

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

Your own Experience may discover this.
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning dew;
Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,
Or, dew doth pass as soon as Sun doth rise:
So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears;
And on a sudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou do'st unto the Spring compare,
And to the Flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O Young Man, learn Instruction now,
Don't thy Experience daily teach thee how.
The Flower withers and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished:
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah's* Gourd which sprang up in a night,
And perished as soon as it was light.
Or like a Post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly:
Or as a Ship when she is under sail,
Doth run most swift when she has a full gale.
So are thy days, they in like manner fly,
How many little Graves mayst thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by health nor strength.
All these uncertain rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of men do

They think to live till they old aged are,
Cause their progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you see doth greatly vary,
And which Experience sheweth is contrary.
You hear the things which you should reckon by,
Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.
Thy life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blast,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not last,
Thy house though new, yet it is very old,
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould,
You'r born to die, and dead also you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed on the Air.
And die you must, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do shew.
Thy dreadful ruin, Soul, is very nigh,
Unless thy tears prevent it speedily.
What is thy purpose now, what's in thy minde?
Which way dost think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, O *Truth*, I am resolv'd to run,
And never more will I to folly turn.
I tremble, at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded and my wounds doth swell,
My pains increase, therefore my purpose now
Is far more strict to be, and for to bow
Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain,
Some healing Medicine to remove my pain.
No rest can I, save in my Duty find,
I unto prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

46 *The Youth blinded in Hypocrisie.*

God will, I hope, these later sins forgive,
 Since I more godly do intend to live:
 And so resolve to watch and take such care,
 That Satan shall no more my Soul insnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Professor;
 Though far from being yet a true Possessor;
 Christ he has got into his mouth and head,
 And not internally rais'd from the dead,
 But in Old *Adam* still does he remain,
 Not knowing what 'tis to be born again:
 When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
 The Soul into its former state to drive;
 But that it will forsake cross wickedness,
 And will also the Truths of Christ profess,
 He yields thereto, resolving secretly,
 To blind its eyes in close Hypocrisie,
 And so appears under a new disguise
 Most subtilly thy Soul for to surprize,
 Perswading him the War which he doth find
 Daily to be within his troubled mind,
 Is saving Grace against iniquity,
 Which has prevail'd and got the victory;
 When it is common Grace (we do so call)
 And not the Grace that's supernatural.
 He takes the work Legal Reformation,
 For the only work of True Regeneration:
 Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease,
 When all is done his Conscience to appease.

But

But I'll give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear discourse between him and the Truth;

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and blessed be the day,
That unto Truth and Conscience I give way;
I would not be in my old state again,
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell, my Soul is now set free;
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with power so to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young man take heed, lest you mistaken are,
Conversion's hard, it is a work so rare,
That very few that narrow passage enter,
Though far that way there's thousands do adventure,
Yet miss the mark for all their inward strife,
They fall far short of the new Creature-life;
Come, let me hear your grounds of evidence:
For I don't like your seeming confidence.
I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,
And still your case as bad, if not much worse,
Than 'twas when you did no Profession make,
But did your swing in all Prophaneness take.
The Pharisee was a Religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the Publican,
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

D

Youth.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe;
 For all might see that I converted were,
 But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
 You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
 And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
 For to evince, to clear and prove the thing,
 Is from Convictions which I have of sin;
 Which once I bugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul this Reason soon will fly,
 For most do see their vile Iniquity.
 They are convinced by their inward light,
 That sin is odious in Jehovah's sight.
 But yet vile Sinners are nevertheless,
 And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
 King Pharaoh, Esau, yea, and Judas too,
 They were convinced of their sins (you know:)
 That they were Saints, there's no man doth believe
 For all those three the Devil did deceive.
 As he beguiled them, he may likewise,
 With cunning Stratagems your soul surprize.
 Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
 Unless you do some better Reason urge,
 To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
 I do declare your state is very nought.
 How many Men under Convictions lie,
 Yet never born again until they die?

What hast thou else to say and to produce,
Sith slight Convictions are of little use?

Youth.

I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually.
And those which do so mourn they blessed are,
Don't you also the self same thing declare?

Truth.

Nay, hold a little, thou may'st weep amain;
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'st mourn for sin, as many do,
Because of shame, of bitter pain and wo,
Which now it brings and lead unto it's end,
And not because thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby;
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Esaú*, it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:
And yet you know that *Esaú* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go farther yet, I do confess,
My horrid evils and my guiltiness;
If I confess my sins, as I have done,
God he is just, and is the faithful One;

The wicked confess their sin.

Who will my sins forgive and pardon quite,
 And blot them out of his own precious sight.
 This being so, what cause then can you see,
 But that I'm turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
 Some do confess their sins whose heart's unsound.
 When Pharaoh saw the Judgment of the Hail,
 His heart began then greatly for to fail.
 I've find this time, the Lord is just, said he,
 I, and my People (also) wicked be.
 Though Pharaoh, Saul, and Judas, each of them,
 God did reject, and utterly condemn;
 Yet these, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry,
 Lord we have sin'd; their Conscience so did fly
 Into their Faces; that it made them quake,
 And unto God Confession strait to make.
 Confession may be made also in part;
 And not of ev'ry sin that's in the heart.
 Men may confess their sin, and their great guilt,
 Who the dire nature of it never felt.
 Confess their sins in their extremity,
 When Conscience pinches them most bitterly.
 Confess their sins which they committed have,
 Yet don't intend those cursed sins to leave.

Youth.

But I confess, and also do forsake,
 My state, therefore 'tis clear, you do mistake;

Those

Those who confess and do their sins forgoe,
God will to them his precious mercy show.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this also you may deceived be,
Men may forsake all gross iniquity;
Yet in their Souls may some sweet morsel lie,
Which they may hug and keep close secretly.
They may sin leave, but not as it is sin;
Which has too often manifested been.
If the least sin thou didst forsake aright,
All sin would then be odious in thy sight.
Judgment and Reason may your sins oppose,
And utterly refuse with them to close;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour still and love those sins of thine.
If sin's not out of thy affection cast,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at last.
If sin's not i'th' will and in th' affections found,
'Tis a true sign thy heart is quite unsound.
Like to the Seaman, some professors do,
Who over-board some Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with storms and with bad wea-
Lest all their goods and ship do sink together (ther.
When in the Soul great storms and tempests rise,
The Devil then may subtilly advise
The Soul to throw some of its sins away,
To make a Calm, that so thereby he may

Perfwaded the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And that the work in him is fully done.

'Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,
But every sin you must resolve to heave
And cast o're-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity.

Not by constraint as *Conscience* doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain;
Such leave their sins, and yet their sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my estate;
Were't not for other grounds and reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.

Sir! ther's in me a very glorious change,
Most Men admire it, and do think it strange,
That one who lately did both scoff and jeer
Those men and People, which I now do hear
And follow'd Vice and every vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my self also deny.

Of my sweet joys and and former company.

Truth.

From outward filthiness a Man may turn,
And not be chan'gd in heart when he has done,
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut afunder.

An outward change in men there may be wrought;
And yet their hearts within very be nought,
The Swine that wallows in the mire now,
May washed be, but still remains a Sow.
Persons may cleanse the out-side of the Cup,
And Dogs may spew their nasty Vomit up,
But yet do keep their beastly Nature still,
And e'r a while they manifest it will.
Many Professors fall away and die,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Pharisee* was chang'd he did appear
As if indeed a precious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*;
And thought himself a far more happy Man,
But all this was in shew, and not in heart;
And therefore had in Christ no share nor part.
Except your righteousness doth excel,
You in no wise shall in Gods Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a false change, and cannot be a true,
Unless in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conscience bites and stings,
To hear *John Baptist* also was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this seeming-Saint was turn'd aside,
That he also your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War set him at nought,
Whilst Accusations they against him sought.
Simon the Sorcerer, also you read,
Was changed so, he gave great care and heed

To *Philip's* Preaching; yea, and suddenly
 He leaves his Witch-crafts and his Sorcery;
 And yet a cursed Caitife all the while,
 Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
 Another Man in shew 'tis like thou art,
 Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart,
 Men in thy Life may no great blemish spy,
 Yet in thy breast much rottenness may lie.
 Toward all men thy Conscience may be clear,
 Conscience so far may for thee witness bear,
 That you in Morals it do not offend;
 Yet unto God it may not you commend:
 But contrar'wise it in your face may fly,
 And you condemn for sin continually;
 For secret evils which it's pity too.
 Which none knows of, save only God and you.
 Therefore, Oh! Young Man, if you look about
 Of your Conversion you have cause to doubt.
 Satan so greatly may your heart deceive,
 That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have
 Which saving is, and of the purest kind,
 For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
 The voice of *Truth* and *Conscience* every day.
 God's called Ones I'm sure you can't deny,
 But they are such whom he doth justify:
 Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
 That Grace alone hath made me penitent,

Few call'd Effectually.

My heart is sound, my Graces true also,
My Conscience there's none shall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou seem'st too confident, 'tis a bad sign;
For fears attend where saving Grace doth shine.
I tell thee Youth, that many called be;
But few are chosen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward, and inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.
Therefore you must produce some better ground;
For this don't prove that your Conversion's sound;
But that thou may'st stick fast still in the birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth,
'Tis rare, O Youth! for to be born anew;
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be so, what cause have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are so clear?
I do believe, and trust in God through Faith,
And he which so doth do, the witness hath
Within himself, and shall assuredly
Be saved also when he comes to die.

Truth.

Thou may'st believe as most of People do,
And yet to Hell at last thy Soul may go.

The

True Faith a rare Jewel.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot quicken, purifie or save.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Christ you also find,
Yet to their Lust their hearts were then inclin'd;
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Disciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe;
Yet did his Soul no saving Grace receive;
But was a Child of Satan ne'r the less,
And still was in in the Gall of Bitterness.
The stony Ground with joy receiv'd the seed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read,
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of stone,
Their Faith was temporary, soon 'twas gone,
The *Devils* do believe as well as you,
Yea, and confess that Jesus they do know;
They tremble also, which some Men can't say,
They ever did unto this present day.
Such Faith as Devils have, most Men obtain,
Which serves for nought, save to augment their
If on a Death-bed *Conscience* do awake, (pain,
'Twill cause them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils, when they do espy,
The dreadful wrath of that great Majesty,
Whom they offended, and against their Light,
And Knowledge too, most wickedly did slight.
This Faith will serve their grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that estate.
'Tis easie to believe that Christ did die;
But hard his Blood in Truth for to apply.

Men

Men may raise up the dead to life again,
As easie as true saving faith obtain
By their own Power, an inherent skill,
Nought doth oppose it more than Mans own will;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace, nor Jesus condescend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jesus from the dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Historical,
Is easie had, I ne're deny it shall;
But precious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and gloriously bedeckt
With other Graces, so, 'twill never grow
But in the honest heart, where God doth sow
The blessed Seed, which, like a Garden pure
Doth yield its fruits to th' last, you may be sure.
And when this Faith is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down self, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jesus Christ, as its beloved one,
On whom it rests, and doth depend alone:
If God hath wrought this precious Grace in thee,
Sin thou dost hate, yea all iniquity;
And Lust doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Christ thou exalt'st as he is Priest and King,
And as the Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter sway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail, such is thy happy case,
If thou hast got this rare victorious Grace:

It

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
 Wholly renewing thee in every part.
 Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
 And by their works the same do also show;
 What Faith is thine? what think'st thou now of it
 I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeite
 Examine thy Estate, and take good heed;
 To close with Jesus Christ and that with speed,
 For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
 The same of Faith you know is also fed.
 Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend;
 Yet for all this you'll perish in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
 In fellowship with Saints, such Faith is mine:
 I willing am to do, as to believe;
 The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
 For I have clos'd with Christ already so,
 That none my Faith shall ever overthrow.
 The many Prayers I make both day and night,
 Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee Soul, Men may do more than this,
 And yet they may of true Conversion miss.
 God's Ordinances many do obey.
 And Members of God's Holy Church are they.
 And of its Priviledges seem to share,
 As if that they truly Converted were.

They

Hypocrites not easily discerned. 59

They may discourse, and seem to be devout,
And may not be discerned, nor found out;
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed,
And so remain till many years succeed:
Nay, not discovered be until they stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left-hand.
The foolish Virgins joynd themselves with wise,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did arise:
But e'r the Bridegroom came their case was sad,
For they nought else save empty Vessels had,
A bare Profession, and a meer out-side;
And did no Oyl, no saving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers, y^e and Disputers too,
Christ will not own, nor any favour shew;
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'll say to them, *ye wicked ones be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You say oft times you seek the Lord in Prayer;
That you may do, and let fall many a tear;
And yet not be in a converted state;
For many seek with tears when 'tis too late.
Others like Seamen, in a storm do cry,
When Conscience doth rebuke them bitterly,
And some under Affliction cry and howl,
And grievously their state do then condole;
Then Promises and Resolutions make,
That they such courses will no longer take:
But when the storm and the affliction's o'r,
They are as bad, nay worser than before.

Some

60 *Hypocrites may make many Prayers.*

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their Pray'rs to heal it, they do straight apply.
They sin i'th' day, and pray when it is night;
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all.
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguile,
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.
Their Pray'rs alas! can't wash their filth away,
Though they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their Prayers they rest and do depend;
Which like a broken staff will fall i'th end.
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christ's Blood thereby he doth obtain:
And Grace also his sins to mortifie,
For Christ, as well as Pardon he doth cry.
But contrariwise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whil'st they do hide and cover their transgression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conscience, or from godly care;
And others also for vain-glory sake,
Like *Pharisees*, they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.

The Prayer of the wicked is sin. 61

And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear; (show,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindness
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart which Christ doth chiefly call,
And reason 'tis that he should have it all.
For he the same did buy and purchase dear;
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.
God at the door and in the porch doth stand,
While Satan may the bravest room command;
They'll ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this duty keep,
Ween th' Soul quite, and th' Body near asleep.
Who ever prays and prays not fervently,
In Faith, in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near,
'Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you should do:
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate;
And yet be in an unconverted state.
They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in heart the pow'r of them possess.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea have the shell;
Yet feeds on husks, and want the true kernel.
The Young Man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done;
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What

What say ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
 That you by Satan much deceived are?
 Have you no *Dalila* which secretly
 Doth in your heart, or in your bosom lie?
 Don't you to sin some secret love retain?
 If it be so, you are not born again.
Conscience I fear, and God's restraining Grace,
 Has only stopt you in your former race.
 Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
 So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain.
 But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes,
 And presently his churlish nature shows.
 To your own Righteousness do you not trust?
 Ifear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
 Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
 Since you have let so many evils go?
 And are so holy here of late become,
 Are not your duties set up in the room
 And place of Christ? Oh! see you do not make
 A Saviour of your own (for Jesus sake)
 Did ever sin, sinful to you appear?
 And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear:
 Would you not sin, were there no Hell of pain,
 Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
 Rather, is't not from fear of punishment,
 That you of late seem thus for to relent?
 Or, doth there not some carnal base design,
 Move thee so far unto God's Truth to joyn?
 Is not thy end to get a name thereby?
 Or only done, *Conscience* to satisfy?

The hope of Hypocrites doth perish. 63

Or done to free thee from reproach and shame;
Which sin doth bring upon a Person's Name?
Ha'st not it done, and wisely cast about
This way, for to prevent a bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward store,
To save thy stock, and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living which attend thy Age,
Consumes apace, and want it doth presage.
Come speak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree;
To let me understand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou hast heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy present state.

Youth.

I do not see but my condition's good,
I have such hope and Faith in Christ's dear blood:
Though many imperfections I do see,
Yet God is gracious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there are in the best:
What is amiss, I'll mend, and so do rest.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spiders Web,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,
If thou prove guilty of those things which I,
Did unto thee so lately signifie.

Thy spots will not be like the spots of those,
Which God for Children to himself hath chose:
And since you are so loath for to be try'd,
And lest you should also some evils hide;

To *Conscience*, I'll appeal, you have done wrong,
 To stop his mouth and hinder him so long :
 He's so enlightned now he can declare,
 As much as we at present need to hear.
 He'll speak the truth, and his opinion shew,
 And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
 If unto him you will attend with care,
 Of other witnesss no need is there.
 If he, O Young Man, be but on your side,
 And is your Friend, you need none else provide.
 But if against you, and do prove your Foe,
 With vengeance then be sure down you will go.
 But if you will not hear what he shall say,
 He'll make you tremble in the judgment day.

Conscience, I do i'th' Name of the great King,
 Require you forth your evidence to bring.
 Against this Man, accuse, or set him free,
 According as you find his state to be :
 Stand up for Christ your dread & Sovereign Lord,
 And judge for him as he doth light afford.
 Be not deceiv'd by Lust, a Bribe to take,
 But judge by Law ; Christ's honour lies at stake.
 For to speak home and loud have you forgot ?
 Is he converted now or is he not ?
 What do you say ? your Testimony give :
 Is all sin dead, or doth there any live ?
 Is he new born, and chang'd in every part ?
 Or is't in shew only, and not in heart ?

Con-

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand,
He hath, *O Truth*, almost deceived me
By's late pretences unto sanctity:
But having now a-fresh receiv'd more light,
I must declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again;
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverse and very wicked still;
Though I stir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night:
But I must force him to't with all my might.
The old man is not slain I do espy,
But has much favour shown him secretly:
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for sin,
And so in truth they ever yet have been.
He's troubl'd more at sin because of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its cursed filth.
When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,
Precise and Zealous he is always then:
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile company.
Some sins are left which *Men* condemn as gross,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:

Lust doth bear rule and much predominate,
 And he on it doth love to ruminare,
 'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,
 Or else the act he would commit again.
 If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
 That Saints can't him accuse nor justly blame,
 He's satisfied, and very well content,
 Though to his Peace I never gave consent.
 Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
 And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
 When I sometimes do catch him in a lye,
 And do reprove him for Hypocrisie:
 To stop my Mouth he vows he will with speed
 Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
 And more than this of him I could relate,
 And shew how you have hit his present state:
 But that he will not suffer me to speak.
 He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake
 Into his heart and life, lest he thereby
 Meet with great shame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
 If you do lay these things unto his charge.
 He is undone, alafs! his precious Soul
 Is under wrath; who can enough condole
 His sad estate! the Gospel he'll profess,
 But still remains i'th gall of bitterness.
 Is this the Saint that seemed so precise,
 And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in shew, a Devil in his Heart;
And must with Devils also have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake:
But since you are not scar'd, nor I yet gone,
Before you leave him quite do you go on:
Let us pursue him still, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case.
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offends the Lord.
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring them truly to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral misery.
His lost estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for sin original is due.
And as he did for sin ne'r kindly bleed;
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
Th' absolute want and great necessity
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy:
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.

68 *The cruel Gripes of Conscience.*

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on such blows as may cause him to reel.

Conscience.

Come, come, O Young Man, listen unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commission have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to ensue;
For all thy hopes and seeming goodly show,
Thou art a wretched sinner thou dost know.
Think'st thou on *Conscience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to escape?
Dar'st thou again under a new disguise,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the same I'm sure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly wretch! dost thou not dread my Name,
Who'm come once more against thee to proclaim
A second War, and to declare also,
God's still thy Enemy and bitter Foe,
His Sword is wet, his bow he'll also bend,
To cut down those that do like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocrisie,
And from his presence, Youth, thou canst not fly.

Youth.

Conscience, be still, though I a sinner be.
There's none doth know it now save only thee.

Conscience.

Conscience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?
Dost think, vain Youth the interposing Cloud,
From God's all searching Eye can be a shroud?
Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inwards thoughts espy?
None know't but me! know'st thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuse and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'll never side with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the highest Prince of great'st Renown.
That ever did a Scepter sway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay,
As th' smallest sin besure I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive,
For where I am an enemy indeed,
I'll plague that heart until I make it bleed.
A close and secret Foe, Young Man am I,
Who am also with thee continually.
What e'r you think or speak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
The secret Lust, and what is done i'th' night,
Which thou ashamed art should come to light.

70 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

I then am nigh, and know it very well,
 And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
 I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
 When thou art brought into adversity;
 When death and sickness comes, then thou shalt
 How thou with horror shalt amazed be. (see
 Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
 For then against thee I will bring a charge,
 Which will make thy sad face like Ashes look,
 And wound thy Soul as if a Knife had struck
 Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
 And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
 I'll make thee understand (clearly) i'th' end,
 What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conscience* to offend.
 Hark once again, for I have more to say;
 When this life's ended, there's another day.
 Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,
 The black, the dark, and dreadful day of doom.
 When thou dost die, I'll bite and sting thy Soul,
 Whilst that in flames doth burn and doth condole
 Its damned state for yielding unto sin,
 Which has alone the ruin of it bin.
 And also when i'th' Judgment day you stand
 Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left hand,
 Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,
 Then I against thee straight-way must appear;
 Yea, and shall speak more plainly than now I can,
 Because I'm clouded by the fall of Man;
 And am by Satan often times misled,
 And utterly unable rendred

The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 71

A true and right decision for to make,
He so beguils me that I do mistake,
And a wrong Judgment oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* sets me into the right again.
But Satan then shall no more power have,
The heart of any Man for to deceive.
I in that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with shame before the Judge,
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisie,
Unto thy own Eternal Misery.
I shall accuse thee so in that great day,
Thou shalt not have one word (young man) to say,
Thy inward parts so opened then shall be,
That nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me;
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,
All secret things that ever you did do;
And in your face so fiercely also fly,
That you with horror shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou must hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Cursed! that's a word of ire,
And you must down into eternal fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lie,
Broyling in pain to all eternity.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence shall never more return:
So also I shall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilst thou in scalding Sulphur flames dost roul.
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite,
And gnaw thy Soul, thou cursed Hypocrite.

Those

72 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

Those inward stings which always thou wilt find,
 Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind.
 Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,
 In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
 You then will think how you did me abuse,
 And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
 And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
 Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
 Your base delays and put-offs you'll repent,
 And that your time so foolishly was spent:
 That you for love which unto Lust you bore,
 Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
 To think how near you were unto Salvation,
 Will prove another grievous aggravation:
 To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;
 What greater trouble can there be than this?
 To see the Ship i'th' mouth o'th Haven lost,
 That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
 I'll tell you also how you wilfully
 Brought on your self that dreadful misery:
 And how I did of-times to you declare,
 The bitter torments which you then must bear:
 And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,
 If you did not resolve to let them go.
 Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone,
 And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
 Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had,
 And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
 Thou might'st, hadst thou improv'd the means of
 Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face (Grace,
 And

The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience. 73

And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King :
Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms
With those whose hands shall bear triumphant
Who with eternal love shall ravish'd be, (Palms;
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heav'n is a place whose glory doth excel;
The thousandth part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth says*) cannot i'th' least conceive
What those shall have who truly do believe.
Who would lose Christ and his immortal treasure,
For one base Lust and moments time of pleasure?
But if what's said of Heaven will not invite thee,
Then let hell-torments with black vengeance fright
And make thee yield to *truth* without delays, (thee
Before God put's a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The glory which God's Saints in heav'n possess :
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe,
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven
Or count the Dust which with the wind is driven,
Or tell the Drops of Waters in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then might a man with ease
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.
But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any man, neither can he
Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Souls lie under in Eternal fire.

74 *The dreadful Nature of a guilty Conscience.*

In Hell all's darkness, not one beam of Light:
What's greater sorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a most hideous crying,
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption,
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to see,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Must have their portion in that doleful place.
No earthly pain or torment can declare
The woful anguish which the damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite punishment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfie;
And God be sure, will Justice magnifie.
Didst thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it scare and cause thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth pass on thee thy final doom.

Truth.

What say'st thou now? how can'st thou sleep in
Until these inward gripes of *Conscience* cease?
How canst' thou think i'th' least thy state is good,
When *Conscience* swells & makes so great a flood?

Or

The Young Man deeply wounded. 75

Or raises stormes and tempests in thy breast?
Because of sin he will not let thee rest.
Come, make a search, *Conscience* is not misled,
The very Truth before you he has spread.
What will you do at death and Judgment day,
If *Conscience* thus you slight and disobey?
Make peace with God, for worser are his cries,
Than if ten-thousand witnesses should rise
Against thy Soul; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy *Conscience* then to bite and sting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth* alas my Soul doth meek,
Such gripes as these what Man has ever felt?
I have some doubt my state is very nought,
And that Conversion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove;
'Tis thou alone which canst my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaister for your sore,
Your wound must yet be search'd a little more:
If slightly heal'd only for present ease,
The Remedy's as bad as the Disease. (receive
Dost know what time thou didst this wound re-
'Tis worser far, I fear, than you believe:
'Tis deep, it stinks, yea, and 'tis venomous:
And doth expose thee to God's dreadful Curse,
The sting or dart sticks fast into thy Liver,
Which doth thy smart and bitter pains procure.
Thy

76 *The Young Man deeply wounded.*

Thy state is bad, thou hast thy mortal wound,
 No Limb, or any part of thee, is sound
 If thou couldst live, and never more offend,
 Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
 If from all actual sin you should be clear,
 Yet by the Law you still most guilty are
 Of former Crimes, Treason and Felony,
 And Justice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
 Nor will she Pardon or Reprieve give forth
 To any sinner living on the Earth,
 Against thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
 And th' day of Execution doth draw on;
 Nought is between thee and eternal death;
 But some short hours of uncertain breath:
 Sin is so vile, and Justice so severe,
 That in the least 'twould not *Christ Jesus* spare;
 But Justice he must fully satisfy,
 Who came to be man's blest Security.
 And since in Christ thou hast no share nor part,
 See what a self-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

© cursed Sin! is this my sad condition,
Truth I believe hath made a right decision.
 I have my Soul deceived all along,
 Though in my heart Convictions oft were strong.
 Oh! horrid Lust, and base deceitful Devil,
 Is this the fruit of your sweet pleasing evil?
 And thou false World, what art thou now to me?
 For I alas am ruined by thee.

O whether shall I fly? what path untrod?
For to escape th' incensed wrath of God?
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide.

Truth.

*Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (such is thy bitter case)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with Hvy and Cry:
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;
'Twould also fail thee, though it should be done:
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from Gods dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save.
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock will spilt:
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.
Canst thou escape? alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?*

Youth.

Oh *Truth*! what shall I do, how can I stand,
Or bear these tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain.

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound;
 What no Physician for me to be found?
 Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
 Watchings, Fastings, nor hearing of the Word?
 Or if that I could live and sin no more,
 O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene Sore?
 O what's the nature of iniquity,
 If nought my soul can cleanse or purifie?
 Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth.
 Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health.
 Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
 I am undone, and know not what to do!
 Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
 Oh! must I die in this extremity?

Truth.

*Dost find thy self sick at the very heart?
 And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart?
 Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit lie?
 And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
 Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical?
 And that for thee there is no help at all
 By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
 And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?*

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
 Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
 My heart is deep and very traiterous;
 Every day I find it worse and worse.

I grieve for sin, and yet I am in dread
 That I in sin am greatly hardened.
 Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
 Sin I do hate as 'tis Iniquity:
 I would not Christ offend nor grieve again,
 Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
 O that e'r I against the Lord should sin,
 Who has to me so good and gracious been!
 Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
 Have I this horrid evil often done.
 Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,
 And my iniquity's gone o'r my head,
 As a great burden which I cannot bear,
 Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear.
 All my own Righteousness I prize no more
 Than stinking refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

*Come Youth, cheer up, if this be so indeed,
 I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
 Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
 There's Mercy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
 Christ to appease God's Wrath did hither come,
 And I am sent by him to call thee home.
 Rise up rise up his blood for to apply,
 And thou shalt soon be healed perfectly.*

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say,
 Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

80 *Truth directeth the Young Man.*

Alas ! on me a mighty burden lies,
 I cannot stir, nor power have to rise.
 Come *Lazarus*, who in the grave doth lie,
 Death's cruel Fetters and strong Bands unty ?
 Can he awake ? what power has he to strive,
 When dead, and stinks ? alas ! he can't revive,
 Although dead but four days : then how shall I,
 Who have lain dead in my iniquity
 Ever since *Adam* (as it plain appears)
 Which is indeed above five thousand years ?
Jehovah which at first my heart did make,
 Must by his Pow'r it into pieces take ;
 That so he may create my heart a-new ,
 E'r good from Christ doth to my Soul accrue ;
 'Tis he must give me pow'r to will and do,
 And raise me up e'r I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet hearken unto me,
 And take the Counsel which I'll give to thee ?
 And thou shalt find, as sure as God's above,
 He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
 And raise thee up out of the empty Pit,
 And on a Rock also still set thy feet.
 First thing of all which to you I commend,
 Be sure you don't your Conscience more offend,
 Do not grieve that, but always take care
 In every thing to prove your self sincere.
 He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
 No marvel 'tis if Christ do pass him by.

In ev'ry Nation those accepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Those who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his saving help afford.
I do exhort you in the second place,
For to attend upon all means of grace.
Do not neglect to hear Gods blessed Word,
But prize each season which the precious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to bestow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice make use of speedily,
Lift up your voice unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'll prevail, though he at first say nay.
Though you at first may with repulses meet,
Your Soul yet prostrate at *Jehovah's* feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain
E'r he comes forth to ease you of your pain.
Thy Prayers and Tears, and Spiritual Contrition,
Will move his heart to send thee a Physician,
Who will apply a Plaister to thy Wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee sound:
Christ's Blood will heal, 'twill cleanse and purifie,
If now the same by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Medicine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul, but thy dear Saviours Blood.
The good *Samaritan* will cast a look,
Though thou of Priest and Levite are forsook?
Into thy Wounds he'll pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine:

O cry to God , my Sister *Grace* to send,
Tis she at last will prove thy special Friend,
If God is pleased but to send her down,
'Thy head with Glory she will straightway crown.
But here I'll advertise thee first of all,
Be sure you do for the right Sister call :
For there are two, and both of one Sir-name,
The one is lovely fair , the other lame.
The one is common, th' other chaste and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayst be sure.
The one will dwell where sin predominates,
The other loaths and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where she doth
And will all filth out of that heart expel. (dwell;
Where she doth take up her sure resting place;
Rare is the nature of true saving *Grace*.
Thy stubborn will she'll make for to submit,
And thy affections change as she thinks fit,
Thy heart she can new mould, and make it soft.
And will bring down each high and sinful thought,
The Old-man she will into pieces tear,
She'll cut and kill, and nothing will she spare,
That's opposite unto the Prince of Light,
She'll put the Devil to a speedy flight ;
She'll make him leave his strongest hold and run,
And quite forsake his former Garrison,
She'll take no pity on the Old Man's Age,
She'll pay him off for all his Wrath and Rage,
And cursed Malice, Pride and every sin,
Which of long time he has the Author been.

'Tis

'Tis she can work upon the Coverous,
And change his Heart to keep an open-house,
To give and to distribute of his store,
To th' clothing and refreshing of the poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which nat'rally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar always tell the truth.
'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenches Young Mens lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire.
'Tis she will make thy Soul for to desie
Each *Dalilah*, and all Hypocrisie.
She's like to Oyland Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.
Tis she must put Christs Blessed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.
Oh! she'll inflame thy Soul with precious love
To Christ alone, which none shall e'r remove.
'Tis she which tyes that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed,
And this to thee also I must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share.

Since 'twas for thee thy precious Lord did die,
 He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny;
 Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth
 For to compleat in thee the Second Birth,
 Be earnest with him strive to hold him fast,
 And thou like, *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
 Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
 Yet importunity will make him hear.
 Thy time I'm sure it is the time of love,
 And thy deep wounds will make him from above
 To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
 As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye;
 What e're is needful to thee he will give,
 And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
 Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
 As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
 Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
 Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Wouth.

Thy Council I resolve to take with speed,
 If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did Bleed;
 I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
 And earnestly implore his gracious Throne.

Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light!

Ah! What am I before thee in thy sight?

Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?

Thou know'st my grief, and where my pain doth lye.

Canst thou not ease my deep and wounded Soul,

Who in my blood am forc'd to lye and roul?

*Is there no Balm in Gilead, is there none?
Into dark silence then, Lord, I'll be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the Blood Christ Jesus shed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me perish without relief.
Why were thy sides pierced, Lord Jesus why?
Didst suffer for thy own iniquity?
There was no sin, I'm sure, nor guilt in thee
That caus'd thy pains; didst thou not die for me?
Didst thou not Justice fully satisfie,
And pay the Debt? Must I in Prison lie,
When Restitution's made in th' highest degree?
Oh! come and set my Soul at liberty.
Knock off these bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death,
Lord, must I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy sad Wound? can Justice challenge more?
O! shall my heart-strings break? my Soul doth groan:
I languish, Lord, whilst thou stand'st looking on,
Lord, dost thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my present wants supply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne'r unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, help; think on thy Word,
And unto me some Mercy, Lord, afford.*

Jesus.

*What voice is this? who is't that keeps this cry?
 What sinful wretch is in extremity.
 That thus implores for help, and follows me?
 That takes no nay, although I silent be?*

Youth.

*Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
 That is undone, and sighs for a new Birth.*

Jesus.

*Was I not sent only to Jacob's race?
 How cam'st thou then to have so bold a face
 To importune me, when ye know full well
 You are not of the stock of Israel?
 Come you not of the cursed Gentile seed?
 Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.*

Youth.

*Ah! help dear Lord, and some compassion show,
 For to whom else, or whither can I go?*

Jesus.

*Is't meet that I should give to Dogs the Bread,
 With which the Children should be nourished?*

Youth.

*True, Lord that I do grant and ever shall:
 Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall
 From*

From their own Master's Table : though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

*What ailest thou , poor Soul, what's thy condition,
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition ?*

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremity,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see:
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small :
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

*Come cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire ?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire ;
My Bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee, I am in pain :
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.
What is it, Soul ? speak forth thy mind to me ;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee ?
Come, open thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.*

Youth.