

Your love and pity doth the impression fill
 Which vulgar scandal stamp'd upon my brow :
 For what care I who calls me well or ill
 If you o'ergreen my bad, my good allow?
 You are m. 'l-the-world, and I must strive
 To know my shames and praises from your tongue ;
 None else to me, nor I to none alive,
 That I am steel'd 'gainst censure, right or wrong.
 In so profound abyssm I throw all care
 Of others' voices, that my adder's sense
 To critic and to flatterer stopped are.
 Mark how with my neglect I do dispense :—
 You are so strongly in my purpose bred,
 That all the world besides methinks are dead.

Line 8 is usually read "That my steel'd sense or changes, right or wrong." A mistake of letters in transcription, or of sounds in the hearing, has here so confused the words as almost to deprive them of all meaning. By printing as above, we recover the good word "censure," and get rid of "sense," which is not likely to have been here, when it occurred immediately afterwards, at the end of line 10.

XI.

The Religious Spirit of the Founders of the Literature of England.

Here is an extract from Sir Edward Coke's Preface (A. D. 1550) to his "Institutes of the Laws of England":

"Before I entered into any of these parts of our Institutes I, acknowledging mine own weakness and want of judgment to undertake so great works, directed my humble suit and prayer to the Author of all goodness and wisdom, out of the Book of Wisdom. *Pater et Deus misericordia, da mihi sedum tuarum assisticem sapientiam, mitte eam de celis sanctis tuis, et a sede magnitudinis tue, ut mecum sit, et mecum laboret, ut sciam quid acceptum sit apud te.* Father and God of Mercy, give me wisdom, the assistant of thy seats; O send her out of thy holy heavens, and from the seat of thy greatness, that she may be present with me and labour with me, that I may know what is pleasing unto thee. Amen."

This harmonizes with Hooker's grand reference to abstract Law, at the beginning of his "Polity." (Bk. I., xvi. 8.)

"Of Law there can be no less acknowledged, than that her seat is the bosom of God, her voice the harmony of the world; all things in heaven and earth do her homage, the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power; both angels and men and creatures of what condition soever, though each in different sort and manner, yet all with uniform consent, admiring her as the mother of their peace and joy."

Then read what Raleigh says in his "History of the World" (*vide* "Life and Times," p. 219):

"He is rather a fool or ungrateful to God, or both, that doth not acknowledge, how mean soever his estate may be, that the same is far greater than that which God oweth him; or doth not acknowledge, how sharp soever his afflictions be, that the same are yet far less than those which are due unto him. And if a heathen wise man call the adversities of the world but *tributa vivendi*—'the tributes of living,'—a wise Christian man ought to know them and bear them but as the tributes of offending. He ought to bear them man-like, and resolvedly, and not as those whining soldiers do, *qui gementes sequuntur imperatorem*. For seeing God (who is the author of all our tragedies) hath written out for us and appointed us all the parts we are to play, and hath not in their distribution been partial to the most mighty princes of the world, * * * why should other men, who are but as the least worms, complain of wrongs?"