

Sion.

S Till more behind ? O that there were no more !
 Since they're too many that I've told before :
Masters and Servants, Kings and Subjects err
 In their *Relation* : does not each prefer
 Base, Selfish Ends to gratifie a *Lust*,
 Before what's honest, and supremely Just ?
 Ah ! how much time, among the Saints, is spent
 In fruitless, idle *Talk* ? How negligent
 In *holy Conference* ! strange to each other !
 How dull is each to quicken up his *Brother*
 In *Gospel-Duties* ! O ! how few do nourish
 That *Love* and *Zeal* which heretofore did flourish !
 A *Love* whose flaming Heat and Gen'rous Rays
 (Replete with Spirit) fam'd the former days.
 Pious Discourses may reclaim the Vile ;
 But they are hardn'd in their Sins the while
Saints do converse like them, and rather learn
 Their vicious Tricks, then teach them to discern
 The dismal Snares and Perils that do lurk
 In sinful Words, and every evil Work.
 Some are so covetous, that they would grasp
 The World in *Arm-fulls*, till their latest Gasps.
 Some full of *Envy*, others do express
 Their *Lust* on Dainties, feeding to *Excess* :
 So *Nice* and *delicate*, in choice of Meat,
 Whilst their poor Brethren scarce have bread to eat
 Mer-

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Merchants and Traders have a nimble Art
To sum their *Shop-Books*, but neglect the *Heart*;
For *that* they think there's time enough and look
But seldom to the Recknings of that Book.
How many come for *Fashion*-fake to hear?
(What one receives, goes out at t'other Ear)
How many *loyter* in their *Christian Race*,
Profusely squandering the day of Grace?
Many like drones, on others *Toyl* do live,
Though 'tis less honour to receive than give.
What *lying, cheating, couz'ning* and *deceit*
Do Traders use? O! how they over-rate
What they would sell? but if they be to buy,
They undervalue each *Commodity*.
But why should *Pride*, that vile *Abomination*,
Be found in *Saints*? must every *Apish* Fashion
Bewitch their minds, when God is so Express
In strict forbidding of so vile a Dress?

Prayer, that *Sacred Ordinance*, that holds
An intercourse with Heaven, which beholds
The Fathers Glory, and on High does mount,
Is made by many but of small account :
'Tis that that carries our Desires to God,
And comes down freighted with a blessed Load
Of sweet Returns, yet 'tis much disrespected,
And *Closet-Duty* too too much neglected.
Scriptures themselves are slighted and disus'd,
And oft, when read, perverted or abus'd :
Helping the weak is turn'd into a slighting ;
Gospel-Reproofs perverted to backbiting.

Many

Many that do of God their *Mercy* crave,
 Yet on the *Needy* little *Mercy* have;
 Allow their *Blessings* to the God of *Love*,
 Yet too too many do unthankful prove.

Some follow *Whimses* that do nearly border
 Upon *Confusion* and dispise all *Order*:
 Such on all *Sacred Institutions* trample,
 (Though fortify'd by *Precept* and *Example*)
 As if 'twere low for an exalted mind
 To be, to Gods *Declared* will confin'd;
 But can these *Men of Rapture* make pretence
 That they have more *Divine Intelligence*
 Then all th' *Illustrious Saints* as *Prophets, Priests,*
Apostles, Martyrs and *Evangelists*,
 That were the *Scribes* and *Messengers of Heaven*,
 And strictly practic'd all the *Duties* given
 Unto the *Church*, which are without repeal?
 But if they're *disanul'd* who did reveal
 Their *Abrogation* to these bold *Pretenders*?
 Gods *Laws* are sound, and need no *Cobling-menders*.

But oh! that *Dismal Evil* that's behind
 Disturbs my *Reason*, and distracts my *Mind*!
 It is *DIVISION*! That unhappy word
 Has done more *Mischeif* than a *Popish Sword*
 Could ever do, if that a *sweet Communion*
 (At least of *Love*) did but compleat our *Union*.
 VVhy should *Licentious Heat*, my *Children* hurry
 To those *Extreams*? must they each other worry
 For *trivial things*? do they not all agree
 In *Fundamentals of Divinity*?

Is there no *Room* for *Love*? or must that *grace*
Among my *Children*, have no proper place?
Why must one *Saint* be angry with his *Brother*
If not so tall as he? or with another,
Because his *Face* is not so white as his?
Or that his *Habit* not so gamay is?
Alas! no *Folly* can be more absurd,
Nor more exploded in Gods *Holy Word*.
All should to *Gospel-Purity* adhere;
But to calumniate, villifie and jeer
All such as are not of their very pitch,
Is *Anti-Gospel*, and a practice which
The Lord abhors: If *Causes* of dissent
Evert not *Truth*, and shake the *Fundament*
Of *True Religion*, why such angry bawling?
Such *Odious Nick-names*? and such vile miscalling?
Who dares intrude into the *Judgment-Seat*
Of God Almighty? who is only Great,
And only *Judgment* gives; to him belongs
To pass the *Sentence*, and to punish wrongs.
Why cannot *Christians* with each other bear?
Among *Apostles* some dissentions were;
But did they therefore persecute each other?
These *Mortal Conflicts*, Brother against Brother,
Destroys our safety for they set a Gap
Open for *Rome*, that would us all intrap
In *Fatal Snares*: their *Maxim* is, we know,
Divide and Rule; Distract and Overthrow.
Their *Crafty Agents* do creep in among
Our heedless *Parties*, and divide the *Throng*,
That

That with more Ease they may us all *devour*.
 Destroy our *Nation*, and subvert our *power*
 Why therefore do not *Protestants* agree
 As *One*, against the *Common Enemy*?
 Who waits with bloody hand t'*involve 'em all*,
 In one *Destruction Epidemical*.

Sion's Children.

A *H Mother ! who can remedy your grief?*
For this Disease admits of no relief.

Sion.

O *F no relief? O then my Heart must break!*
 Unless my *Sons*, their *Mothers* *Counceltake*;
 Which will those fatal *flaming heats* allay,
 Obstruct their *Growth*, and take 'em clear away.
 O can a *Mothers Tears* and woful *Crys*
 Be dis-regarded in her *Childrens Eyes*?
 Can *English Protestants*, who do profess
 To serve one *God in Truth and Holiness*,
 Slight all my *Wishes*, and *Requests* despise?
 O! Harken to my *Counsel*, and be *Wise*.
 Let *Wrathful Pride*, and foolish *Self-conceit*
 Let *Quibbles* and *Sophistical deceit*,
 Be quite exploded : let a cool *Debate*
 All *Fundamentals* of *Religion* state :

In such you all will certainly agree :
(O happy *Model* of sweet *Unity* !)
Let none that to those *Principles* do stick,
Be branded with the name of *Heretick* ;
It glads my heart to hear 'em call each other
By that sweet *Title* of a *Christian Brother*.

Next if you would not *Charity* explode,
Abuse the *guiltless*, and affront your God,
Judge not your *Brethren* at a distance, neither
Give *ease* *Credit* to the *Tales* of either
Hot-headed *Scriblers*, or *licentious* *tongues*,
That often load the *innocent* with *Wrongs* :
So *Hellish* *Monks* did serve *Waldensian* *Saints*
With *horrid* *clamour*, and *unjust* *complaints*.
So *Popish* *Impudence* spews out its *Gall*
To make us *odious*, and bespatter all
The *Reformation* ; sure that *cause* is *bad*
Whose chief support from *Railing* must be had.
If giddy *rumour*, or uncertain *fame*
Should raise a *Slander* on your *Brother's* *Name* ;
Repair to him, and in *Converse* you'll see
Whether he *guilty* or not *guilty* be :
If he be *faulty*, tell him of his *sin* ;
Be *mild* and *secret*, and you may him win.
Admonish gently, let your *whole* *discourse*
Be full of *savour*, *love* and *Scripture* *force*.
This is the *way* to bring him to a *sence*,
And Gods *prescribed* *Method* to *convince* ;
But if you fail, then leave him to his God,
Who can reform, or punish with a *Rod*.

Your *Work* is done, you have *discharg'd* the part
Of *Friend*, of *Brother*, of a *Christian heart*.

Before *Belief* examine what is vented,
Good Men by *Malice* may be represented
In *Monstrous Shapes*: Some that to God are dear,
Hatred will paint like a *mishapen Bear*;
Believe not therefore *distant Imputation*,
No Censure's Just, before *Examination*.

In all *Debates* be sure to lay aside
All prejudice, and let the *Scriptures* guide
Your *calm*, *sedate Disputes*, let *Truth* be scann'd
With cool *Resolves*: O! let that great *Command*
Of *Love* take place! for that should *moderate*
All *Eager Sallies* in a *warm Debate*.

Who loses *Error*, truly gains the *Field*;
And he is *Victor*, that to *Truth* does yield.
Where e're you find it, though in *mean array*,
Subscribe, and win the *Glory of the Day*.

O! what's the *World*, but *Shackles* to the *Mind*?
What's *Reputation*, but a *fleeting Wind*?

Why should those *Bawbles* which the *Lord* abhors,
Become the *Sacred Truths* Competitors?

Away with all such *Rubs*, let *Truth* take place!
And then the *Springs of Everlasting Grace*
Will drop down *Blessings*, *Unity*, *Increase*,
Among my *Children*, as the *fruits of Peace*.

Sions's Children.

O Ur Common Danger, and the Real Sence
(Which we have got by dear Experience)
Of those Advantages our cruel Foe
Gets by our Factions, will unite us so,
As that our Enemies shall ne'er prevail
To break our League, or make our Courage fail :
But tell, Dear Mother, has some new affright
So dis-compos'd you, that you fear our Light
Is near Extinction ? tell your Sons, we pray,
What are the Symptoms of th' expiring Day.
Why do you judge, that England's Day of Grace
Draws to an Evening, and declines apace ?
Shew some Prognosticks of that dismal Night,
That threatens to succeed our Gospel-Light.

Sion.

VVhen Sol once touches our Meridian Line,
It straight descends, does by degrees
decline ;
Its heat grows less, its dis-appearing Light
Yield to the Sable of approaching Night :
Just so the Gospel in its Altitude,
Once shot such Beams, that in this Isle ensu'd
So great Conversion, that those former Days
Did feel its blest and universal Rays.

A general *Heat* did warm this *Happy Nation*,
 From its benign and pow'rful *Operation*,
 But now it falls ! and from our *Horizon*
 Its vigorous *influence* is almost gone.
 Thousands of *Sermons* lately have been preach't,
 But very few (if any) sinners reach't.
 How ineffectual is the quick'ning word !
 It shines, but warms not ; its but like a *Sword*
 That's fair to fight, but has no *Edge* at all ;
 Few prick'd at *heart* ! and scarce do any fall
 At *Jesus* feet ! or have a sence of *Sin*,
 Confessing how *rebellious* they have bin !
 It is a dismal and apparent *Sign*
 That *Night* comes on, when *Phæbus* does decline,
 When *Heat* and *Fervour* fail, our *Hemisphere*
 Will quickly see its glory disappear.
 The *Ev'ning* of the *Nat'ral Day* is come,
 When *Harvest-Work-men* are repairing home :
 So when quick *Summons* of *Omnipotence*,
 Removes the *Dressers* of his *Vineyard* hence,
 We may conclude the *Gospel-Morning* past,
 Because *Gods Servants* disappear so fast.
 Can I, when *Gap-defenders* fall asleep,
 But like old *Isr'el*, for my *Prophets* weep ?
 How can the naked and unguarded *Flock*,
 Sustain the *Brunt* of an invading *Shock* ?
 When of its *Shepherds* it is thus bereft,
 When scarce a *Moses*, or a *Joshua*'s left,
 How many active *Guides*, most dearly lov'd
 By Me, have been in little time remov'd ;

Scarce

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Scarce can I dry mine Eies for loss of one,
But news arrive of many others gone :
If that my Head were Waters, and each Eie
A Well of Tears, I could distil 'em dry.
Bright Lamps extinguish't ! and no other Lights
Appear to chase the horreur of our Nights !
Shook by concussions of my Foes I stand,
Whilst few are rais'd to hold my trembling hand !
If thus my *Horsemen* and *Commanders* dye,
What will become of the poor *Infantry* ?
Who can support the burden of the *Day*,
When such brave *Hero's* daily drop away ?
Is Summer past, or is the Harvest done ?
That such *presages* of a *Storm* come on !
Sure God (as *Monarchs* do) intendeth *Wars*,
When he recalls his choice *Embassadors*.
Ah too licentious *World* ! come look about,
Before the Lord, the *blondy Flag* puts out :
When God from *Sodom* righteous *Lot* did call,
Sulphureous Flashes did consume them all.

Another ground of my prevailing fear
That *England's* black *Catastrophe* is near,
Is that, as in the *Closure* of the *Day*,
The *Evening Wolves* do range abroad to *Prey* :
So *Romish Beasts* in monstrous *Swarms* do peep
From their *black Caverns* to destroy my *Sheep* :
Such hate the *tell-tale-light*, and therefore hide
Themselves in *Dens*, until the *Ev'ning tide*.
Their *curst products*, are resolves of *Night*,
Like silent *Currs*, that in the *dark* do bite.

Another Symptom of the days declension,
 Is when the *Shadows* do increase *dimension* :
 So when I look about, I plainly see
 Our *Ev'ning Shadows* very long to be.
 In *Humane Bodys* when the Head grows *Hoary*,
 It notes *decay of Vigor, Strength, and Glory*.
Gray hairs are thick upon our *Ephraim's Head*,
 His *Strength* decays, his *Face* is withered.
 When *joynts* grow *palsy'd*, & the *Blood's congeal'd*
 Into a *Jelly*, can the Man be heal'd ?
 When *limbs* grow *stiff*, and *feeble Age* does plow
 Its *wrinkled furrows* on the *Patients brow* ;
 When *heat* gives place to a *benumbing cold*,
 When *doting Fancy* cares not to be told
 Of its *approaches* to a certain *Grave* ;
 When it rejects the *Physick* that would save,
 The *Case* is *desperate*, for the *Patient's* just
 Upon the *Point* to be *intomb'd* in *Dust* :
 Ev'n so (*Alas !*) this *Gasping Nation* lies
 Under the *pressure* of *sad Maladies* !
 'Tis *sick*, at heart, yet seems *averse* to take
 That *sacred Physick*, whose *Ingredients* make
Diseases vanish, and would ward the *Blow*
 Which will, (I fear) produce its *overthrow*.
 Ah ! must our *Glory* (like a *brittle Glass*
 Reduc'd to *Fractions*) into *Atomes* pass !
 So Rude a *Chaos* ! an *uniform'd confusion* ?
 Threatning the whole with utter *dissolution*.

Once *Happy Isle*, I grieve at thy condition ;
 Where's thy *Repentance* ? where is thy *Contrition* ?

Thou

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Thou hast been counted our *Emanuel's Land*,
The *Gospel* seems on *Tip-toe* now to stand,
To bid thee *farewel* : Must thy Sun so soon
Be sett ! before it did approach to *Noon* !
Must that *Illustrious Morning-light* be gone,
That spread its Beams through all our *Horizon*?
Must wretched *Malice*, and prodigious *Lust*,
Must bare-fac'd *Pride*, and impudent *Distrust*,
Rob thee of this inestimable *Jewel* ?
How canst thou be so pitteless, so cruel
Unto thy self? *Sin* is the *flaming dart*
That cuts thy Veins, and wounds thy very heart.

Can *Sion* chuse but send out *mournful Crys* ?
And weep thy *Downfal* in sad *Elegies* ?
Within thy Bounds my *Tabernacles* were
Built up, and I did long inhabit here.
Thy *Gospel-Glory*, and *Renown's* gone forth
Into all Parts and Corners of the Earth.
Thou mayst be justly stil'd the *place of Vision* ?
(Though made by Foes an *Object of Derision*)
The Joy of Saints, the *Protestant's Delight*,
The *Mark* and *Butt* of *Antichristian* spite.
But if the Crown be ravisht from thy *Head*,
And *Romish* Clouds thy Lustre overspread ;
What heart so *bravny*, but thy *doleful Cry*
Must move to pity ? what relentless Eye,
Can see thy fall, and not dissolve to drops ?
O fleeting *Joy*s ! O dis-appearing hopes !
O hastning horror ! O invading fears !
Had I a Sea of never empty'd tears,

My boundless, helpless grief wide open sets
The Sluces for its streaming Rivulets.

The very Air, drest in Prodigious Forms,
Must groan in Thunder, and must weep in Storms.
Nature of strong Convulsions sickned is,
To see this horrid *Metamorphosis* !

Where *Gospel* Pastors did some Millions feed,
Must blind and sottish *ignorance* succeed ?
Must all their Throats be cut that won't adore
The hateful *Carcafs* of a *Rotten Whore* ?

Must all that execrate *Rome's Superstition*,
Be Murder'd by a *bloody Inquisition* ?

Must such as won't to *Idols* bow, be broke ?

Must flaming *Smithfield*, belch out *Fire* and *Smoke*
Of Martyr'd *Saints* ? must all that will not turn
(With *Bibles* and good *Books*) together burn ?

Must *Monkish* *Torys*, meer *Incarnate Devils*,
Possess our *Land*, and pester it with *Evils*,
Of such an odious and abhorrid *Grain*,
That but to name 'em is a *lasting Stain* ?

Must our Renowned Ministers give place
To *Romish* *Block-heads* ? O! the vile disgrace
Of such a *Change* ! Must an *adult'rous Priest*

Belch out his *Mass*, where they have preached
Must that *absurd* and *irreligious Tribe* (*Christ* ?
Who fetter *Conscience*, and regard a *Bribe*

Beyond their Souls, be Leaders to our *Flocks* ?

Must *poultry Non-sence*, and those *Apish Mocks*,
Mis-call'd *Devotion*, fill the *House of Prayer* ?

Must *Pestilence* infect our purer *Air* ?

Must

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Must *Sodom* be translated to our *Isle*,
And filthy *Priests* our chastity defile?
Must *Satans* *Factors* in a humane shape,
On modest *Virgins* perpetrate a *Rape*?
Must all our painfull *Ministers* be driven
To fiery *Stakes*, if they renounce not *Heaven*?
Must our dear *Infants* lose their harmless lives
In flaming *Faggots*, or with *Popish* *Knives*?
Must *guiltless* blood through all our *Streets* rebound
A mournful *Echo*? must the horrid Sound
Of *Axes*, *Whips*, and dreadful *Scourges* tear
Our aking hearts, and pierce the yielding *Air*!
All this will be, if *Rome* can but prevail!
Amazement stops my *Speech*! my *Spirits* fail!
I only can in *Interjections* cry,
I sink in *Trances*! O! I dy, I dy!

Sion's Children.

AH! how can we with any *Patience* bear
This sad *Complaint*? Can any *Children* bear
Their Mother deludg'd in a Sea of *Grief*,
And not step in to give her some relief!
Chear up *Illustrious* Spouse, and be not cast
Into despair, by this approaching blast:
Christ is our *Captain*, then we may be bold.
In all our storms, he is our *Anchor-hold*.
But what's this *Beast*, of whom thou dost complain?
Whence came he first? and of what date's his *Reign*?

Give

Sion in Distress : Or,

Give us his Marks, that we may surely know him,
 Repel his Pride, and quickly overthrow him
 With Universal and United Force,
 Our Armed Legions shall impede his Course.
 If God Commands (who do's the Scepter wield)
 Wee'll fight his Battles, and dispute his Field.
 In Martial Syllogisms our Arms shall speak :
 Wee'll storm his Wall, and make his Pillars quake,
 A raging Anger in our Bosom burns,
 Patience provok't too much, to Fury turns,

Sion.

THis Beast above (a) twelve hundred years
 has bin
 My Mortal Foe, he's call'd (b) The Man of Sin,

(a) The most diligent and industrious Searchers into
 the Epocha, or Beginning of Antichrist, as the learn-
 ed Mede, Alstedius, Mr. T.L. in his Book intituled
 A Voice out of the Wilderness, Mr. Brightman,
 Tillinghast, with several other Eminent Men, seem
 harmoniously to agree that the Beast began his forty
 two Months or one thousand two hundred and sixty
 (Prophetical) Days or Years, between the years 365.
 and 455. and therefore must consequently end in a
 short time. See Mr. Mede, page 600, & 601. To
 confirm which, the witness of the best Chronologers,
 Historian, and Antiquaries, concur ; as also the po-
 sture

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sture of the Worlds Affairs, the unusual working of things, and the awakening Providences of God; which makes us hope, as Mr. Withers affirms, That that glorious Revolution will be in this present Age. And though famous Du Moulin, and some Others, speak not of the Popes claiming the Title of Universal Bishop, till about the year 604. 606. when the Traytor Phocas by the help of Boniface the 3d. murdered the Emperour Mauritius, (in requital of which, the Usurper Phocas gave the said Boniface that blasphemous Title, and decreed that the Roman Church should be head of all Churches ; Which Platina a Papist, and a Writer of the Popes Lives, agree to ; as Beda, de 6 Ætat. Mundi, Paul. Diacon. reg. Rom. 18. Histor. Longob. lib 4. 11. Anast. Bibl. Vit. Bon. 3. Ado. Ætat. 6. Reg. Chron. I. Aimon. de. gest. Franc. lib. 4. c. 4.) Yet the same Du Moulin seems positively to affirm, that the Persecution of the Church under the Pope, shall have an end in (or about) the Year, 1689. See his Book entituled, The Accomplishment of the Prophecies, Pag. 4. 12. This Term once expired (saith he) the Truth that was oppressed shall lift up her head afresh, and the Witnesses shall be seen to stand up again, who shall astonish the Church of Rome, &c.

(b) 2 Thes. 2. 3. Man of Sin. ὁ ἀνθρώπος τῆς ἀπειρίας is an Hebraism, and imports a person given up to Impiety and Wickedness, as Pro. 24. 5. אִישׁ רֵעֵת vir scientiæ, a Man of knowledge, that is, very knowing, 2 Sam. 16. 8. אִישׁ דָּרָמִים vir sanguinum,

A Man of Bloud, *that is, one arrived at a non ultra of impiety,*

This *Intruder* of blind Superstition,
is stil'd in *Holy Writ*, (c) *Son of Perdition*.
From *Hells Abyss*, at first he did proceed,
As in the *Revelations* (d) you may read :
'Tis he whom *Daniel* calls (e) *the little Horn*,
By whom three more up by the *Roots* were torn.

(c) ὁ υἱὸς τῆς ἀπολείας, *Son of Perdition*, is also an *Hebraism*, and denotes, *One designed for destruction*, as a *hopeless and graceless wretch*. *Chrysoft.* on 2 *Thess. Hom* 3. tell us, he is called so because he shall be destroyed. *Piscator* and *Erasmus* think it may be expounded, *one desperate, and past all hope of Honesty*--- the perfect Copy of his Original *Judas*, who is called the *Son of Perdition*, *John. 17. 1*, for he seemed an *Angel*, yet was a *Devil*---he was no *Heathen*, quitted *Judaism*, followed *Christ*, was an *Apostle*, seemed to pity the poor, pretended great affection to his *Master*, yet betrays him with a *Kiss*, lov'd the *Bag*, hatcht a *Villany* able to rend the *Rocks*, and make the *Earth* quake---In which let all *impartial men* consider whether the *Romish Antichrist* does not exactly parallel him,

(d) *Rev. 11. 7.* The Beast that ascendeth out of that Bottomless Pit, &c.

(e) *Du Moulin*, p. 379. amply demonstrates that the portion of the *Roman Empire*, which the *Pope* bath

hath under him, hath such proportion in respect of the whole Extent of the Roman Empire, as there is of 3 to 10, that is little less than the third Part, agreeable to Dan. 7. 8.

The Marks of the Beast.

First Mark.

THe Spirit aptly does Characterize
This Mushrooms growth (f) declares he shall
Not till a day of great Apostacy. (arise
Corrupts true Faith and Gospel Purity :
Just so it happned at that very time,
When Romes proud Prelate did attempt to climb
To that Prodigious Grandeur, which devours
Both Regal, Princely, and Imperial Powers.
That such a Fall as then Predicted was,
Did e're his rising, truly come to pass,
Some Learned Writers of their own confess,
With detestation of their wickedness.

(f) This is one way whereby we may know who the Man of Sin is, viz. He shall not be revealed until there come a falling away first, as Thess. 2. 3. The Revelation of Antichrist was then to be, when there should appear some eminent Defection in the Church. Now Antiquity clearly makes out when that Apostacy was ; it began very early : It is affirmed by
some

some, The Church did not continue a pure Virgin, nor retained her Primitive Purity, longer then one hundred years. But however, all approved Historians agree, that about the beginning of the Fourth Century, the Apostacy of which the Apostle speaketh, was visible, and fully manifested: Joan. Wolfius out of Jerom, saith, That about the year 390. the Law perished from the Priest, and the Vision from the Prophet; Avarice and Corruption crept into the Church; they condemned Meats and Marriage, and yet gavethemselves up to luxurious Banquets and Uncleannesse. In the year 326. it was endeavoured in the Council of Nice, to cause Bishops and Elders to refrain from their Wives. See Alsted in Chronologia testium Veritatis. Also the said Wolfius alledgeth a Saying out of Augustine, applying it to the year 399. who speaketh thus: That Religion about that time was corrupted with Traditions and Humane Rites; that the condition of the Jews under the Law, was easier then that of Christians under the Gospel. Dionysius in an Epistle hinteth that they were burdened with Ceremonies and Traditions that were obtruded and laid upon Christians; and that the Sacraments both of Baptism and the Lords Supper, suffered great mutation, and was grievously corrupted. Also we find Chrysostum declaiming against the Bishop of Rome, concerning Purgatory; which thing is applied to the Year 410. or thereabouts. Besides we find mention made of worshipping of Images, which

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which is reprehended by one Amphilocus Bishop of Iconium, as also by Epiphanius, whom we find speaking thus: Whence is this Image Worship, and Design of the Devil? And a little after he saith, Be mindful, my beloved Children, that ye bring not Images into the Church, but bear about God in your hearts.

The Second Mark.

Vhen Romes great Empire to its Period came,

The Papal Hierarchy (b) usurpt the same,
By hellish Craft he makes that Seat his own,
And forms Regalia's to a Tripple Crown.
This Man of Sin in * Gospel-Times we know
Was but a hatching, and in Embrio;
And e'er he could come to maturity,
The † Roman Empire must dissolved be;
Upon whose Ruines he hath built his Nest,
And rais'd his Rampant Domineering Crest.

(h) The second thing that was to precede the coming of Antichrist, was the taking away of the Sixth Head, viz. The Heathen Empire which in the Apostles time * did let or hinder his Rise; He that now letteth will let, until he be taken out of the way, and then shall that wicked one be revealed, &c. The Empire (saith du Moulin) which did bear rule, must
be

be abolished, and out of the Ruins thereof the Son of Perdition is made manifest, and exalts himself: the Emperors hindred him, but the Empire being decayed in the *West*, and diminished in the *East* by the *Saracens*, the *Pope* found means to seiz upon the chief City of the Empire, together with great part of *Italy*, and to devour the Neighbouring Churches and Realms at his pleasure. Du Moulin, ubi supra, p. 119. That this was the general Opinion of Antiquity, may be seen in Tertullian, lib. de Resurrect. cap. 34. Chrysost, 4 Sermon on 2 *Thes*. The Greek Scholiast. in loc. August. de civitat. Dei lib. 20. cap. 19. Iren. 11. quest. to Algasia, Lipsius, &c. He that would see more particularly how the Bishop of Rome hath made his Market by the ruine of the Empire, let him read Signonius his History of the Kingdom of Italy: In the beginning of his third Book he shews how Pope Gregory the Second, because the Emperor opposed his setting up of Images in the Church, forbade the People to pay Tribute to him, and not so much as once to name him in their Publick Service, Du Moulin, p. 157. This then being out of Question, to wit, That the Roman Empire whereof St. Paul speaks, is already ruined, and that the Bishop of Rome thereupon rose to that height of Pride and Blasphemy, it must needs follow that the Son of Perdition is revealed, and that this is he.

The Third Mark.

AT first from mean Estate (1) this Beast arose,
Came from the Earth, and did at length ope
The former Beast, the Roman Empire; he (pose
By help of Lombards chae'd from Italy,
Usurpt his Seat, appropriates his Power,
And doth the Saints (as bad as he) devour.
Popes Tragicks are the second part of his,
As if that Soul by Metempsychosis (2)
Surviv'd and were Translated into this
Now let all judge if Antichrist be come,
That sees these Marks upon the Beast of Rome.

(1) This Beast (saith Du Moulin) rose from a
small beginning and mean Estate, signified by a
Little Horn in Daniels Prophecy, and in the Re-
velations of St. John by his rising out of the Earth,
according as the Latines call such as get up from
a little, *Terra Filios*, as Mushromes or Toad-stools,
pag. 259. Now who is there but knows how mean
and poor the Bishops of Rome were, before they came
to be Earthly Monarchs? then when they had not one
foot of ground, that the Emperour caused them to be
whipt, imprisoned, banished, &c. but by degrees to
what a mighty height did he rise? He exercised the
Power of the First Beast by little and little, he took
the Empire upon him, (2) sat down in his very Seat,

assumed his Habit and Shoes of Scarlet, and counterfeited the actions and rights of the Roman Empire: casting off his Crozier-Staff, he takes to himself a Crown, and is cloth'd in Scarlet, which was proper to the Emperor: the Emperor had a Senate clad in Scarlet, and he hath a Senate of Cardinals clad in Cloth of the same colour, and in many other things he seem'd to represent the First Beast.

The Fourth Mark.

(1.) **H**E doth exalt himself above all those Call'd Gods on earth, does by his (2) Bulls All Regal Edicts, that receive not their Oppose Obliging Sanction from his Papal Chair. He like a Peerless Potentate does now (bow) Make Sov'raign Thrones, and Crowned Monarchs

(1.) This is notorious to the World, though the brevity of Notes admit not room for many Examples. (2.) Pius the Fifth, sent a Bull to depose Qu. Elizabeth. See Jewel's View of Sedition, and Camden's Eliz. 1570. Tom. 1. Gregory the 13. labour'd fiercely to remove her. Ibid. Anno 1578. Tom. 1. Sixtus 5. gave her Kingdom to the King of Spain, Anno 1588. ibid. Clement 8. Strictly commands that none should inherit the English Crown, how good forever his Title be, unless they be firm and resolved Papists, his words are thus: Nisi ejusmodi esset, qui

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qui fidem Catholicam non modo toleraret, sed
omni ope & studio promoveret, & more majorum
jurejurando se id præstiturum susceperet.
Camb. Ann. 1600. Tom. alter.

(3.) Some hold his *Stirrup*, (4) some are made to
Three *Frosty Nights* bare-footed at his Gate.
(5.) Imperial Heads lye prostrate at his Beck,
And to his trampling feet submit their Neck.

(3.) Pope Adrian 4. made the Emperour Frederick
1. to hold his *Stirrup*, and chid him for holding the
wrong one, Balæus in Act. Rom. Pont. in vit.
Adrian 4.

(4.) Gregory 7. made the Emperour Henry 4. his
Empress and Child, to wait 3 days and 3 nights, in
a Frosty Season, bare-footed and bare-legged, be-
fore his Gates, before they could get Audience. Id.
in vit. Gregor. 7.

(5.) Alexander 3. Made the Emperour fall upon
the ground, in the Temple of St. Mark at Venice,
the whole People being present, and puts his Foot up-
on his Neck, uttering the Psalmists words, Psal.
91. 13. Thou shalt tread upon the Lion and the
Adder, the young Lion and Dragon shalt thou
trample under feet, Id. in vit. Alex. 3. See 40
Examples of this in the Learned Dr. White's Way
of the Church, p. 18, 19, 20, 21.

The Fifth Mark.

A Nother *Mark*, He in Gods Temple sits, Boasting himself a God, and counterfeits True Holiness; when he assum'd the Throne, There was a Temple (*) of the Holy One In *Rome*, and did continue so, till they Displaced Christ, (†) and flung his Truth away.

'Tis expressly laid down by the Apostle, as an undoubted Mark of the Man of Sin, viz. That he should sit in the Temple of God. Chrysost. is very express, Hom. 3. 2. Thes. 8. τὸν ἐν Ἱερουσαλὺμοις ἀλλὰ ὧς ἐκκλησίας, that is, not in Jerusalem but in the Church, so Oecumenus, de Rom. lib. 3. cap. 13. and Theoph. Theodor. Ambros. Primus Anselm. Severian: apud ipsum. Besides it was to be in a City with 7 Hills, and where 7 Kings or Supream Magistrates were or had been, which agrees to no City but Rome, as is demonstrated by Peter du Moulin and others; if it be objected, that the Church of Rome at that time of Antichrists Rise, could not be the Temple of God, because upon the Great Apostacy that denomination ceases: it is answer'd, It might be called the Church and Temple of God then, though the Presence of God and the true Religion and Power of Godliness was gone, it might retain the Name; as Royal Palaces keep their

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their names when ruined; 'tis said, *Isa. i. 21. How is the Faithful City become an Harlot?* Could she be a faithful City and a Harlot too? The meaning is, she was so, but now thus; so *Matth. ii. 5. Mark 7. ult.* 'tis said, *The blind see, the deaf hear, the dumb speak, and the lame walk, &c.* that is, they were so, but now otherwise; a Woman keeps her Husbands Name though divorced for Whoredom; so *Rome (*)* was Gods Temple and Christs Church; but when she espoused another Head, and cast off her first Husband (+) and the true Faith, she became an *Harlot* and *Synagogue of Satan*, though bearing still the name of *Church* and *Christian* also. See an excellent Treatise, Intituled, *The Man of Sin*, Printed 1677. p. 40. &c.

The Sixth Mark.

THis is the Beast upon whose Back the great Inticing *Strumpet* rides in Pompous State (*) By him she was supported all along, By his Imposture he was rendred strong.

(*) So he carried me away in the Spirit into the Wilderness, and I saw a Woman set upon a Scarlet colour'd *Beast*, full of Names of Blasphemy, having seven Heads and ten Horns, *Rev. 17. 4.* I will shew the Mystery of the Woman, and the Beast that carrys her, vers. 7.

This *Mark* that (+) *Notion* throws quite out of
That says the *Beast* shall not arise before (Door,
The *Desolation* of the *Scarlet Whore*.

(+) It hath been a received Opinion of some *Christians* of late times, that the *Beast* who is the *Antichrist* or *Man of Sin*, shall not arise till the *Where* is destroyed, and that when he comes he shall only Reign 3 Years and a half. Which *Notion* may seem strange to all considerate men; because that *Beast* who is of the 7th and 8th. all confess is the *Man of Sin*: and how evident is it that this very *Beast* bears up, and carrys the *Whore* from first to last? Besides, Consider 'tis said, the 10 Horns of this very *Beast's* shall hate the *Whore*, and make her *Desolate*, how could the *Horns* hate or hurt her, if the *Beast* rise not till she is destroyed? Can there be *Horns* and no *Beast*? And besides, should this *Notion* be received, it might seem strange that the *Holy Spirit* passeth by in silence, and takes no notice of this horrid Monster, or Succession of *Popes*, that have continued so long, having all the *Marks* and *Characters* so clearly upon him of *Antichrist*. If any should say, He doth not deny *Christ* come in the *Flesh*. I answer, In a *Mystery* he doth, and particularly, in his ordaining of *Sacrifices*, as it was under the *Law*, which all ceased when the *Antitype* came, and by assuming the place of *Christs* Supremacy and Government:

The Seventh Mark.

THE Holy Spirit most expressly saith,
In later times some shall Renounce the Faith,
That by the Spirit of Seduction led,
Doctrine of Devils through the Earth shall spread,
That belch out Falshood in Hypocrisie,
And many Thousands do deceive thereby;
Forbidding Marriage, () and the use of Meat,*
Which God ordain'd for every man to eat.

(*) *This is an undeniable Mark of the Son of Perdition, viz. That he shall forbid Marriages, and command to abstain from Meats; and who it is that commands to abstain from Meats, and who it is that suffers not his Clergy to Marry, and forbids the eating of Flesh on some certain Days and Seasons of the Year, is known to all. The Council of Chalcedon saith (Canon. Cap. 16.) Ut nec Deo dicata Virgo, nec Monachus nubere; That no Nun or Monk shall Marry. Bellarmine in his 34. Cap. of the Book of Monks, styles the Marriage of Clerks and Monks by the name of Sacriledge; and affirms, That they sin less which commit Fornication after they have once taken a Vow, then they do which Marry; nay, and in the 19 Cap. of the First Book of Clerks; he saith, That the Marriage of Suints is not without some Sin, Pollution and Uncleaness. The 6*

General Council assembled at Trullo, to make Canons, tell us plainly in the 13 Canon, that in the Church of Rome, whosoever will be a Deacon or Priest, must first protest that he will never any more after that have to do with his Wife, &c.-- If a Man be found to have broke the Ordinance of the Church, by eating Flesh in Lent, especially in the Week which they call the Holy Week, the Priest, saith my Author, hath no power to absolve him, &c. This Doctrine of the Pope, as 'tis a Mark of Antichrist, so 'tis expressly called, the Doctrine of Devils.

The Eighth Mark.

HE's not content to be Supream below,
And make all *Scepters* to his *Crozier* bow;
But th' Impious Wretch is grown so bold that
He dares affront the *Majesty of Heaven*. (even
What God Commands, this Imp of *Hell* controuls,
Condemns the fav'd, and saves condemned Souls:
Himself he places in *Jehova's* (a) *Throne*,
As Chief of all, as Second unto none.

(.) He shall oppose and exalt himself above all that is called God, or that is worshipped, shewing himself that he is God, 2 *Thess.* 2. He shall speak great things against the most High, *Dan.* 6. 25. That the Pope is guilty of opposition to, and exaltation of himself above the Majesty of God, is made appear by divers worthy Writers; the very Life and Soul of Popery seems

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seems to run in this vein. The Lord Jesus (saith one) is made a very Lacquey to the Pope, he changes Times and Laws at his pleasure. God says, Thou shalt make to thy self no Graven Image, &c. The Pope takes away that Commandment, and declares, 'tis lawful to worship Images. The Lord bids us Search the Scriptures; the Pope opposeth this, and forbids the reading of them, nay burns to death those that do read them; and to prevent it, locks them up in an Unknown Tongue. God pardons Sins upon Repentance, the Pope without, for a Sum of Money. The Pope can invest a sorry Priest with power by uttering a few words to make a God, to turn Bread into the Real Body of Christ, and have power over him to do with him what he pleases when he hath done, and he can't deliver himself out of his hands.

A brace of Keys he carries in his hand,
To shut and open at his own Command.
He curses and absolves, he binds, releases,
Puts down, advances whomsoe're he pleases.
This is th' Apocaliptick Beast, that claims
Sublimest Titles, and Blasphemous Names,
With Matchless Pride, and Peerless Impudence,
He does for Money with Gods Laws dispence
To fill his Purse (O shameless Avarice!)
All sorts of Sins he values at a price (b)

(b) What Sin is it but the Pope takes upon him to pardon for Money; besides he makes the detestable Sins of Treason and Murder, and if it be done in Zeal, and by his Authority, for the Promotion of the Pretended Holy Church, meritorious, Canonizing black and brutish Sinners for Saints, in his Kalender; he exalts himself above the Word of God, he usurps Gods Seat, by giving what Interpretation to Gods Law he pleases, which he makes of equal Authority with it.

The Ninth Mark.

FAlse Miracles and Lying Wonders too
 This grand Deceiver does pretend to do (a)
 He fain would make th' abused World believe,
 That he with ease can make a Dead Man live.
 They do such things, their *Sottish Legend* saith,
 As far exceeds all Truth or Humane Faith;
 Their Nature, Number, Circumstances all,
 Done by Atchievements Diabolical;
 Their Senseless Fables; arrant Fopperys,
 Are meer Impostures and apparent Lyes.
 This is an Engine which the Graceless Wretch
 Does spread abroad the Sons of Men to catch:
 And God lets such those horrid lies believe,
 Who Gospel-Truths would not in love receive,
 That they might perish and be Damnd thereby,
 The just desert of such Iniquity!

(a) Even him whose coming is after the working of Satan with all Power, and Signs, and lying Wonders, 2 Thes. 2. 9. Bellarmin (de not. Eccl. l. 4. cap. 14.) maketh Miracles one infallible Sign of the True Church; and certain I am, the false and lying Wonders of the Roman Church, clearly sheweth the Pope to be the Antichrist or Son of Perdition. I have not room here to enumerate many of them, only take one or two, by which you may judge of the rest. One Becanus's Head being off, Sr. Itas Prayers made it come posting through the Air, stand by the Body, and she joyned them fast again, so that in one Hours space the Man became as lively as ever he had been in all his Life.

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St. Anthony's Arm, that precious Relick at Geneva, was kiss'd and worship'd with great Devotion, whilst Popery kept its ground; but when the Gospel came, and the Relick was produced, 'twas found the Pistle of a Stag. Calv. de reliq. prop initium. Possibly you may have heard of the Wonders that Relick had done; and of St. Decumanus, who carried his own Head after it was cut off, to a Spring, and there washed off the Blood from it. A Country Curate, saith Erasmus, getting Crabs, and fastning Candles to their Backs, set them crawling up and down the Church-Yard at Night, and in the Morning, after he had taken them in again, perswaded the People that they were poor distressed Souls in Purgatory, you must think such that wanted Masses and Almes, saith my Author; ye know the Proverb, No Penny, No Pater Noster: A fir Miracle to pick the Peoples Pockets. Lib. 22. 70. Epist. p. 1529. in Epist. Edit. Basil. A Maid coming into a Garden, and taking a Lettice to eat it, crusht the Devil between her Teeth in the Lettice; and this poor Devil, saith Du Moulin, whom she belike swallowed down together with the Lettice, being commanded to go out, and checkt by Equitius, excuseth himself, saying, Alas! what hurt did I? I was sitting quietly upon the Lettice, and she came and bit me, the fault was in her for not making the Sign of the Cross when she gathered the Lettice. Moreover, these ridiculous Impostors affirm, that when the Body of Pope Formosus was carry'd into St. Peters Church, all the Images of the Saints that stood there, did him Obeysance; but above all, the Miracle of the Ass that left his Provender to Worship the Host, seems most ridiculous to King James: see his Apology, &c. Many of their pretended Miracles were wrought, as Writers intimate, about the 4 and 5 Century, and were contrived to confirm the Popes Headship and Universal Supremacy, together with their idle storys of Purgatory, Images Praying for the Dead, &c. Those that would see more, let them read Du Moulin, also a late Book Intituled, The Man of Sin.

The Tenth Mark.

His out Side's smooth, he's garb'd in Sheeps
array,
But inwardly a ravenous *Beast of Prey*.
He has a *Mouth* (a) wherewith he speaks great
things,
Blasphemes the *glory* of the *King of Kings*.

(a) And there was given unto him a Mouth speaking great things, and Blasphemys, *Rev.* 13.5. And he opened his Mouth against God, to Blaspheme his Name and Tabernacle, and them that dwell in Heaven, ver. 6. He shall speak great words against the Most High, *Dan.* 7.25. *This Mark of the Beast is apparently seen in the Pope, in those Insolent and Blasphemous Titles he assumes to himself; he is called Christs Vicar, or his Viceroy and Lieutenant. Bellarm. de Rom. lib. 2. cap. 31. Foundation, Head, and Husband to the Catholick Church; His Holiness, that can be judged by no Man; though he draw aa innumerable number to Hell, who shall say to him, What dost thou? What would you think to hear him called, The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, the Root of David? so Begnius one of his Bishops Courted Pope Leo the Tenth, and thereupon bad the Daughter of Sion not to Weep, saying, God had raised to her a Saviour. See Council Later. sub Leon 10. Sess. 6. ap. sur.*

He is frequently called by those of the Romish Church, Our Lord God the POPE. Exter. Jo. in. 22. Tit. 14. c. 4.

And as touching his Blasphemies against those that dwell in Heaven, to wit, the Saints of God, tis evident that they are continually branded for Hereticks, Schismaticks, and what not.

The Eleventh Mark.

TIs He that aims at the utter Desolation
Of precious Saints, by Bloody Persecution,
That does pronounce no Christian fit to live,
Unless they do his Beastly Mark receive.
Forbids all Traffick, none must sell or buy,
Except th' adorers of his *Hierarchy*.
This Mark the Pope doth in his Forehead bear,
Of which full proof is extant ev'ry where,
The Numbers he hath (a) murder'd do surmount
The strictest of *Arithmeticks* account.
They stain'd each Nation with a Crimson Floud
And Swelling Current of my *Childrens* Blood.

(a) He shall wear out the Saints of the Most High, Dan. 7. and caused as many as would not worship the Image of the Beast should be killed, Rev. 13-5. We find upon Record, That Pope Innocent the 3. within the space of a few Months, made more then 200000 of the faithful to be slain, who they called Albigeans, he had made all Europe to stream with Blood; in St. Bartholomews Massacre, in the Year 1572, more than 80000 were slain in cold blood, see Du Moulin p. 246-247. The Duke de Alva (saith he) played the Butcher in Flanders, and under the sniew of Catholick Zeal, slew Millions of People, in recompence whereof the Pope sent him a Holy Sword and Consecrated Gloves; besides the infinite number slew in other places, by Wars, bloody Massacres, and otherwise, of which you will hear more hereafter; so that by this time stre all may conclude Antichrist is come, and that this is he in whom all the Marks and Characters do so fully meet, which the Holy Ghst hath given of him.

Sion's Sons.

THese Marks are so notorious that we can
 Say of the Romish Pope, *He is the Man:*
 For these Characteristicks truly are
 To him (and only him) peculiar.
 This raging Monster is that Beast of Prey
 Shall we arise to take his strength away?
 That hath so long time tyrannized thus
 (With Hellish Fury) over thee and us?
 Self-preservation is, by every Creature
 Esteem'd a Sacred Principle in Nature.
 Each Free-born mind must at those Tyrants spurn,
 That would infect their Souls, their Bodies burn.
 Why should this Beast still rage and domineer
 As he hath done, without controul or fear?

Sion.

YOU are to wait for Gods great Dispensations;
 At whose disposal is the fate of Nations;
 His time is best, and in due Season he
 Will bring this Beast to his Catastrophe.
 He sits in Heaven, and beholds with Scorn,
 This Rebels Pride. His glorious Son that's born
 Heir of the World, and Prince of Kingdoms too,
 Shall surely Reign, because it is his due;
 For all to him the Sovereign Rule must yield;
 He shall the Crown and Royal Scepter wield:
 Nations shall serve him; Kings that have abhor'd
 His Name, shall pay him Homage, as their Lord.

To

To *JESUS* all shall bow, he shall be King,
And to poor *Sion* shall Redemption bring.
Till this Beasts mouth, and latest hour be spent,
No Humane Weapon can his Rage prevent.
To suffer Persecution I'm appointed,
Till Instruments are chosen and anointed
For my Deliverance; your work's to pray,
And be prepared for that blessed day;
When *Babel* falls, and *Sion* is restor'd
To height of favour, with her Blessed Lord.
The day approaches, and if you would win
Renown by Fighting, then encounter Sin;
That home-bred Foe, which in your bosom lurks,
And like the Venome of an *Aspick* works
Through all your Vitals; 'tis the Capital
And grandest Foe, that would betray you all;
It corresponds with those that do expose
To torments, all that with the Bridegroom close;
Till this is conquered, I shall not arise,
Nor be delivered from mine Enemies.
This Traytor makes my very heart to faint,
And does occasion most of my Complaint;
For by's conspiring with the *Beast* and *Devils*,
I am furrounded with the present evil.
Besides these Foes of my forlorn Estate,
There is another strong Confederate,
The Proud, Imperious and Insulting *Whore*,
Of whom I made a sad Complaint before;
She with Lascivious Looks and Wanton Eyes
Prompts on to *Lust* and all *Debaucheries*;

By

By her *salacious* and bewitching Charms
 She does intice *Great Men* into her Arms,
 Corrupting Princes by her *Incantations*,
 Destroys the brave *Nobility of Nations*.

Great God assist me, ere my Spirits fail!
 That *I* the *State of Monarchs* may bewail,
 Who to her *Yoke* yield their *Illustrious Necks*,
 And move (like *Vassals*) at her *sawcy Becks*.
 Oh! they that should *My Nursing-Fathers* be,
 Are *Executioners of Cruelty*,
 By this *Whores Influence*, the *Civil Power*
 Is made a *dreadful Engine* to devour
 The *Saints of God*, and kick at the *Creator*;
 But let them know that *Sovereign Arbitrator*
 Of all their *Destinies*, is *Great and Just*,
 And can, at *pleasure*, tumble them to *Dust*.
 What pity is't that *Dukes and Noble Peers*,
 With other *Heros*, should for many years
 Thus truckle to that *Proud, Usurping Whore*,
 And for her sake *enslave themselves*? Nay more,
 Exhaust their *Treasure*, and *debase their Name*,
 And bring themselves to such *reproach and shame*,
 By thus *ingaging* in her *Hellish Plots*,
 Which fastens on them *Everlasting Blots*.
 That *shameless Strumpet*, whose *accursed Wiles*
 Trappans the *Conscience*, and the *Soul* beguiles,
 When she involves them in the *deepest guilt*,
 She does pretend to wash away the *filth*,

By

By impious Pardons ! Yea, to such an height
Does she Bewitch Men, that the very sight
Of *Tyburn*, cannot move them to confess,
Their load of guilt and horrid Wickedness ;
It is her Art, when they are parting hence,
To steel their Fronts wick shameless Impudence:
When they are drawn to a deserved Death,
With Lyes She makes them to resign their Breath,
She makes them drunk till they forget their fears,
Her Agents buzzing in their doubting Ears ;
Who (like ill Angels) round about them hover,
For fear they should her Rogueries discover.
When some are stretcht upon the fatal Block,
And Justice ready to discharge the stroak ;
Such is the strength of her Inebriation,
That they (oh horrible !) on their Salvation
Protest they'r innocent ! when all the while,
No Treason ever did appear more vile
Than that for which Impartial Justice hath
Judg'd them (as Traytors) to deserved Death:
Rome (by their frantick Resolutions) would
Out-face the Sun, and baffle (if She could)
The clearest Proofs, and solid'st Evidence,
Produc'd by Heav'ns unerring Providence.
Ah ! Cruel Mistress of deluded Souls !
That's not content to make them arrant Fools,
To lose Estates and Lives, but must thereby
Make them stab Conscience, when they come to
She, to encourage Treasons, does prefer (Dye
Those Traytor-Martyrs in her Calender.