

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.

Wouth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
 Nor Honours, which by men so prized are,
 Nor length of days, Lord, do I seek or crave,
 'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
 The Earth's a blast, and all the World's a bubble:
 There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
 Such is my state, nought but thy hand can save,
 'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
 Knock off these bolts, and set thy Prisoner free,
 And give thy grace (Lord Jesus) unto me.
 My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh:
 O spare my Soul, but crucifie the flesh;
 Compleat thy work (Lord Jesus) on my heart,
 And thy own Righteousness to me impart.
 There's nought I see will dome any good,
 Save the dear Merit of thy precious Blood.
 My bleeding Soul will faint away and die,
 If thou dost not thy Blood with speed apply.
 How has my panting Breast sent many groan,
 With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
 For one sweet look and aspect of thine Eye?
 There's nothing else which will me satisfie:
 Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
 For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
 My gasping Soul's dissolved into tears,
 Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with
 My great request, alas! is only this, (fears:
 Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet kiss:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I esteem or value like thy Love,
A promise grant, some word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone.
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Because I know how I unworthy be :
Ah ! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile ;
Thy frowns I do deserve but not one smile.
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain !
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain.
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse !
And my poore Conscience wickedly abuse :
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove.
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou shouldst pardon such a one as I,
And save my Soul to all Eternity,
And me embrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be.
O, wilt thou speak again ! dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I'll not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul, canst thou believe
And stedfastly my benefits receive ?

Do'st

Do'st think that I have power and a heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!
Lord I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts, and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
Thou wilt give me joy, and take away my woe.
But thou mayst, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over Jerusalem thou didst lament,
Who had no aving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded breast,
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will die,
Without an answer from thee speedily.

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul? thou hast my heart,
What'er is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'll lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good cheer,
Thy sins, though ne'r so great, forgiven are.

I able am to save to th^s uttermost,
 All these who do in me put all their trust.
 Those which do come to me, I in no wise
 Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
 Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
 For I have wash'd and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
 Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old score;
 Thy former faults I'll ne'r remember more.
 Enter the Royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd
 Th' fountain of pleasure, holy love unstain'd:
 Take up thy Lodging in Eternal Love.
 What's here below? thy treasure is above.
 Cheer up poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
 My Blood was shed to save that Soul of thine:
 With endless joys thy Soul I'll satisfie,
 And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lie.
 In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
 And do ingage I'll never thee forsake.
 In th' Fire and in the Water I'll be near,
 And help thee through all grief and trouble here:
 Yea, I'll be with thee always to the end,
 And Death at last I'll cause to be thy Friend,
 And make its passage also unto thee,
 Only an entrance to felicity.
 Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' brim,
 Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim,
 And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
 And on the Throne sit down also with me.
 World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove
 My heart from thee: for those I truly love,
 I love

*I love to th' end: Ah! Soul, 'tis thou shalt lie;
In my own Arms to all Eternity.*

YOUTH.

Darkness is gone, day-light begins to spring
Heavens melody I find's the sweetest thing.
The Sun is risen now, it is broke forth,
And gloriously enlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,
Yea, and dissolv'd with love and true delight
My heart is melted with Cœlestial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own desire,
My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,
Which such hot beams from *Jesus* doth obtain:
The door is open'd, Christ has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and has dissolv'd the rock.
My heart which was so hard is made to yield,
Christ has o'come me now and won the field.
The war is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity,
What joy is this! Ah, 'tis beyond all measure;
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure
As was my burden, so I find my rest,
O that was great! and this can't be exprest.
What heart can taste of these transcendent joys
And not account Earth's pleasures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a second birth;
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns sorrow into mirth
Once was I blind, senseless, bewitch'd, nay, mad
I thought in Christ no comfort could be had:

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a foolish thing,
Which could no pleasure nor no profit bring.
I thought Professors greatly were misled,
When I beheld what things they suffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my mistake,
For I my self could, for Christ Jesus sake,
Any Derision or Affliction bear.
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there,
What man would not all earthly glory slight,
For one small dram or taste of such delight?
To have Christ's Love, and in his bosom lie,
Yields true content, and sweet felicity.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In secret raptures, sighs to be dissolv'd,
And be with Christ my home and resting place,
For to enjoy him and see him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilst here I stay,
I faithfully will do what thou dost say.
And help me Lord, thy praise for to declare
Unto all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyful *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky.
And echo back again, resound on Earth,
Since thou hast wrought in me the second birth:
Let me with the Coelestial Angels sing,
And make thy Praises round the World to ring!
Thou'st brought my Soul out of the lowest Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* set my feet!
Thou hast from Darkness brought me into Light;
And to mine Eyes thou hast restored sight!

Nay;

Nay, hast my Soul sav'd from Eternal Death,
 And shall not I thy praises, Lord, sing forth?
 O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known
 The favour, Lord, which to me thou hast shown
 Let me aloft, by thy best Grace, aspire
 To sound thy praise with the Cœlestial Quire.
 With swift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn
 To magnifie that glorious name of thine.
 Let not remainders of the flesh disturb
 My precious peace that's new: O do thou curb
 Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
 With vengeance let those rebels down be brought
 And let me on the Earth live all my days
 Unto thy Glory and transcendent praise.
 And then, great God, when these short days are
 With *Seraphims* I'll sing for evermore. (O'r

Truth.

*What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
 Whose voice is this that soundeth in mine ear?
 What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that soars on high,
 That with swift wings aloft doth mount and fly;
 And in Eternal Love seems to lie down,
 Adorn'd with Grace, and ravish'd with the Crown
 Of inward Peace? that taketh up its rest
 At Jesus Christ's sweet satisfying Breast,
 And breaking forth in raptures, can't express,
 As he would do, his humble thankfulness?*

Youth.

'Tis I, blest *Truth*, the Conquest now is won,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the Conquer'd one :
My Grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my might
Is also chang'd into Eternal Light.

Thy power's great when *Grace* doth work with
Yea soon do then obtain the Victory. (thee,

Blest be the day that ever thou wert sent,
To change my heart, and move me to repent.

Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I shall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.

I'll keep thee close, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich jewels art.

I'll lose my All before I'll part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy company.

Though Satan stir up foes never so cruel,
Devils nor Men shall rob me of this Jewel.

I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to die,
Before I will Gods blessed truth deny.

Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them shall my poor Soul delude.

Though they do thee reproach slight and contemn,
I by Exper'ence refute all them,

Who say thy words nought but dead letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:

The out-side of the Book they only see,
Who thus do speak reproachfully of thee:

For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never speak, as oftentimes they do:

But soon they would God's written Word extol,
 Above that Light which they cry up in all.
 The Light which *Conscience* unto me doth give,
 I'll alwayes own as long as I do live,
 But from God's Word doth its chief Light descend;
 Therefore the Holy Scripture I'll commend:
 For had we not God's Word to Light our hearts,
 The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
 Who never heard of Christ, might understand
 As much as any do in this our Land:
 Alas! we should have been unto this day,
 In all respects as ignorant as they.
 But I'll forbear. because I must with speed
 Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
 To hear what will he say; O *Truth* wilt thou
 Concerning me shew forth thy Judgments now.
 I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
 For still I do retain a jealousy
 Over my heart, because that I have seen
 How I deceived often-times have been.

Truth.

Conscience, to thee I must once more descend,
 The Controversie thou alone must end;
 How is it with him now? what dost thou say?
 Hast any thing unto his Charge to lay?
 Remember what I formerly have shown,
 And let thy present thoughts with speed be known.

Con-

Conscience.

I alwayes ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to shew; your suit I can't deny.
O Sir! the case is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His sweet Condition I must needs commend.
Grace has subdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean and wash'd in every part;
My testimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere,
I do for him, and shall my witness bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul desie,
He hates above all things Hypocrisie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Command of Christs, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully also the Lord obeys,
Without excuses, put-offs, or delays;
He grieveth most for sins that secret are,
Which unto men do not i'th' least appear.
He's more in substance than he is in show,
When high'st in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own Righteousness he doth disown,
And does rely on Jesus Christ alone.
Christ is become so precious in his sight,
He's first with him i'th' morn, and last at night.

He willingly has taken up the Cross,
 And doth account what e're is his but dross;
 And parts with it most freely Christ to gain,
 Since he hath found Earth's best injoyments vain.
 Christ he exalts as King i'th' highest degree,
 And gives each Office its full dignity.
 He uses me also most tenderly,
 Because he knows that my Authority
 Is from above, it is for Jesus sake
 He sides with me, and doth resolve to take
 My part alwayes, what e'r he doth sustain,
 He'll rather suffer than would make me pain.
 Christ has in me set up his blessed Throne,
 And over me no other King he'll own:
 Christ must alone in me the Scepter sway,
 And he will die before he'll give away
 Christ's Right and Sovereignty in his dear Soul.
 He is resolv'd to suffer no controul,
 In things alone which to me appertain,
 Fear lest thereby Christ's Glory he should stain:

Truth.

Oh! happy young man! blessed from above,
 Blessed with Grace, and ravished with the love
 Of thy Eternal Lord, in whose sweet breast
 Thou now dost lie, and evermore shalt rest.
 Thy Honour's lasting, now it can't decay.
 Thy treasure's sure, thieves cannot steal't away:
 Thy Pleasures are beyond thought or conceit,
 And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy strength, thy wisdom, nor thy youth shall
Nor canst thou die, thou art immortal made. (fade,
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou shalt reign to all Eternity.

Vicinus.

*There's none on earth is able to express,
The inward peace this Young Man doth possess;
Whilst to his joys he clearly doth espy
This blessed Concord, and rare Harmony;
Conscience and Truth most sweetly do agree,
He's freed from Bondage and Captivity.
Christ's Spirit doth with Conscience witness bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(With his dear Saviour) of eternal bliss:
What Consolation can there be like this?
But whilst thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
With strong assaults, his Faith for to destroy,
Which much abates and mitigates his joy:
But Satan failing in his Enterprize,
In one respect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats he breaketh forth,
Spitting his venome and his hellish wrath:
Which in some measure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.*

Devil.

*Heark, heark, thou cursed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'll repay't upon that Soul, of thine;*

*In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
 If thou wilt not again submit to me.
 Will not my shining Glory thee invite,
 Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright
 To leave those cursed ways in which you go?
 Then I'll some way contrive your overthrow,
 Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
 And forced am at present to retreat;
 Yet I'll return like to a Lion strong,
 And break thy bones in pieces e'r't belong.*

Youth.

*Father of Lyes, dost think I dread thy frown?
 'Tis past thy skill to throw my Glory down;
 Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
 And chained up; alas! thou canst not do
 According to thy wrath and cursed spight,
 Christ's Pow'r is mine, who stronger is in Might;
 Me he'll not leave, though tempted am by thee,
 Yet he knows how to help and succour me.
 What matter is't although thou art enraged,
 When the great Pow'r of Heaven is engaged
 To side with me alwayes, and take my part?
 Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
 Yet may'st as soon the Lord of Life o'rcome,
 As to produce or work my final Doom,
 So long as I do for his Glory stand,
 And am obedient to his best Command.*

Devil.

Devil.

*But I have so much craft and subtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy :
Though thou didst think he is become thy Friend,
I'll by temptation move thee to offend
Him e'r be long ; and soon you will espy
In's anger you he'll cast off utterly :
And then I'll tear and rend you as I list,
And you shall have no power to resist.*

Youth.

*God has bestow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the Thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou dost intice ;
God will preserve my Soul from deadly vice :
But if through weakness him I should offend,
In Bowels he'll to me his pardon send.
Christ is my Advocate ; God will pass by
All sins of Weakness and Infirmary.
Although he use the Rod, his precious Love
Im sure from me he never will remove.*

Devil.

*Your hopes will fail, alas ! black clouds will hide,
Your glorious Sun, your steps will quickly slide :
Your morning's bright ; but soon 't will over-cast,
And all your joy will scarce a moment last.
Though Truth doth now thy present state commend,
Yet you will find the Proverb true i th' end,*

That the young Saint will an old Devil be :
You'll die and perish in Apostasie.

YOUTH.

'Cause thou hast lost thy former happy state,
 With malice thou stir'st up thy bitter hate
 Against my Soul, thou shew'st thy wicked spight,
 But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canst not bite.
 Thou dost on me cast forth an envious frown,
 Because thou hast for ever lost thy Crown.
 Because thy Morning's turned into night,
 Dost think thou shalt my Soul amaze and fright
 With such insnaring thoughts? I thee defie;
 Nothing can break that blessed band and tie,
 Or Covenant which Christ with me has made,
 My standing's firm, my Covenant can never fade,
 He that has in my Soul this work begun,
 Will finish it I'm sure e'r he has done.
 There's ne'r a Lamb or Sheep of his dear fold,
 But he will keep, he has of them such hold,
 That in the midst of danger they shall stand,
 And none shall pluck them out of his strong hand,
 They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
 Till they are safely brought unto Salvation.
 Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
 And my foundation never can be razed;
 Though Mountains should depart, & Hills remove,
 Yet Christ will never change in his dear Love.
 Nor cause his Covenant of his lasting peace
 To be remov'd, nor his sweet Mercy cease,

The

The Young Man's Thanksgiving. 113

The *Truth* and *Conscience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' *Immortal Seed* I'm sure must needs bring forth
A Babe *Immortal*; and my *Heav'nly birth*
Doth shew to all, and clearly signifie,
I cannot perish in *Apostasie*.

The *Head* and *Members* of one *Nature* are,
Or else *Christ's Body* a strange *Monster* were,
As sure as he's in *Heaven*, so shall I,
And reign with him to all *Eternity*.

Devil.

*My words I see no place at all can find
Within the Centre of thy evil mind:
I'll leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curse,
Which is bad as Hell, nay it is worse
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all those who love me, vengeance take
Upon so vile a wretch: and though I do
Forsake thee now, within a day or two
I'll come again, and will thy Soul torment
Till thou of thy Repentance shalt repent.*

Youth.

O Lord, I praise thee for that glorious Pow'r
Which helpt my Soul in such a needful hour
Of strong assaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'st me to resist him, and h's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleased to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

114 *Truth and Grace support Youth.*

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* also for me appear,
Though I am young and weak, I shall thereby
Not fear th' assaults of any Enemy.
Come, speak O *Truth*, wilt be on my side
'Tis in thy strength still I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty strong:
And whilst for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

*I will, dear Soul, support thee whilst on Earth,
And save thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will assist thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and slay
All cursed Enemies who thee gain-say.*

Grace.

*If Truth should fail, I will thy wants supply,
Thou need'st not doubt of my sufficiency;
Light I will be in Darkness, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'll bring relief.
If alwayes thou dost on my Arm rely,
The Devil will be forc'd with speed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliverance in the end.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Christian strife,
And bring thee safe to Everlasting Life.*

Con-

Conscience.

I'll be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
We'll all combine to make a triple band.
A threefold Cord can't eas'ly broken be,
I'll be a Friend in thine Adversity.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou need'st to fear,
So long as I for thee my witness bear.
That thou in Truth dost walk before the Lord,
And that thy wayes do with his Word accord,
The evil Foe shall be ashamed quite,
Whilst faithfully thou walk'st up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilst I declare thy heart is truly sound.
Clear up, poor Soul, I'll feast thee constantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy,
My sweetest Wine also I'll keep to th' end,
At death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth spring,
All service thou dost do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'll afford;
That doth bear witness for thee, so do I,
And will also when thou do'st come to die.

*The Young Man Experiencing Conversion truly
wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered
from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth
into these following Hymns of Prayer and
Praises to God.*

A Mystical

*A Mystical Hymn of Thanksgiving.*

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee, dear God, she sings,
Since thou art on my side

My enemies are forc'd to fly,
As soon as they do thee espy,

Thy name be glorify'd.

Thou makest Rich by making Poor:

By Poverty add'st to my Store;

Such Grace dost thou provide

Thou wound'st as well as thou mak'st whole,
And heal'st by wounding of the Soul;

Thy name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'st men blind by giving into sight,
And turn'st their darkness light.

These things can't be deny'd.

Thou cloath'st the Soul by making bare,
And give'st food when none is there;

Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou killest by making alive,
By dying dost the Soul revive,

Which none can do besides;

Thou dost raise up by pulling down,
And by abasing, thou dost Crown,

Thy Name be glorify'd.

By making bitter thou mak'st sweet,
And mak'st each crooked thing to meet,

I'th' Soul which thou hast try'd:
The fruitless tree thou mak'st to grow,
And the green tree dost overthrow;

Thy name be glorify'd.

The conquered the conquest gains;

By being beat, the field obtains,

Which makes me therefore cry,

Lord while I live upon the Earth,

Since thou hast wrought the second birth,

Thy name I'll magnifie.

Thou mak'st men wise, by coming fools;

By emptying thou fill'st their Souls,

Such Grace dost thou provide:

By making weary thou giv'st Rest,

That which seem'd worst, proves for the best;

Thy name be glorify'd.

Thou art far off, and also near,

And not confin'd, but ev'ry where,

And on the clouds dost ride.

O thou art Love, and also Light;

There's none can go out of thy sight;

Thy name be magnify'd.

Lord, thou art great, and also good,

And sit'st upon the mighty flood,

By whom all hearts are try'd:

Though thou art Three, yet art but One,

And comprehended art of none;

Thy name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conscience.

MY *Conscience* is become my Friend,
And cheerfully doth speak to me,
And I will to his motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conscience* in my face doth smile.
My *Conscience* now doth give me rest,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppress'd
In the old bands of misery.
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.
My *Conscience* doth with precious food,
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its dainties also are so good,
All sinful sweets do I despise:
This Banquet's lasting, 'twill supply
My wants, and feast me till I die.
My *Conscience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much possess'd with grief;
And when I suffer for its sake,
'Twill yield me joy and sweet relief:
Though troubles rise, and much increase,
I in my *Conscience* shall have peace.
When others to the Mountains flee,
And sore amaz'd do trembling stand:

A place of shelter then have I,
And *Conscience* will lend me its hand
To lock me in the Chambers fast,
Till th' Indignation's over-past.
At Death, and in the Judgment Day
What would men give for such a Friend?
All those which do him disobey,
They'll it repent I'm sure i'th' end:
When such are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul shall sing continually.

*An Hymn on the Six Principles of Christ's
Doctrine. Heb. 6. 1, 2.*

Repentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jesus I do rouse,
And truly him receive
As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
Him always to obey;
And in things o'r me to reign,
And govern night and day
Christ's Baptism it is very sweet,
With Laying on of Hands;
My Soul is brought to Jesus Feet
In owning his Commands.
Those Ordinances men oppose.
And count as carnal things;

I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to those,
From them rare comforts spring.

My precious Lord I must obey,
Though men reproach me still;

I'll do what ever Christ doth say,
And yield unto his will.

On Christ alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwise;

Because I can't Gods Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lies,

Let them deride, yet for Christ's sake
Resolved now am I,

In his own strength the Cross to take,
Yea, and for him to die,

Before I'll ever turn my back
On him whom I do love;

For I do know I shall not lack
His presence from above.

For he has promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;

And be to me a faithful friend,
Which makes me not to fear,

Whatever Men or Devils do
In secret place design,

He soon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Resurrection of the Dead
I constantly maintain;

When

When all those which lie buried,
Shall rise to life again.

And that the Judgment day will come,

When Christ upon the Throne
Shall pass a black Eternal Doom,

Upon each Wicked one:
But all the Saints then joyfully

With Bowels he'll embrace,

And Crowns to all Eternity

Upon their Heads he'll place,

And in the Kingdom shall they reign,

Prepared long before,

And also shall with Christ remain,

In blifs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to shine,
And break forth yet more and more,

Meer darkness was that Light of mine,

Which I commended heretofore.

I was involved in my sin;

Had day without, but night within.

My former days I did compare,

Unto the sweet and lovely Spring;

I thought that time it was as rare,

As when the chirping Birds do sing:

But I was blind, I now do see

There was no Spring nor Light in me,

H

My

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yet, like the midst of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And also I do now remember
My heart was cold as any stone,
My leaves were off, and sap was gone.
God is a Sun, a Shield also,
The Glory of the Word is he;
True Light alone from him doth flow;
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his sweet beams display,
Like to the dawning of the day.
How precious is't to see the Sun,
When in the morning it doth rise,
And shineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The misty Fogs by his strong Light,
Are vanish'd quite out of our sight.
Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart,
By his strong beams and glorious rayes,
The Light from Darkness clearly part,
And makes in me rare shining dayes.
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do rise,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.
Were there no glorious Lamps above,
What dark confusion would be here!
If God should quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seaman do to steer!
My Soul's the World, and Christ's the Sun,
If he shines not, I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol's* beams do them revive;
So I in sin lay buried.

Till Jesus Christ made me alive:

Alas my heart was Ice and Snow.

Till Sun did shine and Winds did blow.

Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind

Did sweetly blow, and Sun did dart

Its Light in me, I could not find

No heat within my inward part;

Then blow thou Wind, and shine thou Sun;

To make my Soul a lively one.

In nat'ral men there is a Light,

Which for their sins doth them reprove;

And yet are they but in the night,

And not renewed from above:

The Moon is given (it is clear)

To guide men who in darkness are,

The Sun for brightness doth exceed

The Stars of Heaven, or the Moon;

Of them there is but little need,

When Sun doth shine towards high noon,

Just so the Gospel doth excel,

The Law God gave to *Israel*.

All those who do the Gospel slight,

And rather have a Legal guide;

The Sun's not risen in their sight,

And therefore 'tis that they deride

Those who commend the Gospel-Sun,

Above the Light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of Light I do perceive
 Some of them weak and others strong,
 That which is saving none can receive
 But those who unto Christ belong;
 Yet doth each Light serve for the end,
 For which to man God did it send.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

Let not the Sun Eclipsed be,
 Nor any dark Cloud interpose
 Between thy self (dear Christ) and me,
 Who art that blessed *Sharon's* Rose:
 O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since thou by choice hast made me thine,
 Always let me walk in the Light
 Till Grace doth me with glory crown;
 Turn not my morning into night,
 Now ever let my Sun go down:
 O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since by dear purchase I am thine.
 Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, arise
 From the gross Lump of inward Earth,
 To th' hidings of the glorious Skies,
 The thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
 O let thy face upon me shine,
 Since by Adoption I am thine,

Lord,

Lord, let my morning be more bright,
And my Sun shine to th' perfect day.
And let mine eyes have stronger sight,
That I behold its glory may.
O let thy face upon me shine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine:

Lord shine and make my heart more soft,
And temper it, the seal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Names sake.
O let thy face upon me shine,
Since by sweet Contract I am thine.

The Light of thy dear Countenance;
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine ignorance
Darken the Light of mine dim Eyes:
O let thy face upon me shine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Always until I come to die;
And from thy paths ne'r let me slide,
But light me to Eternity:
O let thy face upon me shine,
For I my self to thee resign.

There's many Lord, whodaily cry,
Oh! who will shew us any good?
'Tis in thy self, Lord, it doth lie,
Although by few 'tis understood:
O let thy face upon me shine,
For I by Conquest now am thine.

Lord,

Lord in the Light I thee injoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that Soul destroy,
Whom thou intendeth for to save :
O let thy face npon me shine,
For I can't say, Lord, thou art mine.
Let not the Sun only appear,
For to enlighten my dark heart ;
But to poor Souls both far and near,
The self-same Glory, Lord, impart :
O let thy face upon them shine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.
Let Light and Glory so break forth,
And Darknes fly and quite be gone,
That all thy Saints upon the Earth,
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one :
O let thy face so brightly shine,
As to discover who are thine.
Let Grace and Knowledge now abound ,
And the blest Gospel shine so clear ,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And Popish darkness quite cashier :
O let thy face on *Sion* shine,
But plague those cursed Foes of thine.
Let *France*, dark *Spain* , and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold ;
To each adjacent Countrey,
Do thou the Gospel plain unfold :
O let thy face upon them shine.
That all these Nations may be thine.

Let *Christendom* new Christ'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn;
And be Baptiz'd, O Christ, by thee
With th' Spirit of the Holy One:
O let thy face upon it shine,
That *Christendom* may all be thine.

And carry on thy glorious Work,
Victoriously in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*
Subject themselves to thy command:
O let thy face upon them shine.
That those blind People may be thine.

And let thy brightness also go,
To *Asia* and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt* and *Affyria* too,
Submit unto thy blessed Law:
O let thy face upon them shine,
That those dark Regions may be thine.

Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *East-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy blessed Gospel shine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.

Send forth thy Light like to the Morn,
Most swiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*;
That all dark nations may espy
Thy glorious face on them to shine,
And they in Christ for to be thine, H 4 The

The Fulness of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with speed, O let them fear

Thy Name in Truth with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near :

O let thy face upon them shine,
And let us now, Lord, who are thine.

And let also the glorious news
Of thy Salvation, yield relief :

Unto the sad distressed *Jews*,
Who hardned are in unbelief :

O let thy face upon them shine,
For *Abram's* sake, that Friend of thine.

O don't forget poor *Israel*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rayes

Cause their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former days :

O cause thy face sweetly to shine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.

O let all Kingdoms now with speed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,

From all gross Darkness quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given :

Thot they in Glory, Lord, may shine,
According to that Word of thine.

AN APPENDIX

Containing a Dialogue between an old
Apostate, and young *Professor*.

Apostate.

HOW many straights and crosses have I met,
Since I my self to seek for *Canaan* set!
Red Seas and Wilderesses lie between;
Why venture I for what I ne'r have seen?
Why can I not where I am now remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to these Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but fancies that disturb'd my mind,
I sought for something which I could not find.
Would God in *Egypt* I had still remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conscience be silent, don't disturb me more,
Upon such things I will no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
Where I shall have things to my hearts desire.

Devil.

A Dialogue between
Devil.

Pursue thy purpose, thou shalt understand,
What e'r I have shall be at thy command:
My Kingdom's great, this World is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all shall then be thine.
Afraid I was I should have lost thee quite, (sight.
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou shalt have,
Honours on Earth, Riches and Pleasures brave,
When others forc'd in Prison are to lie,
Thou shalt enjoy thy precious liberty;
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou shalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou hast much goods laid up for many years,
And long shalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy Seed establish'd too shall be on earth,
And thou shalt spend thy days in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly disdain,
Nor think of God or Jesus Christ again,
Phanatick fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell of which thou oft hast heard,
Are nought save fictions of their crafty head;
With fear of nothing are they frightened,
That mad men like, they do tread under feet
Those lovely joys which wise men find most sweet.
Religion's nought but a devised thing,
Which up at first some crafty head did bring,
To awe the minds of fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold that's a meer counterfeit.

The

an old Apostate and young Professor. 131

The truth of th' Scrip. thou hast cause to doubt,
For divers places thou may'st soon find out
Which inconsistent to each other be,
Of what it speaks there is no certainty.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why should'st thou be so foolish as to call
On him, whom thou did'st never see or know,
Unless its thus; because that most do so.
Let Melancholy fancies now therefore,
Ne'r vex thy mind nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy self on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which Purse and Bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou must die;
And afterwards there's no Eternity
As some suppose, for thou i'th' Grave shalt rot,
And as the Beast be utterly forgot:
But since you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly condemn.
Thou may'st Religious also seem to be,
For there is one that's very fit for thee.
Melodious Sounds, sweet Mirth, and Musick rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charm the ear.
No worship on the Earth doth suit so well
With flesh or bleed, or doth for ease excell,
Or with man's interest doth so well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worship which for thee I pick,
I'm not against thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'st not doubt,
An easier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's so broad whole Nations walk therein,
 And persons of all sorts, no let is fin.
 Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'lt hear melodious sounds
 Sweet joys and mirth on every side abounds:
 Fine boys and men ravishing notes do sing
 Whil'ft Organs play in Consort and Bells do ring;
 In that brave way thou'lt have thy liberty
 To do such things as others do deny.
 Thou may'ft be mad, carouse and domineer,
 Stri& *Roman Catholicks* such things can bear; (curse,
 If thou dost swear, drink healths, yea, or should'ft
 There's few i'th' Church would like thee e'r the
 Or if thou should'ft some curious *Lady* spy, (worse:
 Or view some pretty Maid with wanton eye,
 To court or play with her thou need'ft not fear,
 For Venial sins alas all such things are;
 And one great help and remedy thou'lt have,
 Which from all grief and danger will thee save;
 If it fall out by chance at any time (crime,
 Thou should'ft commit some great and hainous
 There is straight-way the blessed Absolution,
 A present help, and yet no superstition,
 For a small sum of money soon is had
 A pardon for all sins, though ne'r so bad,
 His Holiness for a few shillings can
 Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
 Nay unto thee can grant a Dispensation
 To kill and murder any in a Nation
 Who us and th' Holy Church hate and oppose;
 Come trouble not thy self, but straight-way close
 With

An old Apostate and young Professor 133

With this fam'd Church to whom such power is given,
To ope and shut with ease the Gates of Heaven.
And make that sin to day which ne'r was sin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath been,
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix also,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to see e'r a few dayes,
Some thousands more cleaving to those old ways,
And thou wilt not such an advantage gain,
As now thou may'st with ease I am sure obtain.
And since in kindness and affections dear,
I've shew'd thee how to be preferred here,
And do ingage thy faithful friend to be;
There's some small thing I'll have thee do for me;
Speak evil of the way thou late wast in;
Belie them all, and charge them too with sin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Reville, reproach, and slander in my stead:
Shew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little love, and want of Charity.
Of Canaan Land raise thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are a going for't.
One thing at present I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou dost know,
Who hath a Son which is indeed his Heir,
That to these foolish Notions doth adhere,
If he should visit thee, with speed do thou
Treat with the peevish youth, I'll teach thee how
To controvert the cause, my place supply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my Kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way to throng.
And you shall also some derision bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you han't a care.

Uicinus.

*The thoughts which Satan darts into his mind,
He clos'd with, and fully is inclin'd
His Counsel for to take, what e'r become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of doom.
An Atheist he's become in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian strife.
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An instrument prepared for the Devil.
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Resolv'dly to Heaven for to run.
You'll hear how this Apostate will ingage,
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.*

Apostate.

*What my old Friend E. R. Sir, I am glad
To see you once again, yet I am sad,
And griev'd sore to see you look so ill;
What evil Sir, I pray, has you beset?
What is the cause of this your present grief?
If I can give, or help you to relief,
Or comfort you ith' least, I willing am,
And shall rejoyce, also I hither came.*

Gent.

Ah Sir, my Son, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I most comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwise will prove a plague to me,
Unless he can with speed recover'd be.
He'll be a Preacher, I do think, e'r long,
He's such a Bookish-fool, and so head-strong,
That I have little hopes he'll e'r be good;
Here's cause of grief if rightly understood.
He is become such a vile Heretick,
That *Rome's* good *Church* and the true *Catholick*,
Most vilely, I perceive, he doth disdain,
And doth, forsooth, tell me he's born again:
I do beseech you Sir, do what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;
O arm yourself therefore and try your skill;
If you can turn him from these wayes, then I
Shall be engag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your self sometimes ago,
And therefore now more able are to shew
The vanity of these devised wayes,
And Bookish-fables of these silly dayes;
Having the Scripture in our Mother-tongue
Has been the ruine of us all along:
For, since Men did our Holy Church forsake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confusion in the World we see,
And otherwise, in truth, 'twill never be

Until their Books i'th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am good Sir of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in truth
Do what I can to turn that silly youth;
For I can shew and make him understand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive;
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They lie alas, and are (in truth) no less
Than frantick fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from these delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's neer at hand,
I'll take my leave,

Your Servant to Command

THE

THE
P R O L O G U E.

Attend kind friend, read with a serious eye,
And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear Youth most holy and sincere.
The one affirms all godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest gain.
Mark though the end of both, and thou shalt see
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquity.

Apostate.

Well met good Sir, from whence pray did you come?

Professor.

I am a stranger and am trav'ling home.

Apostate.

Are you a stranger in this Countrey?

Professor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Professor.

From Egypt Sir, *Apost.* I am Trav'ling thither,
Apostate.

Apostate.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain
 You strive against the wind with might and main?
 E'r further you do go, sit down, account,
 See whether that you run for will surmount;
 The labour great, and loss you will sustain,
 Before the prize in truth ye do obtain.
 What place is it to which you think to go,
 That to advise you I may fully know.
 For good instruction to you I'll afford,
 When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for Canaan that most Holy Land,
 I'll travel thither as God doth command;
 Whose worth and value I do know full well,
 For Riches it doth far all things excel.
 And though all things I lose e'r I come there,
 'Twill all my losses I am sure repair.
 The worth of that therefore for which I run,
 I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain, the place is so rare
 You may mistake, for you were never there.

Professor.

Ab Sir, of it I have a glorious sight,
Which doth my Soul transcendently delight;
Although in person there I ne'r have been;
Yet I most plain sweet Canaan oft have seen;
Besides, I lately spoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence descend;
And unto me its glory he did shew,
Its precious worth from whom I came to know;
Some of its fruits also to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I possession have.

Apostate.

Is't not the fancy of thy crafty-head?
I have likewise of such a Canaan read?
It may be so, or so it may not be,
It ne'r seem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which so uncertain are,
Such losses suffer, and such labour bear.
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' bush, ye know;
This Zeal (poor Lad) will work thy overthrow.

Professor.

You vainly talk, and live by sight and sense,
I walk by faith, which is the evidence
Of things not seen, here with an outward eye.
What thou see'st not, I clearly do espy.
'Tis not the fancy of a crafty-brain,
For Moses that its glory he might gain,

A Dialogue between

All *Egypt's* Treasure quickly did forego,
 Was that the way unto his overthrow?
 No, no, dear Sir, he saw it was the way
 To peace and honour in another day:
 The glory real did his Soul behold,
 To be so great, that never can be told.
 If thou had'st drunk but of its glorious springs,
 Thou woul'st it prize above all earthly things.
 If thou hadst tasted but of *Canaans* hony,
 Thou would'st esteem it more than bags of mony.
 Although I make, alas, a poor profession,
 Yet I have now something in my possession;
 Lock'd up most safe in my refreshed breast,
 More rare than Pearls within a Golden Chest.
 True peace of conscience, that through grace I have
 Which passeth all mens knowledge to conceive.
 I would of it not be depriv'd again,
 If that I might ten thousand worlds obtain.

Apollate.

Tush, silly Fool, kick Conscience quite away,
 Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth say.
 I stiff'd him, and that a good while since,
 And took revenge for his proud Insolence.
 His gasping groans I no ways did regard,
 But let my heart against him grow so hard,
 That I do judge I have his business done.
 He's dead in truth, and to dark silence gone;
 That now I can, without the least controul,
 Have any pleasures which delight my Soul.

Profe,

Professor.

‘Ah Sir, go on, if that’s the choice you make,
I never will such cursed Counsel take.
Who ever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use.
And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain
I th’ judgment day he will revive again.
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your face most ghastfully will stare.
You’ll have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardned thus in your iniquity.
Apos. My sorrow’s gone, but thine alas will double,
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble.
The storms and blust’ring winds are overpast,
And very safe I am arriv’d at last.
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose and harbour day and night,
Toss’d I have been upon the boysterous Seas,
And till of late ne’r could find rest nor ease.
But now I’m safely landed, and with good
Shall satiated be, whilst thou art toss’d i th’ flood
Thou shalt poor Youth with dreadful storms be hurl’d
Whilst I shall find a very quiet world.
All thy best days are gone, and plung’d thou’lt be
Into sad Gulfes of woful misery.
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy course,
Thou’lt see things with thee will grow worse and worse.
Those fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
Ere long they shall but little friendship find.