



SOME FRUITS
of
SOLITUDE

PROVERBS, WISDOM & PRINCIPLES
FOR BETTER LIVING

BY WILLIAM
PENN



J. M. P. W. L.



SOME FRUITS
OF SOLITUDE

BY
WILLIAM

PENN.

WITH AN
INTRODUCTION

BY

EDMUND GOSSE.



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An Attic Books Publisher's Note

An edition such as this of William Penn's work may at first seem to be a challenging endeavor. Yet, seeing the work in its original style, with what some would call its archaic style of spelling or spelling variants from the 17th century, is an important preservation of the original work.

Too often publishers of modern editions of classic works try to place contemporary meanings upon the text, each a literary treasure in itself, representing a small microcosm of the time and place of its creation. Words have meaning, and definitions certainly change over time with usage and shifting culture. Often only in its original context can the real depth of the work be measured.

In the life and words of Penn we see an author who lived on two continents over the course of his life, often considered rebellious and even unorthodox by the establishment of the time, but who boldly held to his vision of justice and the truths of his religious convictions.

Some Fruits of Solitude was not the product of a vain or prideful man, but instead, an author who sought to earnestly share insights he felt would be beneficial to the life of the reader. As you study each of these truths, we hope it will be a journey of personal discovery.

William Penn's words to live by are as relevant today as they were when first written, as true wisdom transcends time. Enjoy your journey!

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INTRODUCTION

THIS little "Enchiridion," as its author called it, this compendium of cheerful rules for the conduct of life, has become so completely forgotten that London was scoured for a long time in vain before a copy could be found on which to base the present essay. Yet it was once, and for a long time continued to be, among the most popular of books. During the eighteenth century it was seldom out of print, and abundant editions of it in the British Museum testify to the solace which its fortifying maxims supplied to generation after generation of men and women. Oddly enough, it was in the year when its century of existence was rounded off—in 1793—that its latest regular re-issue occurred, but even

in the nineteenth century it was printed several times. Now, however, the poppy seemed to be finally scattered over its pages, and "Some Fruits of Solitude" to have been gathered to the storehouse of oblivion, when an enchanter has come, and wakened the delicate dead thing into life.

The publication of Robert Louis Stevenson's "Letters" has revealed the fact that he was a warm admirer of the "Fruits of Solitude." He met with the little book at a critical moment of his own career, in December 1879, while he was wandering disconsolately in the streets of San Francisco, convalescent after a very dangerous illness, yet "still somewhat of a mossy ruin," and doubtful in what spirit to face the world again. To the exile, with his hopes re-excited, his spirits grown buoyant, his moral fibres tightened by hardship and fear, the small book of Penn's maxims came with what seemed a direct message from heaven. Stevenson was singularly moved by the

“Fruits of Solitude,” which he picked up ignorantly on the stall of a San Francisco bouquiniste, and the depth of his emotion was proved by its durability. Two years afterwards he gave that particular copy of the book to Mr. Horatio F. Brown, with these words :—

“If ever in all my ‘human conduct’ I have done a better thing to any fellow creature than handing on to you this sweet, dignified, and wholesome book, I know I shall hear of it on the last day. To write a book like this were impossible ; at least one can hand it on, with a wrench, one to another. My wife cries out and my own heart misgives me, but still—here it is.”

And in a later letter to the same friend :—

“I hope, if you get thus far, you will know what an invaluable present I have made you. Even the copy was dear to me, printed in the colony that Penn established, and carried in my pocket all about the San Francisco streets, read in street-cars and

ferry-boats, when I was sick unto death, and found in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion. But I hope, when you shall have reached this note, my gift will not have been in vain ; for while, just now, we are so busy and intelligent, there is not the man living—no, nor recently dead—that could put, with so lovely a spirit, so much honest, kind wisdom into words.”

Stevenson had intended to make this book and its author the subject of one of his critical essays. In February 1880 he was preparing to begin it. But the sickness unto death, of which he speaks in the letter above quoted, turned his thoughts in other directions. In April of the same year, he is still “waiting for Penn,” but the great changes in his fortune and duty, of which we know, immediately intervened, and carried him off to other latitudes and other work. He never found the opportunity to discourse to us about the book which he

loved so much. But it has left an indelible stamp on the tenor of his moral writings. The philosophy of R. L. S., as revealed to us from 1879 onwards, is tinctured through and through with the honest, shrewd, and genial maxims of Penn. Courage and common-sense, a determination to win an honourable discharge in the bankrupt business of human life, a cheerfulness in facing responsibility,—these were qualities which Stevenson possessed already, but in which he was marvellously strengthened by commerce with “Some Fruits of Solitude.” So the little Quakerish volume has a double claim upon us—for itself, so clean and sensible and manly a treatise, and for its illustrious student and “sedulous ape,” our admirable R. L. S.

That “Some Fruits of Solitude” was written by William Penn has never, so far as I know, been doubted, and there is no reason to question the fact. As, however, the bibliographical authorities attribute the

little book to Penn as confidently as though he had publicly owned it, there had been little or no external evidence of his authorship until, in 1903, Miss Sophie F. de Rodes, of Barlborough Hall, Chesterfield, whose ancestors had been close friends of W. Penn's, found among her family papers a letter, written in 1699, by Lady Rodes to her son, Sir John Rodes, confidently attributing the "Fruits of Solitude" to their friend. The first edition, which was licensed on the 24th of May 1693, is anonymous, and so are all the subsequent reprints until quite modern times. It was not until 1702, and after the first part had been many times reissued, that the "More Fruits of Solitude," which has ever since been treated as a continuation by the same hand, made its earliest appearance. But it would almost seem as though there were evidence as to Penn's authorship of this latter, which did not exist as to the former, since the editor of Penn's "Select Works," in 1771, says that the title "More Fruits"

shows that there was "a former work of the same nature." It does so, of course; but how came the editor of 1771 to make so strange a remark, if he had the double work before him? Finally, there was printed as lately as 1875 the following maxim, said to have been discovered written on a plain half-sheet of paper:—

"He is a wise and a good man, too, that knows his original and end; and answers it by life that is adequate and corresponds therewith. There is no creature fallen so much below this as man; and that will augment his trouble in the day of account,—for he is an accountable creature. I pray God his Maker to awaken him to a just consideration thereof, that he may find forgiveness of God, his Maker and Judge.

"WM. PENN."

This is exactly in the manner of "More Fruits," for which it is difficult to believe that it was not written, and may be taken

as an important evidence of the authorship of that book. In 1726 was published a work of Penn's called "Fruits of a Father's Love," which had a certain likeness in subject to the little volumes here reprinted; this was described as "The advice of William Penn to his children, relating to their civil and religious conduct." It was often reprinted, and from 1790 onwards usually appears bound up with the "Fruits of Solitude." There is even another treatise, bearing the same title, "Fruits of a Father's Love," and opening with the words, "My dear Wife and Children," whereas that first published in 1726 begins "My dear Children." These words and their tangled bibliography need not, however, detain us, for they are totally distinct from the subject of the present reprint. There are several French translations of the latter, but they throw no light on the question of authorship.

It is finally to be remarked that very considerable differences exist between the

text as printed in 1693 and 1702, and that substituted in 1718. The earliest editions are full of positive blunders and misprints, and contain substantially less matter than what is now the standard text. The latter was probably printed, immediately after the author's death, from a MS. which he had revised. In the present reprint it is the text of 1718, not of 1693 and 1702, which is given.

If we turn to the book itself, we find not very much which can aid us in conjecturing the exact date of its composition. It must have been written between 1665, before which date Penn cannot have seen the "Réflexions et Maximes," and 1693, when the volume was licensed. The author blesses God for his retirement. He has been forcibly withdrawn from the world, and never had so much leisure in all his life before. He reviews his career, and admits that he has been lavish of his time. He does not consider that he has "been the

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worst or the idlest man in the world, nor is he the oldest.” William Penn, born on the 14th of October 1644, was still in his forty-ninth year when “Some Fruits of Solitude” was licensed. He had enjoyed a large number of forced opportunities of retirement; he had languished in quite a number of celebrated gaols. An enumeration of these opportunities may be worth giving. Penn went to prison for a few days in 1667, for publicly professing himself a Quaker. For publishing his attack on the Athanasian Creed,—“A Sandy Foundation Shaken,”—he was committed to the Tower from December 1668 to July 1669. There he wrote not only his celebrated arraignment of “bat-honour” in the shape of the once popular treatise, called “No Cross, No Crown,” but three other controversial pamphlets. There was neither time nor temper on that occasion for optimistic maxims upon the conduct of life. In September 1670, Fenn was committed to Newgate “for speaking in

Gracechurch Street," as a friendly jury persisted in putting it, but he was released a few days later. Finally, in February 1671, he was arrested while addressing a Quakers' meeting in Wheeler Street, and was thrown into prison again, this time for six months. Here was an opportunity for writing maxims, and yet I do not believe that the tempestuous young man, who was only twenty-seven still, was ripe enough to form such grave and serene reflections as fill the "Fruits of Solitude."

During the reign of James II., as every one knows, William Penn enjoyed an extreme, and it must be admitted a somewhat equivocal popularity at court. The king allowed no interference with the foibles of his eccentric Quaker friend, and he confirmed him in the vast and vague seigneurie of Pennsylvania. Penn indulged in no enforced retirement during the reign of James II. But when the Stuart fell, and particularly later, after the Battle of

Beechey Head, the exiled king's close friend was not unnaturally suspected of holding correspondence with him, and it became discreet for Penn to disappear for a while. There was a warrant out against him, and he was almost captured as he returned (January 16, 1690) from George Fox's funeral; but he escaped, and for several months he continued in hiding. Nor was he perfectly reinstated until after his appearance before William III. in Council in the autumn of 1693. Here, then, as I believe, we have the approximate date of these little treatises, written, not in the agitated vicissitudes of Penn's fiery youth, but in his advanced middle life; not in prison, but in the Sussex homestead to which he noiselessly withdrew after the apparition of the French Fleet in the Channel in 1690.

The form of "Some Fruits of Solitude" is wholly due to the influence of La Rochefoucauld's famous compendium of sentences, the vogue of which was at its height in

England when Penn wrote. Even the title of Penn's work closely imitates that of his French model, since what are "Réflexions ou Sentences et Maximes Morales" in La Rochefoucauld become "Reflections and Maxims relating to Conduct" in his English follower. The movement in France towards the production of short, bright sentences, each containing one idea, and each individually effective in its keenness and conciseness, had reached a climax soon after the English Restoration. There had grown up in France a feeling that the phrase must be reduced to simplicity of shape, must be relieved of its parenthetical flaps and appendages, and must produce a sharp and precise effect. Madame de Sable and Jacques Esprit had laid down the form of the maxim, but it needed genius, it needed the extraordinary art and wit of the great Duke of La Rochefoucauld, to bring the new conception to the birth in a perfectly finished and current shape. His "Maximes," after

having been pirated at Amsterdam in 1664, found their proper issue in Paris in 1665, and they became at once the model of all sententious and oracular aphorisms.

It was in England that La Rochefoucauld's influence was more instantly felt than anywhere else out of France. The "Maximes" contributed greatly to the formation of an improved English taste, and to a final breaking up of the lumbering construction of the national prose, with its coiled, interminable sentences. In 1670, too, came, in France, the "Pensées" of Pascal, in 1687 the "Caractères" of La Bruyère; here in London people of quality and temperament might converse with the epigrammatic Saint Evremond. All these influences were more or less fairly at work on William Penn, when he wrote "The Fruits of Solitude." But, if we are right in supposing that this took place in the early years of the reign of William III., it is curious to note that at the very same time a scholar of

La Rochefoucauld still closer than Penn was writing Maxims ; this was Halifax, whose "Thoughts and Reflections," though not printed until 1750, were certainly composed between 1690 and 1695. But Penn is as far removed from Halifax as Halifax from their common model. La Rochefoucauld is the very living spirit of negative and sarcastic wit. In his lapidary art malignity is the polishing powder which completes the work. In that of Halifax common sense reigns supreme, the trimming skill of the perfect man of the world, without illusion, without malice. But in that of Penn all is absolute rose-colour, and we may be allowed to fear that La Rochefoucauld would have hastened to repudiate a disciple who had learned so little of the hollowness and bitterness of life.

For life was not bitter to Penn. He combats the cynical attitude throughout. His heart is on his sleeve ; he will take you aside, although he sees you for the first time,

and tell you everything. Nothing is more amusing than Penn's rooted dislike to reserve ; "they are next to unnatural," he says, "that are not communicable." Nor has he any foible for political prudence ; he had, we must presume, a limited sympathy with Halifax. "Men must be saved in this world by their want of faith," says the cautious Trimmer ; but Penn hotly replies, "A cunning man is a kind of lurcher in politics." On the whole, in these as in his other utterances, we see Penn revealed as a man of no great subtlety or finesse d'esprit, but as an honest and shrewd observer of life, Quakerish, utilitarian, optimistic. He does not often rise so high as in the section called "Union of Friends" (which I suspect went home with peculiar force to R. L. S.), but he seldom sinks. The reader, if he finds his attention flagging in "Some Fruits," must push on to "More Fruits," which, in my opinion, are sounder, juicier, and grown against a sunnier wall of experience than

their forerunners. But all are delicate, and the little basket which holds them will be found, as Stevenson said, "in all times and places a peaceful and sweet companion."

EDMUND GOSSE.

Some Fruits of Solitude
IN
REFLECTIONS
AND
MAXIMS,
Relating to the
CONDUCT
OF
Human Life.

In Two PARTS.

The Seventh Edition.

L O N D O N :

Printed and Sold, by the *Affigns* of
F. Sowle, at the *Bible* in *George-*
Yard, Lombard-Street, 1718.

THE PREFACE

READER,—This Enchiridion, *I present thee with, is the Fruit of Solitude: A School few care to learn in, tho' None instructs us better. Some Parts of it are the Result of serious Reflection: Others the Flashings of Lucid Intervals: Writ for private Satisfaction, and now publish'd for an Help to Human Conduct.*

The Author blesseth God for his Retirement, and kisses that Gentle Hand which led him into it: For though it should prove Barren to the World, it can never do so to him.

He has now had some Time he could call his own; a Property he was never so much Master of before: In which he has taken a View of himself and the World; and observed wherein he hath hit and mist the Mark; What might

have been done, what mended, and what avoided in his Human Conduct: Together with the Omissions and Excesses of others, as well Societies and Governments, as private Families, and Persons. And he verily thinks, were he to live over his Life again, he could not only, with God's Grace, serve Him, but his Neighbour and himself, better than he hath done, and have Seven Years of his Time to spare. And yet perhaps he hath not been the Worst or the Idlest Man in the World; nor is he the Oldest. And this is the rather said, that it might quicken, Thee, Reader, to lose none of the Time that is yet thine.

There is nothing of which we are apt to be so lavish as of Time, and about which we ought to be more solicitous; since without it we can do nothing in this World. Time is what we want most, but what, alas! we use worst; and for which God will certainly most strictly reckon with us, when Time shall be no more.

It is of that Moment to us in Reference to

both Worlds, that I can hardly wish any Man better, than that he would seriously consider what he does with his Time: How and to What Ends he Employs it; and what Returns he makes to God, his Neighbour and Himself for it. Will he ne'er have a Leidger for this? This, the greatest Wisdom and Work of Life.

To come but once into the World, and Trifle away our true Enjoyment of it, and of our selves in it, is lamentable indeed. This one Reflection would yield a thinking Person great Instruction. And since nothing below Man can so Think; Man, in being Thoughtless, must needs fall below himself. And that, to be sure, such do, we are unconcern'd in the Use of their most Precious Time.

This is but too evident, if we will allow our selves to consider, that there's hardly any Thing we take by the Right End, or improve to its just Advantage.

We understand little of the Works of God, either in Nature or Grace. We pursue False

Knowledge, and Mistake Education extreamly. We are Violent in our Affections, Confused and Immethodical in our whole Life ; making That a Burthen, which was given for a Blessing ; and so of little Comfort to our selves or others : Misapprehending the true Notion of Happiness, and so missing of the Right Use of Life, and Way of happy Living.

And till we are perswaded to stop, and step a little aside, out of the noisy Crowd and Incumbering Hurry of the World, and Calmly take a Prospect of Things, it will be impossible we should be able to make a right Judgment of our Selves or know our own Misery. But after we have made the just Reckonings which Retirement will help us to, we shall begin to think the World in great measure Mad, and that we have been in a sort of Bedlam all this while.

Reader, whether Young or Old, think it not too soon or too late to turn over the Leaves of thy past Life : And be sure to fold down where any Passage of it may affect thee ; And bestow thy Remainder of Time, to correct those

Faults in thy future Conduct; Be it in Relation to this or the next Life. What thou wouldst do, if what thou hast done were to do again, be sure to do as long as thou livest, upon the like Occasions.

Our Resolutions seem to be Vigorous, as often as we reflect upon our past Errors; But, Alas! they are apt to flat again upon fresh Temptations to the same Things.

The Author does not pretend to deliver thee an Exact Piece; his Business not being Ostentation, but Charity. 'Tis Miscellaneous in the Matter of it, and by no means Artificial in the Composure. But it contains Hints, that may serve thee for Texts to Preach to thy Self upon, and which comprehend Much of the Course of Human Life: Since whether thou art Parent or Child, Prince or Subject, Master or Servant, Single or Married, Publick or Private, Mean or Honourable, Rich or Poor, Prosperous or Improsperous, in Peace or Controversy, in Business or Solitude; Whatever be thy Inclination or Aversion, Practice or Duty,

thou wilt find something not unsuitably said for thy Direction and Advantage. Accept and Improve what deserves thy Notice ; The rest excuse, and place to account of good Will to Thee and the whole Creation of God.

Some Fruits of Solitude,

IN

REFLECTIONS & MAXIMS

Ignorance

1. IT is admirable to consider how many *Millions* of People come into, and go out of the World, *Ignorant of themselves*, and of the World they have lived in.

2. If one went to see *Windsor-Castle*, or *Hampton-Court*, it would be strange not to observe and remember the Situation, the Building, the Gardens, Fountains, &c. that make up the Beauty and Pleasure of such a Seat? And yet few People know *themselves*; No, not their *own Bodies*, the *Houses* of their Minds, the *most curious* Structure of the World; a *living walking* Tabernacle: Nor

2 Reflections and Maxims

the *World* of which it was made, and out of which it is fed ; which would be so much our Benefit, as well as our Pleasure, to know. We cannot doubt of this when we are told that the *Invisible Things of God are brought to light by the Things that are seen* ; and consequently we read our Duty in them as often as we look upon them, to him that is the Great and Wise Author of them, if we look as we should do.

3. The *World* is certainly a great and stately *Volume* of natural Things ; and may be not improperly styled the *Hieroglyphicks* of a better : But, alas ! how very few Leaves of it do we seriously turn over ! This ought to be the *Subject* of the Education of our *Youth*, who, at Twenty, when they should be fit for Business, know little or nothing of it.

Education

4. We are in Pain to make them Scholars, but not *Men* ! To talk, rather than to know, which is true *Canting*.

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5. The first Thing obvious to Children is what is *sensible* ; and that we make no Part of their Rudiments.

6. We press their Memory too soon, and puzzle, strain and load them with Words and Rules ; to know *Grammer* and *Rhetorick*, and a strange Tongue or two, that it is ten to one may never be useful to them ; Leaving their natural *Genius* to *Mechanical* and *Physical*, or natural Knowledge uncultivated and neglected ; which would be of exceeding Use and Pleasure to them through the whole Course of their Life.

7. To be sure, Languages are not to be despised or neglected. But Things are still to be preferred.

8. Children had rather be making of *Tools* and *Instruments* of Play ; *Shaping*, *Drawing*, *Framing*, and *Building*, &c. than getting some Rules of Propriety of Speech by Heart : And those also would follow with more Judgment, and less Trouble and Time.

9. It were Happy if we studied Nature

4 Reflections and Maxims

more in natural Things ; and acted according to Nature ; whose Rules are *few, plain and most reasonable*.

10. Let us begin where she begins, go her Pace, and close always where she ends, and we cannot miss of being good *Naturalists*.

11. The Creation would not be longer a Riddle to us : The *Heavens, Earth, and Waters*, with their respective, various and numerous Inhabitants : Their Productions, Natures, Seasons, Sympathies and Antipathies ; their Use, Benefit and Pleasure, would be better understood by us : And an *eternal Wisdom, Power, Majesty and Goodness*, very *conspicuous* to us, thro' those sensible and passing Forms : The World wearing the *Mark* of its Maker, whose Stamp is everywhere *visible*, and the *Characters* very *legible* to the Children of Wisdom.

12. And it would go a great way to caution and direct People in their Use of the World, that they were better studied and known in the Creation of it.

13. For how could Man find the Confidence to abuse it, while they should see the Great Creator stare them in the Face, in all and every Part thereof?

14. Their Ignorance makes them insensible, and that Insensibility hardy in misusing this noble Creation, that has the Stamp and Voice of a Deity every where, and in every Thing to the Observing.

15. It is pity therefore that Books have not been composed for *Youth*, by some curious and careful *Naturalists*, and also *Mechanicks*, in the *Latin* Tongue, to be used in Schools, that they might learn Things with Words: Things *obvious* and *familiar* to them, and which would make the Tongue easier to be obtained by them.

16. Many able *Gardeners* and *Husbandmen* are yet Ignorant of the *Reason* of their Calling; as most *Artificers* are of the Reason of their own Rules that govern their excellent Workmanship. But a Naturalist and Mechanick of this sort is *Master* of the

6 Reflections and Maxims

Reason of both, and might be of the Practice too, if his Industry kept pace with his Speculation ; which were very commendable ; and without which he cannot be said to be a *complete* Naturalist or Mechanick.

17. Finally, if Man be the *Index* or *Epitomy* of the World, as *Philosophers* tell us, we have only to read our *selves* well to be *learned* in it. But because there is nothing we less regard than the *Characters* of the Power that made us, which are so clearly written upon us and the World he has given us, and can best tell us what we are and should be, we are even Strangers to our own *Genius* : The *Glass* in which we should see that true instructing and agreeable Variety, which is to be observed in Nature, to the Admiration of that Wisdom and Adoration of that Power which made us all.

Pride

18. And yet we are very apt to be *full* of our selves, instead of *Him* that made what

we so much value; and, but for whom we can have no Reason to value our selves. For we have nothing that we can call our own; no, not our selves: For we are all but *Tenants*, and at *Will* too, of the great Lord of our selves, and the rest of this great *Farm*, the World that we live upon.

19. But methinks we cannot answer it to our Selves as well as our Maker, that we should live and die ignorant of our Selves, and thereby of Him and the Obligations we are under to Him for our Selves.

20. If the worth of a Gift sets the Obligation, and directs the return of the Party that receives it; he that is ignorant of it, will be at a loss to value it and the Giver, for it.

21. Here is Man in his Ignorance of himself. He knows not how to estimate his Creator, because he knows not how to value his Creation. If we consider his Make, and lovely Compositure; the several Stories of his lovely Structure. His divers Members, their Order, Function and Dependency: The In-

8 Reflections and Maxims

struments of Food, the Vessels of Digestion, the several Transmutations it passes. And how Nourishment is carried and defused throughout the whole Body, by most innate and imperceptible Passages. How the Animal Spirit is thereby refreshed, and with an unspeakable Dexterity and Motion sets all Parts at work to feed themselves. And last of all, how the Rational Soul is seated in the Animal, as its proper House, as is the Animal in the Body: I say if this rare Fabrick alone were but considered by us, with all the rest by which it is fed and comforted, surely Man would have a more reverent Sense of the Power, Wisdom and Goodness of God, and of that Duty he owes to Him for it. But if he would be acquainted with his own Soul, its noble Faculties, its Union with the Body, its Nature and End, and the Providences by which the whole Frame of Humanity is preserved, he would Admire and Adore his Good and Great God. But Man is become a strange *Contradiction* to

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himself; but it is of himself; Not being by Constitution, but *Corruption* such.

22. He would have others obey him, even his own kind; but he will not obey God, that is so much above him, and who made him.

23. He will lose none of his Authority; no, not bate an Ace of it: He is humorous to his Wife, he beats his Children, is angry with his Servants, strict with his Neighbours, revenges all Affronts to Extremity; but, alas, forgets all the while that *he is the Man*; and is more in *Arrear* to God, that is so very patient with him, than they are to him with whom he is so strict and impatient.

24. He is curious to *wash, dress* and *per-fume* his Body, but *careless* of his Soul. The one shall have many Hours, the other not so many Minutes. This shall have three or four new Suits in a Year, but that must wear its *old Cloaths* still.

25. If he be to receive or see a great Man, how nice and anxious is he that all things

10 Reflections and Maxims

be in order? And with what Respect and Address does he approach and make his Court? But to God, how *dry* and *formal* and *constrained* in his Devotion?

26. In his Prayers he says, *Thy Will be done* : But means his own : At least acts so.

27. It is too frequent to begin with God and end with the *World*. But He is the good Man's *Beginning* and *End* ; his *Alpha* and *Omega*.

Luxury

28. Such is now become our Delicacy, that we will not eat ordinary Meat, nor drink small, pall'd Liquor ; we must have the best, and the best cook'd for our Bodies, while our Souls feed on *empty* or *corrupted* Things.

29. In short, Man is *spending* all upon a *bare* House, and hath little or no Furniture within to recommend it ; which is preferring the Cabinet before the Jewel, a Lease of seven Years before an Inheritance. So *absurd* a thing is Man, after all his proud Pretences to Wit and Understanding.