and essential fountain of these more minute delights, and enjoy them there more fully and beatifically; he by a strange, rapturous rhetorick and perverted ratiocination, would charm them in the present enjoyment of these smaller perfections, and fix them down to that, which ought only to be a *footstool* to stand upon to *reach higher*.

*Philop.* Gentlemen, altho' the wit and eloquence of Cuphosphron's harangue is indeed notable, and your opposing so diligently the ill consequences of his enthusiastick rhetorick very commendable: yet I must crave leave to profess, that I take his sophistry to be so conspicuous, that I think it not needful for any-body more operosely to confute it. I believe it was only a sudden rapture, a blast that came with this evening-air, and will be blown over again with the morning-wind, and this influence of the moon dried quite up by the greater heat and warmth of the next meridian sun.

*Cuph.* Indeed, Philopolis, it was a very



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ry sweet waft, and smelt wonderful odoriferously of the eglantines and honey-suckles. But if it be not so salutiferous, I wholly submit it to your severer judgments.

XIX. A more sober enquiry into that difficulty, How the permission of sin in the world can consist with the goodness of God.

*Hyl.* In the mean time I am quite at a loss for satisfaction touching the weightiest difficulty I have yet propounded, *viz.* How it can be consistent with the nature of God, who is goodness itself, to permit sin in the world, if it be so real an evil, and not only a *less good*, as Cuphophon's inspired muse, like a bird of Athens, has so loudly sung to us this moon-shine night.

*Philop.* I pray you Hylobares, make your address to Philotheus: you know how successful he has been hitherto.

*Philoth.* If that would quiet your mind, Hylobares, I could indulge to you so far as to give you leave to think that, altho' sin be in itself absolutely evil, (as being an *incongruity* or *disproportionality* only betwixt *things*, not the *things* themselves, for all things are good in their degree) yet the *motions*, *ends* or *objects* of sinful actions are at least some lesser good: which I charitably conceive may be all that Cuphophon aimed at in that enthusiastick hurricane

harricane he was carried away with, and all that he will stand to upon more deliberate thoughts with himself.

*Cuph.* Yes, I believe it will be there-bow to-morrow morning, after I have slept upon't. And I return you many thanks, Philotheus, for your candid interpretation.

*Philoth.* But methinks the question is in a manner as nice, Why God should suffer any creature to chuse the *less* good for the *greater*, as permit him to sin. For this seems not according to the exactness of a perfectly-benign Providence.

*Hyl.* You say right, Philotheus; and therefore if you could but clear that point, I believe it will go far for the clearing all.

*Philoth.* Why, this scruple, Hylobares, concerning the *souls* of men, is much-what the same (if not something easier) with that concerning the *bodies* of both men and *beasts*. For the Omnipotency of God could keep them from diseases and death itself, if need were. Why therefore are they subject to diseases, but that the wisdom of God in the contrivance of their bodies will act only according to the capacity of corporeal matter; and that he intends the world should be an *automaton*, a self-moving *machina* or engine, that he will not perpetually tamper with by his absolute

power, but leave things to run on according to that course which he has put in nature? For it is also the perfection of his work to be in some sort like its artificer, independent; which is a greater specimen of his wisdom.

XX. The first attempt of satisfying the difficulty, from that stoical Position of the invincible freedom of man's will.

*Hyl.* But you should also shew that his *goodness* was not excluded the consultation, O Philotheus.

*Philoth.* No more is it, so far as there is a capacity of its coming in, for any thing that human reason can assure itself to the contrary. For let me first puzzle you, *Hylobares*, with that position of the Stoicks, That the mind of man is as free as Jupiter himself, as they rant it in their language; and that he cannot compel our will to any thing, but whatever we take to must be from our own free principle, nothing being able to deal with us without ourselves: As a man that is fallen into a deep ditch, if he will not so much as give his fellow his hand, he cannot pull him out. Nor may this seem more incongruous or inconsistent with the omnipotency of God, than that he cannot make a square whose diagonal is

is commensurate to the side, or a finite body that has no figure at all. For these are either the very essence or the essential consequences of the things spoken of, and it implies a contradiction they should exist without them. So we will for dispute sake affirm, that liberty of will is an essential property of the soul of man, and can no more be taken from her, than the proper affections of a geometrical figure from the figure; unless she once determine, or in-trangle herself in *fate*, which she cannot do but of herself, or else fix herself above *fate*, and fully incorporate with the *simple good*. For, to speak *Pythagorically*, the spirits of men and of all the fallen angels are as an *Isofceles* betwixt the *Isopleuron* and *Scalenum*, not so ordinate a figure as the one, nor so inordinate as the other; so these spirits of men and angels are a middle betwixt the more pure and intellectual spirits uncapable of falling from, and the souls of beasts uncapable of rising to the participation of divine happiness. Wherefore if you take away this vertible principle in man, you would make him therewithal of another *species*, either a *perfect beast*, or a *pure intellect*.

*Hyl.* This opinion of the Stoicks is worth our farther considering of. But in the mean  
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time why might not man have been made a pure intelligence at first?

*Philoth.* Why should he so, Hylobares, with the creation of this middle order makes the numbers of the pure intellectual orders never the fewer? Not to add, that your demand is as absurd as if you should ask why every sparrow is not made a swallow, every swallow an eagle, and every eagle an angel, because an angel is better than any of the other creatures I named. There is a *gradual descension* of the *divine faculty* in the creation of the world.

*Hyl.* This is notable, Philotheus, and unexpected. But were it not better that God Almighty should annihilate the individuals of this *middle vertible order*, as you call it, so soon as they lapse into sin, than let such an *ugly deformity* emerge in the creation?

*Philoth.* This is a weighty question, Hylobares; but yet such as, I hope, we both may ease ourselves of, if we consider how unbecoming it would be to the wisdom of God to be so over-shot in the contrivance of the creation, as that he must be ever and anon enforced to annihilate some part of it, as being at a loss what else to do, and if they should all lapse, to annihilate them all.

*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* Why? he might create new in a moment, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* But however these would be very violent and harsh, tho' but short, *chasma's* in the standing creation of God. I appeal to your own sense, Hylobares, would that look handsomely?

*Hyl.* I know not what to think of it. Besides, if that were true that some philosophers contend for, that all the whole creation, as well particular souls and spirits as the matter and universal spirit of the world, be from God by necessary emanation, this *middle vertible order* can never be turned out of being. But that the stability of God's nature and actions should not be according to the most exquisite wisdom and goodness, would be to me the greatest paradox of all.

*Philoth.* Why, who knows but that it is better for them to exist, tho' in this lapsed state, and better also for the universe, that so they may be left to toy and revel in the slightest and obscurest shadows of the Divine fulness, than to be suddenly annihilated upon their first lapse or transgression? For to be taken up with a less good is better than to be exiled out of being, and to enjoy no good at all.

*Hyl.* That it is better for them is plain according to the opinion of all Metaphysicians

cians: but how is it better for the universe, Philotheus ?

*Philoth.* How do you know but that it is as good for the universe, computing all respects, if it be not better? And that is sufficient. For man is betwixt the intellectual orders and the beasts, as a *Zoophyton* betwixt the beasts and the plants. I demand therefore, if the *Zoophyta* some of them should degenerate into mere plants, while others emerge into the condition of animals, and so they should ever and anon be ascending and descending, what great hurt were done: what contradiction to the Divine *goodness* would there be in this ?

*Hyl.* I confess, Philotheus, I see no great hurt in that.

*Philoth.* Man therefore being of such a mixt nature, and of so invincible a freeness, that he may either associate himself with angels, or sort himself with apes and baboons or satyrs of the wood, what more hurt is there, he so doing, than that there are apes and baboons already? and who can tell just how many there ought to be of any of those orders; or why there must be just so many orders of apes or satyrs, and no more ?

*Hyl.* I must confess it were a rash charge against Providence on this account, and  
hard

hard to prove but that it is indifferent, as touching individuals of this or that order, to have some thousands more or some thousands less, it may be myriads, and yet the good of the universe much-what alike concerned in either number. And there is the same reason proportionally touching the number of the orders themselves. Such variations as these, 'tis likely, may not bear so great stress with them, as to force God to betake himself to that extremest of remedies, *annihilation*.

XXI. The second attempt, from the consideration of some high abuses of a vincibile freedom, as also from the nature of this freedom itself.

*Philoth.* But now in the second place, Hylobares, supposing mankind of a vincibile freeness or liberty of will; what, would you have God administer some such powerful *philtrum* to all of them, that he might even force their affections towards those more precious emanations of himself which are properly called divine?

*Hyl.* Yes, Philotheus, I would.

*Philoth.* But I much question how this will always consist with the Divine Justice. For I think it as incongruous that the *Divine goodness* should always act according to the *simplicity* of its own nature; as it is unnatural for the beams of the sun to be reverberated to our eyes from several



ral bodies variously surfaced in the same form of light, and not to put on the face of divers colours, such as yellow, green, red, purple, and the like. For as the various superficies of bodies naturally causes such a diversification of pure light, and changes it into the form of this or that colour; so the variety of objects the Divine goodness looks upon does rightfully require a certain modification and figuration of herself into sundry forms and shapes, (as I may so call them) of vengeance, of severity, of justice, of mercy, and the like. This therefore is the thing I contend for, that free agents, such as men and angels, may so behave themselves in the sight of God, that they will become such objects of his goodness, that it cannot be duly and rightfully expected that it should act according to its pure and proper benign form, dealing gently and kindly with all the tenderness that may be with the party it acts upon; but it must step forth in some of those more fierce and grim forms, (I speak after the manner of men) such as *vengeance* and *justice*. And I will now put a case very accommodately to our own faculties. Suppose some virtuous and beautiful virgin, royally descended and princely attired, who, venturing too far into the solitary

litary fields or woods, should be light upon by some rude wretch, who, first having satisfied his lustful desires upon her by a beastly rape, should afterwards most barbarously and despightfully use her, haling her up and down by the hair of the head, soiling her sacred body by dragging her thro' miry ditches and dirty plashe of water, and tearing her tender skin upon briars and brambles, whiles in the mean time some knight-errant or man of honour and virtue (but of as much benignity of spirit as God can communicate to human nature without hypostatical union) is passing by that way, and discerneth with his astonished eyes this abhorred spectacle: I now appeal to your own sense and reason, Hylobares, whether it be enough for that *heros* to rescue this distressed virgin from the abominable injury of this villain, and to secure her from any farther harm; or whether there ought not to be added also some exquisite torture and shameful punishment worthy so hainous a fact, and proportionable to the just indignation any noble spirit would conceive against so villainous a crime, tho' neither the wronged person nor punished party were at all bettered by it.

*Hyl.* For my part, Philotheus, I should be in so high a rage against the villain, if

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I were on the spot, that I should scarce have the discretion how to deliberate to punish him so exquisitely as he deserved; but in my present fury should hew him a-pieces as small as herbs to the pot. I should cut him all into mammocks, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Wherefore, Hylobares, you cannot but confess that *goodness* itself in some circumstances may very justly and becomingly be sharpened into *revenge*: which must be still the less incongruous, in that the *revenge* is in the behalf of *injured goodness*, tho' she get nothing thereby but that she is revenged.

*Euist.* To this case that notion of *punishment* appertains which the Greeks call τιμωρία, as *Gellius* † observes; which nothing concerns the reformation or amendment of the punished, but only the honour of the injured or offended.

*Philoth.* Right Euistor. But in the mean time it is manifest from hence, as I was making inference to Hylobares, that the Divine Goodness may step forth into anger and revenge, and yet the principle of such actions may be the very Goodness itself. Which therefore we contend is still (notwithstanding that evil which may seem to be in the world) the measure of all  
God's

† Nott. Att. l. 6. c. 14.

God's works of providence, even when *sin is punished with sin*, and men are suffered to degenerate into Baboons and beasts.

*Hyl.* I grant to you, Philotheus, that a man may behave himself so, as that all that you affirm may be true, and that even the highest *severity* may have no other fountain than *goodness*. But where *goodness* is omnipotent, as it is in God, how can it consist therewith not to prevent all occasions of severity and revenge, by keeping his creature within the bounds of his own laws, and by communicating to all men and angels such an irresistible measure of grace, that they could never have possibly been disobedient to him?

*Philoth.* To this, Hylobares, I answer, That God having made a free creature, (and it is impossible to prove he did amiss in making it) Omnipotency itself (if I may speak it with reverence) is not able to keep off certain unavoidable respects or congruities it bears to the divine attributes: As it is a thing utterly unimaginable that even the eternal Intellect of God should be able to produce a finite number that did not bear a certain proportion to some other finite number first given. This free creature therefore now made, necessarily faces the several attributes of God with sundry

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respects. And this native freedom in it challenges of his Wisdom, that she shew her best skill in dealing with a creature that is free with as little violence done to its nature as may be. Which we see the Wisdom of God has practised upon matter, as I noted a while ago. And yet the defacement of rightly-organized matter is as real an entrenchment upon or opposition of what is intellectual or divine; (I mean the divine *Idea's* themselves) as vice or immorality. As the divine Wisdom therefore forcés not the terrestrial matter beyond the bounds of its own natural capacity, to fend all animals bodies from diseases and death; no more should the divine Goodness universally in *all* free creatures *irresistibly* prevent the use of their own nature. And therefore being free, they ought, according to the congruity of their condition, be put to the trial what they will do. And if the miscarriage be upon very strong temptations that did even almost overpower the strength of the free creature, this state of the case is a meet object of the *Mercy* of God. But if it have strength enough, and has been often and earnestly invited to keep close to and to pursue after those things that are best, and yet perpetually flights them and shuffles them

them off, the party thus offending is a congruous object of the divine *sight* and *scorn*; and it is but just that such an one be left to follow his own swindge, and to find such a fate as attends such wild courses. For it seems a kind of disparagement, to pin virtue and divine grace upon the sleeves of them that are unwilling to receive it. It would be as unseemly as the forcing of a rich, beautiful and virtuous bride upon some poor flouching clown, whether he would or no.

*Hyl.* But God may make them willing.

*Philoth.* That is, Hylobares, you may give the clown a *philtrum* or *love-potion*. But is not this still a great disparagement to the Bride? Wherefore for the general it is fit, that God should deal with free creatures according to the freedom of their nature: but yet, rather than all should go to ruin, I do not see any incongruity but that God may as it were lay violent hands upon some, and pull them out of the fire, and make them potent, tho' not irresistible, instruments of pulling others out also. This is that election of God for whom it was impossible to fall, as it is also morally impossible for others that have arrived to a due pitch of the divine life. But for those that still voluntarily persist to run on in a

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rebellious way against God and the light that is set before them, and at last grow so crusted in their wickedness, that they turn professed enemies of God and goodness, scoff at Divine Providence, riot and lord it in the world, with the contempt of religion and the abuse and persecution of them that profess it; that out of the stubborn blindness of their own hearts, being given up to covetousness, pride and sensuality, vex and afflict the conscientious with abominable tyranny and cruelty; I think it is plain that these are a very suitable object for *divine fury* and *vengeance*, that sharp and severe modification of the *divine goodness*, to act upon.

*Hyl.* Truly this is very handsom, Philotheus, and pertinent, if not cogent.

XXII. The third and last, from the questionableness whether in compute of the whole there does not as much good redound to the universe by God's permission of sin, as there would by his forcibly keeping it out.

*Philoth.* But lastly, Hylobares, tho' we should admit that the whole design of divine Providence is nothing else but the mere disburthening of his overflowing goodness upon the whole creation, and that he does not stand upon the terms of justice and congruity, or any such punctilio's, (as some may be ready here to call them) but makes his *pure* goodness the  
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measure of his dealing with both men and angels; yet I say that it does not at all contradict, but that God may permit sin in the world, he having the privilege of bringing light out of darkness, and the nature of things being such, that the lessening of happiness in one is the advancement of it in another: as it is in the motion of bodies, what agitation one loses, is transferred upon another; or like the beams of the sun, that returned from this body are received by another, and nothing is lost. So that in gross the goodness of God may be as fully derived upon the creation, tho' not so equally distributed to particular creatures, upon his permitting sin in the world, as if he did forcibly, and against the nature of free creatures, perpetually keep it out. This is that therefore that I would say, that the vices of the wicked intend and exercise the virtues of the just.

What would become of that noble indignation of mind that holy men conceive against wicked and blasphemous people, if there were neither wickedness nor blasphemy in the world? What would become of those enravishing virtues of humility, meekness, patience and forbearance, if there were no injuries amongst men? What had the godly whereupon to employ their  
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wit and abilities, if they had no enemies to grapple with? How would their faith be tried, if all things here below had been carried on in peace and righteousness and in the fear of God? How would their charity and sedulity be discovered in endeavouring to gain men to the true knowledge of God, if they were always found so to their hands? Terrestrial goodness would even grow sluggish and lethargical, if it were not sharpened and quickened by the *antiperistasis* of the general malignity of the world.

There are no generous spirits but would even desire to encounter with dangers and difficulties, to testify their love to the parties they are much endeared to; and it is an exceeding great accession to their enjoyments, that they have suffered so much for them. But if the world were not generally wicked for a time, no soul of man could meet with any such adventure, and the history of ages would be but a flat story. Day itself upon this earth would be tiresome, if it were always day, and we should lose those chearful salutes of the emerging light, the cool breathings and the pleasing aspects of the rosie morning. The joys and solemnities of victories and triumphs could never be, if there were no enemies

enemies to conflict with, to conquer and triumph over. And the stupendious undertakings of the Saviour of mankind, and the admirable windings of Providence in her dramattick plot which has been acting on this stage of the earth from the beginning of the world, had been all of them stopped and prevented, if the souls of men had not been lapsed into sin. And the sweetest and most enravishing musical touches upon the melancholized passions (so far as I know) of both men and angels had never sounded in the consort of the universe, if the orders of free agents had never played out of tune.

Nothing therefore of the Divine goodness seems to be lost, whenas the very corruption of it, as in a grain of corn cast into the ground, makes for its encrease; and what of it is rejected by some, is by the Wisdom of God so unavoidably conveyed upon others. But that it is best that all should partake alike of the overflowings of God, will, I think, be no less difficult to prove, than that all subordination of estates and conditions in the world should be taken away, and that God should not have created any of the more vile and contemptible kind of creatures, such as he worm, the flie, the frog, and the mouse. Where-

Wherefore it being so disputable a point, whether it be not in itself as good that there should be those that are rightly called evil and wicked in the world, as that there should be such and such viler or more mischievous creatures on the face of the earth, it is an unexcusable piece of rashness to conclude, that the permission of sin is any such argument against the goodness of that Providence that guideth all things. For why should the *generally* force or certainly determine the faculties of men that are naturally free, and so perpetually keep them off from acting of sin, whenas sin itself is so pompously led captive by the power of righteousness, and by the admirable Wisdom of God serves for the equal advancement of his intended Goodness?

*Hyl.* Your reason, or your zealous eloquence, or both of them jointly, strike so strongly upon my mind, O Philotheus, that I am, whether I will or no, constrained to look upon it as a desperate doubt or difficulty, and such as I never hope to be resolved of, Whether, considering the comprehension of all, God's permission of sin be more becoming his Goodness, or his perpetual forcible hindering thereof. And therefore the Goodness of divine Providence

vidence being so conspicuous in other things, I think I ought not to call it into question from matters that be so obscure, but to surmize the best.

*Sophr.* Excellently well inferr'd, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* But there are yet two scruples behind touching the circumstances of this permission that something gaul my mind, which if Philotheus please to free me of, I shall sleep the quieter this night.

*Philoth.* What are those scruples, Hylobares?

XXIII. How consistent it is with the goodness of Providence, that God does not suddenly make men holy so soon as they have an hearty mind to it.

*Hyl.* The one is, Why, tho' it may not prove worth the while for divine Omnipotency to prevent all sin in the world by absolutely determining the human faculties to the best objects, that yet, when these faculties of men are determined to the best objects, there should not appear a more palpable assistance of the Deity to make the ways of religion and godliness more easie and passable to poor toiling mortals, who are so pitifully tired and wearied out in their pious prosecutions, that they often forfeit not only the health of their bodies, but even the soundness of their minds, and are given over either to miserable mopedness

ness or distraction. The other in brief is, the external adversity of the just, and prosperity of the wicked. For in this God does not seem to assist the converted wills of men so favourably as he may.

*Philoth.* That it is an hard thing for us mortals, whose abode is in houses of clay, to arrive to any due pitch of purity and goodness, experience does so frequently witness, that it cannot be denied. But that this is no real blemish to the benignity of Providence, if a man look more narrowly into the nature of the thing, he may easily satisfy himself from manifold reasons. For, first, if we had any modesty in us, we may very well suspect that the pain and torture we undergo in the process of our regeneration, is but a just punishment of our former sins, in which they that stay the longest come out with the greatest sorrow and difficulty. 2. Besides, In other things we hold it not indecorous, that matters of greatest price should be purchased with answerable pains. For what has God given us several faculties for, but to employ them to the Improvement of our own good? 3. Again, By this means of God's acting according to our nature, not by his absolute power in some mighty and over-bearing miraculous way,

way, the acquisition of the holy life becomes a mystery, and men to the great gratification of one another record the method, and, as I may so say, the artificial process thereof. A thing of greater moment than the finding out the most sovereign elixir or the philosopher's stone.

4. The tiresomeness of the fight makes the victory more pleasant and sensible, and the continuance of the quarrel fixes more deeply upon our spirits an antipathy against sin; and the hardness we find in winding ourselves out of the bondage of wickedness, will more strongly establish us in the kingdom of virtue. 5. It is a meet trial of our faith and sincerity, and entire affection to God. For when we perceive ourselves hold on notwithstanding all these combats and incumbrances, we are assured in ourselves that we are in good earnest, and that we shall at last obtain, if we faint not. 6. And that therefore we ought rather to examine our own sincerity, than accuse Providence. For if our love to goodness be sincere, and not lazy and fantastical, it will hold out with patience; which virtue is exercised and increased by these present trials. 7. We are also to examine our faith and opinion concerning God's will and power, whether we

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think him as well willing as able to help all those that sincerely seek after him; which is essentially congruous to the Divine nature and goodness; and whether we believe that through his power we may be enabled to get the conquest over all the enormities of the animal life. And if we think God is not so good to his creature, let us consider whether we could serve the creature so, if we were in God's stead. If we could, it is the wickedness of our own nature that has thus infected the notion of God in us, and so our own evil spirit is our fury and devil that at last may chance to drive us into madness. If we could not deal thus ourselves, how foolish a thing is it not presently to collect, that we cannot be more benign than God, and that therefore the fault is in ourselves that we are no better? Moreover we are to consider, that clearness and serenity of mind is not to be had without the forsaking all manner of sin; and that if we hope otherwise, it is an indication of our own hypocrisy, that we would hold a league with both light and darkness at once. And therefore we see as touching religious distraction, that we ourselves may be the causes of it, and that it is but the just result of our own insincerity. But  
for

for down-right madness proceeding from melancholy, it is a natural disease, and respects the physician rather than either the philosopher or divine. 8. and lastly, The great desertions, dark privations, desperate temptations, enfeeblements of mind and body, or whatever other inconveniences, as they seem to be, occur in this process towards the due pitch of regeneration and newness of life, they very effectually and naturally make for that most precious and truest piece of piety, I mean humility; whereby the soul is so affected, that she very feelingly and sensibly acknowledges that all the good she does or knows is wholly from God her Maker, and that she is nothing of herself. Wherefore she is just to God, in attributing all to him; and mild and meek-hearted towards men, even to those that are yet out of the way, being conscious to herself, that the ordering of her ways is not from herself, but that God is her strength and the light of her paths. Wherefore there being such genuine advantages in this slow process of them that move towards what is truly good, and that congruity to our faculties, and to the nature of the things we seek after, it seems to me as unreasonable that God should use his absolute omnipotency



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in making men good in a moment, so soon as they have a mind to be so, as to expect he should make the flowers suddenly start out of the earth in winter, or load the trees with autumnal fruit in spring.

XXIV. The parable of the Eremite and the Angel.

*Euist.* There's nothing can stand against the power of Philotheus his reasonings. This first was by far the more difficult probleme of the two, and how easily has he solved it? The other, which is the more ordinary, never seemed to me to have the least force in it, since I met with the story of the *Eremite* and the *Angel*.

*Philop.* I pray you what story is that, *Euistor*?

*Euist.* I hope, *Philopolis*, you would not have me to interrupt *Philotheus*, by reciting of it.

*Philoth.* By all means let's hear it, *Euistor*. I shall not proceed quietly till you have told it. It will at least give me some respite, who have spoken so much already, and it is likely may save me the labour of proceeding any farther on that subject.

*Euist.* I will not tell it, O *Philotheus*, but upon condition that you will afterwards proceed as copiously as if I had said nothing.

*Philop.* I will undertake he shall, *Euistor*.

*Euist.*

*Eust.* The story then in brief is this. That a certain *Eremite* having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of Divine Providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell, and travel abroad, to see with his own eyes how things went abroad in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joyn'd company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the *Eremite's* affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had got so agreeable a companion. Wherefore resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same House. Some few days travels had over-past before the *Eremite* took notice of any thing remarkable. But at last he observed that his Fellow-traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in an house where they were extraordinary well treated stole away a gilt cup from the Gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The *Eremite* was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be, but thought not yet fit to speak to him or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on.

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together as aforesaid, till night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very un hospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy. But the Eremite's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's ill entertainment with no meaner a reward then the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremite thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it away from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged, they were treated again with a deal of kindness and civility: but the Eremite observed with horror that his fellow-traveller for an ill requital strangled privately a young child of their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor Eremite very much; but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any-where hitherto. And because the way they were to travel the next morning was  
not

not so easie to find, the master of the house commanded one of the servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone-bridge, the Eremite's fellow-traveller caught suddenly betwixt the legs and pitched him head-long from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the *Divine Providence*. In which, said he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you, said he, that all that I have done is very just and right. For as for that first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality; that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's dis-temper-

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tempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and unhopitable man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself. For I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God. But if that Child had lived, whereas this Gentleman hitherto had been piously, charitably and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the love of the world, out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting so hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the Father might live for ever. And for this last fact, which you so much abhor, it was the most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanly and kindly as that gentleman did. For this  
man,

man, who by the appointment of his master was so officious to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let in a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus, he vanished. But the poor Eremit, transported with joy and amazement, lift up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any farther anxiety touching the ways of his Providence; and thus returned with cheerfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace.

*Philoth.* It is an excellent good story indeed, Euistor, and so much to the purpose, that it is plainly superfluous to add any more words touching this theme.

*Philop.* But I believe, Philotheus, that neither Euistor nor Hylobares will be so satisfied.

*Euist.* For my part, I challenge the performance of your promise, O Philopolis, that the condition upon which I told the story may be made good to me, namely, That Philotheus be never the briefer in his satisfaction to Hylobares for my unreasonable interpellation by this parabolical story.

*Hyl*

*Hyl.* And I am of that childish humour, that I do not relish any drink so well as that out of my own usual sucking-bottle; wherefore I expect farther refreshment, Philotheus, from your more nervous eloquence.

*Philop.* My credit also, Philotheus, is at the stake, if you do not utter your sentiments upon this subject.

*Philoth.* But in the mean while, Philopolis, it does me good to observe what fine sense Hylobares speaks in so unmeet a demand, as if *strong meat* were for *babes*.

*Hyl.* But strong drink may be for them; for some give such to children as soon as they be born.

*Philop.* Nay, he is even with you there, Philotheus; you had better have fallen directly upon the matter without these delays.

*Philoth.* Well then, Philopolis, I will do so, because you urge me so much unto it; tho' in my own judgment I think it needless. The difficulty propounded always seemed to me one of the easiest to be solved, tho' the most ordinarily complained of, I mean, *the impunity and prosperity of the wicked, and the affliction and adversity of the good.*

XXV. That the adversity of the good, and the prosperity and impunity of the wicked in this life, are no arguments against the accuracy of Providence.

For

For first, What is alledged concerning the impunity of the wicked is not only false, but impossible. For how can the wicked escape punishment, when wickedness itself is one of the greatest penalties? or how can they be said to be prosperous, who have nothing succeeding according to their own scope and meaning? For every man means well, as Socrates wisely determines; but it is the perpetual unhappiness of the wicked that he does that which is ill. So great is his ignorance and impotency, that he cannot reach the mark he aims at; but wishing the best to himself, as all other men do, yet notwithstanding he really prosecutes that which is worst. And therefore with the wise he can be no object of envy, but of pity. And it is an unmet thing that any sentence concerning Divine Providence should be carried by the votes of fools. When a drunken man breaks glass-windows, ravishes women, stabs men in the streets, and does many such villainies as these, I appeal to you, Hylobares, what privilege or prosperity is there in this, (tho' he were not to be punished by the magistrate) having done that which indeed he had no true mind to do, but did heartily detest and abhor when he was sober? This is the true state of all wicked men  
what.



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whatsoever; let their power be never so high, they act like drunkards or men in a dream, such things as they will be ashamed of so soon as they are sober or awakened.

*Sophr.* This is the very philosophy of the Apostle, O Philotheus, † *What fruit have ye then of those things whereof ye are now ashamed?*

*Philoth.* Now as it is evident, Hylobares, that they are punished in the forfeiture of that high happiness that consists in the peace and joy of a purify'd mind, wherein resides the true knowledge of God, and a living sense of the comeliness and pulchritude of grace and virtue; so likewise there is an infliction of internal pain to their very senses. For what torture can there be greater than that rack of pride, those scorpion-strikes of envy, those insatiable scorching flames and torches of furies, untamed lust? what than strangling cares, than the severe sentences of their own prejudging fears? what dungeon more noisome, horrid or dismal, than their suspicious ignorance, and oppressing loads of surprising grief and melancholy?

Again, it is farther manifest that the wicked are plagued even in this life; for they are a mutual plague and scourge one

† Rom. 6. 1.

to another, and take the office of executioners and hangmen by turns. For all the noise of injury and injustice in the world is ordinarily nothing else but a complaint that wicked men abuse one another. Wherefore why should it be expected that Divine Providence should forthwith take vengeance of the executioners of his own justice?

But for those few righteous that are in the world, they are bettered by those things that seem to the idiot and unskilful the only evils that mortals can fall into. But the infelicity of the godly is commonly this, that they will scramble with the men of this world for such things as are the most proper happiness of those that are wicked. For they fighting with them thus as with cocks on their own dunghill, it is no marvel they come by the worst; for this is *their hour and the power of darkness*.

Thirdly, It is manifest that the peace and impunity of the wicked is very serviceable for the exercising of the virtues of the righteous, whereby they may discern their own sincerity or hypocrisie, and discover whether it be the pure love of piety that puts them in such a garb, or the desire of the praise and countenance of men; whether the profession of their faith in God

B b

and

and of future happiness be formal, or real. For if it be real, what will they not be able to undergo? and what an high cordial must it be unto them, to have an unfeigned sense and belief of that great compensation they are to receive in the world to come? Not to mention what a great satisfaction the consciousness of constant sincerity is to the soul of a man even in this life also. Wherefore the strokes of the confusion and unrighteous disorder in the world do in a manner miss the righteous, and hit heavy only there where they should do, upon the ungodly themselves. But what reaches those that are deemed more just, they are in all reason and modesty to look upon it as either a punishment of some reliques of vices in them, or as an exercise of their virtues, that God may be glorified in them. Wherefore if any thing harsh happen to a good man, he will forthwith examine himself if his heart be clean: which if it be not, he is to look upon it as a chastisement; if it be, he will bear it and embrace it as a trial from God, and as an occasion whereby he may glorifie the power of God in him. But if he do not thus, it is a sign his heart is not clean, and therefore why should he grumble that he is punished?

Fourthly,

Fourthly, That tyranny, murder, perjury, blasphemy and exorbitant lust has been notoriously and exemplarily punished by a kind of Divine vengeance, and above all the expectation of men, even in this life, in several persons, is so noted in history, that I need name no instances. But to pursue every monstrositie of wickedness with present punishment here in this world, were not to make men good, but to hinder the wicked from mischieving and scourging one another, and from exercising the virtues of the righteous.

Fifthly, In that wickedness is not so constantly and adequately punished in this life, there is also this convenience in it, That it is a shrewd argument to any indifferent person that understands the Nature and Attributes of God, that there is a reward to come hereafter in the other life.

To all which I add in the last place, that the affairs of this world are like a curious, but intricately contrived, comedy, and that we cannot judge of the tendency of what is past or acting at present before the entrance of the last act, which shall bring in righteousness in triumph: who tho' she has abided many a brunt, and has been very cruelly and despightfully used hitherto in the world, yet at last, according  
to

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to our desires, we shall see the knight overcome the giant. And then I appeal to you, Hylobares, whether all things have not been carried on according to the natural relish of your own faculties. For what is the reason we are so much pleased with the reading *romances* and the fictions of Poets, but that here, as Aristotle says, things are set down as they should be, but in the true history hitherto of the world things are recorded indeed as they are, but it is but a testimony that they have not been as they should be? wherefore in the upshot of all, if we shall see that come to pass that so mightily pleases us in the reading the most ingenuous plays and heroick poems, that long afflicted virtue at last comes to the crown, the mouth of all unbelievers must be for ever stopped. And for my own part, I doubt not but that it will so come to pass in the last close of the world. But impatiently to call for vengeance upon every enormity before that time, is rudely to overturn the stage before the entrance into the fifth act, out of ignorance of the plot of the comedy, and to prevent the solemnity of the general judgment by more petty and particular executions. These are briefly the six heads, Hylobares, which I might have insisted upon to clear Providence

dence from this last allegation, had there been any great difficulty in the matter.

*Hyl.* What you have already intimated, Philotheus, from these six heads, and Eustor suggested by that handsom parable, has, I must confess, so fully satisfy'd me in this last point, that it makes the difficulty look as if it had been none at all.

*Philop.* In this last point, *Hylobares*? that's but one point. But I pray you ingenuously declare how much at ease you find yourself touching the other difficulties you propounded.

*Hyl.* Very much, I'll assure you, Philopolis, touching all of them for the present. But what dark clouds may again over-cast my mind by our next meeting, I cannot divine afore-hand. But you shall be sure to hear of it, if any thing occur that dis-fettles me. In the mean time I am sure I find myself in a very gay and chearful condition.

*Philop.* We may then very seasonably adjourn this meeting, O Cuphophon, to fix a clock to-morrow in the afternoon.

XXVI. A civil, but merry-conceited, bout of drinking in Cuphophon's arbour.

*Cupb.* I shall then be again very happy, O Philopolis, in my enjoyment of so excellent company. In the mean time, my  
B b 3 service.

service to you in this glass of wine; for I think neither you nor any one else has drunk since they came hither, they have been so intent upon the discourse.

*Philop.* It is utterly needless this summer-time, O Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* It is very convenient to drink one glass, to correct the crudities of the nocturnal air and vapours. This therefore, is truly to your good health, O Philopolis.

*Philop.* Well, since it must be so, I thank you kindly, Cuphophon.

*Hyl.* Nay, Gentlemen, if you fall a-drinking, I may well fall a-whistling on my flagellet.

*Cuph.* What, do you mean to make us all horses, to whistle us while we are a-drinking?

*Hyl.* Nay, Cuphophon, I whistle that you may drink, and all little enough to make Philotheus, Bathynous and Sophron to take off their glasses.

*Bath.* I believe Hylobares' whistling may have a more symbolical meaning in it than we are aware of, and intimate to us that eating and drinking are acts common to us with the beasts.

*Philop.* Be it so, Bathynous, yet these acts are sometimes necessary for men also. Nor is it inconvenient to drink to my next neighbour

neighbour Philotheus, not only to fortify him against the nocturnal vapours, but likewise to recruit his spirits, which he may have over-much expended in his long and learned discourses.

*Philoth.* The fresh air, Philopolis, moistened with the Moon-shine, as Cuphophon noted, is as effectual to that purpose, if I had been at any such expence.

*Philop.* But this glass of wine will help to correct the crudity of that moisture: wherefore my service to you, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* I thank you heartily, Philopolis, I will pledge you.

*Philop.* It is very good wine.

*Philoth.* I shall commend it the more willingly to Bathynous, a little to warm and cheer his thoughtful melancholy. Bathynous, my service to you.

*Bath.* Your servant thanks you, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* I perceive Philopolis has a very judicious taste.

*Bath.* It is ordinarily the pure effect of temperance to have so. But yet my palate is something more surd and jacent. However I will trie. I promise you it seems to me very good, Philotheus, and such as Cato himself would not refuse a cup of: which makes me with the more assurance



assurance drink to my next neighbour, even to *Sophron*, to cheer him after his conceived fears and affrights touching the success of this dispute concerning *Providence*.

*Sophr.* The good success, *Bathynous*, cheers me more than all the wine in Athens can do. And therefore not so much to be cheered, as out of my present cheerfulness, I will readily pledge you one cup. For sobriety is not in drinking no wine at all, but in drinking it moderately.

*Bath.* Well, my service to you then, *Sophron*.

*Sophr.* I thank you, *Bathynous*.

*Euist.* But certainly, if my memory fail me not, *Cato*, as grave as he was, would drink more cups of wine than one at a time.

*Sophr.* Nor do I think that moderate drinking consists in one cup, but in drinking no more than is for the health of both soul and body. And one glass will serve me for that end at this time.

*Euist.* Your definition is very safe and useful, I think, O *Sophron*.

*Sophr.* And therefore, my singular respects to you, *Euistor*, in this single glass of wine.

*Cuph.* See the virtue of good *Canarie*, the mere steam of those volatile atoms has  
so

so raised Sophron's fancy, that it has made him seem for to offer to quibble before the glass has touched his lips.

*Sopbr.* It is marvellous good wine indeed. I warrant you, Euistor, this will rub up your memory to the purpose, if the recalling how many cups grave Cato would take off at a time, may warrant our drinking at any time more than is needful or convenient. I pray you taste it.

*Euist.* I thank you, Sophron, I should willingly pledge you, tho' it were in worse liquor. They have all of them had each man his glass but Hylobares, but have excoGITATED such pretty pretences to accost them they drank to, that I find I need to have my *wit* rubb'd up as well as my *memory*, to hold on this ingenious humour.

*Cupb.* Do not you observe, Euistor, how studiously Hylobares has play'd the piper all this time? Take your cue from thence.

*Euist.* Hylobares, not to interrupt you, my humble service to you in a glass of canarie, to wet your whistle.

*Hyl.* I thank you kindly, Euistor; but I profess I was scarce aware what I did, or whether I whistled or no.

XXVII. The marvellous conjuncture in Hylobares of an outward levity and inward soberness at once.

*Philop.* Methinks those airs and that instrument

strument, Hylobares, seem too light for the serious discourse we have had so many hours together.

*Hyl.* But I'll assure you, Philopolis, my thoughts were never more serious than while I was piping these easy airs on my flagellet. For they are so familiar to me, that I had no need to attend them, and my mind indeed was wholly taken up with objects suitable to our late theme. And even then when I was playing these light tunes, was I recovering into my memory, as well as I could, some part of a philosophick song that once I had by rote, (both words and tune and all) which has no small affinity with the matters of this day's discourse.

*Philop.* It is much, Hylobares, you should be able to attend to such contrary things, so light and so serious, at one and the same time.

*Hyl.* That's no more, Philopolis, than Euistor did in his story of the Angel and the Eremite. For I look upon the twisting of a man's mustachio's to be as slight and trivial a thing as the playing on the flagellet. And yet I believe he was at it at least twenty times with his fore-finger and his thumb in his rehearsing that excellent parable, tho' his mind, I saw, was so taken  
up

up with the weightiness of the sense, that his aspect seemed as devout as that of the Eremite, who was the chief subject of the story.

*Euist.* I pray you, Hylobares, take this glass of wine for a reward of your abusing your friend so handsomely to excuse yourself, and see if it be so good for the rubbing up the memory as Sophron avouches it. For then I hope we shall hear you sing as attentively as you have regardlessly whistled all this time.

*Hyl.* The wine is very good, Euistor, if it be as good for the memory. But I believe I had already recalled more of those verses to mind than what is convenient to repeat at this time.

*Philop.* I prithee, Hylobares repeat but them you have recalled to memory; it will be both a farther ratification of this unthought-of experiment, and a suitable close of the whole day's discourse.

*Hyl.* Your desire is to me a command, Philopolis; and therefore for your sake I will hazard the credit of my voice and memory at once.

XXVIII. *His serious Song of divine Providence.*

Where's now the object of thy fears,  
Needless sighs and fruitless tears?  
They be all gone like idle dream  
Suggested from the body's steam.  
O cave of horror black as pitch!

Dark

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Dark den of spectres that bewitch  
 The weakned fancy fore affright  
 With the grim shades of grisly night!  
 What's plague and prison, loss of friends,  
 War, dearth, and death that all things ends?  
 Mere bugbears for the childish mind,  
 Pure pannick terrors of the blind.

Collect thy soul into one sphear  
 Of light, and 'bove the earth it bear.  
 Those wild scattered thoughts, that erst  
 Lay loosly in the world disperst,  
 Call in; thy spirit thus knit in one  
 Fair lucid orb, those fears be gone,  
 Like vain impostures of the night,  
 That fly before the morning bright.  
 Then with pure eyes thou shalt behold  
 How the First Goodness doth unfold  
 All things in loving tender arms;  
 That deemed mischiefs are no harms,  
 But sovereign salves, and skilful cures  
 Of greater woes the world endures;  
 That man's stout soul may win a state  
 Far rais'd above the reach of fate.

Power, Wisdom, Goodness sure did frame  
 This universe, and still guide the same.  
 But thoughts from passions sprung deceive  
 Vain mortals. No man can contrive  
 A better course than what's been run  
 Since the first circuit of the sun.

He that beholds all from an high  
 Knows better what to do than I.  
 I'm not mine own: should I repine  
 If he dispose of what's not mine?  
 Purge but thy soul of blind self-will,  
 Thou straight shalt see God does no ill.  
 The world he fills with the bright rays  
 Of his free goodness. He displays  
 Himself throughout: like common air  
 That spirit of life through all doth fare,  
 Suck'd in by them as vital breath  
 Who willingly embrace not death.  
 But those that with that living law  
 Be unacquainted, cares do gnaw;  
 Mistrust of Providence do vex  
 Their souls and puzzled minds perplex.

These

These rhythms were in my mind, Philopolis, when the flagellet was at my mouth.

*Philop.* They have an excellent sense in them, and very pertinent to this day's disquisitions. I pray you whose lines are they, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* They are the lines of a certain philosophical poet, who writes almost as hobblingly as Lucretius himself; but I have met with strains here and there in him that have infinitely pleased me; and these, in some humours, amongst the rest. But I was never so sensible of the weightiness of their meaning as since this day's discourse with Philotheus.

*Philop.* Well, Hylobares, if you ruminate on no worse things than these while you play on your flagellet, it will be an unpardonable fault in me ever hereafter to disparage your musick.

XXIX. The breaking up of the meeting.

*Euist.* I think we must hire Hylobares to pipe us to our lodgings, else we shall not find the way out of Cuphophon's bowre this night, as bright as it is.

*Hyl.* That I could do willingly, Euistor, without hire, it is so pleasing a divertisement to me to play on my pipe in the silent moon-light.

*Philop.* Well, we must abruptly take  
C c leave

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leave of you, Cuphophon, and bid you good-night : Hylobares has got out of the harbour already, and we must all dance after his pipe.

*Cuph.* That would be a juvenile act for your age, Philopolis.

*Philop.* I mean, we must follow his example, and betake ourselves homewards ; for it is now very late. Was it a delusion of my sight ? or did there a star shoot obliquely as I put my head out of the harbour ?

*Bath.* If the dog-star had been in view, one would have thought him in danger from Hylobares' charming whistle.

*Euist.* No hags of Thessaly could ever whistle the celestial dog out of the sky, Bathynous.

*Cuph.* How sublimely witty is Euister with one single glass ?

*Euist.* Good night to you, dear Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* Nay, I will wait on you to your lodgings.

*Philop.* By no means, Cuphophon ; we will leave you here in your own house ; unless you will give us the trouble of coming back again with you.

*Cuph.* Good night to you then, Gentlemen, all at once.

*Philop.* Good night to Cuphophon.

T H E

# DIALOGUES

CONCERNING THE

ATTRIBUTES of GOD

AND

PROVIDENCE.

DIALOGUE III.

Containing Answers to the most important Objections against the Wisdom and Goodness of GOD from the Appearances of natural and moral Evil.

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By *HENRY MORE*, D. D.

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THE  
THIRD DIALOGUE,  
CONCERNING  
The PROVIDENCE of GOD.

PHILOTHEUS, BATHYNOUS, SOPHRON, PHILOPOLIS, EUISTOR,  
HYLOBARES, CUPHOPHRON.

I. Conjectures touching the causes of that mirth that the meeting of some persons naturally excite in one another.

*Sophr.* **W**HAT tall instrument is this, O Cuphophon, that you have got thus unexpectedly into your arbour?

*Cuph.* The talness discovers what it is, a *theorboe*. I observing yesternight how musically given the company was, instead of Hylobares' whistle, (which is more usually play'd upon before *bears* or *dancing-dogs* than before *philosophers* or persons of any quality) have provided this more grave and genteel instrument for them that have a mind to play and sing to it, that so they may, according to the manner of Pythagoras, after our philosophical dissertations, with a solemn fit of musick dismiss our compos'd minds to rest.

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*Sophr.*

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*Sophr.* You abound in all manner of civilities, Cuphophon: But do not you play on this instrument yourself?

*Cuph.* No, alas! it is too tall for me, my fingers will not reach the frets. But sometimes with a careless stroke I brush the *Gittar*, and please myself with that more easy melody.

*Hyl.* And it would please any one living to see Cuphophon at that graceful exercise, so as I have sometimes taken him; he is so like the sign at the other end of the street.

*Cuph.* This wag Hylobates, I dare say, means the sign of the *ape* and the *fiddle*. This is in revenge for the disparagement I did his beloved *Syrinx*, the *Arcadian* nymph.

*Philop.* I never heard that Hylobates had any Mistress before.

*Hyl.* This is nothing, Philopolis, but the exaltedness of Cuphophon's fancy and expression; a poetical periphrasis of my *flagellet*, which in disparagement before he called a *whistle*.

*Philop.* But your imagination has been more than even with him, if he interpret you aright. Let me intreat of you all love, Hylobates, to suppress such light and ludicrous fancies in so serious a meeting.

*Hyl.*

*Hyl.* I shall endeavour to observe your commands for the future, O Philopolis, but I suspect there is some strange reek or efflux of atomes or particles.

(*Cuph.* Of particles, by all means, Hylobares, for that term is more *Cartesian*.)

*Hyl.* Which fume out of Cuphphron's body, and infect the air with mirth, tho' all be not alike subject to the contagion. But for myself, I must profess, that merely by being in Cuphphron's presence I find myself extremely prone to mirth, even to *ridiculousness*.

*Philop.* As young men became disposed to virtue and wisdom merely by being in the company of *Socrates*, tho' he said nothing unto them.

*Cuph.* And I must also profess that Hylobares is not much behind-hand with me. For I can never meet him, but it makes me merry about the mouth, and my heart is inwardly tickled with a secret joy. Which, for the Credit of *Des-Cartes's* philosophy, I easily acknowledge may be from the mutual recourse and mixture of our exhaled atomes, or rather *particles*, as *Cartesius* more judiciously calls them: for these particles are not indivisible. Some also are ready to quarrel one another at the first meeting, as well as Hylobares

and I to be merry : and you know some chymical liquors, tho' quiet and cool separate, yet mingled together will be in such a rageful fermentation, that the glass will grow hot to the very touch of our fingers.

*Euiſt.* This is learnedly deſcanted on by Cuphophon : but, by the favour of ſo great a philoſopher, I ſhould rather reſolve the probleme into ſome reaſon analogous to that of thoſe feeds which *Solinus* ſays † the *Thracians* at their feaſts caſt into the fire, the fume whereof ſo exhilarated their ſpirits, that they were no leſs merry than if they had drank liberally of the ſtrongeſt wines.

*Hyl. Pomponius Mela* alſo relates † the ſame of them. But nothing, methinks, illuſtrates the nature of this *Phænomenon* better than that experiment of a certain *Ptarmicon*, (ſeed or powder, I do not well remember) which caſt ſecretly into the fire will unexpectedly ſet the company a-ſneezing. Such I conceive to be the hidden *effluvia* of Cuphophon's complexion, which thus ſuddenly excites theſe ridiculous flaſhes of my ungovernable fancy, to the juſt ſcandal of the more grave and ſober: Which extravagance I muſt confeſs is ſo much the more unpardonable

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† *Polybiſt.* c. 15. † *De ſitu orbis* l. 2. c. 2.

to myself, by how much my own mind has been since our last meeting more heavy-laden with the most tragical scenes that are exhibited on this terrestrial globe; which endeavour to bear against all those ponderous reasons, those dexterous solutions and solid instructions which *Philotheus* yesterday so skilfully produced in the behalf of Providence.

*Philop.* Why, what remains of difficulty, *Hylobares*, either touching the *natural* or *moral* evils in the world?

II. *Hylobares* his relapse into dissettlement of mind touching Providence, with the cause thereof.

*Hyl.* Touching the *natural* evils, *Philopolis*, I rest still pretty well satisfy'd; and in that general way that *Philotheus* answered touching *moral* evils, his solutions seem'd to my reason firm enough; but when in solitude I recounted with myself more particularly the enormous deformities and defects that every-where are conspicuous in the nations of the earth, my phancy was soon born down into a diffidence and suspicion, that there is no such accurate providence (as *Philotheus* contends for) which does superintend the affairs of mankind.

*Bath.* That is to say, *Hylobares*, after that more than ordinary cheerfulness raised  
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in your spirits by your re-acquaintance with those many and most noble truths that Philotheus recovered into your mind, (by his wise discourse) at which the soul of man, at her first meeting with them again, is as much transported, as when two ancient friends unexpectedly meet one another in a strange country, as *Iamblichus* somewhere has noted, I say, after this more than usual transport of joy, your spirits did afterward as much sink and flag, and so *melancholy* imposed upon your *fancy*. But there is no fear, things having succeeded so well hitherto, but Philotheus will revive you, and dissipate these clouds that seem so dark and dismal to your *melancholized* imagination.

*Hyl.* I believe you will more confidently conclude it melancholy, *Bathynous*, when you have heard what an affrightful puzzle one thing then seemed to me.

*Bath.* I pray you, *Hylobares*, propound it to Philotheus.

III. Paucity of philosophers no blemish to Divine Providence.

*Hyl.* Well, I shall, *Bathynous*, and it is briefly this; How squalid and forlorn the world seemed to me by reason there are so very few *philosophers* in it. For the rest of mankind seemed to me little to differ from baboons or beasts. *Caph.*

*Cuph.* O Hylobares, how *dearly* could I hug thee for this meditation! This is a consideration framed after the sentiments of my own *heart*. It is a thing I have *often* in secret *bewailed* the world for even with *tears*, I mean, for the paucity of *philosophers*; and then most of all, that amongst these few there should be so very few pure and thorough-paced *Cartesians*. These serious thoughts in private have afflicted my heart very sore.

*Philoth.* I pray you, Cuphophon, be of good comfort, and you, Hylobares, let not this scene seem so tragical to you. For it is a great question, whether the *philosophers* be not more *ridiculous*, than they, that are accounted *none, deplorable or contemptible*. Besides, why is this to be charged upon Providence, that there are so few? The book of nature lies open to all, and the generality of men have wit for observation: But it is their own fault, that they had rather please their *senses* than exercise and improve their *reason*. But admit that few are born to philosophy, yet all in a manner are born to far better matters: that is to say, It is in the power of every man to be *religious, just, and virtuous*, and to enjoy the wholesome pleasures of the *animal* life in a pious and rational way. Wherefore



fore there being so short a cut every-where to *prudence* and *religion*, (if a man be sincere and faithful,) I see not how any one is excluded from the most substantial happiness human nature is capable of. But for other knowledge, if it were every man's, it were scarce the enjoyment of any man. But the confident ignorance of the rude and the unexpected paradoxicalness of the skilful do fitly furnish out the stage of things, and make more for the sport and pleasure of life, and enhance the price and compensate the labour of finding out or apprehending the more abstruse theories in philosophy.

But this peculiar *philosophical happiness* is but a very small accession to that *moral happiness* which is common to all men, if they be not wanting to themselves; as, *To be loyal to a man's Prince, To be true to his religion so far as it is true, To deal faithfully with all men, to be kind to his neighbours, to relieve the oppressed, To be an hearty lover of God and of the whole creation.* A man thus affected, and armed with so much prudence as not to deny or assert any thing beyond his clear comprehension and skill in speculative matters, but to admire and adore the ineffable wisdom of his Creator, this man, I say, is a  
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more complete, perfect and unexceptionable person, and more solidly happy, than any philosophers I know that have left their writings to the world as a lasting testimony of their wit, Des-Cartes himself not excepted; whose gross extravagancies (such as making brutes mere *machina's*, the making every extension really the same with matter, his averring all the *phenomena* of the world to arise from mere mechanical causes) will be more stared upon and hooted at by impartial posterity, than any other pieces of wit he may have light on can be admired or applauded: which hazard those that adhere only to *virtue* and true *piety* are always secure from.

*Hyl.* What think you of this, Cuphron?

*Cuph.* With Philotheus' leave, I think the Cartesian philosophy a very fine thing for all this. What think you, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* I think Philotheus has spoken in the main very solidly and home to the purpose, and that the *prudent virtuous man* is far a more noble and goodly spectacle than any *philosophical knight-errant* whatsoever. If he can blow away the rest of those mists and clouds that sit upon my mind with like facility, I hope I shall be in an utter incapacity of raising the least

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doubt concerning Providence for the future.

*Philop.* Try what Philotheus can do; Hylobares. Propound to him the rest of your difficulties.

IV. Reasons in general of the gross deformity in the religions and customs of the savage nations, as also of the variety of this deformity in manners and customs.

*Hyl.* The rest of my difficulties, O Philotheus, arise from the view of the manners and religions of the *barbarous* nations; such as they are described in history, and which indeed are such, so sordid and ridiculous, so horrid and enormous, that they would even *force* a man's fancy into a distrust that in those nations Divine Providence has quite forsaken the earth. For if she cast her eye upon them, why does she not either *reform* them, or *confound* them and *destroy* them?

*Philoth.* That the face of things, in some parts of the barbarous nations especially, looks very durtily and dismally, I cannot but acknowledge: but the causes being found out, admiration ought to cease. For that mankind is in a *lapsed* condition it cannot be denied, nor that a great part of the *invisible powers* are sunk into the *animal* life with them. Now that which is the most high and powerful in the *animal* life will not let its hold go so long as it can

can hang on. Whence the most *active* spirits in this region get the dominion over the more *passive*, and the kingdom of the prince of the air has proved very large over the nations of the earth, they being so deeply lapsed and immersed into the *animal* nature. Wherefore we cannot expect but that both the *rulers* and the *ruled* having fallen from the holy light and the divine benignity of the æthereal nature, that the effects of that government and the garb of their manners should be *cruel, squalid, deformed* and *ridiculous*; a judicious sense of true pulchritude and decency not being able to reside in so dark and distempered complexions, and their envious *guardians* caring more to tyrannize over them and to make sport with them, than to spare them or to be true *guides* to them in any thing. All therefore that can be done is, to mitigate as well as we can the sad horror and mad aspect of this strange theatre, which strikes the fancy so strongly and so harshly. For the wound, by your own proposal of the difficulty, Hylobares, I perceive reaches no farther than the *fancy*; which is an intimation the better parts of your mind stand sound. And there is another passage I noted, which I shall make use of for the cure of your *fancy*.

cy also, viz. that this *squalid face* of things is only in those *barbarous* nations; wherein there is imply'd a tacite concession that the *civilized parts* of the world are at least *passable*.

*Hyl.* I must confess it seems to import so much.

*Philoth.* And the *Christian* world most of all.

*Hyl.* One would think so, *Philotheus*.

*Philoth.* Wherefore to satisfy your *reason* and quiet your *fancy*, if any of us shall shew that either there is no great hurt in such customs of the barbarous nations that seem strange and uncouth to us, or that *we ourselves* have something *analogous* to them, much of this surprising horror and astonishment will be taken off.

*Hyl.* I hope so.

*Philoth.* In the mean time it is worthy the noting in general, That there being this lapse in mankind, it is far better that their obliquities, and deformities in manners and religion be very much varied, than that they should be every-where one and the same. For that would make *transgression* look more like a *due and settled law of life and firm reason*: But now the freeness of the internal spirit of man, that is so active and reflective, having broken the

the *animal* life into such varieties of foole-ries and vanities, whether national, provincial or personal, we become a mutual theatre one to another, and are in a better capacity of censuring what is evil in ourselves by reflecting upon others; the deformities we espie in others being nothing else but a reprehensive parable touching ourselves. For the whole mass of mankind is like a company fallen asleep by the fire-side, whom some unlucky wag has smutted with his sooty and greazy fingers, and when they awake, every one laughs at the false beards and antick strokes in other mens faces, not at all thinking of his own. But assuredly it is a very easy intimation to him to reflect upon himself, and to look into the glass whether he be not smutted also. Wherefore seeing there must be faults in the world, methinks it is more agreeable to reason and Providence, that there be a variation of them, tho' the strangeness thereof surprises us, than that the jar should be always on the same string; that folly and wickedness may not seem familiar to us in every place we meet with it, but that we may be startled at the new and unexpected guizes thereof in others, and thereby take occasion to examine if we have nothing a-kin

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to it in ourselves. This may be said in general, Hylobares, but to particulars no answer can be returned, till you propound them.

V. Of the barbarous custom of going naked.

*Hyl.* That I shall do as they occur to my mind; but I must implore the aid of Euistor where I am at a loss.

The first brutish and barbarous custom that occurs is the *going stark naked*, as some nations do, if my memory fail me not.

*Euist.* The inhabitants of the West-indies did so, as Americus Vesputius reports. And Paulus Venerus relates the same of the Abraiamim in the kingdom of Lae. Again, in the West-indies particularly the maids of Venesuella are said to go as naked as they were born.

*Philoth.* I do not deny but that some nations may go stark naked, as questionless there may be many with little or no covering on them, the parts of modesty excepted: but as to these latter, that this is any such flaw in Providence, I understand not. For the clemency of the clime under which these people live, the goodly structure of their bodies, the true shape and symmetry of parts, their prodigious agility, strength and nimbleness in running,

ning, swimming and dancing, their freedom from care of providing, and the trouble of putting on and putting off their garments, their long lives, unwrinkled skins, easy child-birth, virgin-like breasts, and unsophisticated venerary, the imposture and gullery of fine clothes, (like pernicious sauce) never begetting in them a false appetite, nor administering occasion of lascivious fancies; I say, these are so considerable concomitants of the nakedness of these people, (which historians jointly take notice of) that it may not only apologize for this seeming barbarity, but put us to a stand whether they be not either more rational or more fortunate in this point than the civilized nations. I am sure, some sects of the civilized world look upon it as a piece of perfection to imitate them, if not to outdo them, as the Adamites and such like. And those two severer sects of philophers, the Stoicks and Cynicks, will abett them in it, who contend there is no turpitude in any thing but sin: from which they willingly acquit the the works of God and nature. *That more general shame in mankind, of having their more uncomely parts seen, is undoubtedly an indication by God and nature, that we are born to higher and more excellent things than these corporeal*



*real pleasures.* But to be ashamed to be naked, and yet not to forbear those sins that this shame was intended a bar to, such as whoredom, adultery and sodomy, is to turn their clothing into cloaks of hypocrisie, and to be but apes and satyrs still in green coats. This is a tast of what may be said touching such uncouth spectacles. But it would be too laborious a task for me, Hylobares, to answer every particular you may produce. I had rather employ my thoughts, while you are proposing them to others, in finding out some summary answer to all, upon a fuller view of your allegations, or Euistor's relations.

*Philop.* Philotheus makes but a reasonable motion, Hylobares. Give him some respite, and propound your particulars in common to all, or any that are ready to answer.

*Cuph.* A very good motion, Philopolis,

VI. Of the ridiculous deckings and adornings of the barbarians.

*Hyl.* The next then, Cuphophon, shall be touching the ridiculous *adornings* or *deckings* of the *Barbarians*. The embroidering of their skins with *flowers*, *stars*, *birds*, and such like pleasant figures, this indeed has as little hurt in it as that kind of work in womens petticoats. But the  
painting,

painting of their skins with serpents and ugly beasts, as the Virginians are said to do, how vilely must that needs look?

*Cuph.* That's a slight business, Hylobares, if you consider the design, which I suppose is to make them look more terrible of aspect; a thing that seems to be affected in the civilized parts of the world, many families bearing coats of arms wherein are seen as venomous and poisonous monsters. Not to add how general an humour it is amongst men, to desire *power* more than *goodness*, and to be *feared* rather than to be *loved*.

*Euist.* But what say you, Cuphophon, to the gentry of Calcut, who stretch their ears as low as their shoulders, that they may be large enough to be laden with variety of rich jewels?

*Cuph.* I say it is not so unhandsome, it may be, Euistor, as unsafe, unless they be well guarded. It is a fair invitation to have them effectually pulled by the ears, to the hazard of their ears and jewels at once.

*Euist.* Indeed I think so too, Cuphophon. But what shall we think of the Tartars and Maldives cutting off all their hair of the upper lip?

*Cuph.* Why, Euistor, I think it an excellent way for the more cleanly drinking, and supping of their pottage. *Euist.*

*Euist.* But is it not very ridiculous in the Virginians, to cut away half of their upper and lower beards, and leave the other half behind.

*Cuph.* It is not, I must confess, so fightily. But who knows but that there may be some usefulness of it, as in the Amazons cutting off their right breasts, the better to draw their bow and arrow? It may be also, when they take tobacco, they flaver on the shorn side of their chin.

*Euist.* But O the beauty of black teeth, the affected ornament of the inhabitants of Venesuella!

*Cuph.* And so it may be, for ought we know, as lovely as black hair and black eyes and eye-brows: a black set of teeth would fit excellently well with these. For my part, I know not whether jet or ivory looks more pleasantly; either, methinks, looks more handsomely than a row of teeth as yellow as box, which is the more ordinary hue of our Europeans.

*Euist.* But the laws of miction amongst those of the West-indies, is a pitch of slovenliness beyond all *cynicism*, the men and women not sticking to let fly their urine even while they are conversing with you.

*Cuph.* That is very consequentially done,

done, Euistor, to that simple shamelessness of being stark naked. For it is those parts, rather than any loathsomeness in the liquor that proceeds from them, (which is both wholesome to be drunk in sundry cases, and many times pleasant to the smell) that require secrecy in that evacuation. Wherefore there seems more of *judgment* than *sottishness* in this custom, unless in the other exoneration they use the like carelessness.

*Euist.* Cautious beyond all measure. No miser hides his bags of muck with more care and secrecy than they endeavour to unload themselves of that *depositum* of nature. They are very *Essenes* in this point of cleanliness, O Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* Why, this makes amends for the former: I thought they would easily smell out the difference.

*Hyl.* Methinks, Euistor, you ask a little out of order. The present theme is the deckings of the barbarous nations. But you see, Cuphophon is excellently well appointed for all.

*Cuph.* An *universalized* spirit, a soul thoroughly reconciled to the œconomy of the world, will not be at a loss for an apology for any *phenomenon*.

*Euist.* There are far harder than these

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to come, O Cuphophon. But I will only give one step back touching ornaments. Is not that bravery which Americus Vesputius records in his voyage to the New found-world very ghastly and tragical? For he says sundry of those nations had quite spoiled their visages, by boring of many great holes in their cheeks, in their chaps, in their noses, lips and ears; and that he observed one man that had no less than seven holes in his face, so big as would receive a Damask prune. In these they put blew stone, crystal, ivory, or such like ornaments. Which I the easilier believe to be true, having spoke with those myself that have seen Americans with pieces of carved wood stuck in their cheeks.

*Sophr.* Cuphophon scratches his head as if he were something at a loss. In the mean time, Euistor, take this till Cuphophon has excogitated something better. That which is rare (we know) is with all nations precious, and what is precious they love to appropriate and transfer upon themselves as near as they can: whence rich men eat many times not what is wholesomest, but the hardest to be got. So if there be any thing more costly than another, they will hang it on their bodies, tho' they cannot put it into their bellies, such

such as their earrings and jewels. But these Barbarians seem to exceed them in the curiositie of their application of these preciosities, they fully implanting them into their very flesh, as if they were part of their natural body.

*Hyl.* Well, Sophron; but how rude and sottish are they in the mean time, that they thus cruelly wound their poor carcases to satisfy the folly of their pride and fancy?

*Sophr.* But the boring of the face and the flashing of the skin I believe will prove more tolerable, than the cutting and piercing of the heart with care and anxiety, which the pride of more civilized places causes in men of high spirits and low fortunes. Besides, Hylobares, it may be our ignorance to think they undergo so much pain in the prosecution of these phantastick humours. For these holes and flashes may be made in their bodies when they are young, like incisions on the bark of a tree or, a young pumpion, that grow in bigness with the growth of these plants. And how safely and inoffensively such things may be practised on young children, the wringing off the tails of puppets, and circumcision of infants used by so many nations, are sufficient examples.

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*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* I thank you for this, Sophron; some such thing I was offering at, but you have prevented me. Proceed, Euistor or Hylobares, whether of you will.

VII. The lawlessness of the Barbarians and their gross extravagancies touching wedlock apologized for by Cuphophon, Advocate-general for the Paynims.

*Hyl.* I prithee, Euistor, puzzle Cuphophon, if you can, touching the *political government* of the Barbarians.

*Euist.* Does not that seem marvellous brutish, O Cuphophon, that in some places they had no government at all, as in Cuba and New-Spain, whose inhabitants went naked, acknowledged no Lord, but lived in common liberty, as Cosmographers witness?

*Cuph.* Is that so unreasonable or brutish, O Euistor, that those that are not burthened with the incumbrance of riches should neglect the use of laws; the chiefest controversies amongst men arising concerning honours and wealth, those two great incitements to injustice? Wherefore those Barbarians seem so far from any degeneracy in this, that they rather resemble the *primeval simplicity* of the *golden age*, where there was neither judge nor goaler, but common liberty prevented all occasions of injury. Here adultery was found impossible, there being only difference of sexes,

sexes, no distinction of the married and unmarried state, or appropriation of any single female to one solitary man. Which some eminent sages of Greece (to omit the suffrage of some of the more spiritually pretending sectaries of this present age) have look'd upon as a special part of the most perfect platform of a common-wealth their wisdom could excogitate. Assuredly the power of nature is so wire-drawn through so many ceremonious circumstances, of parentage, of portion, of alliances, and then so fettered and confined by the religious tie of marriage, whether the parties can well hit it or no, that her vigour is very much broken, the generations of men weakned, and their days shortned, in most parts of the civilized world: whenas those tenants in common you speak of, seldom are sick, and ordinarily live to an hundred and fifty years, as I have read in historians. So that the confinements of the law of marriage seem instituted for the *good of the soul* rather than the *health and strength of the body*. But outward laws not reaching adulterous affections, the hypocrisie of the civilized nations has made them too often forfeit the sincere good of both *grace* and *nature* at once.

*Sopbr.* This is smartly, but madly and

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surprizingly, spoken, Cuphophon, and more like a poet or philosopher than like a Christian.

*Cuph.* This is nothing against the *sanctity* of the laws of Christianity, which undoubtedly are infinitely above not only the *lawlessness*, but the *best laws* of other nations. But forasmuch as I find myself as it were *advocate general of the Paynims*; I must plead their cause, and make their case look as tolerable as I can.

*Bath.* Which you do, Cuphophon, over-lawyer-like, supporting your clients without any regard to the truth, while you impute the health and longævity of these Barbarians to their promiscuous ventry, rather than to their ranging abroad in the open air, to their fastings and huntings; and other hardships of life. But I have interrupted Euistor.

*Euist.* I pray you then, Mr. Advocate, what say you to that custom of the West-indians, who offer their wives or daughters to a stranger in token of friendship and hospitality? Of the bridegroom's not lying with his own bride the first night, but some other of the like quality? Of the king of Calcut, in the East-indies, his not lying with the queen the first night, but one of the priests, who has five hundred  
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crowns for his pains, as you may read in the voyage of Ludovicus Patritius? What to the custom of the province of Camul belonging to the great Cham, where the master of the house, in an high strain of hospitality, commits his wife and his whole family to the stranger, to use his wife and all he has with the same liberty himself doth; and that his enjoyment may be entire, quits his house for the time, that the stranger may seem to have no corival? as Paulus Venetus relates.

*Cuph.* This is marvellous pretty, Euist. But I conceive the custom comes from hence, in that they take marriage to be no part of *religion*, but of *nature*, and look upon their wives merely as the best chattel they have, and therefore in an high strain of friendship offer them to be enjoyed by their friends. In which kind simplicity the Camulites seem to exceed all the rest.

*Euist.* But what think you of the Priest of Calecut, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* I think that his lying with the queen the first night pretends to an auspicious consecration of her womb to future fertility; and that his five hundred crowns are a reward of this religious performance.

*Euist.* But it is a strange act of religion, to lie with another man's wife.

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*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* The direction of the intention, Euistor, is all in all. The priest does not intend to commit adultery, but to consecrate the womb. But what blemish is this in Providence, that Paynim-priests are as crafty as some of the Christian, who upon spiritual pretences too often promote an interest of the world and the flesh, as these Calcut-priests seem to do, they both reaping the pleasure of lying with the queen, and strengthening the interest of the priesthood by mingling the *sacerdotal* with the *royal* seed, the first-born of the queen being in all likelihood as much the son of a priest as heir to the crown?

*Philop.* I thought Cuphophon had not been so nimble a politician.

*Hyl.* His zeal, Philopolis, for the Paynims makes him more than ordinarily quick-witted.

*Euist.* But what excuse will his wit find out for the other excess in matrimony, that, I mean, of the Tartars, who think marriage so holy, that they believe their God *Natagai* to have wife and children, and therefore if their sons or daughters die before age, yet they celebrate a marriage betwixt parties thus deceased, that they may be man and wife in the other world?

*Cuph.* That they make marriage so sacramen-

cramental a thing, need not seem strange to us. But that they conceit God to have wife and children, is more extravagant, and yet not much more than that opinion of the Anthropomorphites, who fancy God in the form of a man. Which conceit certain monks of Egypt were so mad upon, that they forced the Bishop of Alexandria to subscribe it for fear of his life.

VIII. Of the *γυναμοκρατούμενοι*, and the men of Arcladam that lie in childbed for their wives.

*Euist.* I perceive no small matters will puzzle Cuphophon's invention: and therefore tho' the *γυναμοκρατούμενοι*, and the men of Arcladam that lie forty days in childbed for their wives, present themselves to my memory, yet I will pass them over.

*Cupb.* That's a very odd thing of the men of Arcladam, Euistor: I pray you, what is it?

*Euist.* When the woman is delivered, she gets out of the bed as soon as she can, and follows the businesses of the house; but the man lies in for so many days, and does all the offices of a mother to the infant, saving the giving it suck: and the neighbours come a-gossiping to the man lying thus in bed, as in other countreys they do to the woman. And they of Arcladam give  
this

this reason for this custom, because the mother had a sufficient share of trouble in bearing the child and bringing him forth, and that therefore 'tis fit that the man should ease her now, and take off part of the care to himself, as \* Paulus Venetus reports.

*Cuph.* If the men of the country had had milk in their breasts, which several men have had, according to the testimony of many credible writers, philosophers, physicians, and anatomists, the custom had been more plausible. But such as it is, it has its reason, as you see, and it was not a pure piece of sottishness that carried them unto it. And for the *γυναικokratέ-μενοι*, in that the women rule them, it is a sign that it is fit they should. For it is in virtue of their strength, wit, or beauty; and you know the *Iambick*:

*πρῶτον γὰρ εἶδ' ἄξιον τυραννίδ'.*

They chose their kings of old from the beauty of their form, as Lucretius notes. And why do men rule the women, but upon account of more strength or more wisdom? But where the women rule the men, it is a sign they have more strength or wit, and therefore have a right to rule them. And indeed

\* De region. orient. l. 2. c. 42.

indeed where do they not rule them? in-  
somuch that the whole world in a manner  
are of the *γυναιχοκρατούμενοι*. So that  
this is no peculiar disorder amongst the  
Barbarians, such as Mela and Diodorus  
Siculus mention.

*Hyl.* The women are much beholden  
to you, Cuphophon, for your so kind and  
careful patronage of them.

*Cuph.* I am of a large spirit, Hyloba-  
res; I love to be civil to all sects, sexes,  
and persons.

IX. Of the Pagans cruelty to their enemies, and inhuman  
humanity to their friends.

*Hyl.* Cuphophon swallows all down ve-  
ry glibly. But, as I remember, there are  
some direful stories of the Pagans cruelty  
to their enemies, and inhuman humanity to  
their friends, that, methinks, should a lit-  
tle turn his stomach, Euistor.

*Euist.* There are very savage customes  
recorded in Pomponius Mela touching the  
Essedones, Axiacæ and Geloni. The last  
clothe themselves and their horses with  
the skins of their slain enemies; with that  
part of the skin that covers the head they  
make a cap for themselves, with the rest  
they clothe their horses. The Essedones  
celebrate the funerals of their parents with  
great feasting and joy, eating their flesh  
minced.

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minced and mingled with mutton ; (which is the manner of their burial of them) but tipping their skulls with gold they make drinking-cups of them : as the Axiacæ quaffe in the heads of their slain enemies, as well as drink their blood in the field. In Castella del Oro the inhabitants also eat their own dead. But in the island Java, as Ludovicus Patritius reports, the children do not, like the Essedones, eat their parents, but when they are old and useless, sell them to the Anthropophagi, as the parents do the children, if desperately and irrecoverably sick in the judgment of the physician. For they hold it the noblest kind of burial to be interred in the belly of a man, and not to be eaten by worms : to which if any expose the body of his dead friend, they hold it a crime not to be expiated by any sacrifice. The laws also of the Sardoans and Berbicæ, which Ælian \* relates, are very savage ; the one commanding the sons to knock the fathers o'th'head when they are come to dotage, the other prohibiting any to live above seventy years.

*Hyl.* Stop there, Euistor : let's hear what excuse the advocate of the Paynims can devise for these horrid customs.

*Cuph.*

\* Var. Hist. l. 4. c. 1.

*Caph.* Truly, Hylobares, these things must seem very harsh to any civil person, especially at the first sight. But yet there seems, if we make farther search, to be something commendable at the bottom of some of these. For the parricide that is committed by the Sardoans and Berbicæ seems to arise out of compassion to their parents, they not enduring to see so sad a spectacle as helpless and wearisome old age, a heavy disease, and yet uncurable by any thing else but death. And those of Java, that sell, either the parents their sick children, or the children their aged parents, to the Cannibals, it is both to ease them of their pain, and procure them, as they think, the most honourable burial. And it is no small countenance to these barbarous customs that *Sir Tho. More's Utopia* allows painful and remediless diseases to be shortened by some easy way of death. Which seems to me another kind of midwifery, to facilitate the birth of the soul into the other world, as midwives do the entrance of the body into this. Which may be the reason why the *Essedones* are so jocund at the funerals of their friends, they looking upon it as their birth-day into the other state.

X. The



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X. Their killing men at funerals to accompany the dead.

*Euiſt.* The Thracians do ſo indeed, if we will believe Pomponius Mela, who adds, that their wives contend who ſhould be buried with their dead husbands. As alſo do the Indians. And Acoſta reports that the kings of Peru and the nobles of Mexico had their wives, neareſt friends and ſervants, killed at their funerals, to bear them company into the other world.

*Cuph.* This is harſh, I muſt confeſs, Euiſtor; but, it may be, not ſo ſilly and unpolitick. For this cuſtom might be begun for the ſafeguard of husbands and kings from being poiſoned by their wives, neareſt friends and ſervants.

*Euiſt.* But what a mad ſolemnity was that of the funeral of the great Cham of the Tartars, which Paulus Venetus deſcribes, when his body was carried to the mountain \* Alchai? For they ſlew every one they met in the way, horſe and man, ſaying theſe words, *Ite, & Domino noſtro regi ſervite in altera vita.* It is thought no leſs than twenty thouſand men were ſlain thus on this occaſion at the funeral of the great Cham Mongu. There ſeems not in this ſo much as any plot or policy, Cuphophon, but mere ſavage barbarity.

*Cuph.*

\* De region orient. l. 1. c. 54.

*Cuph.* It is very wild indeed, *Euistor*: but the opinion of the immortality of the soul and personal distinctness of the deceased in the other life is both sober, religious, and philosophical; and the impression of the belief thereof on the spirits of the people very useful and political, for the making them warlike and just; and this solemnity of more force to impress this belief, than all the subtil ratiocinations of the philosophers.

*Euist.* But it is so barbarously cruel, *O Cuphophon.*

*Cuph.* Who knows, *Euistor*, but most of these men were volunteers, and had a mind to serve the great Cham in the other world? Otherwise they might have kept out of the way. And the ambition of living princes sends more to Orcus than this superstition about the dead Cham of the Tartars, and, methinks, in more uncouth circumstances. For he that dies in the service of his living prince leaves him he serves, but he that dies in love to the deceased Cham goes to the prince he loves.

*Euist.* Very elegantly answered, *Cuphophon.*

*Hyl.* *Cuphophon* is such an *Oedipus*, that he will stick at the solution of no riddle.

XI. The Caraiamites murdering good men to seize on their virtues.

*Euist.* But I have one more to try his skill to the purpose, an accustomary cruelty of the people of Caraiem, such as it is hard to say whether it be more ridiculous, or barbarous.

*Cuph.* I prithee, Euistor, what is it? I love to hear such stories.

*Euist.* The forenamed author tells us that the people in this country, when a traveller from foreign nations lodges with them, the man of the house, if he perceiveth the stranger to be one of an excellent carriage and virtuous behaviour, prudent and sober in his words and actions, and very eminent for his goodness and honesty, he will be sure to get up at midnight and kill him, conceiving that thereby he shall for ever detain the prudent, virtue and honesty, nay the very soul, of this traveller in his house, and that he will be a perpetual lodger there.

*Bath.* Surely Euistor plays the wag with Cuphophon, and contrives a story to pose him.

*Euist.* In the word of a gentleman, Bathynous, I relate no more than what I read, and what any one else may read, in M. Paulus Venetus his history of the oriental coun-

countreys, in his second book and the fortieth chapter.

*Cuph.* I could easily suspect Hylobares of such a piece of waggery, but I believe Eustor will deal *bona fide* with me, and play no tricks; and therefore I am glad Hylobares has committed this province to him. But as for his story of the inhabitants of Caraiam, I do not see that the cause of the *Plymians* is much detrimented thereby. It should seem these *Pagans* were as greedy after *virtue* as the *civilized nations* after *money*, who ordinarily murder the owner to make themselves masters of it. They therefore were more ignorant, but we more wicked. But what further mystery there may be in the matter no man knows. It may be they intended the deceased for some *lac familiaris*, whose soul they would propitiate by some religious ceremonies after they had trespassed so far on his body, which they had killed in honour and love to his virtues, tho' with small kindness to his person. But whether it be more tolerable to murder men out of *love to their virtues*, or out of *hatred to them*, I leave, as a new disquisition, to more subtil *casuists*. I am sure the *Jews* had no other cause than that to kill our Saviour, altho' they lived under the institutes of no less noble-law-

giver than Moses himself, and were then the choicest part of the civilized world.

XII. Of the Anthropophagi or Cannibals.

*Hyl.* You do but play with Cuphophon. I pray you, *Euistor*, try what *gusta* he hath for the diet of the Cannibals.

*Euist.* Had not you better resume your province, *Hylobares*, and assault him yourself?

*Hyl.* It cannot be in a better hand than yours, *Euistor*, who so particularly remember stories. Besides that *Cuphophon* is out of all jealousy of being abused by you, which will make his answers come off more glibly.

*Euist.* Well then, since it must be so, I will add to this single example of slaying men to seize upon their souls, that of murdering them to feed upon their bodies, a villany, *Cuphophon*, very frequently mentioned as well in antient as modern historians: as of the Anthropophagi about the Nyssean mountains in India, which *Eustathius* notes; as also those of Scythia, noted by *Pomponius Mela*. And *Solinus* takes notice not only of these Anthropophagi of Scythia, but mentions also others in *Æthiopia*. The truth of which things later discoveries seem to ratify. *Christophorus Columbus* tells us of Cannibals not far from the

the island Hispaniola, that eat man's flesh, and salt or souse it as we do beef, pork, bacon, and brawn: That they geld those they take young, as we do capons, to make them eat more tender; and keep women alive to breed on, as we do hens to lay eggs. This island of Canibals is called *insula crucis*, of which you may read more in the voyage of Columbus. The men of Zipangai, (that belongs to the Tartar) if they light on a stranger, unless he can redeem himself, kill him and eat him, calling their friends and kinsfolks to the feast. In Timaine a town of Castello del Oro, they sold Man's flesh in the shambles, as Cosmographers write. As also that the Brasilians celebrate their festivals, making themselves merry over the body of a fat man cut into collops; and that the enemies they take in war they roast and eat, dancing round about them.

*Cuph.* Enough, Euistor, my stomach is surcharged already; nothing is more nauseous than the fancy of those things is to me. Nor can I devise what may be said in the behalf of so high barbarities. Only it is to be noted, that these sad objects are more a torment to the well-natured living than any farther mischief to the dead: and that slaying of men of their estates and livelyhood,

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livelyhood, or taking away their lives, is an harder cruelty to the sufferers, and that it is not so much the conscience of *decorum*, as queaziness of stomach, that makes our modern Europeans abstain from their enemies carcases. Besides, whether is it more barbarous out of scorn and hatred to kill men to feed their dogs withal, as the Spaniards used the poor Indians, or for the Indians or other Barbarians, out of an appetitious liking of man's flesh, more honourably to bury it in their own bowels; a funeral-solemnity that some of them use, and think it the last good deed they can do for their deceased friends. Wherefore we can only make this deplorable conclusion, That the unmercifulness of the Europeans is not less, but their hypocritic more, than that of the uncivilized Indians. For that honour they profess and abhorrence from the flesh of dead men (which instinct, questionless, God and nature has implanted in us as a bar against all cruelty to our kind) does not keep them off from doing all the *real* cruelty that is committed by the *savage* nations. Whence they seem to me to be self-condemned, while they boggle at the less kinds of cruelty, and so frequently praise the greater; *straining at the gnat, (as it is said) but in the mean time swallowing down the camel.*

*Sophr.*

*Sophr.* I promise you, Cuphophon, I did not think you could have made so passable work out of so crooked and knotty a matter. At least thus much I think is true, That to them that make so light of war and blood-shed and murdering of men to seize on what they have, to them, I say, to whom this substantial cruelty seems tolerable, these men should not think it intolerable in Providence, that she permits those slighter and more innocuous shadows thereof. For all those seeming cruelties are but the flagellation of the absent, and they take up and use at their pleasure only what he has left: but the killing and murdering of a man is a present tormenting him, and forcible driving him out of all that he has. Which I speak to shame the civilized nations, in shewing them that they frequently commit acts that are infinitely more cruel and barbarous than those which they themselves judge the most horrid and outrageous of all the acts of the Barbarians.

*Cuph.* I am glad, O Sophron, to see so grave a judgment fall in with mine.

*Sophr.* I must confess, Cuphophon, that you have made a pretty shuffling show of mitigating the harshness of the secular barbarity of the *Raynims*, as you call them: but



but I fear you will not have half the success in palliating the gross enormities of their religions.

*Hyl.* And that, Sophron, is the very next thing that I would have Euistor to exercise Mr. Advocate-general's wit in.

*Euist.* In what, Hylobares?

XIII. Of the atheism and the polytheism of the Barbarians.

*Hyl.* In finding any tolerable excuse for their *gross opinions* touching God, for their *polytheism* and *idolatry*, for their *men-sacrifices*, *devil-worship*, *sacrificing men to the devil*, and the like.

*Euist.* I understand you, Hylobares, and shall accordingly propound instances to Cuphophon. In the first place, therefore, Cuphophon, I pray you, what do you say to the Brasilians, that are reported to acknowledge no God at all, and yet to be so addicted to divination, that they grow mad therewith?

*Cuph.* To this I answer, That in that they are so much addicted to divination, it is a suspicion that they do believe there is a God; and may be slandered as Atheists, because they worship no *idols* nor any *visible object*.

*Euist.* That is very charitably surmized of you, Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* But suppose they be *Atheists*,  
how

how many thousands are there of such kind of cattle in the most civilized parts of Europe?

*Euiſt.* But others of the Indians, Cuphron, to make amends, hold more Gods than one. They of New-England worſhipped Keſan their good God, and the *devil* beſide, that he might not hurt them.

*Cuph.* And ſo by worſhipping the *devil* acknowledged two ſovereign powers or principles, a good one and a bad one: which tho' it be a great errour, yet is ſuch as very great wits have fallen into. For St. Auguſtin himſelf, before he became Chriſtian, was a Manichee. And Phutarch, in his *Iſis* and *Oſiris*, entitles Plato to the like errour, ἡ μίαν ψυχὴν κινεῖσαι τὸν κόσμον. He tells us alſo that Zoroaſter was of the ſame opinion; and that they named theſe two diſtinct principles *Oromasdes* and *Arcimanius*; and that the Egyptian *Oſiris* and *Typhon* answer to them. So that it is not any ſign of ſo great ſottiſhneſs, if the Barbarians of America were laſped into this ſtrange miſtake.

*Euiſt.* But your Paynims, O Cuphron, ſeem to have made not only two, but even two thouſand deities, while they worſhipped ſun, moon, ſtars, beaſts and plants,

plants, sea, land, wind, thunder, caves, hills, the tallest and most spreading trees, nay whatever living-creature they met with first in a morning, as some chuse valentines, or rather not chuse them, but embrace the first they meet on Valentine's day.

*Cuph.* This cannot be denied, Euistor, but that the barbarous nations did religious worship to innumerable objects of this kind, but not as to the supreme Power of all, (which was the primary or ultimate object of all their adoration) but rather as to images and symbols of that ultimate object. And how great a part of the civilized world, even of them that are called Christians, contend that the worshipping of images in such a sense as this is laudable and right?

*Euist.* I think both much what alike laudable.

*Bath.* I have thought often of this point, and that very impartially as well as anxiously, and I cannot for my life find any excuse for those of the Roman church to clear them from idolatry, but the same with better advantage may be alledged for the Pagans, they having no written law against worshipping images as the Romanists have, who acknowledge the Bible to be the Word of God.

XIV. Of their men-sacrifices.

*Eufi.* That is very material. But what mitigation can you find out, O Cuphophon, for that horrid and hideous way of worshipping these objects, as that of Scythians about Taurica Chersonesus, who sacrificed strangers to Diana, that is, to the moon?

*Cuph.* This is very harsh: but I pray you let me ask you this one question, *Eufitor*, Did never any man suffer in the civilized parts of Europe, for being estranged from certain religious lunacies, which bloody and tyrannical obtruders urged upon them under no less penalty than death?

*Eufi.* I must confess that history furnishes us with instances of not only many hecatombs, but several thousands of holocausts of man's flesh butchered by that bloody church of Rome, and sacrificed to the honour and interest of their great Diana. You know what I mean, Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* I do. And I pray you how much better is this than the Pagans sacrificing of men to Diana Taurica?

*Eufi.* Both exceeding bad: and yet I must propose to you other things as ill or worse. As that barbarous custom of the Ammonites, who sacrificed their children to Moloch or Milchom in the valley of Tophet,

Tophet, so called from the Drum that was there beat to drown the lamentable cries of the murdered infants.

*Cuph.* This I must confess is exceeding barbarous, Euistor, to sacrifice tho' but a single son to that cruel idol. But, methinks, it seems more destructive to mankind, that those that either are or ought to be *patres patriæ*, (I mean great princes and emperors) unprovoked by any injury, but merely out of a desire of *dominion* and *rule*, are so lavish of the blood of their subjects, as to expose numerous armies of them to the slaughter; they smothering in the meantime the groans of the dying and maimed by the sound of drums and trumpets, and other clattering noises of war, while they thus sacrifice to the cruel idol of ambition, as the Ammonites to Milchom in the valley of Tophet. And will history acquit the civilized world of this piece of barbarity, Euistor?

*Euist.* The grand Seignior is deeply guilty of this cruel kind of idolatry: and I wish it were not to be found too much in Christendom itself.

*Cuph.* So do I.

*Euist.* But, God be thanked, we are so clear from one horrid crime of the Pagans, that we have nothing like it in Christendom.

*Cuph.*

*Cupb.* What's that, Euistor?

XV. Of their worshipping the devil.

*Euist.* Why, it is the worshipping the very *Devil* himself. Which that the Pagans did, is manifest from their temples and images, from the madness of their priests, and from their sacrifices. The *Peruvians* worshipped two carved idols, a *black goat* and a *long serpent*, both of them perfect symbols of *Satan*, and such as himself loves to appear in. In the city of *Goa* their pagods or idols are of so detestable a form, that no man can imagine how ugly and deformed they are: yet these they consult as oracles, and by the power of the devil have answers from them. The *Chinois* also worship a devil-idol standing on an high, but something duskish, place of their temples, having two huge horns on his head, with a most terrible countenance, with sharp claws instead of hands and feet, and his head uglily starting out from the midst of his breast, as *Gotardus* describes him. But the most horrible description of a temple is that of the king of *Calecut*'s, where they worship his god *Deumo*: for the true god *Tamerani* he serves not, because, tho' he made the world, yet he has given up the government of it, as they conceit, to *Deumo*.

H h

This

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This temple has its entrance garnished with numbers of devils made in wood artificially turned and carved. In the midst of the chapel there is a seat like a throne of brass, with a brazen devil sitting upon it, with a crown on his head, like that of the *Roman pontiff*, (as *Ludovicus Romanus* describes it) out of which come three horns. There are four others also that turn in after such a manner, as that they seem to support his head. He has also four teeth standing out of his foul wide gaping mouth, and a threatening look, with terrible staring eyes, and hands with crooked nails like to hooks; but his feet not unlike to a cock's. In every corner of the chapel is likewise placed a devil made of brass, with such art, as that he seems to be in the midst of flames wherein souls are scorched in most direful manner, whom the devil also is devouring up, putting one soul into his mouth with his right hand, and reaching underneath at another with the left.

*Cupb.* If there had been written upon the walls of the chapel, *Primus in orbe Deos fecit timor*, (as they say there is in *Mahomet's Mosco's*, *Non est nisi Deus unus*) all had been complete.

*Euisť.* Can there be any thing possibly parallel

parallel to this, Cuphophon, amongst our civilized Europeans ?

*Cupb.* I think nothing, unless it be the religion of the *Superlapsarians*, the object whereof is *infinite power* unmodified by either *justice* or *goodness* : which is that very idol of *Typhon* or *Arimanius* I spoke of. For this imagination of *omnipotent power* and *will* acting without any regard to *justice* or *goodness*, is but an idol, no real thing. If it were, it were more horrible than the *Indian Deumo*, or any devil that is. But it could not be God : For God is love, and every thing acts according to what it is.

*Soph.* Very well argued, Cuphophon.

*Philop.* In many things Cuphophon seems to be on a more than ordinary good pin to day.

*Euist.* But I believe he must stretch his wit to an higher pin than he has done hitherto, to pretend to make any tolerable answer to what follows.

XVI. Of their sacrificing men to the devil.

*Cupb.* Why, what strange thing is that which follows, Euistor ?

*Euist.* The sacrificing of men to the devil. Those of *Peru* frequently sacrifice their children for the success of the affairs of their *Ingua*, for health, victory,



or the like. The son was also frequently sacrificed for the health of the father. They of *Mexico* had a custom of sacrificing of their captives. Whence their kings were often stirred up by their priests to make war upon their neighbours, to get captives to sacrifice to the devil, they telling them their gods died for hunger, and that they should remember them. The devil also himself is said to appear in *Florida*, and to complain that he is thirsty, that human blood may be presently shed to quench his thirst.

The solemnity of sacrificing captives to *Vitziliputzly* in *Mexico* within the palisado of dead mens skulls is most horrid and direful: where the high priest cut open their breasts with a sharp flint, and pulled out their reeking hearts, which he first shew'd to the sun, to whom he offered it, but then suddenly turning to the idol, cast it at his face; and with a kick of his foot tumbled the body from the tarrafs he stood upon down the stairs of the temple, which were all embrew'd and defiled with blood. These sacrifices also they ate, and clothed themselves with the skins of the slain.

*Cuph.* Now certainly this custom of the *Americans* is very horrible and abominable, thus bloodily to sacrifice men to  
that

that enemy of mankind, the devil. And therefore it were very happy if we had nothing in these civilized parts of the world that bore the least shadow of similitude with it.

*Euiſt.* Why have we any thing, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* Why? what is the greateſt hor-  
rour that ſurprizes you in this cuſtom, Eu-  
iſtor?

*Euiſt.* To ſay the truth, Cuphophon, I do not find myſelf ſo ſubtile and diſtinct a philoſopher as explicite-ly to tell you what, but I think it is, firſt, That man-  
kind ſhould worſhip ſo ugly and execrable  
an object as the devil; and then in the  
ſecond place, That they ſhould ſacrifice  
ſo worthy and noble a thing as an *human  
body*, which is in capacity of becoming  
the temple of the Holy Ghoſt, to ſo *de-  
teſtable* an idol.

*Cuph.* You have, I think, answered  
very right and underſtandingly, Euiſtor,  
if you rightly conceive what makes the  
devil ſo deteſtable.

*Euiſt.* Surely his *pride*, *cruelty* and  
malignity of nature, and in that all *love*  
and *goodneſs* is extinct in him, which if  
he could recover, he would preſently be-  
come an angel of light.

*Bath.* Euistor has answered excellently well, and like a mystical theologer.

*Euist.* To tell you the truth, I had it out of them.

*Cuph.* But if he has answered right, *Bathynous*, it is a sad consideration, that we have in the civilized parts of the world those that profess a more odious religion than the Mexicans that sacrifice men to the devil, I mean, the *Superlapsarians*. For the object of their worship is a God-idol of their own framing, that acts merely according to *will* and *power* sequestred from all respect to either *justice* or *goodness*, as I noted before, which is the genuine *idea* of a *devil*. To which idol they do not, as the Mexicans, sacrifice the *mere bodies* of men, but their very *souls* also; not kicking them down a tarrass, but arbitrarily tumbling them down into the pit of hell, there to be eternally and unexpressibly tormented, for no other reason but because this their dreadful idol will have it so. Can any religion be more horrid or blasphemous than this?

*Hyl.* I perceive you begin to be drawn dry, O *Cuphophon*, you are fain so to harp on the same string. This is but your *Typhon* and *Areimanius* you mentioned before. I expected some more proper and adequate parallelisms to *Euistor's* fresh instances,

stances, especially to that of sacrificing to the idol Vitziliputzly.

*Cupb.* Do you think then, Hylobares, that it is so hard a thing to find something in the civilized world more peculiarly parallel to that dreadful ceremony? What think you of the Roman Pontiff?

*Euist.* How madly does Cuphophon's fancy rove? and yet how luckily had he hit it, if he had but made use of the usual name Papa? For that is also the title of the high priest of Mexico, who sacrifices men to Vitziliputzly, as Josephus Acosta † tells us.

*Cupb.* I thank you for that hint, Euistor: It seems then there will be a consonancy betwixt the verbal titles as well as an analogy betwixt the things themselves.

*Hyl.* I would gladly hear that analogy, Cuphophon. Not that I should take any such great pleasure in finding the papacy so obnoxious, but that it pleases me to observe the versatil sleights and unexpected turnings of your movable fancy.

*Cupb.* Nor care I to tell you for either the one or the other, Hylobares, but that I may adorn the province I have undertaken in the behalf of the poor Paynim. The analogy therefore briefly is this: That as the *high priest* of Mexico with his *officers*

† Hist. Ind. lib. 5. c. 14.

*cers* pulled out the *heart* of the *captives*, kicking down their bodies for the *assistents* to eat their *flesh*; and *clothe* themselves with their *skins*: so the *Roman Pontiff*, by his cruel *inquisitors* discovering the *true religion* of the *faithful servants* of *Christ*, whom they hold in a forcible *captivity*, murdered them, and gave their *estates* for a spoil to his cruel ministers and *assistents*, to *feed* and *clothe* them. Does not this occur often enough in history, *Euist*?

*Euist.* It cannot be denied, many thousands have been thus butchered.

*Hyl.* But to whom were they sacrificed, *Cuphophon*? you have omitted a principal term that ought to have been in the analogy.

*Cuph.* I would I knew what *Vitziliputzly* signified.

*Euist.* If that will do you any service, I can tell you what it signifies expressly out of *Josephus Acosta*, viz. † *The left-hand of a shining feather.*

*Cuph.* Very good, very good: have patience then a little. Why may not then the *sun* easily signify the *heavenly glory*, or the *glory of God*; and this *shining feather* the *vain and foolish pomp* and *glory of the world*, or the *pride of life*?

*Hyl.* That is not much strained, *Cuphophon*; but what then? *Cuph.*

† Hist. Ind. lib. 5. cap. 9.

*Cuph.* Wherefore as the high priest of Mexico pretends to sacrifice to the *sun*, shewing him the smoaking heart of the *captive* when he has pluck'd it out, but presently turns about, and does really and substantially cast the heart of the sacrificed to the idol Vitziliputzly: so the Roman high priest, when he murthers holy and righteous men (under pretence of heresie) for denying such falshoods and blasphemies as are only held up for the supporting the interest of the *papal sovereignty and sublimity*, pretends these murthers sacrifices to the *glory of God*, and for the vindication of *his honour*; whenas they are really and truly bloody oblations and cruel holocausts offered up to that idol of abominations, *pride of spirit*, and *vain mundane glory and pomp*, and a remorseless tyranny over the souls and bodies of men: which is such a quintessential *Lucifer*, that it is that whereby *Lucifer* himself becomes a *devil*.

*Hyl.* All this from Vitziliputzly signifying the *left-hand of a shining feather*. Ha, ha, he. Wit and fancy whether wilt thou go? How merrily-conceited is Cuphophon, that can thus play with a feather?

*Sephr.* I promise you, Hylobares, tho' the fancy of Cuphophon may seem more than ordinarily ludibund and lightsomely sportful,

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sportful, yet what he points at seems to be over-lamentably true, viz. That many thousands of innocent souls have been made burnt-offerings to the *luciferian pride* of the *Roman hierarchy*, and the *sons of God* (which is worse than the *Mexicans case*) thus cruelly and perfidiously *sacrificed* to the *first-born* of the *devil*.

*Ewist.* This is too true to contend against it.

*Hyl.* I wish it were not so. But in the mean time we can never take *Cuphophron* at a loss.

*Ewist.* So methinks, and I have but one kind more of tragical instances to pose him with.

XVII. *Of self-sacrificers.*

*Ewist.* In some parts of the world they are their own executioners; as those of *Narcinga* and *Bisnagar*, who cut their flesh in pieces, and cast it on the idol's face, or putting a piece of their own flesh on the pile of an arrow, shoot it up into the air in honour to their pagods, as *Go-tardus* writes. After which ceremony they cut their own throats, offering themselves a sacrifice to their idol. The king of *Quitacare*, upon a silk scaffold, in view of his people, after some solemn washings and prayers, having first cut off his nose, ears,

ears, lips, and other parts, cuts his own throat, as a sacrifice to his idol. *Gotardus*, as I remember, adds, that there is loud musick sounding all the time. This is done every jubilee.

*Cuph.* Whether Satan put them upon this slavery out of his scorn and hatred of mankind, or that he pleases himself in feeling his own power, or in seeing examples of the great affection and fidelity of his vassals, (as imperious whores pride themselves in commanding their lovers some signal hardship or penance, as being a more sure testimony (if they perform it) of a more than ordinary worth in themselves, that has engaged them in so perfect a bondage) or whether it be out of all these put together, is not so requisite to dispute.

*Hyl.* No more is it, *Cuphophron*, it is so little to the present purpose.

*Cuph.* But I was coming to something which is more near to the purpose, namely, That the nearest to these *self-sacrificers* to Satan are those sad disciples of certain *Mystae* of dark and sower dispensations, who, having no knowledge of a Deity but such as is represented unto them in the dreadful shape of the *Indian Deumo* above described, (that is, *Will* and *Power* dis-



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disjoined from all *justice* and *goodness*) having first almost fretted a-pieces their very heart-strings with tormenting thoughts and anxious suspicions, do at last either hang or drown themselves, or else cut their own throats, as a sad sacrifice to that *ghastly idol* which their false teachers had set up in their melancholized fancies. But no Amulet against such diabolical impostures comparable to that divine saying of *St. John, God is love; and he that abideth in love, abideth in God, and God in him.*

XVIII. The meaning of providence in permitting such horrid usages in the world.

*Sophr.* That is very profitably and seasonably noted, O Cuphophon: and tho' my judgment is not so curious as to criticize on the perpetual exactness of your applications of the sad miscarriages of the civilized parts of the world to those gross disorders of the *Barbarians*; yet your comparisons in the general have very much impressed that note of Philotheus upon my spirit, That the more *external and gross enormities* committed by the *barbarous nations*, are as it were a *reprehensive satyr* of the more *fine and hypocritical wickednesses* of the *civilized countries*; that these *civilized sinners*, abominating those

those wilder extravagancies, may withal give sentence against their own no-less wickedness, but only in a less-ugly dress. Whence it cannot be so great wonder that Providence lets such horrid usages emerge in the world, that the more affrightful face of sin in some places might quite drive out all similitude and appearance of it in others.

*Bath.* True, *Sophron*; but this also I conceive may be added, That divine Providence having the full comprehension of all the periods of ages, and the scenes of things succeeding in these periods, in her mind, permitted at first and afterwards some parts of the lapsed creation to plunge themselves into a more palpable darkness, that a more glorious light might succeed and emerge. The lovely splendor of which Divine dispensation would not strike the beholders so vigorously, did he not cast his eyes also upon that region of blackness and sad tyranny of the devil in preceding ages over deluded mankind, such as *Euistor* has so plentifully discovered. All these things therefore seem to have been permitted in design to advance the glory and adorn the triumph of the promised *Messias*, the true Son of God and Saviour of the world.

*Sophr.* That may very well be, *Bathynous.*

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nous. Nor is it any injustice or severity in God to make use of the impenitency of sinners to better purposes than either themselves or wiser persons are many times aware of. But we interrupt Euistor by this unseasonable descanting upon Caphophon's performances.

XIX. The madness of the priests of the Pagans.

*Euist.* I was only a-going to add something of the madness of the heathenish priests, as the last note of the satanicalness of their religion. But it is scarce worth the while.

*Cuph.* Nay by all means let's hear that also, Euistor.

*Euist.* That the *Menades*, the priests of *Bacchus*, were mad, appears in their very name, whose notation is from that distemper. The priest of the *Samadees*, a people subject to the *Muscovite*, begins his holy things with *bowling*, which he continues till he grows mad with it, and then falling down dead, after orders his sacrifice, and finishes the solemnity he was about. The *Hoxiones* also, or priests of *China*, when they consult their oracles, cast themselves on the ground, stretching out their hands and feet, another reading in a book, to whom are responses made by some assistants that sing and make a noise

noise with bells or cymbals. In the mean time the spirit comes upon him that lies prostrate, who, rising with staring eyes and distorted countenance, falls a-prophefying and answering such questions as the bystanders demand.

*Cupb.* These are mad guizes of religion indeed; and yet not an unfit resemblance of as mischievous a madness amongst too many of our more *civilized* religionists.

*Euist.* I believe you mean the howling *Quakers*, as *uncivil* as they are. For they began in that tone at first, and fell down dead in trances, and afterwards getting up fell a-prophefying, uttering out of their swoln breasts very dark oracles, declaring against all order and ordinances, decrying all reason as a work of the flesh; and pretending to an unaccountable spirit, and to a light within that is invisible to all without who have not lost their spiritual eyesight. None conceive they see it but such as are either blind or in the dark.

*Cupb.* There are great and good things the *Quakers* pretend to, Euistor, but they soil them by so wild a way of profession of them, and indeed in particulars seem to contradict what with so loud a voice they in the general extol. But that madness I hinted at is more epidemical  
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than this sect, there being more besides these that never think themselves divinely-wise till they grow so staringly mad, that the eye of reason seems to have quite started out of their head, and fumes and fancies to be the sole guides of their tongue.

*Sophr.* I suppose, Cuphophon, you perstringe that general disease of *ungovernable enthusiasm* dispersed up and down in Christendom. And yet there is another kind of religious madness more spreading and no less mischievous than this.

*Cuph.* I pray you what is that, Sophron?

*Soph.* So fix'd and fierce a belief in an infallible priesthood, that what they dictate for an oracle, be it never so repugnant to all our *outward senses*, to all our internal faculties of *imagination, reason* and *understanding*, never so contradictory to whatsoever is *holy, virtuous, or humane*, yet they embrace and stick to it with that zeal and heat, that they fly in the faces and cut the throats of not only them that gainsay, but even of those that will not profess the same abominable errors with themselves. If so enraged an heat, kindled upon so enormous a mistake as never any lunatick could think or speak more contradictiously, joined with as high outrages

as

as ever mad-man did commit, for all manner of murder and cruelty, if this temper or spirit be not the *spirit of madness*, and that of the highest strain, I know not what belongs to the *spirit of sobriety*.

*Cuph.* Certainly it must be a great matter that thus transports Sophron, and makes him something unlike his usual self.

*Sophr.* To tell you the truth, I had mine eye on the *Artolatria* of the Romanists and their article of *transubstantiation*, with all the wild concomitants and sequels thereof.

*Cuph.* You could not have pitched upon a greater reproach of the civilized world. I profess unto Sophron, tho' no man can have a greater averſation than myself from ſlighting or reviling that which others embrace as the most ſacred and ſolemn point of their religion; yet amongst ourſelves I cannot but declare, that this figment of *transubstantiation* comprises in it ſuch a bundle of Barbarities, of unheard-of ſottiſhneſſes, and ſavage cruelties, that there is no one thing parallel to it in all Paganism. The manifold *impoſtures* of the prieſts of the Pagans, their *ἀνδρωποφαγία*, whether it be the *feeding on the fleſh of enemies*, or *entombing the bodies of their dead friends in their own bellies*, whether their

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*gross idolatries* in the general, or their *sacrificing men to their idols*, all these abominations are as it were tied together in this fictitious fardel of *transubstantiation*. For was there ever any *Indian* so imposed upon by their Priests, as to believe they had a power by a certain form of words to turn a cake of maize into a living man, and that the miracle is done by them, tho' the cake of maize appear still to their sight, to their touch, and all their other senses, as perfect a cake of maize as before? And how can these look upon the *Indians* as such a barbarous people, for either feeding on their enemies, or burying their dead friends in their own bowels, whenas they themselves profess that they eat and grind a-pieces with their teeth, not dead, but living man's-flesh, and that not of an enemy, but their dearest friend and Saviour? Can any thing seem more barbarous than this? And then to uphold this figment, (which seems invented only for the pomp and vain-glory of the priest, that he may be accounted a stupendous wonder-worker, a creator of his Creator) to maintain this fiction, I say, by the murdering many a thousand innocent souls that could not comply with the imposture, what is this inferior

inferior to sacrificing captives to the idol Vitziliputzly, as I intimated before?

*Sophr.* I am glad to see you, Cuphophon, so heartily resent the unsufferable wickedness of that point of the Roman religion. I thought you had been so high-flown a philosopher, that you had taken no notice, no not so much as of these grosser miscarriages in the religions of the world : which had been an unpardonable neglect.

*Cuph.* If I flew higher than the strongest-winged fowls are said to do in the time of pestilence, yet the scent and noisomeness of this crass and barbarous miscarriage could not but strike my nostrils very hotly, and detain my sight.

*Sophr.* The truth is, Cuphophon, that no *phenomenon* in all Providence has more confoundingly astonished me and amazed me than this of *transubstantiation* in all its circumstances. If the priests of Peru had thus imposed upon those savages, how should we either have bemoaned them or derided them ! *O poor Peruvians ! O sottish and witless Pagnims, devoid of all sense and reason, that are thus shamefully imposed upon by their deceitful priests !* Or else, *O miserable people, that must either profess what it is impossible for any one*



one entirely in his wits to believe, or else must be murdered by the grim officers of the *Ingua*, incensed against them by the complaints of an imposturous and bloody Priesthood! But this to be done in the most civilized parts of the world!

*Hyl.* Nay, this consideration would make any one sigh deeply as well as yourself, but me especially. Does not this, O Sophron, subvert utterly all the belief of Providence in the world?

*Sophr.* God forbid, Hylobares. No, it more strongly confirms it, there nothing happening to degenerated Christendom in all this but what is expressly predicted in the holy Oracles; \* That in the time of the *man of sin*, God would send upon them that loved not the truth strong delusions, that they should believe a lie; and particularly pointing at this reproachful figment of transubstantiation, it is said of the beast, that he should † *blaspheme the tabernacle of God*, which undoubtedly is the *body of Christ*; which, for the enhancing of the glory of the Priest, they thus foully debase and abuse.

*Hyl.* These things neither Cuphophon, as I think, nor myself are so well versed in as fully to judge of; but we presume much

\* 2 Thess. 2. 11, 12. † Apoc. 13.

much of your judgment and gravity, O Sophron : which is no small ease to us for the present.

*Cuph.* In the mean time, Hylobares, I hope you have spent all your force against me and my Paynims.

XX. Of their religious methods of living in order to future happiness.

*Hyl.* Not all, but the chiefest, or rather in a manner all : for my other remarks on the barbarous nations touching their religions are more slight, and such as bear too obvious a resemblance to the known miscarriages of Christendom ; such as the over-severe, or over-loose, methods of living in reference to future happiness. An example of the latter whereof may be the doctrine of the *Bouzii* of *Japan*, who teach the people, that if they pray but to *Amida* and *Zaca*, two holy men that lived here, and satisfied for the sins of the world, tho' they do it but carelessly and remissly, yet they shall not fail of everlasting happiness.

*Eust.* But *Gotardus* taxes these *Bouzii* for a religious order of atheists.

*Cuph.* And yet several sects in Christendom that would be thought no atheists, as the *Antinomians* and *Libertines*, and others that would be loth to be noted by those

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those names, have too great an affinity with these *Bouzii* and their followers in their life and doctrine. But I spare them. But what instances have you of the over-severe method, *Euiſtor*?

*Euiſt.* There is an odd example of the *Indian Abduti*, who for a time lived very rigidly and severely, but that dispensation once being passed over, they gave themselves up to all dissoluteness, and conceited they might do so with authority.

*Cuph.* That is very easy to parallel to the condition of some *spiritualists*, who, under pretence of having subdued the flesh by more than ordinary austerities, and of having arrived to the liberty of the Spirit, return again to the gross liberties of the flesh, to the great grief and scandal of the more sober professors of religion.

*Euiſt.* Some chaste votaries of the *Turks*, set a great iron-ring on their yard, using themselves as we do our mares that they may not take horse. Those of *Mexico* slit that member for the same devout purpose.

*Cuph.* This is a sign that these *chaste votaries* are in good earnest. But to pretend to undertake a vow of chastity more strong than *iron* or *adamant*, and yet to lie with other mens wives rather than to  
break

break it, is such a mysterious juggle or contradictory point of hypocrisy, that the very pagans would be ashamed of it.

*Ewist.* They might be so indeed, *Cuphron*, nor does there any thing of importance occur to my mind that looks like a fullen piece of severity in *Paganism*, but the same may be produced in the very same terms in the present *Romanism*; as long and tiresome pilgrimages, voluntary whippings and scourgings, immoderate watchings and fastings, and the like. These are the exercises also even of them that serve idols and worship the devil, as well as of them that pretend to be the genuine servants of the Lord *Jesus*.

*Hyl.* But is there nothing observable touching their opinions of the other state, in order to which they may undergo these hardships?

XXI. Of their opinions touching the other state.

*Ewist.* That is worth the noting, that most of the barbarous nations have some glimpse or surmize of the soul's immortality, and of a state after this life. But it is often mixed with very feat conceits. As they of *Peru* hold that after death men eat and drink and wantonize with women.

*Cuph.* Who knows but that they may understand

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understand that mystically, as the *Persians* expound like passages in *Mahomet's Alcoran*?

*Bath.* Besides, these Europeans seem to me in some sort to *peruvianize*, that think they can by bargain and contract buy future happiness with *money* as we do *fields* and *orchyards* in this life; not considering that if *paradise* be not opened *within us* by virtue of true regeneration into the divine life, all the wealth in the *Indies* will not purchase an entrance into the *eternal paradise* in heaven.

*Euist.* The *Brammans* also in the *East-Indies* have a most ridiculous conceit touching the transmigration of souls, namely, that the reward of a virtuous soul is, that she may pass out of a man's body into the body of a cow.

*Cupb.* That's ridiculous indeed, if the expression be not symbolical, and hint not some more notable thing to us than we are aware of. For that the transmigration of mens souls into the bodies of beasts has a mystical or moral meaning both Plato and some of his followers have plainly enough intimated.

*Euist.* And Gotardus expressly writes, that these *Brammans* had the knowledge of Pythagoras and of his philosophy, than  
which

which nothing was more symbolical. I will produce but one observable more, and then give Cuphophon, or rather myself no farther trouble. For Cuphophon turns all off with sport and pleasantry.

*Cuph.* You have produced nothing yet, Euistor, at all hard or troublesome.

*Euist.* Nor will I begin now: for it is only that they of *St. Sebastian de la Plata* have neither image nor idol.

*Cuph.* It is a sign they are the more pure worshippers of the Deity.

*Euist.* If they be not *atheists*: but that which I was going to add was that fond imagination of theirs, that after death they should come into a pleasant place which they dreamed to be situated beyond certain hills, which they could point at with their fingers.

*Cuph.* It were a question worth the starting, whether this *American Elysium* or the scholastick *Empyreum* be the more likely rendezvous of blessed souls departed this life.

*Hyl.* I pray you, what think you of that, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* I think the *cælum empyreum* of the schools is a childish figment. For what ground is there that the first heaven should be cubical, unless it be for the young angelick

gelick shapes to whip their gigs on the flat and smooth floor thereof? Wherefore the rude *Indians*, so far as I know, may come nearer the mark than the subtil schoolmen, tho' they both seem to me widely enough to miss it.

*Hyl.* But I am for the *empyreum* of the schools rather than for that *elysium* of the Americans. For the *American elysium* is some-where, viz. beyond the hills that those of *S. Sebastian de la Plata* use to point at. But if the *empyreum* of the schools be a mere childish figment, it is no-where.

*Cuph.* There's a reason indeed, *Hylobares*; how can it then be the real *rendezvous* of separated souls?

*Hyl.* Separate souls are spirits, *Cuphrophron*, but spirits are no-where: where can they therefore more fitly have their *rendezvous* than in the scholastick *empyreum*, which is no-where also?

*Cuph.* Shame take you, *Hylobares*, have you hit on that piece of waggery once again? Is this all the thanks I have for bestirring myself so stoutly to ease your aggrieved imagination, that was so oppressed and burthened with the consideration of the sad scene of affairs in the Pagan world and ages?

**XXII. The**

XXII. The unsuccessfulness of Cuphophon's advocacy hitherto in reference to the case of Hylobares' perplexities.

*Hyl.* For that friendly office I return you many thanks, O Cuphophon, and must confess you have in your attempts shewn a great deal of versatility of wit and nimbleness of fancy, and that not without the mixture of some solidity sometimes. But the less there had been of that, it had been the better.

*Cuph.* That's a paradox indeed: why so, I pray you, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* For your endeavour being perpetually to shew that things were as ill in a manner in the civilized parts of the world as in the barbarous, this was not to ease me of my sad perplexing thoughts, but to redouble the burthen, and make the ways of Providence appear to me twice as dismal as before.

*Cuph.* This Hylobares has a mind to baffle me, and make me ridiculously unsuccessful in every thing I attempt. Did I not persist in the way that Philotheus himself seemed to point at, viz. to undeceive your fancy, that was so horribly struck with the strange enormities of the Pagan world, by intimating that for the civilized nations, that you had a better conceit of, that the heathen were in a man-



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ner little worse in their opinions and practices than they?

*Hyl.* Nay, I confess, Cuphophon, that that was pretty well levelled at my fancy. But in thus quieting my fancy, you have roused up my reason, to give me a more lasting and invincible disquiet than I laboured with before. For my reason tells me, that if the world be all over so bad in a manner as it is in the barbarous countries, I ought to be less satisfied with Providence now than ever.

*Cuph.* Alas! Hylobares, I am sorry I have made your sore worse, but you must make your address to him who prescribed the plaister. Philotheus was the physician, I but his Surgeon or apothecary that administered the physick according to his prescript. He ought to set you right again by his greater skill.

*Philoth.* I pray you deal freely and ingenuously, Hylobares, are you really more pinched than before? or is it a counterfeit complaint and a piece of sportful drollery with Cuphophon?

*Hyl.* To deal plainly with you, Philotheus, it is mixt. But I am very much still dissettled, and therefore implore your farther help.

*Philoth.* Will not this consideration,  
Hylo-

Hylobares, both ease your fancy and gratify your reason too, That upon the observation that there are some very sottish conceits and practices even in the civilized world, where all things otherwise look so chearfully and splendid, we may also conceive the like of the barbarous nations, and not immerse or defix our thoughts on those things only which are so reprehensible and hideous amongst them, but think there may be much also of natural gaiety and jollity, and that that dark scene does not becloud all times, places, nor persons?

*Hyl.* That's well suggested, Philotheus, and is accommodate to the relieving one's melancholy a little. Wherefore because you have begun so well, I pray you hold on, and communicate to us the thoughts which your own silence all this time and our discoursing may have occasioned you to pitch upon, in order to a fuller and more perfect cure of my present malady. For it is no more than you promised, and I hope Philopolis will see that you keep your word.

*Philop.* There needs no other obligation, I dare say, for Philotheus to do that office of friendship, than his own goodness and sincere zeal for the truth, and hearty desire of delivering souls from the bond-

age of ignorance, and the rack of doubt and anxiety in so great matters,

XXIII. Several considerations to make us hope that the state of the world may not be so bad as melancholy or history may represent it.

*Philob.* I wish I were as able as I am willing in that kind, Philopolis. But I will attempt it, and that two ways. First, by shewing that the world may not be so enormously ill as Hylobares his melancholy surmises it: Secondly, by hinting an *hypothesis* which, if embraced, will plainly make good, that be the world as bad as it will, yet it is not inconsistent with the Divine goodness (which we contend is the measure of his Providence) to permit it.

*Hyl.* I, that second, Philotheus, were a remedy indeed, such as would quite eradicate all future possibility of such diffidences as I labour under. But I shall willingly have you treat of the first in the first place.

*Philob.* Cuphophon with a great deal of dexterity of wit answered the particular instances that Euistor produced of the most ugly usages amongst the barbarous nations. I shall only rehearse certain brief heads, that will serve in general to break the force of such arguments as either others offer or offer themselves to our thoughts,

to invalidate the belief of such an exactness of Providence as we plead for, and boldly pretend to infer, that if there were a God, these things could not be permitted in the world; as you in the beginning complained, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* That horrid squalidity in the usages of the barbarous nations presseth hard toward that conclusion, Philotheus; especially when a man is immersed in melancholy.

*Philoth.* But that you be not hereafter so easily imposed upon, let me desire you to remember those considerations that I was ever and anon thinking on all this time you were discoursing. As

First, That *Historians* may write things that are false, whether they pretend to be eye-witnesses themselves, or take things up upon the reports of others. Old men and travellers may lie by authority, as it is said in the proverb. Wherefore either negligent enquiry, or the vanity and affectation of telling strange things, may fill histories with many false narrations; and so tho' Euistor did not intend to deceive Cuphophon, yet he may haply have exercised his wit in several objects that never had any existence but in the pages of historiographers. And therefore

The first  
Consideration.

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therefore I could not but smile to see how nimbly Cuphophon analyz'd the politicks of that custom of the high priest's lying with the king of Calecut's bride the first night, as if it were a design that the son of a priest and the heir to the crown should concur in one person: whenas the sons of the king do not succeed in the kingdom, but his nephews on the sister's side, as Aloysius Cadamustus tells us in his navigation to those parts.

*Philop.* That's very strange, Philotheus. I pray you what may be the reason of it?

*Philoth.* He says it is this; because the queens of Calecut are perpetually attended by no less than ten priests a-piece, (for, according to him, the king has two queens) and they are often compressed by them; which he is persuaded to be for his honour so to be dealt with; but this mixt offspring not to be so fit to succeed as heirs to the crown.

*Philop.* This quite spoils all the witty descant that Cuphophon made on that supposed custom, if *Aloysius Cadamustus* be a more credible writer than *Ludovicus Patritius*.

*Euiſt.* Which is a very hard thing to prove, Philopolis.

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* But in the mean time historians contradicting one another, or differing so much in their narrations, makes things so uncertain, that no wise man will suffer himself to be born down by stories into any anxieties touching Providence, before he be well assured of the truth of them. I am sure *Epicureans* and *atheists* are very circumspect how they believe any stories about apparitions or witches, tho' never so true, lest they should be disturbed in their minds with over-urgent suspicions of the existence of God. Why should they then that believe there is a God from certain indications of him, be cast into anxieties about Providence from stories and reports that are uncertain?

*Hyl.* That's but a reasonable caution.  
*Philoth.* I pray you go on.

*Philoth.* And a second is this; That touching ceremonies as well *civil* as *religious*, and most of all *opinions*, we are to consider, there may be laid down the narration of the *symbols* without any key of *Mythology* added thereto. Of which sort, for ought I know, may be the *Brammans* transmitting the souls of the best men into the body of a cow; a thing as likely as *Jupiter's* carrying *Europa* on his back through

The second  
Consideration.

through the sea in the form of a bull. Which *Palophatus* resolves only into an homonymie in words, and tells us that it was a man of *Crete* (an island peculiarly sacred to *Jupiter*) whose name was *Taurus*, that carried *Europa* into *Crete* out of *Tyre*, as he had carried many other maids captive thence before.

*Hyl.* But what is this story of a bull to that of the Cow the *Brammans* speak of?

*Philoth.* Very much, *Hylobares*. For I must confess I think it is such another homonymie of words, the same word signifying both a cow or ox, and a cherub, that is, an angel, in the oriental tongues. Is it not so, *Euistor*?

*Euist.* The critics do write of some such etymologies.

*Philoth.* And therefore the wiser amongst the *Brammans*, unless they have lost their *Pythagorick* tradition, surely understand by this transmission of good mens souls into the body of a cow, the affecution of the cherubick or angelick body, which is the greatest reward of the virtuous soul that can be, and the end of all the *Pythagorick* purgations.

*Hyl.* This is an unexpected and surprising account of that seeming gross conceit of the *Indian Brammans*.

*Cuph.*

*Cuph.* I thought it was symbolical.

*Philoth.* They of Narsinga are worshippers of the sun and moon.

*Hyl.* It may be so: a gross and sottish religion.

*Philoth.* And they have a tradition, that when either of them are eclipsed, they are bit by the celestial dragon.

*Hyl.* On my life their priests are concealed almanack-makers, and have turned into a superstitious parable (which the people understand not) the philosophy of *caput* and *cauda draconis*.

*Philoth.* Then you see another real truth wrapt up in the homonymie of words; and that this is no sottishness in the priests of Narsinga, but our ignorance that understands not their mythology. Who knows therefore but that they may be as subtil in their worshipping the sun and moon, and pretend they worship not them, but the Deity that is in them and in all things? as the Europeans plead for their worshipping images, that they worship God or *Christ* in them.

*Hyl.* In this they may be both alike subtil or sottish.

*Euist.* But was there ever any conceit so silly as that of some of the Americans, (tho' I have forgot the Country wherein they



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they live,) who have this tradition amongst them, That God shot a multitude of arrows into the ground, from whence sprung men and women, and that thus the world was peopled?

*Cuph.* It may be it is a riddle concerning the *μύριον γεννητικόν*.

*Hyl.* What a youthful conceit has your fancy slipt into, O Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* It is good enough to allow amongst the *Americans*.

*Hyl.* What? then you have left off being Advocate-general for the Paynims.

*Cuph.* It were no wit to defend them in so slight a matter.

*Bath.* It may be the first author of that *enigma* needs no defence, the parable bears so fair an analogy to that passage somewhere in Plotinus, τὰς ψυχὰς εἶναι οἷον βολὰς  
⊖εῖ.

*Cuph.* Why, do you think, Bathynous, that Pythagoras or Plato ever travelled into America?

*Bath.* No, but there may have been wise men in all parts of the earth, for ought I know, who in symbols and parables have insculped the memorials of their wisdom in the minds and memories of rude people; as some walking in solitary woods or groves

groves carve their names in the barks of trees, which grow with the growth of the tree they are carved on. But it may be in a little time men know as little of the meaning of these parables, as the stock or bark of a tree does of the person whose name it bears. And to tell the rude people of the mystical meaning of their traditional allegories, as if the story were but a parable, but the mystery the truth, would be as harsh to their minds, as it would be hard to a tree, if it had sense, to have the true effigies of the man whose name it bears carved on it, in lieu of the name which it has already, and which has grown and spread in the bark with the growth of the tree. It would be as dolorous to them as using the incision-knife to carve their live flesh. And therefore it would make them furiously oppose the manifestation of the truth.

*Hyl.* What pretty unexpected fetches has the thoughtful mind of Bathynous! But I eagerly desire that Philotheus would hold on in his proposed method.

*Philoth.* In the third place therefore, Hylobares, you are to consider, that the prejudice of custom may so infect our fancies, that for matter of ornaments of the body or other civil ceremonies, we may unawares tax

The third  
consideration.

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those that are really as good as our own. There is a great latitude in these things, and they vary even in the most civilized places from one extreme to another, and that very often in one age: and the habits of our fathers or grandfathers seem as strange to us as those of strangers and foreigners.

*Hyl.* This is a point that least of all troubles me, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* But fourthly, as for moral deformities and extravagancies, it has been hinted already, that there being folly and wickedness all over the world, it is better there should be this variegation of it, than that it should be every-where in the same dress; that seeing it out of the more familiar habit, we may the more easily discern the ugliness of it, and the more courageously hoot at it, and so at last heartily detest it, be it in what mode or habit it will. Thus is vanity and vileness laughed and jeered at even upon its own stage, while it is in acting, and in due time will, it may be, quite be hissed off the stage by the spectators; that is to say, they will be as much ashamed to frame *dark and dismal idol-imaginations of God, as to worship the devil; and to live as if there were no God in the world, as to profess openly they think there is none.*

*Sophr.*

The fourth consideration.

*Sophr.* I pray God hasten those times,  
Philotheus.

*Philop.* Amen, I pray God.

*Philoth.* Fifthly, you are to con- The fifth  
sider Hylobares, that this terrestri- considera-  
al globe is the very dregs of the tion.  
world, and the most proper region of evil;  
and that therefore to judge of the full be-  
signity of divine Providence by what we  
find here, were to measure the happiness  
of some famously-flourishing and excellent-  
ly well ordered city by the condition of  
them that live in the hospitals or goals.  
For, according to the opinion of the anci-  
ent philosophers, Philo, Plato and others,  
there may be many aerial and æthereal  
concentrations above this earth and lower  
air well replenished with happy souls or  
spirits, such as are arrived to that condi-  
tion that Plutarch sets down in this *enigma*,  
that they are the citizens of that region  
where the inhabitants eat no meat, nor do  
their bodies cast any shadow.

*Hyl.* That's a good and comfortable  
consideration to those that rejoice more in  
the good of the universe than their own.

*Philoth.* And those that are such The sixth  
curious enquirers into Providence considera-  
ought to be so minded. But I pro- tion.  
ceed. Sixthly, therefore, consider, that  
L 1 2 what-

whatsoever evil mankind groans under, they have brought it on their own heads by their disobedience and revolting from the First Good, and by preferring the full swindge of the *animal life* before the orderly pleasures and warrantable joys of the *divine*.

*Sophr.* And therefore, Philotheus, I think we have greater reason to magnifie the mercy of God, when we see any sad object in the world, that every man is not in so ill a condition, (whenas we have all made ourselves obnoxious thereto) than to repine against Providence, because we see some are.

*Philoth.* You say very well, Sophron; and we may also add, That there are very few in the world so miserable, but they would take it very hainously of any one whom they understood to go about to take away their life.

Because (which is to be observed in the seventh place) the lapse of man (as touching happiness) is but into lesser enjoyments, out of God's blessing (as the proverb is) into the warm sun; he catching at good even then, if we may believe Socrates, when he closes with that which we ought  
in

The seventh  
consideration.

in such circumstances of defect or obliquity to call by the name of *evil*.

*Sophr.* And good reason too, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Eightly, we are to take notice, That in the most disadvantageous parts of the world there is a possibility of emerging out of the wickedness and ignorance of the place, if a man be *sincere*: if he be not, his hypocrisie is *ipso facto* punished. For those that of late years have gone about to convert the *Indians* to the faith, have found them very capable, and not only so, but exceeding witty and subtil, nothing inferior to the civilized nations, as I have heard from them that have made observation. And I doubt not but if *Eui*stor would make it his business to set out the commendable things amongst the barbarous nations, as much as he has those things that look the most horridly and reproachfully, it would alleviate *Hylobares'* his melancholick conceits of things very much.

The eight consideration.

XXIV. Excellent instances of morality even in the most barbarous nations.

*Eui*st. I must confess, Philotheus, that I meet with such *specimina* of peace and righteousness amongst the barbarous nations so called, that it were desirable we

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could find the like amongst us Christians. The barbarous Americans themselves seek future happiness from these principles; promising that prize to the just and peaceful, and adjudging the injurious, cruel and covetous to a dark, slippery and disconsolate pilgrimage after this life, where they shall cut their feet with hard flints, and enjoy no comfort, rest, nor quiet in any thing. Whence Hathney, a Peruvian nobleman, would not be baptised, because he would not go to the place where the cruel and covetous Spainards went, tho' they called it by the specious name of *heaven*. I should think as much from fear of being in like condition after this life with these bloody man-slayers, as out of detestation of their accursed company: whose insatiable desire after gold made them insufferably injurious, to the shame of all Christendom, as if they had no other God but this; as a Brasilian upbraided to them, who took up a wedge of gold, saying, *Behold the God of the Christians.*

*Sophr.* So easie a thing is it for one son of wickedness to reproach another.

*Euist.* But if you read but the description of the country of Mangi in the East-indies, and of their king Faksur, as Paulus Venetus sets things down, with what justice,

ties, peacefulness and kindness all affairs were administred, and with what security they lived, and how safely strangers might travel night and day through all parts of his large kingdom, and that tho' tradesmen left open their shops by night, no man would enter to steal any thing; you would bestow a better title on these surely, O Sophron, than you did on the Spaniard or Brasilian.

*Sophr.* They seem to deserve a better, Euistor.

*Euist.* The like character particularly does Ludovicus Patritius give of the city Cambaja, averring that they keep most professedly to that royal law, *Quod tibi fieri non vis, alteri ne feceris.*

*Hyl.* But where find you any such examples in the *West-Indies*, Euistor? For that is the most notorious region of barbarity.

*Euist.* It cannot be denied. And yet you see they have a discrimination of good and evil, by that story of *Hathney* the *Brasilian*. And even that people which *Americus Vespuitius* describes in his first voyage, to be as remote from all that which we call civility as can be, they being without government, laws, or clothing, yet their humanity and kindness to stran-



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strangers is said to exceed all belief; they receiving them when they were landed with all expressions of joy and gladness, with songs and dances, with mirth and junkettings, offering them every thing they found pleasing to themselves, and doing all honour and respect imaginable to them, inviting them by their friendliness and hospitality no less than eighteen leagues into their country, and entertaining them thus liberally nine days from place to place. And as they waited on them in such numerous companies, if they saw any of the strangers wearied, they would of themselves ease them by carrying them in their hammocks, and were wonderfully officious in conveying them over rivers, by sleights and artifices they had, for both their ease and safety. Happy he that had the opportunity of shewing his kindness to any one of them, in getting him on his back or neck to swim over the river with him. With these high, but natural, strains of real civility and humanity did they conduct the strangers also back again to their ships. Where they having entertain'd them for a day, and after given them notice that they were to go away next morning, the natives having sufficiently pleased themselves in viewing and admir-

admiring the largeness and artificialness of their vessels, they very friendly took leave, and left them.

*Cuph.* It had been a pretty experiment to have shot off some of the Cannon while these poor ignorant Paynims were in the midst of their astonishment and admiration.

*Euist.* They did so, Cuphophon, having no design to experiment any thing, but only to discharge a gun or two according as is usual on such occasions. But it had a ridiculous effect.

*Cuph.* I pray you tell what, Euistor.

*Euist.* Those that were on the Shore leapt into the sea, and dived; as frogs affrighted at some sudden noise or disturbance leap from among the grass or flags on the bank into the river.

*Cuph.* I understood before they were able swimmers.

*Euist.* To admiration, Cuphophon.

*Sophr.* But that was not so well done of *Americus* and his company, to terrify them so with so sudden and dreadful a noise, after all their civilities.

*Euist.* It scar'd them indeed, but they soon perceived the strangers meant them no hurt; and they had no grounds of fearing any injury from them, being conscientious to themselves of meaning them none,  
and

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and of having done all kindness to them they could.

*Philoth.* You see, Hylobares, how much of the law of *reason* and *goodness* is implanted even in those nations that are to the utmost barbarous, they are φιλάνθρωποι, Lovers of mankind, or φιλόξενοι.

*Euist.* Why may we not then add that which follows in *Homer*.

—καὶ σφιν νόος ἐστὶ θεοδότης;

*Philoth.* That's a very high expression, *Euistor*, for them; but not unapplicable to the best sort of Christians. For our own religion testifies that *God is love*, and that *love is the fulfilling of the law*.

*Hyl.* It is a chearful consideration, that there is the emergency of so much good in a people that seemed in so squalid and forlorn a condition, and so utterly hopeless.

*Philoth.* But imagine, Hylobares, a nation or country in as squalid and forlorn a condition as you will, this may also, in the ninth place, ease your fancy, That tho' the succession of such a nation continue for many ages, yet the particular souls that make up this succession in such a disadvantageous abode, their stay is but short, but their subsistence everlasting after

The ninth  
Confide-  
ration.

ter this life. So that their stay here is nothing in comparison of their duration hereafter.

*Hyl.* This indeed were something, *Philoth.* if their quitting of this life were a release from all that evil that hangs about them here.

*Philoth.* Who knows, *Hyl.*obares, but the present disadvantages to them that are *sincere* may prove advantages to them in the other state; and by how much more forcibly they seemed to be born down to evil here, that by the special Providence of God, at the releasement of the soul from the body, there is the more strong and peremptory *resiliency* from this sordid region of misery and sin?

*Hyl.* If that be, your argument is not devoid of force, nor do I know how to confute it. For I know you will say, that whatever good does accrue to such *sincere* souls, it is in virtue of the miraculous revelation of *Jesus Christ* to them.

*Philoth.* You conjecture right.

*Hyl.* But what shall we think of those *Barbarians* in whom there never was any thing of the *Divine* life, nor any mortal possibility of acquiring it?

*Philoth.* If this were, which is hard to admit, I must confess I could not think so hardly of God,

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as to imagine that they must answer for that *depositum* that never was put into their hands. And therefore it were the safest to conceive, which you may note in the tenth place, (nor can we define any thing more determinately therein) That they will be committed to such a state after this life as is most suitable and proportionable to such a creature. To

The last  
Confide-  
ration.

which you may add in the last place, That on the stage of this earth, a thoroughly-castigated body, tho' it be the fittest habitacle for the *Divine light* and *heavenly life* to abide in, yet it is more inept for the enjoyment of that more full and sensible sweetness of the *animal* or *bestial*; and that so reflexive and animadversive a spirit as the soul of man given up wholly to the pleasures of the *animal* life reaps an higher measure of delight therefrom, and that with more punctual and pompous circumstances, than any beast whatsoever. *Son, remember that thou in thy life-time receivedst thy good things, &c.*

XXV. Cuphophon's rapturous reasons why God does not dissolve the world, notwithstanding the gross miscarriages in it; with Hylobares and Sophron's solid animadversions thereon.

*Cuph.* I partly understand you, Philotheus, and cannot but applaud the felicity

ty of your invention, that has hit upon so many and so pertinent considerations to bear up the mind of Hylobares from sinking into any distrust of the goodness of Providence. But, methinks, I could add one consideration more, to make the number even, and such as will meet with the most passionate expression in Hylobares' complaint; as if God should rather *dissolve the world in an high indignation against the miscarriages of it, than suffer it to go on in such a wild course* as it seems to have done in the manners and religions of the most barbarous Pagans. My meditation, I must confess, is something *metaphysical*; but I hope it is not above the capacity of Hylobares to understand it.

*Philoth.* That he will best know when you have delivered yourself of it, Cuphron.

*Cuph.* The sum of it is to this purpose, (and I wish myself better success than formerly, for I have been very unlucky in my delivering myself hitherto). That the universal object of man's understanding, religion and veneration, is much-what according to that inscription in the temple of *Isis* or *Minerva* in *Sais*, an antient city of Egypt, Ἐγὼ εἶμι πάντων τῶν γεγενημένων, καὶ

M m

οὐ,

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ὄν, καὶ ἐσόμενον, καὶ τὸν ἐμὸν πέπλον  
 ἕδειξεν ὡς Διητὸς ἀπεκάλυψεν, *I am  
 whatsoever was, is, or is to come, and no  
 mortal hitherto has ever uncovered my  
 veil.* This I conceive is the hidden Essence  
 of the eternal God, who is all, and from  
 whom all things are in such sort, as that  
 they may in some sense be said still to be  
 him.

*Hyl.* This is *hypermetaphysical*, O Cu-  
 phophon, very highly turgent and mysteri-  
 ous. What do you mean? That God is so  
 the essence and substance of all things, that  
 they are but as dependent accidents of  
 him? If there were nothing but matter in  
 the world, this riddle would be easily in-  
 telligible in this sense, and all *phenomena*  
 whatever would be but the modifications  
 of this one substance. But for my own part,  
 I was abundantly convinced by the first  
 day's discourse, That there is an *Immov-  
 able Substance* distinct from that of the  
*moveable matter*: which distinction is so  
 palpable, that nothing can be said to be  
 God in any good sense but God himself,  
 at least no *material* thing can.

*Cuph.* You have almost struck quite out  
 of my thoughts what I was a-going to say  
 next, Hylobares.

*Philop.*

*Philop.* Cuphophon seems to be full of something; I pray you give him leave to vent himself.

*Cuph.* I have recovered it. Now I say, whatsoever is represented to the soul is not God himself, but some exterior manifestation: τὸν γὰρ ἑμὸν πέπλον ὁδεῖς πῶ θνητὸς ἀπεκάλυψεν. And whatsoever is more eminent and extraordinary, nature from religious complexions has easily extorted veneration thereto, it being as it were a more sensible appearance or visible stirring of that great Godhead that inhabits this august temple of the world. Wherefore God and his holy temple filling all places, the passionate motions of all creatures are a kind of *Divine worship*, they every-where seeking and crouching to him to enjoy some benediction of him, or else singing his praises in triumphant accents, and in transporting expressions of their present enjoyments; some even wasting themselves in the complacency they take, tho' in but smaller matters which he bestows on them, or rather permits them to take them, tho' he could wish they would make choice of better. But these, tho' small in themselves, seem great to them that are pleased



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with them; these lesser communications of the embodied excellencies of the Deity so filling their pusillanimous spirits with joy and rapture, that they even willingly forfeit all the rest, and turn as it were martyrs and self-sacrificers to but so faint a shadow or scant resemblance of the first uncreated *perfection*: whose beautiful nature is solidly born witness unto by so ready and constant a profession, (tho' many times with sad after-inconveniences) and by so religious an adhesion to so slender and evanid emanations thereof. Which mistakes therefore should in all likelihood move pity rather than vengeance in the Deity, whose meaner gifts are so highly prized and received with such eager devotion. Wherefore as uglily disordered as the affairs of mankind seem, Hylobares has no reason to conceit that God's vengeance must be presently poured down upon their heads, they not so much reproaching him, as befooling themselves, by their ill choice.

*Hyl.* What think you, Gentlemen? has not Cuphophon made a very rapturous harangue?

*Sophr.* If the full stream of his fancy and eloquence had not carried away his judgment, and misled it into such scandalous

lous expressions as well as real mistakes, the musick of his words had been no offence to mine ears. But to me it seems the remainder of yesternight's resvery which he fell into when he had so plentifully imbib'd the evening-air impregnated with the moist influence of the moon, which it seems has given him this second intoxication. For tho' his words pass the tongue very glibly, yet the sense of some passages seems very unfound to me, and to be rather the wild fetches of wit and fancy, than the suggestion of true reason: As that they that make such an affectionate choice of meaner good things, pleasure, suppose, instead of virtue, seem notwithstanding religiously to give glory to God, in that they so highly esteem these lesser shadows of that fulness and perfection that is in him; whenas really it is a reproach to God, to have those things that are least like him prefer'd by a rational creature before those things that are most like him, as *true virtue* and the *Divine life* most certainly is. This therefore is extravagantly false and scandalous. Besides that it is a gross affront to the Almighty, whenas he bids us make choice of one thing, that we will make choice of another.

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*Hyl.*

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*Hyl.* You have said enough, O Sophron, to enervate all such slight pretensions. These *moon-shine* conceptions of Cuphophon are very abortive, and suddenly vanish in so clear a light. Besides, if there had been any force of reason mingled with his high-flown eloquence, what makes it to the main design, That Providence has its rule and measure from the Divine goodness?

XXVI. Hylobares as yet unsatisfy'd touching the goodness of Providence, by reason of the sad scene of things in the world.

*Philop.* You unmercifully fall upon the rear of those many considerations which Philotheus and Cuphophon have jointly offered you. But what think you of the whole body, Hylobares? Is your scepticism in this point so powerful as still to be able to bear up against them?

*Hyl.* I must confess, O Philopolis, that many things have been suggested from Philotheus that are very considerable, and much to the purpose they aim at: but I am so in love with the opinion, *That the goodness of God is the measure of his Providence*, that the desire I have it should be true, it may be, makes the defence thereof seem weaker to me than it is. I must ingenuously confess, I do not find myself so perfectly yet  
at

at ease in my mind touching this matter; and Cuphophon's shrewd reflexions on the analogies of the miscarriages of the civilized nations, which they bear to those of the most barbarous in manners and religion, have rather rankled the sore than healed it, and have made it the more incurable.

*Cuph.* Was ever man so unfortunate as I in my officiousness to serve my friends with that small pittance of wisdom that God and nature have bestowed upon me? When I reason *shrewdly*, that is to say, *solidly*, then I *fester* the sore; when my arguments naturally tend to mollify, soften and assuage the anguish of the sore, then they are weak, abortive, moon-shine-conceptions. Well, I see the fates cast the whole honour upon Philotheus of curing Hylobares his malady. And I wish him good success therein.

*Philoth.* I thank you, Cuphophon. And I shall soon find out what my success is like to be, by asking Hylobares but one question.

*Hyl.* I pray do, Philotheus: I shall answer you with all freedom.

*Philoth.* Tell me then, Hylobares, whether you do not think that some free agents, whether the spirits of angels or of men,

men, may not so misbehave themselves, that if you saw them tumbling in stifling flames of brimstone, and heard them howling for extremity of torture, and hideously blaspheming God out of an impenitent vexation of mind and diabolical fixedness in that which is evil, being committed to a state of devils and of hell; whether, notwithstanding the dismalness of this tragical sight, you cannot easily conceive but that such a state of things, tho' it were all over the face of the earth, might consist with the *justice* and *goodness* of God.

*Hyl.* With that part of his goodness which we call *justice*, you mean, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Be it so, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* That I was convinced of yesterday, by your parable of the deflower'd virgin, and the condign punishment of the villain that deflower'd her and abused her so barbarously; that, even in such severity as tended not at all to the emendation of the punished; the infliction notwithstanding of the punishment might have its rise and take its reasons and measures from goodness itself.

*Philoth.* Can you stick to this without any diffidence, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* Yes surely, this seems to me a clear case.

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XXVII. An hypothesis that will secure the goodness of Providence, were the scene of things on this earth ten times worse than it is.

*Philoth.* Why then, Hylobares, I have one single *catholicon*, which, if you can receive it, will quite purge out of your mind the lowest, the last, and the least remaining dregs of diffidence that you can have touching the *goodness of Providence*, tho' the scene of things quite over the earth were ten times worse than Euistor has described them.

*Hyl.* I marry, Sir, this is something indeed, Philotheus. This is that which will clear up my thoughts to the purpose, and set me at perfect ease. I thought there was some great thing wanting still to the full satisfaction and quiet of my mind: I beseech you let me know it therefore, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* It is one of the *two famous keys of Providence*, even the *golden one*.

*Hyl.* Why, are there just two?

*Philoth.* Two main ones.

*Hyl.* And if the one be gold, I pray you what is the other? a silver one?

*Philoth.* So they call it.

*Hyl.* O how I long to have these keys delivered into my hand! I pray you, Philotheus, produce them.

*Philoth.* Not while Bathynous is in the company.

*Hyl.*

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*Hyl.* Why so, Philotheus? Bathynous seems one of the worthiest persons in the whole company to receive them.

*Philoth.* You would say so, if you knew all.

*Hyl.* I pray you conceal nothing from me.

*Philoth.* It was he that first received them, and that many years ago, when he was scarce older than yourself: And therefore none of us think it decorous to take upon us to deliver these keys to any one while he is in presence, we ever reserving that honour to him that first received them.

*Hyl.* That's an handsome ceremony. O thrice happy youth, whom the bright face of wisdom so early shined upon! But, I pray you, where did he receive these keys, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* In a dream.

*Hyl.* What, has all my expectation then vanished into a dream?

*Euist.* You know, Hylobares, what high strains of philosophy are delivered in *somnium Scipionis*.

*Hyl.* You say right, I was but in jest, and expect no less truth now, nor of meaner importance, than before.

*Euist.* I pray you, Bathynous, what kind

kind of dream was it? For there are five several sorts, according to *Macrobius* \*, namely, "Ὀνειρῶν, Ὀραμα, Χρηματισμὸς, Ἐνύπνιον, Φάντασμα.

*Bath.* Truly, Euistor, I have not yet considered that so critically, never since I had it.

*Euist.* But you could easily tell me, did I but describe the natures of these five several sorts of dreams to you.

*Hyl.* O impertinent Euistor, that wouldst cause such needless delays by catching at this occasion of shewing thy skill in critical trifles, while I in the mean time am almost quite consumed with excess of desire to have so important an *arcanum* communicated unto me, for the establishing my mind in that great and fundamental truth I so eagerly seek after!

*Euist.* Let me beg of you, Bathynous, to put Hylobares out of pain, for I see he is highly impatient.

*Bath.* It is a dream I had in my youth, of an old man of a grave countenance and comportment speaking unto me in a wood.

*Euist.* That very intimation shews it to be that kind of dream that the *Greeks* call Χρηματισμὸς, the *Latines* *oraculum*.

*Hyl.*

\* In somn. Scip. lib. 1. cap. 3.



*Hyl.* A good omen, Euistor, I thank you for that. I'll forgive thee all thy critical impertinencies hereafter for this passage sake.

*Euist.* And I will jointly beg of Bathynous to tell us this dream of his; for I am almost as eager of it as yourself. I would fain see how exquisite an example it is of that kind of dream which in *English* we should call an *oracle*.

*Bath.* I profess, gentlemen, I am much ashamed to seem so light-minded as to tell my dreams before strangers, especially before so grave a person as Philopolis.

*Hyl.* The proper term, Bathynous, is not a *dream*, but an *oracle*.

*Bath.* But I am more ashamed to pretend to speak *oracles* than to tell my *dreams*.

*Cuph.* You did not speak the oracle, but the oracle was spoke to you.

*Bath.* But if I had not spoke it afterwards, Cuphophon, none of you had ever heard it.

*Philop.* Call it a *dream*, or an *oracle*, or an *oracular dream*, it matters not, Bathynous, so we may enjoy the hearing of it. For I am neither so unskilful nor morose as to have the slightest conceit of any one for telling his dream, especially in  
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such circumstances: nay, I think it is his duty rather so to do.

*Bath.* Well then, since it must be so, gentlemen, upon the permission of Philopolis and the importunity of Hylobares, I shall recite to you my dream as exquisitely and briefly as I can. You must know then, first, Philopolis, of what an anxious and thoughtful genius I was from my very childhood, and what a deep and strong sense I had of the *existence of God*, and what an early conscienciousness of approving myself to him; and how, when I had arrived to riper years of reason, and was imbued with some slender rudiments of philosophy, I was not then content to think of God in the gross only, but began to consider his nature more distinctly and accurately, and to contemplate and compare his attributes; and how, partly from the natural sentiments of my own mind, partly from the countenance and authority of holy scripture, I did confidently conclude that *infinite power, wisdom and goodness*, that these three were the chiefest and most comprehensive attributes of the divine nature, and that the sovereign of these was his *goodness*, the summity and flower, as I may so speak, of the *Divinity*, and that particularly whereby

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the souls of men become *Divine*; whereas the largest communication of the other, without this, would not make them *divine*, but *devils*.

In the mean time, being versed in no other natural philosophy nor metaphysics but the vulgar, and expecting the laws of the external creation, whether visible or invisible, should be suitable to that excellent and lovely *idea* of the Godhead which with the most serious devotion and affection I entertained in my own breast, my mind was for a long time charged with inextricable puzzles and difficulties, to make the *phenomena* of the world and vulgar opinions of men in any tolerable way to consort or suit with these two chiefest attributes of God, his *wisdom* and his *goodness*. These meditations closed mine eyes at night; these saluted my memory the first in the morning: These accompanied my remote and solitary walks into fields and woods sometimes so early, as when most of other mortals keep their beds.

XXVIII. Bathynous his dream of the two keys of Providence, containing the above mentioned hypothesis.

It came to pass therefore, O Philopolis, that one summer-morning having rose much more early than ordinary, and having  
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ing walk'd so long in a certain wood (which I had a good while frequented) that I thought fit to rest myself on the ground, having spent my spirits, partly by long motion of my body, but mainly by want of sleep, and over-anxious and solicitous thinking of such difficulties as Hylobares either has already, or, as I descry'd at first, is likely to propose; I straightway reposed my weary limbs amongst the grass and flowers at the foot of a broad-spread flourishing oak, where the gentle fresh morning-air playing in the shade on my heated temples, and with inexpressible pleasure refrigerating my blood and spirits, and the industrious bees busily humming round about me upon the dewy honey-suckles; to which nearer noise was most melodiously joined the distanced singings of the chearful birds re-echoed from all parts of the wood; these delights of nature thus conspiring together, you may easily fancy, O Philopolis, would quickly charm my wearied body into a profound sleep. But my soul was then as much as ever awake, and, as it it seems, did most vividly dream that I was still walking in these solitary woods, with my thoughts more eagerly intent upon those usual difficulties of Providence than ever.

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But while I was in this great anxiety and earnestness of spirit, accompanied (as frequently when I was awake) with vehemement and devout suspirations and ejaculations towards God, of a sudden there appeared at a distance a very grave and venerable person walking slowly towards me. His stature was greater than ordinary. He was clothed with a loose silk garment of a purple colour, much like the *Indian* gowns that are now in fashion, saving that the sleeves were something longer and wider: and it was tied about him with a *Levitical* girdle also of purple; and he wore a pair of velvet slippers of the same colour, but upon his head a *Montero* of black velvet, as if he were both a traveller and an inhabitant of that place at once.

*Cuph.* I dare warrant you it was the ghost of some of the worthy ancestors of that noble family to whom these woods did belong.

*Hyl.* You forget, *Cuphophron*, that *Bathynous* is telling of a dream, as also (this third time) that *ghosts*, that is, *spirits*, are no-where, and therefore cannot be met with in a wood.

*Philop.* Enough of that, *Hylobares*, I pray you proceed, *Bathynous*, and describe to us his age and his looks, as well as his clothing. *Cuph.*

*Cuph.* I pray you do, Bathynous: I love alike to hear such things as these punctually related.

*Bath.* Did not the ruddiness of his complexion and the vivacity of his looks seem to gainsay it, the snowy whiteness of his hair, and large beard, and certain senile strokes in his countenance, seemed to intimate him to be about sixscore years of age.

*Sophr.* There is no such contradiction in that, Bathynous: For *Moses* is said to be an hundred and twenty when he died, and yet *his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated* \*. But, I pray you, proceed.

*Bath.* While he was at any distance from me, I stood fearless and unmoved, only, in reverence to so venerable a personage, I put off my hat, and held it in my hand. But when he came up closer to me, the vivid fulgour of his eyes, that shone so piercingly bright from under the shadow of his black Montero, and the whole air of his face, tho' join'd with a wonderful deal of mildness and sweetness, did so of a sudden astonish me, that I fell into an excessive trembling, and had not been able to stand, if he had not laid his hand upon my head, and spoken comfort-

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\* Deut. xxxiv. 7.

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ably to me. Which he did in a paternal manner, saying, "*Blessed be thou of God, my son, be of good courage, and fear not; for I am a messenger of God to thee for thy good.*" Thy serious aspires and breathings after the true knowledge of thy Maker and the ways of his Providence (which is the most becoming employment of every rational being) have ascended into the sight of God; and I am appointed to give into thy hands the *two keys of Providence*, that thou mayst thereby be able to open the treasures of that wisdom thou so anxiously, and yet so piously, seek'st after."

And therewithal he put his right-hand into his left-sleeve, and pull'd out two bright shining keys, the one of *silver*, the other of *gold*, tied together with a sky-coloured ribbon of of a pretty breadth, and delivered them into my hands; which I received of him, making low obeisance, and professing my thankfulness for so great a gift.

And now by this time I had recovered more than ordinary strength and courage, which I perceiv'd in a marvellous way communicated unto me by the laying of his hand upon my head, so that I had acquired a kind of easy confidence and familiarity

miliarity to converse with him; and therefore, tho' with due civility, yet without all fear, methought I said farther to him, These are a goodly pair of keys, O my father, and very lovely to look upon: but where is the treasure they are to open? To which, smiling upon me, he straightway replied, The treasures, my son, be in the keys themselves. Then each key, said I, O my father, will need a farther key to open it. Each key, said he, my son, is a key to itself; and therewithal bid me take notice of the letters embossed on the silver-key, and there was the like artifice in the golden one. Which I closely viewing in both, observed that the keys consisted of a company of rings closely committed together, and that the whole keys were all bespattered with letters very confusedly and disorderly.

Set the letters of the keys in right order, then said he, and then pull at their handles, and the treasure will come out. And I took the silver key; but tho' I could move the rings by thrusting my nails against the letters, yet I could not reduce the letters into any order, so that they would *ally* in straight lines, nor was there any sense in any line. Which when that aged personage saw, You must first  
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know the *motto*, said he, my son: That is the *key of the key*. I beseech you then, said I, O my father, tell me the *motto*. The *motto*, said he, my son, is this, *Claude fenestras, ut luceat domus*. Having got the *motto*, I set to work again, and having reduced those letters that made up that *motto* into a right line, I, holding the lower part of the key in my left hand, pull'd at the handle with my right, and there came out a silver tube, in which was a scroll of thin paper, as I thought, but as strong as any vellum, and as white as driven snow.

Having got this scroll, I took the boldness to open it. The figure thereof was perfectly square, with even margins on all sides, drawn with lines of a sky-coloured blue, very perfect and lovely. In the midst was described the figure of the sun in blazing gold: About the sun were six circles drawn with lines of the same coloured blue. Two of these circles were very near the body of the sun; the other four more remote both from him and from one another, tho' not in equal distances. In every one of those circles was there the figure of a little speck like a globe, but of two distinct colours; the one side toward the sun shining like silver,

ver, the other being of a duskyish discoloured black. About those little globes in the third and fifth circle there were also drawn lesser circles of blue, one about the third, and four about the fifth: and in each of these circles was there also a small globous speck, of a lesser size than those in the middle. Something there was also about the globe of the sixth circle, but I cannot remember it so distinctly. Beyond these circles there was an innumerable company of star-like figures of gold, of the same hue with that of the sun, but exceeding much less, which carelessly scattered, some were found a pretty distance from the margin, others towards the margin; other some were cut in two by the blue line of the margin, as if it were intimated that we should understand, that there were still more of those golden stars to an indefinite extent. This scheme entertained my gazing eyes a good time: for I never had seen such before, and was resolved to impress the lines thereof perfectly in my memory, that I might afterwards discourse more readily thereof with this venerable personage. For I knew the purpose thereof by the inscription on the upper margin, which was, *The true system of the world.* Having

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ing thus satisfy'd myself, I rolled up the scroll again, and repositing it in the silver tube, easily thrust in the tube into the other part of the key, and disordering the line of letters that contained the *motto*, all was lockt up again safe as before.

Having pleased myself so well with opening this first treasure, I had the more eager desire to assay the other; and knowing all attempt to be vain without the knowledge of the *motto* or *key of the key*, I besought that Divine sage to impart it to me. That I shall do right willingly, said he, my son: And I pray you take special notice of it. It is, *amor Dei lux anima*. An excellent motto indeed, said I; the key is a treasure itself. However I set me to work as before, and reducing the letters to such an order that a line of them did plainly contain this *motto*, I pulled at both ends of the golden key, as I did in the silver one, and in a golden tube continued to the handle of the key there was a scroll of such paper, if I may so call it, as in the other, exceeding white and pure, and, tho' very thin, yet not at all transparent. The writing was also terminated with even margins on all sides as before; only it was more glorious, being adorn'd richly with flower-work of gold,

gold, vermilion, and blue. And I observed that twelve sentences filled the whole *area*, written with letters of gold. The first was, *The measure of Providence is the Divine goodness, which has no bounds but itself, which is infinite.* 2. *The sbread of time and the expansion of the universe, the same hand drew out the one and spread out the other.* 3. *Darkness and the abyss were before the light, and the suns or stars before any opapeness or shadow.* 4. *All intellectual spirits that ever were, are, or ever shall be, sprung up with the light, and rejoiced together before God in the morning of the creation.* 5. *In infinite myriads of free agents which were the framers of their own fortunes, it had been a wonder if they had all of them taken the same path; and therefore sin at the long run shook hands with opacity.* 6. *As much as the light exceeds the shadows, so much do the regions of happiness those of sin and misery.*

XXIX. His being so rudely and forcibly awaked out of so Divine a dream, how consistent with the accuracy of Providence.

These six, Philopolis, I distinctly remember, but had cursorily and glancingly cast mine eye on all twelve. But afterwards fixing my mind orderly upon them, to commit them all perfectly to my memory,

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mory, (for I did not expect that I might carry the keys away with me home) by that time I had got through the sixth aphorism, there had come up two asses behind me out of the wood, one on the one side of the tree, and the other on the other, that set a-braying so rudely and so loudly, that they did not only awake, but almost affright me into a discovery that I had all this while been but in a dream. For that aged grave personage, the silver and golden keys, and glorious parchment, were all suddenly vanished, and I found myself sitting alone at the bottom of the same oak where I fell asleep, betwixt two rudely-braying asses.

*Euist.* These are the usual exploits, Bathynous, of this kind of animal. Just thus was the nymph *Lotis*, lying fast asleep on the grass in a moon-shine-night, awakened by the loud braying of *Silenus* his ass. Asses are as it were the trumpeters of the forest, Bathynous, that awake careless men out of deep sleeps.

*Hyl.* If your *memory* did not far surpass your *fancy*, *Euistor*, you would not be so good an historian as you are. Surely the braying of an ass is more like to the blowing of a neatherd's or swineherd's horn than to the sound of a trumpet. Besides,  
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the braying of *Silenus* his afs was the saving of the nymph's virginity: But this, O Euistor! O Bathynous! was there ever a more unfortunate mis-hap than this? This story has quite undone me. It has wounded my belief of Providence more than any thing I have yet taken notice of. That God should ever permit two such *dull animals* to disturb so *Divine a vision* as it seems to me; and that so mysterious, so heavenly and intellectual a pleasure, and so certain a communication of such important truths, should be thus blown aside by the *rude breath* of an afs. To what a glorious comprehension of things would this scene have proceeded! what accurate information touching the fabrick of the world! what punctually-satisfactory solutions of every puzzle touching Divine Providence might you after have received in your intended conference with this venerable personage, if these impertinent *animals* by their unseasonable loud braying had not called your *ecstatical* mind into the body again, which is as unfit for Divine communication as themselves!

*Bath.* Do not take on so heavily, O Hylobares, nor be so rash a censurer of Providence, nor not so much as in this paradoxical passage thereof. For how do  
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you know but all that which you fancy behind, had been too much to receive at once? Old vessels fill'd with new wine will burst. And too large a *dosis* of knowledge may so elate the spirits, that it may hazard the brain, that it may destroy life, and chase away sobriety and humility out of the soul.

*Soph.* This is very judiciously advertis'd of Bathynous, is it not, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* I cannot disown truth whensoever I meet with it.

*Bath.* But besides, though you should judge so extraordinary-cheritably of me at that age, Hylobares, as that I might have received all that behind, (which you surmise was lost by that accident) without any hazard to the morality of my mind: yet I can tell you of a truth, that I take that accident, that seems so paradoxical to you, to be a particular favour and kindness done to me by Providence, and that it fell out no otherwise than (could I have foreseen how things would be) I myself should even then have desired it; that is to say, I found myself more gratify'd afterwards, things happening as they did, than if that divine dream, if we may call it so, had gone on uninterruptedly to its full period. For it would but have put me into the possession

session of all that truth at once, which in virtue of this piece of the dream I got afterwards, with an often-repeated and prolonged pleasure, and more agreeable to humane nature.

XXX. That that Divine personage that appeared to Bathynous was rather a favourer of Pythagorism, than Cartesianism.

*Hyl.* I profess, Bathynous, this is not nothing that you say. Nay indeed, so much, as I must acknowledge my exception against Providence in this passage very much weakned. But what use could you make of the *silver key*, when that Divine personage explained nothing of it to you?

*Bath.* It was as it were a pointing of one to those Authors that conform the frame of the world to that scheme; as *Nicolaus Copernicus* and those that follow that *system*. But it is nowhere drawn nearer to the elegancy of the *silver-key-paper* than in *Des-Cartes* his third part of his principles.

*Cuph.* That's notable indeed, Bathynous. This is a kind of *Divine testimony* to the truth of all *Des-Cartes's* principles.

*Bath.* No, by no means, Cuphophon : For in the *golden-key paper*, in that cursory glance I gave upon all the sentences or aphorisms therein contained, amongst the



rest I espy'd one, of which part was writ in greater letters, which was to this sense, *That the primordials of the world are not mechanical, but spermatical or vital;* which is diametrically and fundamentally opposite to *Des-Cartes's* philosophy.

*Cuph.* There is great uncertainty in dreams.

*Bath.* But I must confess I think the thing true of itself. And if I had had full conference with that Divine sage, I believe I should have found his philosophy more *Pythagorical* or *Platonical*, (I mean his natural philosophy, *Cuphophon*) than *Cartesian*. For there was also mention of the *seminal soul of the world*, which some modern writers call the *spirit of nature*.

*Cuph.* So many men, so many minds.

*Bath.* But I doubt not but that it is demonstrable by reason, that the *primordials* of the universe are not purely *mechanical*.

*Cuph.* So many men, so many reasons, so many demonstrations.

*Hyl.* I believe *Cuphophon* takes it very ill of you, *Bathynous*, that the old grave person you met with in the wood was not a thorough-paced *Cartesian*, or else he is in a very sceptical mood; which I do not desire to be in, especially  
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in so weighty points as these concerning *Providence*. And therefore let me intreat you, Bathynous, to unlock that difficulty I propounded last to Philotheus, by virtue of your *golden key*.

*Bath.* You must excuse me there, Hylobares; I would not be so injurious to Cuphophon as to make him a false prophet, who so expressly foretold a while ago, that the fates had designed that honour solely for Philotheus.

*Philoth.* And it seems, in the like compliment to Cuphophon, I must again resume my not unpleasant burden of serving Hylobares; which I shall do according to the best skill I have.

*Philop.* I pray you do, Philotheus; for I am very ambitious you should work upon Hylobares a perfect cure.

*Philoth.* I shall endeavour it, Philopolis. But I must first take the liberty to chafe the benumbed part, and soundly chide Hylobares that he is not cured already, nor has been sufficiently sensible of that clearness and evidence for the unexceptionableness of Divine Providence which has been hitherto produced. Which I must profess I think to be such, ~~that those~~ that have not some peculiar humour or fancy, or labour not under the burden of their own idiosyncrasie,,

crasie, cannot but be fully satisfied with, without the flying to any such high-swoln *hypotheses* as that *system of the world* represented in the *silver-key-paper*, or *Pre-existence of souls*, which is part of the *golden one*. So that any farther solution of the present difficulty, were it not for Hylobares his own fault, and the peculiarity of his own fancy that still molesteth him, were plainly unnecessary and superfluous. How many thousands of sober and intelligent persons have been fully satisfied touching the accuracy of Divine Providence without any such far-fetch'd helps?

*Soph.* Which is a shrewd indication, that those arguments, distinct from these more airy *hypotheses* and finely contrived fancies, are the more natural strength and arms, as it were, of human understanding, (by whose strokes it bears itself up in these profound mysteries from sinking into infidelity or atheism;) but those more big and swelled *hypotheses*, but as a bundle of bull-rushes or a couple of bladders tied under the arms of some young and unskilful swimmer.

*Hyl.* And I for my part, gentlemen, do profess myself such a young and unskilful swimmer in these depths, and therefore would gladly be supported by the artificial  
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use of these bladders, that my melancholy may never sink me to the bottom.

*Cuph.* And I commend your wit, *Hylobares*, that you can so well provide for your own safety. For I dare undertake that these bladders are so big, so tough, and so light, that if they be but well tied on, a cow or ox may securely swim on them thro' the *Hellespont*, or rather thro' the main ocean, and never fear drowning.

*Hyl.* I thank you for that encouragement, *Cuphophon*, and shall therefore the more earnestly beg of *Philotheus*, that he would use all the art and skill he has to tie them on me as fast as possibly he can, (that of *pre-existence* especially, the reasons and uses thereof) that the string may never slip nor break, to my hazard of ducking to the bottom.

*Philoth.* That I will do, *Hylobares*, but on this condition, that you ever remember that what I do thus firmly fasten on you is yet but by way of *hypothesis*, and that you will no longer make use of these bladders than till you can safely swim without them.

*Hyl.* That I do faithfully promise you, *Philotheus*, in the word of a Gentleman. Wherefore, without any farther interruption, I pray you proceed.

XXXI.

**XXXI.** The application of the hypothesis in the golden-key-paper, for the clearing all difficulties touching the moral evils in the world.

*Philoth.* To begin therefore where we left. Do you still, *Hylobares*, adhere to that truth, that free agents may so hainously misbehave themselves, that even according to the laws of *divine goodness* they may be detrudded into the state of devils and of hell, and therefore far more easily into a state less deplorable?

*Hyl.* That I said, and do still say, is to me a clear case, *Philotheus*.

*Philoth.* Let us then, but assume out of the *golden-key-paper* that which is so clearly contained therein, the *pre-existence of human souls*, and all these black and dark difficulties, that thus over-cloud your understanding will instantly vanish.

*Hyl.* Why so, *Philotheus*?

*Philoth.* Because supposing human souls were created in the morning of the world, and in such infinite myriads, there has been time enough since that for as many and more than hitherto have peopled the earth, to have transgressed so hainously before their entrance on this stage, that by a just *Nemesis* measured and modified by the *Divine Goodness* itself they may be contrived into the worst and most horrid circumstances, into the most squalid and disadvantageous

tageous condition and state of living, that Euistor has produced any example of among the most barbarous nations.

*Hyl.* This reaches the point home indeed, Philotheus, and does perfectly pull up by the roots all pretension to this last and greatest scruple, if we were assured of the truth of the hypothesis.

*Philoth.* Why, did not yourself call this dream of Bathynous a *divine dream*, before I came to make this important use of it? And every divine dream is a true dream. But you serve me just so as Cuphophon did Bathynous. Whiles it seemed to serve his turn to credit Des-Cartes' Philosophy, so long it was a *divine testimony*; but when it proved contrary, then there was little certainty in dreams. This seems a piece of levity in you both.

*Hyl.* But I hope in myself the more pardonable, O Philotheus, by how much more important a thing it is that the ground of a man's belief of the goodness of divine Providence should be solid and unshaken, than that Des-Cartes' principles should be deemed a piece of such infallible wisdom. Cuphophon's vilification of the dream proceeded out of a partial zeal in the behalf of the Cartesian philosophy: my distrust of it, out of an excess of desire it should be true.

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For I must confess, if this one point in it of pre-existence appear to me certainly true, all my doubts and difficulties touching the moral evils in the world will suddenly melt into nothing. Nay, if I could believe Bathynous his dream to be a divine dream, the first aphorism in the golden-key paper puts all our controversies to an end, it declaring *the measure of Providence to be the divine Goodness, which has no bounds but itself, which is infinite.* Wherefore it was the most calamitous accident that could ever have befallen the philosophical republick, that those two unlucky asses so rudely broke off Bathynous' conference with that venerable sage, who, I surmise, in that intended discourse would have communicated the reasons and grounds of these conclusions to Bathynous. For true reason is so palpable and connatural to a man, that when he finds it, he feels himself fully satisfy'd and at ease.

*Philoth.* I commend your caution, Hylobares, that you are so loath to build great conclusions upon weak or uncertain principles. Wherefore let me offer to your consideration a point of which I presume you will acknowledge yourself more certain, that is, *The possibility of the pre-existence*

*istence of the soul* ; I demand of you, if you be not very certain of that.

*Hyl.* Yes surely I am ; I see no repugnancy at all in it.

*Philoth.* Then you are not certain but that the soul does pre-exist.

*Hyl.* I confess it.

*Philoth.* And uncertain that it does not.

*Hyl.* That cannot be denied ; it is the same, I think, I granted before.

*Philoth.* Therefore, Hylobæus, you make yourself obnoxious both to Providence and to myself. To Providence, in that you bring in uncertain allegations and accusations against her, and so soil the beauty and perfection of her ways, that are so justifiable where they are perfectly known, by opposing fancies and conceits, such as you yourself acknowledge you are not certain of. To me, in that you covenanted with me at the first, never to alledge uncertain hypotheses against known truth.

*Hyl.* This is true, Philotheus ; you make me half ashamed of my inconstancy. But in the mean time I do not find myself in that full case I desire to be, while as well the pre-existence of the soul as her non-pre-existence is an uncertain hypothesis.

*Philoth.* If you cannot find divine Providence perfect without it, it is your own fault



fault that, as to yourself, to save you from sinking, you do not make use of it as a true *hypothesis*. And forasmuch as you find it so hard to discover divine Providence to be perfect without it, that is no small argument that the *hypothesis* is true.

*Hyl.* I must confess I think it is a safer argument than Bathynous his single dream.

*Philoth.* Nay, it were in itself, Hylobares, a solid argument, supposing Providence cannot well otherwise be salved; as it is fit for the *Copernican hypothesis*, that nothing else can give a tolerable account of the motion of the planets. And I must tell you farther, Hylobares, that this *hypothesis* of the soul's pre-existence is not the single dream of Bathynous sleeping in the grass, but was deemed a vision of truth to the most awakened souls in the world.

*Hyl.* That's very good news, Philotheus; for I do not at all affect singularity, nor love to find myself alone.

*Philoth.* If the dream of sleeping Bathynous be a mere dream, the most famously wise in all ages have dream'd waking. For that the souls of men do pre-exist before they come into the body, was the dream of those three famous philosophers, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle; the dream of the Egyptian

gyptian Gymnosophists, of the Indian Brachmans, and Persian Magi; the dream of Zoroaster, Epicharmus and Empedocles; the dream of Cebes, Euclid, and Euripides; the Dream of Plotinus, Proclus, and Iamblichus; the dream of Marcus Cicero, of Virgil, Psellus, and Boetius; the dream of Hippocrates, Galen, and Fernelius; and, lastly, the constant and avowed dream of Philo Judeus, and the rest of the most learned of the Jews.

*Cuph.* I pray you let me cast in one more example, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* I pray you do, Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* The dream of the Patriarch Jacob when he slept in Bethel, and dream'd he saw angels descending and ascending on a ladder that reached from earth to heaven; whereby was figured out the descent of human souls *εις γένεσιν*, and their return from thence to the æthereal regions.

*Hyl.* O egregious Cuphophon, how do I admire the unexpectedness of thy invention! This is *your dream* of the mysterious dream of the holy Patriarch.

*Cuph.* And who knows but a very lucky one?

*Hyl.* But I pray you tell me, Philotheus,  
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did any of the old Fathers of the church dream any such dream as this?

*Sopbr.* This is a very becoming and commendable temper in *Hylobares*; that his younger years will enquire after the Judgment of the ancient fathers in the primitive church touching so important a matter.

*Cuph.* Those primitive ages were the youngest ages of the church, but the ages of persons much the same now that they were then.

*Hyl.* Notwithstanding this flint of *Cuphron's* wit, I beseech you, *Philotheus*, satisfy me in the question I propounded.

*Philoth.* This at least, *Hylobares*, is true, that the primitive fathers in the most entire ages of the church dream'd not the least evil of this dream of pre-existence; the *Wisdom of Solomon*, which expressly asserts it, being appointed by them to be read in their publick Assemblies. Nay, our Saviour himself, when he had a most signal occasion to have undeceived the Jews in that point, if it had been false or dangerous, in the question touching the man that was born blind, took not the least offence at the supposition. Whence you will the less wonder that either *St. Austin*, *Basil*, and *Gregory Nazianzen*, were favourably

vourably affected touching the opinion; or that Clemens Alexandrinus, Origen, Synesius, Arnobius, and Prudentius, were express asserters thereof.

*Hyl.* This truly, Philotheus, casts me into so great a security from any harm in the hypothesis, that if you hold on as you have begun, the power of your speech will unavoidably charm me into the same dream.

*Philoth.* You know the worst of it then, Hylobares, that your mind will be at perfect rest touching the present difficulty concerning Providence. And if testimonies thus please you, be assured of this, that there was never any philosopher that held the soul *spiritual* and *immortal*, but he held also that it did *pre-exist*.

*Hyl.* That is very considerable.

*Philoth.* And do not you, Hylobares, hold the soul of man to be an *incorporeal indiscerpible* substance, a *spirit*.

*Hyl.* I do, and I thank you that I do so, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* How then comes it to pass that you, being of so philosophical a genius, should miss of the pre-existence of the soul? For there being no other considerable opinion in view but *creation*, *traduction*, and *pre-existence*; creation of pure

souls, and the infusion of them into impure bodies, and in such horridly-impure circumstances as sometimes happens, is a repugnancy to the purity of God, who is supposed then to create them: but iraduction a derogation and contradiction to the *spirituality* and *indiscerpibility* of the soul itself. Wherefore it necessarily remains, that these two being such absurd opinions, the third must take place, and that the souls of men do pre-exist.

*Hyl.* O Philotheus, that venerable sage in Bathynous' sleep could not have argued better than thus, if they had come to conference. I do not dream, but I see with the eyes of my mind wide open in broad day, the reasonableness of this *bypothesis*, *That the souls of men did exist before they came into these terrestrial bodies.*

*Philoth.* And in this day-light, Hylobares, all your difficulties do vanish touching that part of Providence that respects the *moral evils*, whose hue seemed so dismal to you out of history, and their permission so reproachful to the goodness of God.

*Hyl.* They are all vanished quite, and those touching *natural evils* too, so far forth as they respect the souls of men.

*Philop.* This is a good hearing. We are infinite-

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infinitely obliged to Philotheus for his pains. Are there any more scruples behind touching Divine Providence, Hylobares?

XXXII. Several objections against Providence, fetched from defects, answered partly out of the golden, partly out of the silver-key-paper.

*Hyl.* Only those objections fetch'd from defects conceived to be in the administration of Providence. For tho' we be convinced that all things that are are rightly ordered; yet it may be demanded why there are no more of them, why no sooner, and the like.

*Sophr.* Indeed, Hylobares, you seem to me hugely over-curious in such inquiries as these. Is not the whole world the Alms-house of God Almighty, which he had a right to build when he would, and to place us his eleemosynary creatures in it no sooner than he pleased? He does but *uti suo jure* in all this. And it is an outrageous presumption, to expect that he should not act according to his *own* mind and will, but according to the *groundless enlargements* and *expansions* of our wanton and busie fancies. So long as we see that the things that are are well and rightly administered, and according to the laws of goodness and justice, it is a marvellous piece of capriciousness to complain, that such things with the unexceptionable œconomy

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of them began no sooner, nor reach no farther.

*Bath.* You speak very gravely and soberly, O Sophron, and that which has very solid sense at the bottom, if rightly understood. For God has no obligation from the creatures to make them sooner, or more, or larger, and the like. So that if he had made the world no larger than the vulgar fancy it, a thought suppose above the clouds, or had stay'd the making of it till a year ago, or had not made it yet, nor ever intended to make it; he did in all this but *uti suo jure*, as you speak. But in that he has made it much larger and sooner, to what leading Attribute in God is that to be imputed, O Sophron?

*Sophr.* Surely to his mere Goodness, Bathynous.

*Bath.* You acknowledge then his *Goodness* the leading Attribute in the creation of the world, and his *Wisdom* and *Power* to contrive and execute what his *Will* actuated by his *Goodness* did intend.

*Sophr.* Speaking *more humano*, so it seems to be.

*Bath.* But this is a marvel of marvels to me, that the Goodness of God being infinite, the effects thereof should be so narrow and finite as commonly men conceit,  
if

if there be no incapacity in the things themselves that thus straitens them. That one small share of the divine Goodness should be active, but that infinite remainder thereof, as I may so speak, silent and inactive, is a riddle, a miracle that does infinitely amaze me.

*Sophr.* O Bathynous, my very Heart-strings are fretted with fear and anxiety, when you plunge us into such profound disquisitions as these, out of which there is never any hope to emerge. I pray you, Hylobares, ask modestly touching these things. I wonder you are not thoroughly satisfied about Providence already: I am sure I am.

*Hyl.* And I desire but to be so too, Sophron. What will satisfy one man will not satisfy another.

*Philoth.* That is very true, Hylobares, which I perceiving, it forced me to mention the *golden-key of Providence* to you. For we do not wantonly and ostentatively produce those keys, but at a dead list, when no other method will satisfy him whose mind is anxious and solicitous touching the ways of God, that by these *hypotheses* he may keep his heart from sinking.

*Hyl.* It is a very laudable custom, Philotheus,



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lotheus, and such as I find the benefit of already. For I find the very first difficulties of this last and present head I intended to propose, to melt away of themselves in virtue of that light from the *golden-key*, I mean that of *pre-existence*. For I intended to have propounded it as an objection against the goodness of divine Providence, that, whereas the soul can live and subsist out of this terrestrial body, (for so it does after death) she should not be created before this terrestrial mansion, and enjoy herself before she come into the body, as well as afterwards. But this doctrine of *pre-existence* has plainly prevented the objection. Another objection also, touching the *Messias* coming into the world so lately, is in my own judgment much enervated by this *hypothesis*. For who knows but the demerits of human souls were such, that it was consonant enough to the goodness of God, not to communicate the best religion to the world till that time it was communicated?

*Philoth.* That is no inept consideration, Hylobares. But besides, it is a strange presumption to determine when it is just fit time for Providence to use her strongest effort for reclaiming of straying souls: and to reclaim them as soon as they have strayed,

ed, is next to the keeping them forcibly from ever straying, which is to hinder a free agent from ever acting freely. Wherefore seeing the souls of men were to use their own liberty, there were certain pompous scenes of affairs to proceed upon either supposition, whether they stood or fell, and not at all presently to be huddled up in an instant. And what light Providence brings out of the darkness of sin, I did more particularly intimate unto you in our yesterday's discourse.

*Hyl.* I remember it, Philotheus, and rest very well satisfied.

*Philop.* To expect that the *Messias* should have come into the world so soon as *Adam* had fallen, is as incongruous as to expect the reaping of the crop the very same day the corn is sown, or that spring and autumn should be crouded into the same months of the year.

*Hyl.* This is abundantly plain. And another difficulty also which I intended to propose, touching the plurality of earths or worlds, quite vanishes: while I contemplate the paradigm of the world's system in the *silver-key-paper*, that bears me up as stoutly on the left hand from sinking as the other *hypothesis* on the right.

*Both.* Do you not see, Sophron, that  
you

you are worse scar'd than hurt? Do you not observe how these great and formidable difficulties crumble away of themselves, when a judicious eye has had once but a glance into the truth?

*Sophr.* 'Tis well if all will come off so clear.

XXXIII. Difficulties touching the extent of the universit.

*Hyl.* But there are some little scruples remaining, Philotheus, partly about the extent of the universe, partly about the habitableness of the planets and earths.

*Soph.* I thought so.

*Philoth.* Propound them, if you please, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* Whether the universe be finite, or infinite. For if it be finite, it is infinitely defectuous, if it may be infinite.

*Philoth.* That's well put in, if it may be; but try whether it may be or no, Hylobares.

*Hyl.* How, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Fancy it as infinite as possibly you can.

*Hyl.* I fancy it absolutely infinite.

*Philoth.* Then every part thereof is infinite.

*Hyl.* You mean every denominated part, Philotheus; else the number of parts is only infinite, not the parts.

*Philoth.*

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*Philoth.* I mean the denominated parts, a third, a fourth, a fifth, &c. But a middle third part is bounded by the extremes, and therefore the extremes themselves are boundable. And consequently when you have fancied the world as infinite as you can, you must be inforced still to conclude it finite.

*Hyl.* It seems so, if it be not a fallacy.

*Philoth.* Wherefore if the possibility of an infinite world be inconceivable to you, it can be no imputation to the goodness of Providence if it be found finite.

*Hyl.* But is it found finite, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* No art nor oracle that I know has declared it so. That not only the globe of the earth but her very orbit is but as a point to the circuit of the nearest fix'd stars, offers rather toward a detection of the *infinite vastness* of the world than of the *finiteness* thereof. How vastly distant then are those little fix'd stars that shew but as scattered pin-dust in a frosty night? In what immense removes are they one beyond another? \* *O Israel, how great is the house of God! how large is the place of his possession! great, and hath no end; high, and unmeasurable.* They are the words of the prophet *Baruch*.

*Hyl.*

Bar. iii. 24, 25.

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*Hyl.* It seems then that the *infiniteness* of the world is declared by that oracle rather than the *finiteness* thereof.

*Philoth.* It is so vastly big, Hylobares, that there is little doubt but that it is as immense as it can be, and that is enough to shew that the dimensions thereof take their measures from the *divine goodness*. Whence it is clear that Providence is unexceptionable in this point.

*Hyl.* It is so.

*Sophr.* I wish Philotheus come off so well in the other.

*Philoth.* Be courageous, O Sophron; we'll do our best, when Hylobares has proposed it.

XXXIV. Difficulties touching the habitableness or unhabitableness of the planets.

*Hyl.* That the *silver-key-system* is the true system of the world I am well enough persuaded of, and that consequently it were in vain to object the solitude of this one earth in this immense liquid space of the world, whenas this system exhibits so many more to our view. For we can no sooner discern our own earth to be a planet, but we must therewithal detect also that the rest of the planets are so many earths, as indeed the *Pythagoreans* did expressly call the moon our *ἀντίχθων* or *opposite earth*.

\* *earth.* But the difficulty I come to propound is touching the *habitableness* of them, which I suppose will not be denied; but then there is this snare we are caught in, that if we conceive them to be inhabited by mere brutes only, there will be a defect of men to keep good quarter amongst them; but if they be also inhabited with men, these men will want the means of salvation; for that they are in a lapsed state is supposed in their becoming terrestrial creatures: either of which is inconsistent with that exquisite goodness of God that is pleaded for.

*Philoth.* That's a knotty problem indeed, Hylobares.

*Sophr.* Why do you smile, Philotheus? methinks it is a very formidable question.

*Philoth.* I smile at something that extraordinarily pleases me.

*Sophr.* I pray you what is it that pleases you so much, Philotheus? I would gladly know it, that I might smile also for company.

*Philoth.* It is Sophron's honest and sober solicitude touching the solution of the present difficulty, which so becomingly betrays itself in the very air of his countenance,

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nance,

\* Arist. de cœlo, lib. 2. cap. 13.

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nance, and even then when there is least fear of miscarriage.

*Sophr.* That were good news, *Philotheus*, if it were true.

*Philoth.* It is a less puzzle than that about the salvation of them of the New-found-world upon earth, I mean those of *America*, who heard not the least whisper of either *Moses* or of *Christ* till within this age or two. In what capacity of salvation were they then, O *Sophon*, for some thousands of years together, who yet are certainly of a lapsed race? (*whether whether all souls that enter into thicker vehicles in any part of the universe be lapsed, is uncertain.*) And we cannot deny but that vast continent has been inhabited, as also the adjacent islands, all that time, that they heard as little of *Christ*, as they that live in *Saturn* or the *Moon*.

*Sophr.* That cannot be deny'd, *Philotheus*. But you know either yourself or some of us has answered this point already, That those Americans that lived sincerely according to the light they had, God might impart more to them, and finally in some extraordinary way or other communicate the knowledge of *Christ* to them to their eternal salvation. For you know a just and honest creditor, if the debt

debt be satisfied by a friend, tho' unknown to the debtor, yet he will free him from all suits at law and arrests, and whatever other troubles or inconveniences attend a debtor whose debts are unsatisfied. Whence the passion and atonement of *Christ* might take effect with the sincere Americans, tho' they knew nothing of the history thereof. And therefore being \* *reconciled by the death of Christ*, they should be much more *saved by his life*, as the apostle speaks.

*Philoth.* It is very well and piously argued, O Sophron.

*Hyl.* I think so too, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Had I not therefore reason to smile at Sophron, being so well furnished to satisfy a greater difficulty, to see him so hugely confounded at the less?

*Hyl.* But why take you this to be the lesser difficulty, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Because there is more elbow-room for framing of answers to it. For first, suppose we should affirm that all the earths in the universe, besides this of ours, were inhabited merely with brutes; that is no argument at all against the *divine Goodness*, no more than it would be against the accuracy of policy in a great city to see all the

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goals

\* Rom. v. 10.



goals therein devoid of prisoners, and that they were left to the sole possession of bats and cats, of rats and mice, and such like vermine. It were rather a sign of a more exquisite government and good disposition of the people, that there were now found no such criminals amongst them. And for the pretence of having some rational creatures amongst them to keep good quarter; what rational creatures are there that rule among the scaly nations of the vast ocean?

*Hyl.* None unless *Tritons* and *Sea-nymphs*.

*Philoth.* You may as well fancy *Fauns* and *Satyrs* and other sylvatick *Genii* to range these earths supposed destitute of human kind, and to superintend their brutish inhabitants for their good, tho' at a more remote and careless distance.

*Hyl.* As probable as the black hunter ranging the forest with his vocal, but invisible, hounds in Fountainbleau.

*Euis.* I remember the story very well, it is recorded in the life of Henry the fourth of France.

*Hyl.* But there being such an infinite number of earths as there is of stars or suns, it is incredible, Philotheus, that it should be the only fate of this earth of ours to be inhabited with men.

*Philoth.* But how do you know, *Hylobares*,

bares, that there is such an infinite number of earths? For you covenanted at first not to bring in mere suspicions and surmises reproachfully to load Providence withal.

*Hyl.* But if that innumerable company of fixt stars have no planets dancing about them, that is to say, *habitable earths*, that will be a real reproach to Providence indeed, as if Divine goodness were infinitely defectuous in that point.

*Philoth.* Nay, that were rather an auspicious sign, *Hylobares*, that the intellectual orders of creatures are not so much, or rather so universally, lapsed as they might be conceived to be, and that the Divine goodness has a more successful and effectual dominion over the universe than you imagined. *For as much as the light exceeds the shadows, so much do the regions of happiness exceed those of sin and misery.* It is an aphorism of the golden-key paper.

*Hyl.* I perceive you are prepared to meet me at every turn, *Philotheus*.

*Philoth.* It is but common civility to meet him that makes towards one. But now in the second place, *Hylobares*, let us suppose that all the planets or earths be inhabited with rational creatures, yet these

these rational creatures may be as *specifically* distinct as the *earth* or *planets* they inhabit, but agree all in *rationality*; as the sundry *species* of dogs here on *earth* agree in *latrability*. They having therefore no *specifick* cognation with the sons of *Adam*, what have they to do with ~~that~~ religion that the sons of *Adam* are saved by? Nay, I add farther, that these varieties of rational creatures in the other planets, as they all agree with one another and with us in mere natural reason, so they may all disagree from us in this essential property of being capable of true religion; no properties but those either of the *animal* or *middle* life being essential to them. In virtue whereof they may be good *naturalists*, good *politicians*, good *geometricians* and *analysts*, good *architects*, build cities and frame commonwealths, and rule over their *brother-brutes* in those planets, and make as good use of them as we do; but be as incapable of the *Divine life*, or of being good citizens of the heavenly kingdom, or genuine sons of God, as the very brutes they rule over.

*Cupb.* O how do I flutter to be acquainted with this kind of people, *Hylobares*! they are *pure* philosophers, I'll pawn my life on't. O that the invention  
of

of the *Gansaws* were once perfected, that I might make my first visit to our neighbours in the moon!

*Hyl.* But it would be pretty in the mean time if the art of telescopes were so far perfected, that we might discern their shapes and persons distinctly, *Cuphophon*, and see whether it were worth the while to make a visit to them, whether they be not a nation of mere apes and baboons.

*Cuph.* I dare say, *Hylobares*, if we could but see these apes and baboons through our *telescopes*, we should sometimes find them as busily tooting through their tubes at us, as we at them.

*Hyl.* That were a rare hit indeed, *Cuphophon*, that the *sons of the mechanic philosophy* \* should be so lucky at bo-peep, and be able to take a mutual interview of one another at such a distance. If I could once hear this news, I should presently suspect that those pieces of ice that *J. Metius* is said to have contrived first into telescopes tumbled out of the moon.

*Cuph.* Well, well, *Hylobares*, you jeer all things; but you know not what time may bring forth.

*Hyl.* But in the mean time I am very serious in my conference with *Philotheus*, which

\* *Des-Cartes* his *Dioptr.* cap. 1.

which your raptures have thus interrupted. The scope of whose discourse on this point is, to shew that these other earths may not be inhabited by any other creatures than such as are essentially incapable of true religion, tho' he may haply allow them to do such veneration (those in the moon particularly) to our earth as the *Cercoptes* and *Elephant* are said to do to the moon, and so may exercise a natural idolatry, and that, it may be, in magnificently-exstructed temples, even in this utter incapacity of true religion, and consequently of salvation; their condition in that respect being much like that of brutes. Which *hypothesis* once admitted, (and it is such as it is hard to demonstrate to be false) the present difficulty I must confess does quite vanish. But because from the prejudice of custom, and habitual experience of our own earth's being inhabited by men properly so called, we have such an invincible propension to think the same thing comes to pass in all other earths or planets; I beseech you, Philotheus, ease my thoughts touching their means of salvation in this state of the question, if you can.

*Philoth.* Those that are saved of them are saved by the same means that the *Americans*

*mericans* and the rest of the *Pagan* world, that never had the opportunity of hearing of the history of *Christ*, were or are saved. The ransom is paid into a very righteous hand, that will not exact the debt twice, as *Sophron* very soberly and judiciously suggested.

*Cuph.* Who knows but the passion of *Christ* was intimated to the inhabitants of those other earths by the miraculous eclipse that then happened, the sun *winking* to the rest of the world, to give them notice far and wide what was transacting on the stage of the earth in the behalf of all?

*Hyl.* You are a man of rare devices, *Cuphophron*. How came then the *Americans* not to lay hold on this opportunity? For they had no knowledge of the suffering of the *Messias*, till such time as the *Christians* brought it thither, and fetch'd away their gold.

*Cuph.* You know it is night with them, *Hylobares*, when it is day with us; and therefore they missed the information of that miracle.

*Hyl.* But they might have taken hold then of the miraculous eclipse of the moon, which was every whit as prodigious and conspicuous, these two luminaries being then in opposition, and *Christ* was crucified about noon.

*Philoth.*

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*Philoth.* Cuphophon's conceit is witty; but over-flight and humourous for so solemn and serious a matter. The sum of my solution of this difficulty, Hylobares, is this: Lapsed souls, where-ever they are, that recover into sincerity, are saved as we are saved, *διὰ τὴν Θεανθρωπίαν*, by the *Divine Humanity*, or *Human Divinity*, of the Son of God: which is the inmost and deepest *arcanum* of our Christian religion. And it is the privilege of the Christian world, that they have this mystery so plainly and distinctly communicated to them by the preaching of the gospel. But the efficacy of the said mystery may be also derived to them that never hear it sound externally and historically to their outward ears. For the Spirit of the Lord passes through the whole universe, and communicates this mystery to all souls, where-ever they are, that are fitted to receive it, in a more hidden and miraculous way, such as himself and at what time himself shall please to make use of. This I think the most sober solution of the present difficulty, upon supposition that there are any men properly so called that inhabit those planets or earths you speak of. Which, whether there be or no, is uncertain

uncertain to us; and therefore the allegation of such uncertainties against certain testimonies for the exquisite goodness of divine Providence, (as I have often intimated) ought to be esteemed of no value.

XXXV. That tho' the world was created but about six thousand years ago, yet, for ought we know, it was created as soon as it could be.

*Hyl.* I must confess it, Philotheus, and crave your pardon. But I find my very impertinencies in my conference with you successful and edifying. Let me propose to you but one scruple more, Philotheus, and then I shall give you no farther trouble.

*Sophr.* I am glad we are at length so near getting out of the briars.

*Philoth.* I pray you, what is that scruple, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* It is again about the *pre-existence* of the soul.

*Sophr.* Nay, if he go back, Philotheus, look to yourself; he will come on again with such a career, and give you such a push as you never felt yet.

*Philoth.* That cannot be helped, Sophron, I must bear the brunt of it as well as I can. Speak out therefore, Hylobares, and tell your scruple.

*Hyl.* My scruple is only this, How it can consist with the infinite goodness of  
God



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God, which you say is the measure of his Providence, (since that human souls can *pre-exist* and enjoy themselves before they come into these terrestrial bodies) that they were created no sooner than *cum mundo condito*, which is not six thousand years ago; whenas they might have enjoyed themselves infinite millions of thousands of years before.

*Philoth.* If we rightly understand the nature of the soul, Hylobares, this is no such hard problem. For you must understand it may be an essential property of the soul, either vitally to actuate some material vehicle or other, or else not to act at all. Wherefore it had been a frustraneous thing to create souls so infinite a space of time before the corporeal world was created, that *hypothesis* supposed.

*Hyl.* This may be true for ought I know, Philotheus: but admitting it so, it casts me still into an equal perplexity touching the divine Goodness, in that she has not thought fit that the corporeal world should be created till within six thousand years ago, whereas it might have been created an infinite time before, and ought so to have been, that human souls might so early come into play, and live and act in their respective vehicles.

*Philoth.*

*Philoth.* This is something indeed, Hylobares.

*Sophr.* Did not I tell you so, Philotheus? Our ship is sunk in the very haven, when we were ready to land.

*Philop.* Your heart is sunk, O Sophron, pluck up your spirits, and be of good cheer. Is this the utmost of your difficulty, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* It is; cure me but of this anxiety, Philotheus, and I shall declare myself as sound as a fish, and perfectly freed from all scruples touching divine Providence.

*Philoth.* But yourself must assist me then in your own cure. Tell me therefore, Hylobares, why do you think that the world was not created till about six thousand years ago?

*Hyl.* That's plain from the chronology of holy scripture.

*Philoth.* But have you no other argument for it, Hylobares?

*Hyl.* None at all that I can tell of, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Why then, Hylobares, the case stands thus. If you heartily adhere to the truth of the scripture, as you ought, I will declare you as sound as a fish; and this intricate discourse about Providence might have been the less needful. But if in a

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philosophical wantonness you will not concern yourself in the letter of the scripture touching theorems of philosophy, you have already declared yourself as sound as a fish.

*Hyl.* You have caught me like a fish in a net, Philotheus: but I must freely confess I do not perceive my own soundness yet, unless I should be so unsound as to quit the scriptures.

*Philoth.* That you will never do, if you rightly understand them. For they are most assuredly the truth of God.

*Hyl.* But how does this *truth* consort with his *goodness*, whenas it declares to us that the world has continued but about these six thousand years?

*Philoth.* This earth and heaven that the conflagration is to pass upon assuredly commenced no longer ago, Hylobares. But I pray you how high would you have the commencement of the world to begin, and in what order, that it may fill out the measure of that *idea* of goodness which you would have its continuation stretched upon?

*Hyl.* I would have it begun no sooner than it was possible, which is infinite myriads of years sooner than it began.

*Philoth.* Well then, Hylobares, begin  
it

it as soon as you will in your philosophical way, and in what order you will, and see what will become of it. You young men are marvellously wise.

*Cuph.* O that I had Hylobares' province now! what rare work could I make of it?

*Hyl.* I prithee, Cuphophon, take it. I know thou wilt manage it nimbly and wittily.

*Cuph.* Cartesianly enough, I warrant thee, Hylobares; you shall see else if I do not. And I will smartly say at first, that the world was to begin so soon as God was, his Omnipotency being coeternal to himself; and therefore whatever he could produce in any moment, he could produce as soon as he was, which was from everlasting. Wherefore the matter might have been created from everlasting, and, having a due measure of motion imparted to it, might within a little time after have fallen into the contrivance of *vortices* and *suns*, according to the description of the *Cartesian* philosophy; that is, say I, *mechanically*, with Des-Cartes, but *Bathynous spermatically*, from an old Pythagorick dream in a wood. But it is not material now which way it was. For whether way soever, in process of time, after these suns had shone through the universe

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with a free light, some of them being enveloped with spots grew perfectly opaque, and being suck'd in by their neighbour vortices became *planets* or *earths*.

*Euist.* These are, it may be, those *extinct suns* or *cold suns* that \* Parmenides the Pythagorean taught, adding also, that men were generated out of the sun; meaning surely these extinct or cold ones, that were turned into *earths* or *planets*.

*Cuph.* That's a pretty observation, Euistor.

*Hyl.* Ay, and an handsome confirmation also of Bathynous' dream, that the rise of the world was not merely *mechanical*, but *spermatical* or *vital*; this Parmenides being a Pythagorean. But this is not the present business. I pray you return to your province, Cuphophon, and bring things to a conclusion.

*Cuph.* The conclusion is manifest of itself: that if the world did not commence so early as I have described, sith it was possible it might do so, (but infinite myriads of years later,) that the infinite goodness of God is not the measure of his Providence, but that he has been infinitely less good than he might have been to the world

\* Diog. Laert. in vita Parmen.

world and to human souls, if they have continued but six thousand years.

*Sophr.* This is smart indeed, Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* I love what I take upon me, Sophron, to do it *thoroughly* and *smartly*. What say you to this, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* I say you have charged stoutly and home, O Cuphophon; but I shall make the force recoil again upon your own breast, if you will but freely and ingenuously answer to what I demand.

*Cuph.* I shall, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* Was there not a first six thousand years of duration from the beginning of the world, supposing it began so timely as you have described?

*Cuph.* According to my *hypothesis* it began from everlasting, and therefore the numbering of years from this time to that will have no *exitus*. We shall never come to the first six thousand years.

*Philoth.* That's true, O Cuphophon; but you answer craftily, and yet you plainly imply that there was a first six thousand years, tho' we cannot come at them: but that is because we begin at the wrong end. By the same fallacy you may conclude that there is not a last six thousand years, beginning your account from ever-

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lasting,

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lasting, as you call it, because your numbering will find no *exitus* to us. And yet we are, suppose at this moment, in the last moment of the last six thousand years; and so we shall be always of some last six thousand, or at least have been so in such divisions.

*Cuph.* That cannot be denied.

*Philoth.* Wherefore, Cuphophon, pitch your animadversion on the right end, that is to say, on the beginning of this infinite duration, as you fancy it, I mean, on that interval of time wherein all the whole universe was either *lucid* or *transparent*, there being nothing but *suns* then according to your *Cartesian* hypothesis, no *earths* or *planets*: was that time infinite?

*Cuph.* I must confess it seems to me incredible that it was so. Methinks within less than an infinite *series* of time some of the *suns* should be enveloped with spots, become *comets*, and afterwards *earths* or *planets*.

*Philoth.* Well then, if that interval of time was finite, it had a finite number of six thousand years.

*Cuph.* Of six thousand years repeated, you mean, Philotheus.

*Philoth.* I mean so, and would from thence infer, that there is most evidently  
there-

therefore in that finite interval a first six thousand years as well as a last.

*Cuph.* It seems impossible to be otherwise. But well, what, of all this, Philotheus?

*Philoth.* Let us fancy now ourselves, O Cuphophon, or any other rational beings, philosophizing at the end of those first six thousand years immediately succeeding the most early commencement of the world that was possible, (for you pitched as high as possibly you could) and entertaining themselves with the very discourse we are now upon; would not they with yourself notwithstanding conclude, that the world might have been made an infinite series of time sooner?

*Cuph.* Not if they knew it (as we suppose it) made as soon as possibly it could be.

*Hyl.* Very well answered, Cuphophon.

*Sophr.* It is too well answered. This Cuphophon has a mischievous wit with him when he is set upon't.

*Cuph.* I told you, Sophron, I love to do all things *smartly*.

*Philoth.* I pray you do, Cuphophon, and tell me farther, whether the *Ancients of days* was then but of six thousand years continuance; and whether those disputants



tants we speak of, unless it had been told them by Divine revelation that the world began as soon as it could, would not confidently have conceived it might have begun an infinite *series* of time before; and, lastly, whether we knowing by Divine revelation that the world began about six thousand years ago, it may not for all that have commenced as soon as possibly it could; and God, who is omnipotent, could as early create planets as suns or stars, and order all things as he is said to do in six days creation, or as we find them to be at this day.

*Hyl.* Answer, Cuphophon: why do you gape and stare, and scratch your head where it itches not?

*Cuph.* I pray you, Hylobares, take your province again, if you will, and manage it yourself: I have enough of it.

*Hyl.* Why, what's the matter, Cuphophon?

*Cuph.* I am confounded.

*Hyl.* I am convinced.

*Cuph.* Convinced afore-hand, I warrant you, at all adventures, before Philotheus has made any conclusion. What would he infer from all this?

*Philoth.* That tho' with the holy scriptures we admit, as all orthodox people do,  
that

that the world was created but about six thousand years ago, yet, for ought we know, it was created as soon as it could; and therefore Hylobares his allegation, of the possibility of the world's being created an infinite *series* of time sooner, is of no validity against our assertion of the exquisite goodness of Providence, which I have contended for all this time.

XXXVI. Hylobares his excess of joy and high satisfaction touching Providence, from the discourse of Philotheus.

*Hyl.* I, and your's is the victory, O admired Philotheus, but mine the triumph.

Ὡς ἠδομαι, καὶ τέρπομαι, καὶ χαίρομαι,  
καὶ βέλλομαι χορεύσαι!

*Philop.* What's the matter with Hylobares, that he raps out *Greek* in this unusual manner? What is it that he says, *Euiſtor*?

*Euiſt.* It is a broken sentence of a transported Barbarian in *Aristophanes*, *O how am I pleased! how am I delighted? how am I rejoiced, and could even dance for joy!*

*Philop.* I suppose Hylobares speaks better *Greek* than you *English*, or else 'tis as barbarous and rude as the Barbarian himself.

*Euiſt.* I know what you mean, *Philopolis*,

polis, I humour'd it on purpose to the Barbarian's *Greek*. I am rejoiced is as good *English* as *χαίρομαι* is *Greek*, if we will believe the *criticks*.

*Hyl.* Euistor is got to his sapless *criticks* again: but I am brim-full of the pleasure of important *things* and *notions*. O happy Philopolis, that brought us to this conference! O thrice-blessed Philotheus, that has so divine a gift of easing the minds of the serious in their anxious perplexities about the most concerning matters!

*Philop.* I am glad Philotheus has wrought so great a cure.

*Hyl.* A cure, Philopolis? it is more than a cure. I am not only at perfect ease touching all doubts about Divine Providence, but in an ineffable joy and extasy, rapt into paradise upon earth, hear the musick of heaven, while I consider the harmony of *God*, of *reason*, and the *universe*, so well accorded by the skilful voice of Philotheus. How lightsome is my heart, since my mind has been eased of these perplexities! how transported are my spirits, how triumphant and tripudiant, that I am ready even to skip out of my skin for joy!

*Ceph.* If you be so dancingly merry,  
Hyl-

Hylobares, you would do well to call for a fit of musick : I have provided an instrument almost as high as your raptures. Musick join'd to this mood will put you upon a rare pin indeed.

*Sopbr.* Hylobares wants no aid for the increase of his joy, but rather for the regulating of it. For in my apprehension he is in a very great emotion of mind.

*Philoth.* Melancholick persons are sometimes in such a condition upon such like occasions; truth being to the eye of the soul what beauty is to that of the body, very transporting.

*Soph.* I believe a solemn lesson on the *Theorbo* would finely compose him, and Bathynous I know has skill on that instrument, and can sing to it.

*Philoth.* You say right, he can. I pray you, Bathynous, give us a cast of your skill.

*Bath.* I am a very sorry musician, to venture to sing in such company. I sing sometimes and play to myself in the dark some easy songs and lessons, but have not the confidence to think others can be pleased with such mean musick.

*Cuph.* You may play and sing in the dark here too, Bathynous, if you will. The moon's light comes not so plentifully

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ly through the leaves of the arbour as to discover whether you blush or no, in case you should be out. Come, I pray you, be confident. I'll reach you the *Theorbo*.

*Bath.* I pray you, Bathynous, let's hear what you can do. I know it will be grateful to Hylobares.

*Hyl.* I shall like a song of Bathynous his chusing: I know it will not be impertinent to our present purpose.

*Bath.* 'Tis an excellent *Theorbo*, Cymphron: It deserves a more skilful hand to touch it than mine. How sweet and mellow, and yet how majestick, is the found of it!

*Hyl.* O how that flourish charms my spirits! you have a very good hand on the lute, Bathynous.

*Bath.* I'll sing you a good song, Hylobares, tho' I have but a bad hand, and a worse voice: and it shall be out of your own beloved hobbling poet, *The philosopher's devotion*.

*Hyl.* None better: I pray you let us hear it.

XXXVII. *The philosopher's devotion.*

*Bath.* *Sing aloud, his praise rehearse  
Who bath made the universe,  
He the boundless heaven has spread,  
All the vital orbs has kned;  
He that on Olympus high,  
Tends his flocks with watchful eye,*

*And*

And this eye has multiply'd,  
 'Midst each flock for to reside.  
 Thus as round about they stray,  
 Toucheth each with out-stretch'd ray.  
 Nimbly they hold on their way,  
 Shaping out their night and day.  
 Summer, winter, autumn, spring;  
 Their inclined axis bring.

Never slack they, none respire,  
 Dancing round their central fires.

In due order as they move,  
 Echo's sweet be gently drove  
 Thro' heav'n's vast hollowness,  
 Which unto all corners press;  
 Musick that the heart of Jove  
 Moves to joy and sportful love,  
 Fills the listening sailors ears  
 Riding on the wandring spheres.  
 Neither speech nor language is  
 Where their voice is not transmits.

God is good, is wise, is strong,  
 Witness all the Creature-throng;  
 Is confess'd by every tongue.

All things back from whence they sprung,  
 As the thankful rivers pay  
 What they borrowed off the sea.

Now myself I do resign:

Take me whole, I all am thine.  
 Save me, God, from self-desire,  
 Death's pit, dark hell's raging fire,  
 Envy, hatred, vengeance, ire:  
 Let not lust my soul bemire.

Quit from these thy praise I'll sing,  
 Loudly sweep the trembling string.

Bear a part, O Wisdom's sons,  
 Freed from vain religions.

Lo, from far I you salute,

S s

Sweetly

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*Sweetly warbling on my lute.  
 India, Egypt, Arabia,  
 Asia, Greece, and Tartarie,  
 Carmel-tracks and Lebanon,  
 With the mountains of the moon,  
 From whence muddy Nile doth run,  
 Or where-ever else you wone.  
 Breathing in one vital air,  
 One we are, tho' distant far.*

*Rise at once, let's sacrifice  
 Odours sweet, perfume the skies.  
 See how heavenly lightning fires  
 Hearts inflam'd with high aspires!  
 All the substance of our souls  
 Up in clouds of incense rolls.  
 Leave we nothing to ourselves,  
 Save a voice, what need we else?  
 Or an hand to wear and tire  
 On the thankful lute or lyre.*

*Sing aloud, his praise rehearse,  
 Who hath made the universe.*

*Hyl.* Your judgment is very sound, O Sophron; this solemn lesson on the *theorbo* did not so much increase my passion of joy, as regulate, establish, and fix it. Methought I was placed in the third heaven all the while I heard so sweet an instrument, so lively a voice, and so exalted philosophy and morality joined together in one harmony.

*Cuph.* You was a very great way off then, Hylobares, if you mean the Cartesian third heaven.

*Hyl.* I mean an higher mystery, Cuphophon.

phron. A man may be in the Cartesian third heaven, and yet be as silly a fellow as I was before I conferred with Philotheus.

*Philop.* You are the most rapturous and extatical company of people that ever I met with in all my life; a kind of *divine madness*, I think, rules amongst you, and the efficacy of your converse is able to make others mad for company. I am sure when Philotheus comes to my beloved theme, if he manage it with the like success he has done this, it will hazard my being at least inwardly as much transported as Hylobares. Which I would willingly try to-morrow more timely in the afternoon, betwixt three and four of the clock, because my occasions will call me next day out of town.

*Philoth.* I am sorry to hear of your so sudden departure, Philopolis; but we shall not fail at that time you appoint to give you the meeting here.

XXXVIII. The hazard and success of the fore-going discourse.

*Sophr.* And I hope Philotheus will manage your theme, Philopolis, with a more steady and secure success than that of Hylobares. For the truth is, I have had many an aking heart for you in all this doubtful



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dispute; your hardiness seemed to me as reprobable as theirs who, when they may securely stand on the firm land, or safely pass over a strong-built bridge, will chuse to commit themselves to some weather-beaten cock boat, when the wind is very rough and the waves high and tossing, only out of a careless wantonness, or desire to conflict with danger. Methought ever and anone I saw the boat ready to topple over, and yourselves put to swim for your lives, or drown.

*Philop.* But Providence did marvellously assist her so earnest and affectionate advocate, O Sophron.

*Sophr.* She did, and I heartily congratulate your safe arrival to land.

*Cupb.* But this is but a dry and ineffectual congratulation, O Sophron. Come, begin to them in a glass of good canarie, to comfort their chill hearts after the peril of their shipwreck and sad sea-storm. Hold, I'll open the bottle.

XXXIX. The preference of intellectual joy before that which is sensual.

*Hyl.* Stay your hand; O Cuphophon. There's none so chill or cold at heart as you imagine. I am sure I am all joy and warmth without the help of any such liquor.

*Cupb.*

*Cuph.* It may be you are over-hot, Hylobares; Sack is good even in fevers, and it is not unlikely but that a glass of it may cool you.

*Hyl.* All the heat that I have at this time, be it never so much, is so sacred and divine, that I will not diminish it in the least degree upon any pretence.

*Philop.* I pray you, Cuphophon, keep your bottle entire till another time, I perceive it is now utterly needless, and your liquor is too good to be cast away in vain.

*Philoth.* We all overflow with such joy, O Cuphophon, as no terrestrial wine can procure, nor increase, nor ought to diminish.

*Eust.* Indeed I think we do, Philotheus; I would not drink a glass of sack now, no not for forty pounds.

*Cuph.* I have not the luck of it at this time to contribute to the pleasure of this excellent company in any thing, my wine itself being as rejectaneous as my reasonings.

*Hyl.* O dear Cuphophon, be not you solicitous touching these things. I'll assure you, your performance was marvelous noble, and worthy the great parts and wit of Cuphophon.

*Cuph.* 'Tis a comfortable circumstance,  
that

that the censure of Hylobares is so favourable, whose humour is to abuse me in what-ever is or is not abuseable. But I profess to thee, Hylobares, I was never so confounded in all my life as in that point of the world's possibility of being created from everlasting. I am perfectly puzzled in it *to this very day.*

*Hyl.* Why, I prithee, Cuphophon, how many hours, or rather minutes, is it since that confusion first surprized thee?

**XL.** That there is an ever-anticipative eternity and inexterminable amplitude that are proper to the Deity only.

*Cupb.* My mind has been so jumbled between *time* and *eternity*, that I think I can speak sense in neither. What a marvellous thing is this, that God, who was omnipotent as soon as he was, and who was from all eternity, and could create *sun*s and *vortices* within a moment that he was omnipotent, yet should not be able to create the world so soon, but that there would be an eternity of duration necessarily conceivable before the world's creation?

*Bath.* Yes, Cuphophon, and this marvellously *anticipating eternity* is the proper and necessary *eternal duration* of God, which nothing can reach or exhaust; as that *inmost extension* or *amplitude* which will

will necessarily remain after we have imagined all matter, or what-ever else is removeable, removed or exterminated out of the world, is to be look'd upon as the *permanent expansion or amplitude of the radical essentiality of God.*

*Cuph.* This is *obscurum per obscurius*, Bathynous; but doubtless it is an higher-metaphysical point, and a man ought to muster up all his metaphysical forces that would grapple with it. This is a noble game for me alone by myself to pursue in my arbour.

*Philop.* Or on your pillow, Cuphophon; for it is very late. And therefore, courteous Cuphophon, we'll bid you good-night.

*Cuph.* You say well, Philopolis, it will not be amiss to consult with one's pillow, as the proverb is, and sleep upon't.

*Philop.* Gentlemen, you'll remember the appointed time to-morrow.

*Philoth.* We will not fail you, Philopolis.

F I N I S.



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