

but rather he will stay an heavenly purpose, ye see, earthly-hearted men, when one will begin to speak of heavenly things, have no more pleasure in them than Pilate had; begin once to speak of heavenly things to a profane man, then he cannot keep purpose with thee, but he will break off purpose, and speak of earthly things. Paul, 1 Cor. ii. 14, sets down the ground here: "The natural man," says he, "knows not the things of the Spirit of God;" yea, he will wonder what that means, when thou speakest of heaven, yea, he hath no power nor spiritual sense, for they are but foolishness to him; the most wise things of God are but foolishness to the natural man; he delights not in them, because he hath not tasted how sweet the Lord is. So Pilate interrupteth Christ; Christ answers, and he says, "Thou sayest that I am a king." In the which answer, the Lord denies not that he is a king, but he takes the mouth of Pilate to be witness that he was a king.

POETRY.

SUNDAY.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow;
The working days are the back part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies!
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities;
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden! that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday, heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

Herbert.