

The Epistle Dedicatory.

griefe not onely in that, but in many other things contrary to our *Christian duties*, who haue bin newly enlightened for the space of these foure score yeares. Here likewise you may find *preseruatiues and Cures* both to prevent the imminent plagues, (which we haue worthily deserued,) as to heale the most disordred, both Bodily and Spiritually, (if they be not past Grace;) yea, and to dispossesse them of Diuels, without prophane *Holy Water*, or Popish *Exorcismes*. But before these, as a *Frontispice* vpon a Gate, I haue fixed the foure first Verses of purpose, that once a day at least, you may repeate them ouer. And for the rest, if you read them once a Weeke, I doubt not, but you shall receiue thereby some Spirituall Comfort among other Helpes to *Devotion*, which are not wanting in your *House*. Howsoeuer, I am assured your *Cogitations* shalbe somewhat rouzed vp to looke about you, and to make some doubt, that you haue not many yeares yet vnexpired of your *Pilgrimage* here on *Earth*. For our worst part must rot, before it rise vp to *Immortality*.

The thought of *Death*, I confesse, is terrible, and hath perplexed many, specially, *Great persons*, insomuch that *Queene Elizabeth* of famous *Memory*, albeit in all other matters an incomparable religious *Princesse*, and adorned with masculine *Vertues*, yet *She* could not endure to heare of *Old Age*, nor *Death*. For when a Learned *Bishop* of our acquaintance had in a zealous *Sermon* admonished her to thinke on her last *End*, by reason of her great *Age*, which few *Princes* had attayned vnto, and of the *Climactericall* yeare of her *Life*, which hapned at that time, *She* tooke it so impatiently that the *Bishop*