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Rev. B. J. Keach

a Baptist divine of eminence

preacher



The youth in his converted
state *Etat. su. 16.*



War with the Devil :
Eliz OR THE *Holmes*
Young M A N S Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkness.

In a Dialogue

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity
of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and
Deplorable Condition of Fallen Man.

Also, A Definition of the Power, and Rule of
Conscience, and the Nature of true Conversion.

To which is added,

An Appendix, containing a Dialogue between
an Old Apostate, and a Young Professor.

Worthy the Perusal of all, but chiefly intended
for the Instruction of the Younger sort.

The Fourth Impression.

By B. K.

Psal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal shall a Young-man cleanse his
way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licensed, and Entered according to Order.

London, Printed for Benjamin Harris, and are to be Sold
at his Shop at the Stationers Arms in Sweetings Rents
in Cornhil, near the Royal Exchange, 1676.

over

Imprimatur *Hic Liber cui Titulus War*
with the Devil, *Anto. Saunders ex*
Ædibus Lambethanis.

Sep. 25. 1673.

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By a Friend, in Commendation of these
P O E M S.

MY Muse is dull, although I have a will,
This Book for to commend I want the skill.
I know not how it's worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* may, doubtless, with it compare;
Nor for rare elegant Scholastick strains,
Which flow alone from those quick-witted brains,
Who with their Rhetorick and curious Art;
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart,
This *Treatise* read (kind friend) and thou shalt see
Tis chiefly fill'd with choise Divinity,
The Author soars on high, his main design,
Is to instruct that precious soul of thine.
I'th path Cœlestial, shews thee very plain
How thou in Christ an int'rest may't obtain.
Or, if in Christ thy soul has got a place,
He to thy joy, shews forth thy happy case;
This *Poem's* like a Messenger sent forth,
To give a visit to the drowzy Earth;
The sluggish Soul it strives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live;
But might from hence some benefit receive:

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
 Yet 'twill agree with every place and time.
 Its Message is of such a large extent,
 It may in truth to all the World be sent :
 To *Male*, and *Female*, low and high degree,
 He speaks a word to *bond* as well as *free*.
 All, in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see
 Consciences great pow'r and Authority.
 When Heav'n's hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail,
 Made *Egypt's* mighty Monarch's courage fail ;
 Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just ; I, and my wicked train
Have sinn'd: Yea, Conscience also brings
Saul Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel's* Kings,
 Before the Prophet humbly to confess
 That he had sinn'd, and acted wickedness.
 Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have Uriah slain.
 Though *David* slew a Lion and a Bear,
 And did not the great Gyants courage fear ;
 Yet Conscience made him stoop and tremble too :
 And more this you'l find Conscience can do.
 Here's Counsel for Professors and Prophane,
 Choose, or refuse, here's loss and also gain.
 One reason, *Reader*, of this Mode or Style,
 Is, that it might with honest craft beguile
 Such curious Fancies who had rather chose
 To read ten lines in Verse, than one in Prose.
 And as the nimble Fly that lightly springs
 Against the Flame, until she burns her wings,



Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THE Naturalists most aptly do compare
 My Age unto the Spring, whose Beauty's rare,
 When Sprightly Sol enters the Golden Sign,
 Which is call'd Aries, his glorious shine,
 And splendent Rays do cause the Earth to spring,
 And Trees to bud, and quicken every thing.
 All Plants and Herbs, and Flowers then do flourish;
 The Grass doth sprout, the tender Lambs to nourish;
 Those things in Winter that seem'd to be dead,
 Do now rise up, and briskly shew their Head;
 And do obtain a Natural Resurrection,
 By his hot Beams of powerful Reflection.
 How in the pleasant fruitful Month of May,
 Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay;
 And all Earth's Globe adorn'd, in Garmenss Green,
 Mix'd with rare Yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen:
 The Primrose, Cowslip, and the Violet,
 Are curiously with other Flowers set:

6 *The Young-man's evil Resolution.*

*And chirping Birds with their melodious sounds,
Delight Mans heart, whose pleasure now abounds,
The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twill be e're such things come again;
Nothing but joy and sweet delights appear,
Whilst doth abide the Spring-time of the year.*

*Thus 'tis with me who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy I spend my time:*

*And like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoyce with my Consorts, and Sing;
And spend my days in sweet pastime and mirth,
And nought shall grieve or trouble me on Earth:
I am resolv'd to search the world about,
But I will suck the sweetness of it out.*

*No stone I'll leave unturn'd, that I may find
Content, and joy, unto my craving mind:*

*No sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me;
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me;
At Cards and Dice, and such brave Games I'll play,
And like a Courtier, deck my self most gay;
With Perriwig, and Muff, and such fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Goloshoes and Gold Rings,
Where Bulls and Bears they Bait, and Cocks do fight.
I do resort with speed, There's my delight.*

*To drink and sport, amongst the jovial crew
I do resolve, whatever doth ensue:*

*And Court fair Ladies, that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve:
Which tend my sensual part to satisfie,
From whence comes all my choice felicity.*

What

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold,
And Silver can for methose things procure,
I'll spare no cost, nor pains, you may be sure:
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
Whilst others hurried are in misery;
Whose minds with strange conceits troubled remain,
Thinking by losing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
What's seen and felt I am resolv'd to have,
Let every man his mind and fancy fill,
My Lust I'll satisfy, and have my will,
Who dares controul me in my present way,
Or vex my mind i'th least, or me gain-say?
What state of Life can equal this of mine?
Youth's gallantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth, and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least regard,
As if I worthy were not to be heard;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I
Am forc'd aloud, *Murder*, with speed to cry:
I can't forbear but must cry out again,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain!

Youth.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be so bold?
 I scorn by any He, to be contrould.
 E'r I have done with you, I'll make you know,
 You shall your power and commission show.

Conscience.

Be not so hot, and you shall know my Name,
 And also learn from whence my power came,
 I'm no Usurper, yet I do command,
 You for to stop, and make a present stand.
 Your Pleasures you must leave, and vicious Life,
 Else there will grow a very bitter strife;
 'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
 If from these Courses you don't quickly turn.
 For all your courage which you seem to take,
 The news I bring is enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who'er thou art, I'll make you by and by,
 Confess you have accus'd me wrongfully.
 From Murther I am clear, in thought and deed,
 Thus to be charg'd doth cause my heart to bleed;
 Pray

Youth.

Conscience art thou? why did'st not speak e're now?
 To mind what thou dost say, I can't tell how.
 Thou melancholly Fancy, fly from me,
 My pleasure I'll not leave in spite of thee.
 Other brave Guests, you see, to me are come,
 And in my House for thee there is no room.
 Do'st think I will be check'd by silly thought,
 And into snares my foolish Fancy brought?
 Is't you which cry out *Murther*, only you?
 A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
 For though against me you do prate and preach,
 Your very Neck I am resolv'd to stretch.
 I'll swear, carouse, and whore, say what you will,
 Till I have stifled you, and made you still.
 I'll clip your Wings, and make you see at length,
 I do know how to spoil you of your strength.
 When you do speak, I will not lend an ear;
 I'll make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
 If you speak loud when I am all alone,
 I will rise up, and straightway will be gone
 To the brave Boys, who toss the Pot about;
 And that's the way to wear your patience out.
 I'll go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings too,
 And e're a while I shall be rid of you.

Con-

The Threats of Conscience:
Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth, be not so rash,
 Left e're you be aware you feel my lash.
 I have a sting, a whip, yea and can bite,
 Before you shall o'recome, I'll stoutly fight:
 I'll gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,
 If you resolve in sin still to go on;
 I have o'recome strong hearts & made them yield,
 And so shall you before I quit the field.
 Go where you will, be sure I'll soon come after;
 And into sorrow, will I turn your laughter.
 'Twill prove hard work for you to shake me off,
 Though you at me do seem to jeer and scoff;
 As if o're you I had no Jurisdiction,
 Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction:
 For all your Wrath, I must you yet disturb,
 Though you offended are, I can't but curb
 And snib you daily, as I oft have done;
 Till you repent, and from lewd courses turn:
 For, till the Cause be taken quite away,
 Th'Effect will follow, what e're you do or say:
 Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
 If sin remains, disturbance you will see.
 Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
 For to submit to my Authority;
 Obey my Voice, I prethee make a tryal,
 Before you give another flat denial.
 If more sweet comfort I don't yield to you,
 Than all which doth from sinful actions flow.

I hen

Then me reject ; but otherwise, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my motions bend,
Get peace within whatever thou dost do,
And let vain pleasures and corruptions go ;
That will be better for thy soul at last,
Than Gold or Silver, or what else thou hast :
And since we are alone, let thee and I,
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't best for you that Pride and Folly reign,
Which nought doth bring save sorrow, shame and
And Conscience to reject, who perfectly (pain,
From guilt and bondage strives to set you free ?
Have not these lusts by which thou now art led,
Brought many a man unto a piece of Bread ?
What brave Estates have some consum'd thereby.
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lie ?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Besides poor Conscience grievously turmoyl'd ?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prethee hark ;
Han't many a brave and curious Spark,
Been brought in stinking Prisons there to lie,
For yielding to their Lust and Vanity ?
How many swing at *Tyburn* every year,
For stabbing Conscience without care or fear ?
And some also out of their wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone :
Some men stifle me, I cannot speak,
And then they sport and play, and merry make :
Resolving that I shall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afresh I make them roar.

Some

14 *The cause of Conscience's quarrel.*

Some of them I do drive into despair,
 When in their face I do begin to stare;
 No rest nor peace at all their Souls can find,
 I so disturb and still perplex their mind.
What say you now, young-man, will you submit?
 Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.
 The danger on the one hand will be great,
 If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
 Sweet profit comes, you see on th' other hand
 To such who subject are to my command.
 What do'st thou say, shall I embraced be?
 Or, wilt thou follow still thy Vanity.

Youth.

Was ever young man thus perplex'd as I,
 Who flourish'd in sweet prosperity?
 Where e're I go, *Conscience* dogs me about,
 No quiet I can have, in doors, nor out.
Conscience, what is the cause you make such strife,
 I can't enjoy the comforts of my life?
 I am so grip'd, and pinch'd in my breast,
 I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

*Cause you have wronged and offended me,
 Loving vain Pleasures, and Iniquity.
 The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
 You know 'tis evil, which you daily do.
 My witness I must bear continually,
 For the great God, whose glorious Majesty

Did

Did in thy Soul give me so high a place,
As for to stop you in your sinful race;
I must reprove, accuse, and you condemn,
Whilst you by sin, His Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my trust, nor hold my peace,
Till I am stabbed, fear'd, or light doth cease;
Till you your life amend and sins forsake,
I shall pursue you, though your heart doth ake.

Youth.

*How bold and malipert is Conscience grown,
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown;
And his advice reject, yet still doth he,
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me:
Conscience I'll have you know in truth that I,
A Person am of some Authority:
Are you so sauncy as to curb and chide,
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?
'Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
And it agrees not with my present Age;
For to give place to you, or to regard,
Those things from you I have so often heard.*

Conscience.

Alas! Proud Flesh, dost think thy self too high,
To be subject to such a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-say;
If they my Motions don't with care obey!
My Powers great, and my Commission large,
There's scarce a Man, but I with folly charge.

The King and Peasant are alike to me,
 I favour none of high or low degree :
 If they offend, I in their faces fly.
 Without regard or fear of standers-by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
 There's scarce a Man or Woman will believe
 What you do say, you'r grown so out of date,
 Be silent then and longer do not prate.
 Ith' Country your credit is but small,
 There's few care for your company at all :
 The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
 But you strait-way him bitterly reprove :
 Nor Plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
 But you command him presently to stand.
 Ther's not a Man can go i'th' least awry,
 But out against him fiercely you do fly.
 The People therefore now so weary are,
 They've thrust you out almost of ev'ry Shire :
 And in the City you so hated be ,
 There's very few care a rush for thee :
 For if they should believe what you do say,
 Their Pride and Bravery would soon decay,
 Their swearing, cheating, and their drunkenness,
 Would vanish quite away, or grow much less.
 Our craft of Profit and our Pleasure too,
 Would soon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
 The Whores and Bawds, with the Play-houses then
 Would be contemned by all sorts of Men.

You

You strive to spoil us of our sweet delight,
Our Pleasures you oppose with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth just like a Country Clown.
We half Phanaticks should be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongst the rest doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we Nick-names do
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live. (give;
'Tis out of fashion grown, I daily see,
Conscience for to regard 'ith' least degree.
He that can't whore and swear without controul,
We do account to be a timorous Fool.
Therefore though you so desperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I shall
Get loose from you, and then I'll tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleasure will abound.

Conscience.

Ah! poor deceived Soul! dost thou not kyow,
That most of all Mankind i'th' broad way go?
What though they do most wickedly abuse me?
Wilt thou also in the like manner use me?
What though they will of me no warning take,
Till they drop down into the *Stygian Lake*?
Wilt thou be-friend the cursed Serpent so,
As to go on till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no request by them?
Don't they likewise Gods Holy Word contemn?

No flying from Conscience.

Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight;
 Lest from their Pleasures it should them affright?
 What though my friends are tost about and hurl'd
 Their inward peace is more than all the World
 Can give to them, or from them take away,
 Whilst they with diligence doth me obey;
 As I enlightned am by Gods Precepts,
 Which are a Guid, and Lanthorn to my steps.
 O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
 But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:
 For I'll not leave thee, but with all my power,
 I'll follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

*Into some private place then I will fly,
 Where I may hide myself, and secretly
 There I'll enjoy myself in spite of thee;
 And thou shalt not i'th' least know where I be.*

Conscience.

Nay, foolish Youth, how can that thing be done,
 From Conscience it is in vain to run;
 No secret place can you find out or spy,
 To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye;
 I see i'th' dark, as well as in the light,
 No Doors nor Walls, will keep thee from my sight.
 Where e'r thou art, or goest, am I not near,
 Thy Soul with horrid guilt, to scare and fear?
 Could Cain or Judas, get out of my reach,
 When once between us there was the like breach?

The Young-man intreateth Conscience. 19

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his Viceroy?
Vengeance doth follow them who us annoy.
My Counsel then I prethee take with speed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed:
From Vengeance here and Wrath also to come,
When thou do'st die, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

*What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee subdue?
Then I entreat thee, Conscience don't pursue,
Nor follow me so close; forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleasures spoil,
This is my Spring and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pity me, and cease thy bitter Rage:
Don't crop the tender Bud, it is too green:
Oh! let me have those days others have seen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oars are sown;
They must be ripe also before they'r mown;
Thou hast forborn with some for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the prime
Of those good days which God bestows on me;
Oh! that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've spent my time in Gallantry;
In earths sweet joys, and such transcendant pleasures
Which Young Men do esteem the chiefest treasures.*

20 *The Young Man reproved by Conscience.*
Conscience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conscience*, do you now entreat?
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defie:
'Tis quite against my Nature you must know,
Unto vile Lust fond pity for to shew:
God has not given such a dispensation,
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I shall be quiet then you need not doubt:
(But wo to you as ever you was born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkness turn.)
But while in you remains that Legal Light,
Your sins I can't endure in my sight.
No liberty God, I am sure, will give
To any one, in horrid Sin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prethee Youth,
For to resolve thy self, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! since that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's most Holy Word:
So far I will your Counsel take, for I
Am sorely troubled, whether shall I fly?

I will make tryal, I resolve to see,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree,
The Lip of *Truth* can't lie, though *Conscience* may:
When that misguided is, it leads astray.
If *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self-same thing,
'Twill some amazement to my Spirit bring,
That now I ask for, and earnestly crave,
Is some short time in sin longer to have.
Conscience denies it me: *Truth* what say you?
Oh! that you would a little favour shew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately sprung
Out of the Ground, and *Conscience* day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might;
Or, as the Frost the tender Bud doth spoil,
So has he striven to do a great while;
Must I reform, and all my sins forsake?
Some fitter season then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth* you are mistaken now,
No time to sin God doth to thee allow,
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear,
I with poor *Conscience* must witness bear;
I am his Guid, his Rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and speaks the thing that's right,
You are undone, if you don't speedily
Leave all your sins and cursed vanity.

Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
 And yet hast thou a precious Soul to save?
 Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
 When old enough in Hell for sin to lie?
 Some fitter season (Youth) dost think to find?
 The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
 No time so fit, as when the Lord doth call;
 Those who rebellious are, they one day shall
 Smart bitterly for their most horrid evil,
 In yielding to, and siding with the Devil.
 But once again, I prethee heark to me;
 Don't God, whilst thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
 And unto him with speed see you do bow.
 The first ripe Fruit of Old God did desire,
 And so of thee likewise he doth require,
 That thou to him a Sacrifice shoul'st give,
 Of thy best days, and learn betimes to live,
 Unto the praise of his most Holy Name:
 And not by sin so to prophane the same.
 This is (Young Man) also thy choosing time,
 Whilst thou therefore dost flourish in thy prime,
 Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;
 And with Christ Jesus also fall in Love.
 Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy Breath,
 And also place thee here upon the Earth;
 And many precious Blessings give to thee,
 That thou to him alone shoul'st subject be?
 God out of Bowels sent his precious Son,
 The Soul from evil ways with speed to turn:

Who

Who for thy sake was nailed to the Tree
 To free thy Soul from Hell and misery.
 And whilst in sin (vile wretch) thou dost remain,
 Thou do'st as 'twere him Crucifie again :
 Thy sins also (O Young Man) God doth hate.
 His Soul doth loath and them abominate ;
 Naught is more odious in his blessed sight ,
 Than those base Lusts in which thou tak'st delight.
 And wilt thou not O Young Man! be deterr'd
 From thy vain ways? what, is thy heart so hard?
 Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent ,
 Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
 Give ear to *Truth*, *Truth* never spoke a lie ,
 And fly from sin and youthful vanity.
 Those that do seek Gods Kingdom first of all,
 And do obey Gods sweet and gracious call ;
 They shall find Christ, and lie too in his Breast,
 And reap the Comfort of Internal rest.
 But if thou shouldst this golden time neglect,
 And all good motions utterly reject ;
 And slight the day of this thy visitation,
 That will to God be such a provocation,
 That he'll not wait upon thee any more,
 Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
 While terms of peace God doth therefore afford,
 Subject to him, lest he doth draw the Sword.
 If once to anger him you do provoke,
 He'll break your bones, and wound you with his
Who can before his indignation stand, (stroak.
Or bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How darest thou a War with him maintain,
 And say o'r thee Christ Jesus shall not Reign ?
 Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
 And yet presume on his sweet clemency ;
 Wilt thou, vile Traytor-like, contrive the death
 Of that great King, from whom thou hast thy
 Wilt thou cast dirt upon the Holy One, (breath,
 And keep Christ Jesus from his rightly Throne ?
 Is't not his right thy *Conscience* for to sway ?
 Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey ?
 Dar'st thou resist his dread and sovereign Powers
 Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
 To gratifie the Devil, who thereby
 Renews his strength, yea and doth fortifie
 Himself in thee, and makes his Kingdom strong,
 By tempting thee to sin whilst thou art young ?
 The Blackamoor as soon may change his skin,
 As thou mayst leave and turn away from sin,
 When once a habit and a custom's taken,
 Then sinful ways are hard to be forsaken.
 Dar'st thou, vile wretch, Christ's Government op-
 And with the Devil and Corruption close ? (pose
 Had'st rather that the Devil reign o'r thee,
 Than unto God Almighty subject be ?
 Which will be best, dost think, for thee i'th end,
 The Lord to please, and Satan to offend ?
 Or Satan for to please : and so thereby,
 Declares thy self *J E H O V A H's* Enemy ?
 For those who live in sin, 'tis very clear,
 They Enemies to *G O D* and *J E S U S* are.

And

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil still,
 And greedily also his will fulfil?
 Dost think, *vain Youth*, he'll prove to thee a friend,
 That thou do'st so his cursed ways commend?
 Has Sin (which is his odious excrement)
 So sweet a smell, yea and a fragrant scent?
 Shall that which is the superfluity
 Of naughtiness, be precious in thine eye?
 And do'st thou value Christ and all he hath,
 Not worth vain Pleasures here upon the Earth?
 Shall he esteemed be by thee (vile dust!)
 Not worth the Pleasures of a cursed Lust?
 Is there more good in sinful Vanity,
 Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
 That which men think is best, that will they chuse,
 Things of small value 'tis they do refuse:
 What thoughts hast thou of Christ then, sinful Soul,
 That thou his Messenger do'st thus controul,
 And do'st to him so turn a deaf ear,
 His knocks, his calls, and wooings wilt not hear,
 Nor him regard, though he stands at the door,
 With Myrrhe and Frankincense, yea and all store
 Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*,
Alloes, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*;
 All precious things (poor Soul!) of Heaven above,
 He has with him; yet nothing will thee move
 To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
 Thou let's him stand until his precious Locks
 Are wet with dew, and drops of the long night.
 Thus thou do'st him despise, reject and slight.

And

And rather keep'st the Lust and Pleasure still,
 Than that Christ should thy Soul with Heaven fill,
 Though he ten thousand Worlds doth yet excel,
 And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwell.
 To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
 Filling the Soul with precious joy and mirth.
 Which makes Gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
 And Youths like to Cœlestial Angels sing;
 The Soul he doth so greatly elevate,
 That it disdains and doth abominate
 All sensual pleasures in comparifon
 Of Jesus Christ his dear and only one.
 Let me perfwade thee for to taste and try,
 How good Christ is, for then assuredly,
 Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praise the Lord,
 That ever he did to thy Soul afford,
 Such a dear Saviour, and such good Advice,
 To lead thy Soul into sweet Paradise.
 For none do know the nature of that Peace,
 That inward joy, the which shall never cease,
 But he himself who doth the same possess.
 Oh! taste and fee, for then you will confefs,
 No Pen can it exprefs, no Tongue declare,
 It's Natures' fuch (O Young Man!) 'tis fo rare,
 Christ is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
 In whom alone is true felicity.
 Such is the Nature of Man's panting Breast,
 There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reft.
 'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
 For fuch, like Beasts, and other Mortals die.

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Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do stand,
 The Servant may the Master soon command,
Belshazzar, who upon the Throne did sit,
 His Knees against each other soon did hit.
 How was he scar'd when the hand-writing came,
 And wrote upon the Wall, ev'n the same
 That afterwards befell? his End being come,
 Great men oft-times are filled with great fear;
 Being perplext they know not how to fear.
 Tall Ceders fall, when little shrubs abide, (Tide.
 Though Winds do blow and strangely turn the
 For Man in Honour lives but a short space,
 He dyes like to the Beasts, so ends his race:
 Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
 And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
 Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
 Who did on Earth the Golden Scepter sway,
 In highest place of Humane Government:
 None ever found therein solid content.
 Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by some,
 How he sate down when he had overcome
 The Eastern World, and did weep very sore,
 Because there was one VWorld, and was no more
 For him to Conquer. Thus also 'tis still,
 This World's not big enough Mans Soul to fill:
 Riches and Wealth also can't satisfie,
 That precious Soul which in thy Breast doth lye.
 If store of Gold and Silver thou shouldst gain,
 'Twould but increafe thy sorrow grief and pain.
 Riches

Riches, O Young Man, they are empty things;
 And fly most swift away with Eagles Wings. (row
 When Riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up for-
 They'r thine to day alas! but gone too morrow;
 Fires may come and thy Treasures burn :
 Or Thieves steal it, as they have often done.
 He that hath thousands by the Year, this night
 May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
 And as for Pleasure which thy Age doth prize,
 Why should that seem so lovely in thine Eyes?
 'Tis but a moment they with thee will last;
 And sadness comes also when they are past.
 The Brute his Pleasure hath as well as thee,
 Man's chiefest good therefore can't Pleasures be.
 And whilst thou striv'st thy evil Lust to please,
 Thy raging *Conscience* (*Youth*) who shall appease?
 With this sweet Meat I tell thee also Friend,
 Thou shalt have sour Sauce besure i'th' end.
 And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
 Unless thou can'st the inward Beauty gain.
 What's outward Beauty save an evil snare :
 By which vain ones oft-times deceived are :
 And on a sudden drawn into temptation,
 For to commit most vile abomination.
 That Beauty which mans carnal Heart doth prize;
 Renders not lovely in *Jehovah's* Eyes : (tire,
 Though deck'd with Jewels, Rings and brave at-
 The glorious King their Beauty don't desire;
 His Heart's not taken with't but contrar'wise;
 The Beauty of vain ones he doth despise.

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Though very fair, yet if défill'd with sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within.
Loathsome and vile i'th' sight of God are they
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like the flower of the grass.
The curled Locks, yea and the spotted Face,
God e'r a while will bring into disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others do,
Must feed the Worms within a day or two,
Death and the grave will spoil their Beauty quite,
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age in Youthful days we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity;
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy glory not an hour last.
The Flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth canst thou find out or espy,
That will content thee long, or satisfie,
That Soul of thine, if still you search about
Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that also you'll find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity,
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is happiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet Treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
 Truth and Experience both the same do show,
 Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
 Let Swine take husks, and Fools these empty toys,
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will,
 Of joys Coelestial receive your fill.
 If thou dost drink but of the Chrystal Springs,
 These outward joys thoult see are trifling things.
 If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
 Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments
 Honour & Riches to Christ has great store (naught
 And at's *Right Hand Pleasures* for evermore.
 Dost think that he who makes Mans Life so sweet,
 Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
 And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
 Though his own Image greatly is defaced,
 Can't give to him much greater Consolation,
 When all the sower's vanisht of Temptation.
 If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
 What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth

*Be silent Truth, leave off, for I can't bear
 Your whining strains, nor will I longer hear;
 Such melancholy whimsies, they'r such stuff,
 Which suits not with my Age: I have enough
 Of it already, and also of you,
 Sith you my int'rest strive to overthrow.
 When I appeal'd to you I was perplex't,
 And with sad melancholy sorely vex't:*

But since I do perceive the storm is on,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.
No liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet delights and pleasures for to live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such distracted People run;
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewell, to you.
My bride, my sports, and my old company;
I will enjoy and all my bravery.
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleshly mind, say Preachers what they will:

Conscience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't so in very deed,
Wilt thou no more unto God's Truth give heed.
'Twas but my mouth to stop I now do find,
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard has much enlightened me
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue.
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And shall your heart be hardned like a stone.
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you should do,
Your sin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

C

Your

Your sin will now be of a scarlet dye,
 And many stripes prepared I espy,
 With which you must be beat; because that you,
 Your Master's Will so perfectly do know,
 But for to do the same you still refuse,
 And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse:
 You'll shew your self a Cursed Rebel now,
 If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
 Wilt thou thy sins retain, when thou dost hear
 How much against the Living God they are?
 Wilt thou cast dirt into his Blessed Face;
 Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy present case.

Youth.

Now my good days, I see they will be gone,
 My inward thoughts will ne'r let me alone;
 Ah that I could but sin without controul,
 And Conscience would no more disturb my Soul:
 His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,
 He's grown so strong that little hope is there
 But he'll prevail; such conflicts do I feel,
 My Courage now and Resolutions reel.
 But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,
 And struggle will to get the mastery.
 I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
 Nor at the Second Summons will I yield.
 I'll make once more another stout assay,
 E'r unto Conscience I will yield the day.
 Ah! how can I my sweet delights forsake,
 Without resistance to the last I make?

Conscience, although I sinful am, I see,
There's many thousand sinners worse than me :
There's none can live and from all sin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am over-come through humane frailty.

Conscience.

O cursed wretch ! dar'st thou thy heart commend ?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieties rend.
Don't I most clearly in thy heart behold
Most horrid lust, 'twould shame thee were it told :
All rottenness and filthy do I espy,
In that bare heart of thine to lurk and lie :
There's Vipers breed and many a Cockatrice ;
The spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre ; Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but stink and putrifying sin,
Out from thy heart all-evil doth ascend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend ?
And dost thou think thy state good for to be,
Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee ?
You are so naught, if you from sin don't turn,
You must for sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except ye do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You perish must, in everlasting pain.

Youth.

Well, say no more, if this be so, I must
Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst ;

34 *Conscience scaareth the Young-Man.*

My heart will break I clearly do discern,
 I therefore now must yield, and also learn,
 What's my Estate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know;
 Come *Truth*, I pray will you this favour show;
 As to explain this thing to me more clear,
 For *Conscience* doth my Soul with horror scare.
 Is he i'th right, Oh *Truth*! or is he wrong?
 I find Convictions in me very strong.
 What is my state? declare it unto me,
 And set my troubled Soul at Liberty.

Truth.

What *Conscience* speaks, O young man, is most
 And vain it is with him longer to fight: (right,
Conscience against thee doth his witness bear,
 And dreadful danger also doth declare,
 Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me;
 Th' Eternal God condemns assuredly.
 And God is greater than thy Heart, Oh Soul!
 Who can enough thy grievous state condole;
 If *Conscience* does its Testimony give,
 That you in sin and cursed ways do live,
 And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
 If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
 And this be so, as it you can't deny,
 What would you do if you this night should die?
 If in this state this life you do depart,
 Undone for evermore, Young Man thou art:
 As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
 Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Con-

The woful state of Man by Nature. 33

Conscience his power did from God receive?
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stop or undermine,
And once again to shew thee thy estate,
Thou being, Young Man, not regenerate,
No God nor Christ have you; 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the sum of all your woe.
In God no Interest (Youth) hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the Fall,
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His Angry Face is set most vehemently
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with vengeance down to bring.
Each Attribute against thy Soul is set,
And all of them also together met
To make thee every way most miserable,
Which wrath for to withstand, what Man is able?
He'll suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
'Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to despair:
If it be so, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has sent his Son:

63 *The whole state of Man by Nature.*

He's full of bowels, therefore hope do I,
He'll not on me his Justice magnifie.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Those guilty Souls who don't his Justice fear.
He's very gracious, yet he's full of ire,
And is to such like a consuming fire.
He sent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to die,
But many miss and falsely do apply
His precious Blood; therefore my Counsel take,
Don't you too soon an Application make,
Of Gods sweet Grace, nor yet of Christ's dear
Until by you the Gospel's understood. (Blood,
Those who are whole need no Physician have,
The Sick and Wounded Soul Christ came to save.
What dost thou judge thy present state to be,
How do's it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My Sin-sick Soul doth a sweet Saviour need,
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,
And grievously for sin doth me turmoil.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have, unless you do
Resolve to leave your sins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be sure,
'Till Causes be remov'd which do procure,

And

And bring on you that pain and bitter smart,
Which you cry out of in your part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth*! thy course I'll steer;
I must forsake all evil ways, for I
Do see the danger and the misery;
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed sin.
There's scarce a night which passeth o'r my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E'r Morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell.
My Conscience therefore now does me compel,
To bid adieu to all sweet joy and pleasure,
To lies and fraud and all unlawful treasure.
In sports and games I'll take no more delight,
But contrariwise I'll pray both day and night.
Conscience has overcome me with his gripes
Truth follows him so with his threatn'd stripes.
The wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And *Conscience* follows close to cut and slay:
And threatens too no quarter he will give,
And seems before him every thing to drive.
Lust forced is in Corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it self most secretly,
And watcheth also, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to set,
And fall on *Conscience*, which it doth disdain,
Cause *Conscience* says Corruption must be slain.

I side with him because I would have peace.
But still 'tis doubtful when these Wars will cease.

Devil.

What pity is't thy Sun should set so soon,
Or should be clouded thus before 'tis noon;
No sooner risen in the Horizon,
And sweetly shines, but presently is gone:
Shall Winter come before the Spring 'tis past.
And all it's Fruits bespoil'd with one sad blast?
Shall that brave flower which doth seem so gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pity 'tis that one so young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Heark not to *Conscience*, for I dare maintain,
'Tis better for to hug thy sins again.
Thy *Conscience*, *Youth*, thou hast too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,
My ways are best, come hearken unto me,
I'll give thee honour, pleasure, wealth and things
Which prized are by Noble Men and Kings;
Let not this make-bate with one angry frown,
'Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasures down,
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled
What satisfaction canst thou have or find, (mind,
But that which floweth from this World alone,
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime Throne;
The Hell thou fearest, may be but a story,
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory,

If this don't startle thee, then speedily
I will stir up some other Enemy,
Old Man rouse up, I charge you to awake
And swiftly too, your life lies at the stake.
And Mistriss Heart, stir up your wilful Will,
Is this a season for him to sit still?
If unto *Truth* and *Conscience* he gives place,
Our Interest will, you'll see go down apace;
Judgment is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some sins are slain, and in their Blood doth lie
And others into holes are forc'd to flie.
As for Affection he doth hold his own.
Though *Conscience* doth upon him sadly frown.
Remembrance will unto him tray'trous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove,
I'll make his mind run after things below,
And raise up trouble which he did not know:
And he'll forget what he did lately hear,
And cease will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can please his sensual appetite,
There is no fear of any sudden flight.
His Breast is tender, apt to entertain
The Sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain.
I'll blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions soon he'll bid adieu.
New objects I'll present unto his sight,
In which I am sure he can't but take delight.
I have such hold of him, there is no doubt,
But I once more shall turn him quite about.

His

40 *The Youth overcome by temptation.*

*His old Companions also I'll provoke,
At's door again to give another knock;
Their strong inticements hardy he'll withstand,
They can (you see) his Spirits soon command.*

Youth's old Companions.

*How do you do, Sir? what is the cause that we,
Can't (here of late) enjoy your Company?
It seems to us as if your grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.*

Youth.

*I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.*

Companions.

*I warrant you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To Youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious Songs.
Come drive these thoughts away with Pipe and Pot,
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot.
The lively strains of the well tuned Lute,
Where Playes they act, do with our Nature sute.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye,
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams despise.*

Shall

The Youth overcome by temptation. 41

*Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place
To silly dotage, to thy great disgrace?*

Vicinus.

*The Young Man yields, being possess'd with fears
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jeers;
But afterward his head begins to ake,
And Conscience then a fresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a period to his jovial sport.
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth presage,
Doth trouble him he cannot bear the rage
And inward gripes of his enlighten'd breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To bark to Conscience whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.*

Conscience.

*Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the Water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to Men Godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to Truth so often lend an ear,
And yet to Satan also thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former station,
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation:
Go unto Truth, if God give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final doom.*

Truth.

Truth.

Come, come, Young Man, don't thy convictions
 But cherish them, and timely also choose. (loose,
 The one thing needful, which alone is good,
 That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his Blood.
 Thy Soul is precious 'tis of greater worth
 Than all the things that are upon the Earth.
 For if that the whole World you now could gain,
 And all the pleasures of it could obtain;
 And in exchange your Soul should lose thereby,
 What would your profit be when you must die?
 When once thy Soul is lost thou lovest all:
 Oh! that will be a very dismal fall!
 Do'st thou not know what I of Hell declare,
 Of th' hideous howlings of the damned there?
 How canst thou with devouring fire dwell?
 Or lie with Devils in the lowest Hell?
 Those who do in their natural state remain,
 Must live for ever in that restless pain.
 All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
 Must have their portion in that Lake of Fire:
 With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
 And such who are most vile Idolaters:
 The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
 God doth pronounce on them the self same curse.
 And those who live in vile Hypocrisie,
 Or do backslide into Apostasie;
 Let such unto my present words give heed,
 Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.

What

What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly,
 Where canst thou hide from the great Majesty?
 Who tries the reins, and searches every heart,
Conscience declares that thou most guilty art.
 Condemned Soul! thou know'st that this is so,
 And this moreover which I plainly show,
 Will come to pass as sure as God's above,
 If from all sin with speed you don't remove;
 As sure as you do live where e'r you die,
 To Hell you go to all eternity:
 Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
 With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought.
 You are the Man for whom God did prepare,
 That dreadful Tophet where the damned are,
 The which is made exceeding large and deep,
 The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
 Oh! call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day
 Charge you withal before you'r swept away;
 Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
 Till you into those scorching flames do fall;
 What mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long,
 And his convictions still in you are strong!
 Oh! fear lest sin do fear your *Conscience* quite,
 And God also put out your Candle-light?
 And give you up unto a heart of stone,
 As he in wrath has served many one;
 Then to repent it will be much too late,
 Such is the danger of a lapsed state.
 Young men take heed you don't this work delay
 And put it off unto another day.

Your