

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,
E're long they shall but little friendship find.

A Dialogue between
Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempests do I know attend,
Those who resolve poor Conscience to befriend,
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very youth,
Had kept good Conscience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with blustering winds, was toss'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* most devout,
Till he at last the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'r away shall fade,
All those who sayll'd this way, have all along
Met with great opposition and much wrong
From Pyrats, Spoilers, and Usurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, because that I

Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.

The gold and precious things the merchant gains,
Do quit his cost, and recompence his pains.

The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers often-times to run.

So hopes of joys, the which Cœlestial are,
Makes me no labour nor no cost to spare.

You are for present things, I farther see;

You are for Earth but Heaven is for me.

You are for Pleasures and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moses* did behold.

You are for ease, whatever it doth cost,

And honours here, though Soul for it be lost.

Who makes the wisest choice, let him declare,

Let death and judgment shew who wise men are.

M

My purpose I'll pursue what e'r I meet,
My portion's great, my peace, no counterfeit,
Heaven is my Port, there's such a place I'm sure,
Nought shall entice me nor my Soul allure
To loose my hold, I'll keep firm in my station,
Though in my way I meet with tribulation,
Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
No Men nor Devils ever shall deprive,
My Soul of that eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
That there's a Canaan or a Heaven, where
Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below;
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that seeming place,
Consider this, Oh 'tis a weighty case!
For there so many ways and voices be,
How thou should find the right I do not see.
Thou art a stranger too, thou toldst, be plain,
Come, come, young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could by Natures light espy
Mans chiefeft good or best Felicity.

Must needs excel the high'st enjoyments here,
 And shall this doubtful unto those appear (known
 Who have Gods works) most dreadfully made
 Year and his word which very few or none
 Who live in any land the like have had;
 Shall such turn Athiests? this is very sad.
 Is not Jehovah every where made known
 By fearful judgments, which are daily shown?
 And why think you I can't the true way find,
 Seeing Jesus has in writing left his mind
 In plain Characters; which whil'st I observe,
 I from the truth am sure no way to swerve.
 He came from thence himself the other day,
 And gave directions how to find the way;
 This writings firm, tis signed with his blood,
 That the old Dragon with his mighty flood
 Of superstition, and persecuting fire,
 Could not it spoil nor gain his curst desire.
 The Holy Scripture God to us hath given,
 To guide our Souls in the right way to Heaven.
 Though Satan has made opposition strong,
 Yet still we have it in our mother tongue.
 And by this means, most plain I came to know,
 The very foot-steps where the flock did go.

Apostate.

Though you of Scripture seem to make your
 Your hopes of this will suddenly be lost. *boast*
 For you much longer it a'n't like to have,
 Your Souls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For Holy Curch once more will quite destroy
This *Engliss* God, which they seem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scripture dost not know,
But wrestest them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd whom God has never taught,
But have in Popish darkness up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the Spirit,
Who think they can by Works Salvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny
The Spirits Teachings and Authority
For to excel all humane Arts and Science,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Christ Jesus is a piece of Bread,
Which Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up.
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For those for whom Christ did his Body break
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought else than a meer fained Story,
They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads doth on its shoulders bear.
That Woman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious Whore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The ABC of the true Christian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
Who never knew himself, nor yet discern'd

The cursed nature of his hainous sin,
 Nor what estate by nature he is in.
 That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
 To learn for Christ how to become a Fool.
 That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
 Who hath his Soul and Jesus Christ forgot.
 And doth esteem earths empty vanity,
 Above that good which Saints in God espy.
 I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
 To crucifie the flesh, yea, and to bow
 To Jesus Christ, and for his precious sake,
 His yoaik and burden willingly to take.
 And follow him where ever he doth go,
 And him alone determine for to know.
 Who for my sake upon the Cross did die,
 Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie.
 And to exalt him as he's Priest and King,
 And as my Prophet too in every thing.
 And this through Grace I learned have of late,
 To be content what ever be my state.
 Some things I must confess I ne'r could learn,
 Nor any wayes perceive, see, or discern.
 I never read of *Peter's* tripple Crown,
 Nor that he ever wore a Popish Gown,
 I never learn'd that he did *Pope* become,
 Or Rule o'r King like to the beast at *Rome*.
 I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
 Or ever power had to pardon sins.
 I never learn'd he granted dispensations,
 To poyson Kings, or Rulers of those Nations.

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Who were Prophane or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks,
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,
Yet had as much as any Pope I guess.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the Neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in Cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to Murther those,
Who did in Truth Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all those that do him love,
Who bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth crucifie.

Peter

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented
 The Pope a thousand times, but ne'r relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty Scholars were,
 Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
 Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,
 When Scholars go astray, who Arts have seen.
 The Learned Schoolmen put our Lord to Death,
 And very few of such Christ called hath.
 But poor despised persons he doth call,
 And passeth by the high flown Cardinal.
 For humane learning, and such kind of Preaching,
 Is nothing to the blessed Spirits teaching.
 I learning like, and grant that men may use it,
 Yet would I not have them to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride,
 Our Holy Father, for I can't abide.
 To hear such prating Fools. Are you so wise?
 Dare you the Holy Mother Church despise?
 'Tis that Religion I like best of all.
 The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
 There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly glory,
 What you talk of, is an unpleasant story.
 There's pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,
 Which doth the flesh as well as spirit please.
 Here's Heaven and Earth, what can't thou more
 Or of thy God, or any Man require? (desire,
 Thy way th' hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
 Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor.

Professor.

Could I no other reason give or urge
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge
This which you speak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Christs Church no such vain pomps appear;
No worldly glory doth Christs Church adorn,
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,
When *John* sets forth the Antichristian state,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and
Who at poor *Sion* doth with envy snarl. Pearl,
No liberty to th' flesh the Lord doth give.
Saints must alone after the Spirit live,
No serving God and Mammon, Sir, 'tis plain,
To Hell you go except you'r born again.
If you'll be Christs, with speed then turn you must,
To crucifie the flesh with all it's lust,
No cause have I to fear to go astray,
Whilst I walk daily in the narrow way.
All those who do Gods Holy Word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet in the dark Mountains soon will fall,
And utter ruine will o'r take them all.
But as for me no cause have I to doubt,
But I shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.

Doſt

Dost think I'll leave my Quails and Manna rare
For stinking Garlick and base Onions there?

Apostate.

For all your courage, Sir, I do suppose;
You will repent that ever you have chose;
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with sound zeal thus blindly to be hurl'd.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
Your Father's Master of a good Estate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late;
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One great of him you are not like to have.

Professor.

This World in a just balance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,
And honours nought save fool-bewitching Snare.
Your outward joy will turned be to sadness.
Your pleasure into pain, your wisdom's madness.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at best a bubble
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it fast,
'Twill fly with speed, 'tis but an empty blast,
What frantick fit is this? Will you destroy
Your higher hopes for such a fanci'd joy?
This world's just like th' Strumpet of whom I've
Who with sweet fumes inticeth to her bed. (read

With amorous glances promises a Bliss
And hides destruction with a fained Kiss;
She has her tricks, and her ensnaring wiles,
But lodges death under deceitful smiles,
She hugs the Soul she hates, yea, and doth prove,
A very *Judas* where she fains to love.
Take heed therefore, lest you be catch'd i' th' snare,
And buy your late repentance much too dear.
These comforts here which you do precious call,
Each wise man sees they'r vain and flitting all,
To think I should repent, no cause is there,
If things by you rightly consid'red were.
What *Moses* chose of old, the same do I,
All vain allurements I do quite despise.
I knew when first my Journey I did take,
I must my Fathers house learn to forsake.
In *Abraham's* steps I am resolv'd to go,
What ever I exposed am unto.
What e'r I lose, Christ will mak't up to me
When I of *Canaan* shall possessed be.
I seek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes (dear Sir) from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Estate,
Or Son unto some earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by grace I am born to.
My Portion great, I know not how to show
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e'r long, sweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do resolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat nor earthly friend

A Dialogue between

To favour me : I never will return,
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have won.

Apostate.

What ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This Land you speak of, for your own possession ?
Unto your heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet some oft-times I see, and sure I am,
Unto such Lands can no good title show,
Although they strive for them as you may do.
If you should sell what e'r you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'll see your self at length then quite undone.
Consider oft, and back with me return.
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alas which once did make me sad.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear Soul with fancies thus befooled.
Rouse up my Soul now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
In any thing be plainer here on earth,
Was purchas'd for me by Christ Jesus's death.
The Father doth his Kingdom own, and he,
For his own Child has late adopte d me.

And if a child, I also am an heir,
And shall with Jesus this like glory share.

Apostate.

*How do you know you be his Child? in this
You may mistake, and so may Canaan miss.*

Professor.

*My late conversion doth most plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conscience both agree in one,
I am through Grace no Bastard but a Son,
Those whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Besides all this, since I did first believe,
An earnest of this Land I did receive,
And divers promises also there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my title unto Heaven good,
When sign'd and seal'd to me by Christ his Blood?
You see by these I have a certain ground,
And good assurance for Gods Kingdom found.
But you, as it appears, do quite despair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there.*

Apostate.

*Nay stay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I as soon as you, come thither?
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;*

K

And

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those
 Which did the Pope and Church of Rome oppose.
 Thinking a man a separate must be
 From that same Church, or else could never see,
 Find, nor enjoy eternal peace and rest;
 And therefore I, like others, did protest
 Against that ancient Mother-Church, whom now
 I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
 Down unto her, with all humble subjection;
 Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection:
 Resolving never more to vex my mind
 As I have done, for I shall sooner find
 In this smooth way assurance for Salvation,
 Than if I had kept in my former station.
 Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
 The Church affirms we can attain unto.
 But promises most clear are made to those
 Who seek for the Old way, and with it close:
 And that Rome's Church can plead antiquity,
 No Protestant I'm sure can it deny?
 Yea, and must grant, whatever's their profession,
 That none save Rome can prove their true succession,
 From those brave Churches which first planted were
 By the Apostles, as their Acts declare.
 And therefore Youth, you must no longer boast
 Of Faith and Conscience, for you have lost
 Your way to Heaven; and must therefore look
 Unto that Church which long has been forsok.
 From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
 Is a sad thing, though many it despise.

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an old Apostate and young Professor. 155

*For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in uniformity.*

Professor.

*Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution
Corruption, and vile sports, they are so bad,
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'll leave you, if you'r pleas'd to hear.*

Apostate.

*Rome's Church was rightly gather'd that's most
(clear,*

*Saint Paul himself to this doth witness bear;
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were Baptized in due form 'tis known;
No Church in Constitution right has been,
If that our Church i'th' least doth fail herein.*

Professor.

*Rome's Church I grant was true i'th' Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
Romes Church was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet-colour'd VVhore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true Church was forc'd to take her flight
Into the dark and howling wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress,*

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,
And so remain until this latter Age,

If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romanists we all would hold,
But when she is become Christs Enemy,
God out of Babylon doth bid us fly.

If you can prove *Romes* Church hath not declin'd,
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd,
Then you will undertake for to do more
Than any Papist ever did before.

The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
But for their sins he did them quite remove
Out of his sight, they'r broken for their sin,
With other Churches which have famous been:
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of Worship, and Church-state as *Rome* may do,
Who has in truth nought left save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.

If you should bring your Visibility,
To prove your Church is true; I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring.

To prove you false, than that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear,
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.

And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case,

Your Church is under Age, yea, much too young,
Out of th' Apostacy alas she sprung.

A bastard Church, base born, meer National,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleshly-seed i'th' Church must not be brought.
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christ Church is gather'd by Regeneration,
And not as 'twas i'th' former dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about,
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The axe is now laid to the root o'th' tree,
And every one true penitent must be.
And must obtain of God true saving grace,
Who in his Holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and its Antiquity ;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal Sword,
And not by th' power of God's Holy Word,
Is very false. And that *Romes* Church is so,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show.
And whereas she much boasts of Holiness,
No people doubtless in the World have less ;
For *Rome* like to a stinking common shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o'th' door.
She's like a cage of ev'ry hateful Bird,
As is recorded in Gods sacred Word.
The Counsel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry Soul with special care receive.
He that would holy live, from Rome be packing,
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Devils hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging people to abstain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And in denying persons for to wed,
 Though God allow the undefiled bed.
 By means of these most cursed prohibitions,
 Your Clergy stinks alive with gross pollutions.
 And many of your filthy Popes of *Rome*
 Have *Sodomites* and *Buggerers* become;
 Whoredom and Incest they have minc'd so small,
 As scarce to count them any sin at all.
 Most cursed *Stews* allowed are by them
 Whom none i'th' *Popedom* dare i'th' least condemn.
 Vile *Necromancers* many of them were,
 Haters of God, no sin (in truth) is there,
 But some o'th' *Popes* of it have guilty been,
 As may upon Record be clearly seen.
 Is this your Holy *Head* and Reverend *Father*,
 Next unto Christ Supream? Is he not rather
 A Dev'l incarnate? the worst of Mankind,
 Who can in Hell a viler sinner find? (Love,
 Is *Rome* *Christ's Church*, *Christ's Spouse*, his onely
 His undefiled one, and spotless Dove?
 Sir, don't mistake, she is that *Scarlet Whore*,
 Whom *John* characterized heretofore.
 Which I shall full evince, and make appear,
 If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apostate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
 But shall expect you so too in your proof.
 Those common Epithets of Beast and Whore,
 Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But

But for to warrant your severe doom ,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Professor.

That truth Gods sacred word doth well explain,
That City which o'r Kings of th' Earth did reign,
Was that same Whore, the Spirit clean doth shew;
And that *Rome* was that City, all men know.
Who then above all others bore the sway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And still you Papists to her Bishops give
Headship o'r all who on the earth do live:
Before him Kings and Emperours must submit,
That so he may the mighty Monach sit.
Whil'st absolute pow'r he claims, and Sovereignty
Above all Princes, by his Tyranny.
From whence all persons may conclude it true,
By their first mark the title is his due.
The second Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State, wherein she proudly shone*.
That *Rome* has been a rich gay costly Whore,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
Infinite Sums almost she squeez'd from hence,
For Pardons, Obits, Annates, *Peter-pence*. (led,
And through each Land where she her triumphs
Whole swarms of Locusts, Priests and Friars were
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (spread.
Were faithful slaves still to promote her work.
Whilst to maintain those drones she swept away
The fat and wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place *she doth Mens Souls inslave,*
 This mark, in *Rome* most evident we have.
 With dangerous Vows, unwarranted Traditions,
 Implicit Faith, and thousand Superstitions,
 Pretended Miracles, apparent Lies,
 Damnable Errors and fond Fopperies,
 She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
 Boasts all her dictates are Infallible :
 And then (to fill her measure) i'th' last place,
 'Tis sad *she would Gods precious Sion* race.
 This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
 That drunken whore who reels in martyrs blood;
 As I more largely now shall make appear,
 And then with patience your excuses hear.
 Whithin the compass of six thousand years,
 Has been presented to the eyes and ears
 Of future Ages, the most sad contents
 Of bloody tragedies, the dire events
 Of dreadful Wars, in sev'ral Generations,
 The overthrow of many fruitful Nations :
 But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody bill,
 Which doth the earth with Sanguine volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of renown,
 Sack't by *Verspatian*, burnt and broken down ;
 It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
 And so have Conquerors dealt with many a nation.
 All Conqu'rors ever found a time to cease. (peace.
 When once they'd conquered, then they were at
 They murder'd not, but such as would not yield,
 To own them for their Lords : and in the field.

They

They slew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready stand
To give Quarter to those that it demand.
But this vile Strumpets blood-bedabbled hands
Finds not a period, never countermands.
Her cruel rage, her murders know no end,
She slaughters when she pity doth pretend:
Years terminate not her blood-thirsty acts,
She slays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treach'rous hands have shed,
Blood without measure: she hath murdered
By cursed Massacres her Neighbours, when
They thought themselves the most secure of men.
One might fill volumes with her bloody story,
In which she still persists: makes it her glory
T' invent strange torments to deprive the breath
Of Christians, by a tedious lingring death.
The brutish *Nero*, first of Tyrant-Kings,
From whose base root nine other Tyrants springs,
Whose most inhumane Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable story.
And to their lasting and eternal shame,
Did purchase to themselves that hateful name
Of bloody Monsters in the shape of men,
Whose cruel acts deserve an Iron Pen.
That might perpetuate to after-times,
These Heathens cruelty; record the crimes
For which those Christians willingly laid down,
Their Earthly Houses for a Heavenly Crown.
Reflect a while Sir, and but cast your eye,
First on those Heathen Emp'rors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypt's* Darknes did exceed our Night,
Or Midnight differs from the Morning-light,
So far the Papist's cruelty does exceed
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants, since the World began,
Or since dissention fell 'twixt man and man.
If *Cyprian's* and *Eusebius* words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of souls, shedding their guiltless blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,
They spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were onely this, they did refuse to bend
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Those Idol-Gods these Emperors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice onely to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the cause so many millions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves engag'd
Their Idol to revenge, grew more enrag'd,
To see the Christians boldly to despise
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their Eyes:
They did conclude the nature of th' offence
Deserv'd no less than Death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly see a reason why
These Heathen Emp'rors use such cruelty.
'Twas not because they worshipt not aright,
But worshipt not at all, nay, did despight
Unto these Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by flesh and blood,
To have the Edicts of their Gods withstood.
Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would assuage
Their hellish fury, and for sometime cease,
And give the Christians a breathing space.
And when as those ten Emperors ceas'd to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty. wrath,
Three hundred years accomplisht their fierce
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian Faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and Earth, as they before
Had done their Idols; and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their Bishops rich,
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the great,
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy seat:
Pust up with riches, swoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure Laws hast quickly turn'd aside.
And now such Bishops onely dost thou chuse.
As God doth hate, and utterly refuse;
Proud, sensual, and void of th' holy Spirit;
Such as the Lord hath said shall not inherit
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be:
Who should be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now instead of such as these, behold
They are presumpt'ous, proud, imperious, bold;
Changing the Worship that the Lord makes
And in its stead will introduce their own. (known,
Yea so presumpt'ous are they in their pride,
As to affirm God's Holy Word's no guide
For men to walk by; the onely rule that they
Do counsel men, nay force them to obey,
Is their traditions, which th' affirm to be
Far more authentick than our Lords Decree,
Within his Holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose more tender
Dare not believe them, fearing to depart (heart,
From Gods directions, which in his bless'd word
He hath so plainly left upon record:
These are the men this wicked Strumpet hath
So often made the objects of her wrath.
Making the Earth to drink the guiltless blood,
Of such as for Gods Holy Word have stood.
Oh! Let the blood-drunk Earth ne'r cease to cry
Unto the Heaven-enthroned Majesty,
'Till God take vengeance, as he did on Cain,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred Word
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,
The Rule by which all Doctrines should be try'd.
Our

an old Apostate and young Professor. 165

Our blessed Lord bids search them, for faith he,
They are the words that testifie of me.

Lo here's the cause, behold the reason why
The Whore has acted so much cruelty.

Inhumane Murthers doth this Whore invent,
Whereby she daily slays the innocent,

The numbers she hath murder'd, do surmount
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.

What Country hath not tasted of the Cup,
That her most bloody hands have filled up?

How hath she stirr'd up Nations to ingage
Against each other, to satisfie her rage?

Where Millions have been brought unto the dust,
Onely to satisfie this Strumpets lust?

That she the better might ingross the power
Of Hell into her hauds, and so devour

At her blood-thirsty pleasure, such as she
Could not perswade to love Idolatry.

Perfideous *France*, whose most inhumane wrath,
Passing the limits of a Christian Faith.

Within the space of eight and twenty days,

Thy bloody hands most treacherously betrays

Ten thousand souls, and to that bloody score,
Adds quickly after twenty thousand more.

How many Murders more that Popish Nation
Have done, the *Romish* Hist'ries make relation;

And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceas'd,
But as her years, her muders have increas'd:

And swoln to bigger numbers in less space,
As *Bellarmino* affirmeth to her face;

Who

Who thus attests, that from the morning light;
 Until the Sable Curtains of the night
 Were closely drawn, her bloody hands did slay
 A hundred thousand Souls; O! let that day
 In characters of Blood recorded be,
 That may remain unto Eternity.

O let the Earth that drinketh in the rain,
 That did receive the blood of all the slain;
 Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
 The God of Heaven to confound the Whore.
 O poor *Bohemia*, thou hast had a taste,
 When wicked *Julian* laid thy Countrey waste.
 Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
 Sparing not young nor old, nor Son, nor Sire.
 What multitudes unnumbered were thy slain,
 Which in the field unburied did remain!
 Thou found'st the wolvisb Popes in every age
 Contrive thy ruin, many times engage
 Thy Neighbour Nations to shed forth thy blood,
 Onely because faithful *Bohemia* stood
 For Gods pure Worship. *Martin* the sixth excites

(Knights,
 Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
 With one consent to fall upon that Nation,
 On no less terms than on their own Salvation;
 Promising also upon that condition,
 To give a full and absolute remission
 Unto the vilest sinner that e'r stood
 Upon the earth, that would but shed the blood

Though

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be parallell'd in any age;
Except that Monster, who did sore rebuke
The over charitable Popish Duke
Of *D'Alva*: and would you know his crime,
It was because that he in six years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the earth
To drink more Christians Blood than issued forth
From eighteen thousand souls; for this the Duke
Was thought by Papists worthy of rebuke.
Is Eighteen thousand in sixty years so few,
In the account of your blood-thirsty crue,
Inhumanely to murder? yea indeed,
Because their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloody Bill,
Came short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, so dreadful to rehearse,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble-heart, make Infidels relent;
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over-little still,
His Predecessors added to the Bill.
For from the time that hellish Inquisition
Did from the Devil first receive commission,
As well approv'd History doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date,
By cruel torments which they still retain,
Was a hundred and fifty thousand slain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for sometime did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them as far as in them lay,
 Of all th' comfort that either night or day
 Affords mankind; for them there was not found,
 So much Sun-light as to behold the ground
 On which they stood: Each day that giveth light,
 Was unto them like *Egypt's* darkeſt Night.
 In helliſh darkneſs thus they made them ſpend
 Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
 Destroyed them: the company they had
 Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
 And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and groans,
 Their doleful Lodgings was upon the ſtones.
 If noyſome creatures bred and foſtered there,
 Theſe noyſome creatures their companions were,
 What food they eat, was onely to ſecure
 Their Souls alive, that ſo they might endure
 The ſeveral torments that they did provide,
 And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand dy'd,
 Beſide what dy'd by perſecuting hands,
 Within the *Popes* Conſines in ſeveral lands.
 Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
 And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears,
 Than give a full and abſolute relation,
 Of all the acts of *Romes* abomination.
 Oh! may my native Countrey rather hear
 Their bloody Acts than in the leaſt part bear
 Her burthen, or behold her murd'ring hand,
 Once more ſpread through the Conſines of our
 But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard, (land,
 And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate.

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what *Tragedies*
You make of lawful just severities.
The Martyrs you app'and were Rebels too;
And still against Authority would go.
If then they suffer'd, who pray is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already to their shame.
And I would have my Countrey-men to take
Another taste, that may preserve awake
Their drowsie Souls, who take a dying nap
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the lap
Of lustful *Dalila*, whose treacherous breath
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampsons* death:
Let not the Strumpets sugred words perswade
Teeme to give credit t'her, that's been her trade
To promise fairest when she doth intend
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful race
That slew his Brother smiling in his face.
From the first time that e'r the hellish rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the stage
To act their parts in *England*, *France*, and *Spain*,
And *Italy*, her bloody hands hath slain,
Nine hundred thousand souls or thereabout,
E'r many years had run their hours out,
Of the *Americans* by *Popish Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions slain.

The poor religious *Waldenses*, whose eye,
 Like the quick-sighted *Vulture*, did espy
Romes filthy whoredoms, and freely disclaim
 Her vile Idolatry, and hate the same. Cup,
 Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* most bloody
 Which she with Hell-bred fury poured up.
 And for no other cause, her bloody hands
 She did stretch forth with hell-inraged bands;
 Being sent abroad, forthwith to put to death
 Both young and old, each man that draweth
 And yet, as if she had not been content (breath;
 To murder Parents with their Innocent
 And harmless Babes, as if their hellish-breath
 Had now been spent with putting souls to death;
 Fourseore sweet Babes that never did offend,
 Famish'd to death their harmless lives did end.
 Search, search into the deep abys of Hell,
 And see if all the Devils can parallel
 So vile an act, O most imperious Treason
 Against the King of Kings, and Law of Reason
 Are Papists Christians, and are these their *Acts*
 To punish such as ne'r committed *Facts*?
 Are those right actings, sitting Gospel-times,
 To lay on Babes the weight of highest Crimes?
 Did Christ do thus, or hath he ever given
 Them leave to deal so with the heirs of *Heaven*?
 Those murd'ed Souls under the Altar lie,
 Crying how long *Eternal Majesty*,
 How long wilt be e'r thou avenge thy Saints,
 And lend thine ear unto their sad complaints?

These

These *Waldenefs* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that escaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral Laws to save
Their much desired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themselves, hoping at last, that they
Taking advantage of another day,
When Golden *Titan* had laid down his head
Upon the pillows of his Western-Bed,
And *Proserpina* Lady of the night,
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Transport themselves into some other land,
And to escape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the *Hound* that hunts the wearied *Hart*,
Doth ply their steps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the silent Wood,
Till they surprize the Beast: ev'n so these blood-
Devouring Monsters having found the Cave
Most barb'rously did make that place their grave,
Wherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
Were in a barb'rous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the World hath ever seen,
A Foe so dreadful as the Whore hath been.
It is far better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Christian *Rome*.
What part of *Europe* now can make their boast,
And say they have not tasted to their cost
Of *Romish* Mercy: some are yet alive,
Whose Parents felt the Death she did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor distress'd Estate
Will speak to future Ages and relate

Whole volumes of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd Souls of bleeding *Ireland*
Cry night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods Heaven-enthroned Majesty e'r more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.

Those dreadful Murders, have the eye and ears
Of some now living, heard and seen the tears
Of foul-afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes
Beheld their murdred Babes, and heard their cries.
Their Daughters ravish'd, and when that was done,
Cruelly murdred; and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their eyes,
Whilst they beheld their Childrens miseries:
Their Children murdred, and their Wives desill'd,
Whose Bodies they ript up being great with-child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what *Adamant* heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child Great-Women was not all,
For that although inhumane, was but small,
Compar'd with other torments they indur'd,
Whose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd.
Tearing out Bowels, boyling men alive. (trive.
These deaths and worse those Monsters did con-
We see how they have dealt with every Nation;
And shall we think at last to find compassion?
The piteous cries of Parents ne'r could move
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.

The

The tears that ran from dying infants eyes,
Like plenteous showers from the darkned skies:
Whose great abundance might have made a river,
Yet all these floods of brinish tears could never
Enter a Papists heart so hard condens'd,
So void of pity and all humane sense,
To hear the doleful shrieks, and dying groans
Of poor distressed Babes, who make their moans
To Soul-afflicted Parents e'r they part,
These are the things delight a Papists heart;
To see the dying gasps before the death
Of tortured Souls, whose life-forsaken breath
Had waited, many a tedious hour past, (last.
When their tormented Souls should breath their
Whose dolorous sighings penetrate the skies,
Thase objects do delight a Papists eyes,
And can we now at last expect to find,
That *Rome's* grown merciful, and Papists kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our serious thought upon late Sixty six:
When *London* was consum'd, that famous City,
Its Ruins do bespeak them void of pity.
By *Rome's* contrivance, was fair *London* burn'd,
Englands Metropolis to ashes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their Riches quite bereft.
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their Wives and Children harbourless became,
Their substance all consumed in the Flame:
To day this famous City's deck'd in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold:

A Dialogue between

The doleful Shrieks and lamentable Cries,
The floods of tears that ran from weeping eyes,
As true resemblances, did represent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent:
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke so many to engage
In such an Act, far worse than th' *Powder-Treason*,
Can we suppose, if we consult with Reason,
The fury of their Hellish Rage expir'd
So soon as e'r that famous place was fir'd?
No, no, Good Sir, your pardon, I presume
Those Hell-ingendred flames that did consume
So fair a City in so short a space,
Hell gave those flames Commission down to raze
Not *London* only, but every Soul that hath
A heart resolved to maintain the Faith
Of Jesus, Protestants both great and small
Rome hath determin'd their eternal Fall.
And those more formal Protestants, whose Zeal
May secretly perswade them to conceal
Their seeming Faith, and feignedly to close
With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and suppose
Thereby to save their lives; let none believe
Such vain perswasions, many did deceive
Themselves; for *Rome*, that painted Whore,
Will deal with them as she hath done before,
With such as hoped in the self-same kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought less did find.
Christ never gave unto his Church Commission
For to make Laws for grievous Persecution.

An old Apostate and young Professor 175

No outward force were they i'th' least to use,
Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,
By Burning, Starving, Roasting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a sport of it.
The Holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
Their onely Weapon was Gods sacred Word.
With that bless'd Sword alwayes they overcome,
And refute all Hereticks; but *Rome*
Makes use ('tis plain) o'th' carnal sword and fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locust doth desire,
Death without Mercy, acts of Cruelty,
The matter must decide continually:
The way they use to turn a Soul from error,
Is the most dreadful - flesh-amazing terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a man must lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Instruments, devis'd to tear
The flesh from off the bones; these sometimes were
Her friendly admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
What Massacres hath she contriv'd by Night,
When Nature doth to rest each man invite!

(harms
When sleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of
Did then possess, but in their folded arms (they
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that
Through Grace might live to see another day.

(Hell,
Then came these murdring Butchers, sent from
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;
Laying

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore
Till all were dead they scorned to give o'r :
If these Church-dealings will not work contrition,
She can erect a cursed Inquisition:
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,
Whose torments scarcely can be understood.
A loathsome Dungeon, and vile stinking Cell,
A place of Darkneis, representing Hell;
Where nothing is so plentiful as tears,
And bitter sighs, and yet can find no ears
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans,
Where many tedious days and nights they spend,
Not knowing when their sufferings will have end.
If such like arguments (Sir) will confute
A Heretick, the Papist may dispute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papist with their best endeavour :
They scorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) should be corrival;
For inhumanities they must desie ,
And scorn that Cannibals should them come nigh.
A bloody Papist strives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent;
This is a Papists knocking argument.
Thus, thus is *Rome* drunk with the Martyrs Blood,
Which has run down like to a mighty flood.
O! it is *Rome* that is that Scarlet Whore,
Which thus doth hate and persecute the poor.

And

And all which are unto Truth inclin'd,
To serve the Lord with a most perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All such she strives to put unto the Sword:
And suffers not to buy, nor sell, nor live,
But such as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head also Saint *John* did see
Was writ the cursed name of Blasphemy:
Setting her self on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, besides me there is none.
I have the Keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my sole command;
I shut and open unto whom I please,
I torment give to some, to others ease.
Lo, thus God's Sacred Word doth point her forth,
This, this is she, there's none in all the Earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that presumptuous and blasphemous Name,
As Kings of Heaven, Earth and Hell, but she (be
Therefore *Rome's* Church must the vile Strumpet

Apostate.

Sir, speak no more, forbear your sland'rous lies,
The Holy Church such murd'rous acts defies:
Do not believe all Stories you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make these things appear.

Pro-

A Dialogue between
Professor.

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done.
 Besides, I never yet have heard of one
 That is for you, or standeth on your side,
 Who by just proof these things ever deny'd;
 For they alas notoriously are known,
 And many Papists also them do own:
 Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
 Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
 Were done, and acted; some alive now be
 Who with their eyes these villanies did see:
 About the year (dear Sir) of Fifty five
 A dreadful Massacre did Rome contrive
 Near unto France, i'th' Dukedom of Savoy,
 Where thirty thousand souls she did destroy,
 Who were commanded without all delays
 Papists to turn, and that within three days;
 Who for refusing, were then presently
 Put unto death with barb'rous Cruelty. (parts,
 Some with sharp spears thrust through their privy
 Whil'st others stabbed were unto their hearts.
 Some Babes they cut in pieces, some they roasted,
 And some upon the tops of spears they tossed:
 Virgins were Ravished, Widows and Wives,
 All barbarously deprived of their lives:
 Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
 And many knock'd o'th' head as they did go;
 Thus were those souls brought into misery;
 See it at large in Morelands History,

an old Apostate and young Professor. 179

Two hundred thousand Protestants or more
Where Massacred by this vile bloody Whore
In Ireland; there's many now alive
Who saw what kinds of death they did contrive,
By which some of their dear Relations then
Were tortured by those most bloody men.
How can you, Sir, these things i^th' least deny,
Which are so obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of Roman Catholics,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and John they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.
To Magistrates they refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
In Civil things they also did submit,
And preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which unto man do appertain;
But Christ o'r Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so those Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be;
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty,

And

And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as Holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.

(death,

And though your Church doth put poor men to
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst Laws came forth.
The tares with wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan, I don't doubt i'th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about
(low,
Those Murderous Deeds, the Church did not al-
But utterly against them doth avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Monks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed Dispensations
From bloody Rome, has Ruin'd many Nations.
You can't deceive, nor hoodwink the world more.
Times have discover'd the Scarlet Whore.

We

an old Apostate and young Professor. 181

¶ We now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could shew, but that I can't enlarge.

Apostate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuse
The Holy Church, you put me in muse:
But she's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth such cruelties defie and hate.

Professor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
Who whil'st against his will is quite debarr'd
From seeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature still, if ever he
At any rate can get his liberty,
Doth straightway run impatient of delay,
And cannot rest until he's got his prey.
So Rome seems kind and gentle, until she
Can find again an opportunity,
Which with unwearied pains, and often trial,
She ever seeks, and hardly takes denial.
Which if she once obtains, she will not stay
From shedding blood a minute of a day.

Apostate

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I speak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, speedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Christ who onely can decide
 All Controversies, even to divide
 The truth from error, light from darknes so
 That every one the ready way may go.
 But you seem so resolved in your mind,
 That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
 But Youth consider once again I pray,
 The troubles of a now approaching day.
 For sore amazements will you overtake,
 Unless you do your purposes forsake.
 If once our Church the day obtains, be sure
 Then down you Hereticks must go for ever.
 Let former stroaks of Justice take such place,
 As for to move you wisely to embrace
 That counsel which in tender love I give,
 That you in safety evermore may live.
 Or you'll repent that ever you begun
 These dang'rous wayes of Heresie to run.
 'Tis a dark doleful dangerous path you go,
 Recant therefore as many others do.

Professor.

*You may mistake, sometimes the waters flow,
 Yet on a sudden I observe them low,
 A Haman may maliciously devise
 Poor Mordecai, and others to surprise,
 Yet may his purposes meet with a blast,
 And he himself be hanged too at last.
 The flesh with all its lusts to mortifie,
 Its hard to those that love Iniquity.*

An old Apostate and young Professor. 183

*The way to Papists wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.
The way seems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' flesh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven;
'Tis dark to you, because that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpose in dark foot-steps mind.
I've a sure hand to lead my trampling paces,
To scape the danger of those dang'rous spaces.
I shall pass safe, by means of my best Guide,
Though thousands fall by me on every side.
For to turn back will prove a doleful fault,
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am resolv'd a thousand deaths to die,
Before I'll ever yield to Popery.*

Apostate.

*Thou art too strict, too righteous and precise,
Thou slight'st such things which prudent men do prize;
Thou may'st have Christ, pleasure and honours too,
And saved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto Rome are not at all inclin'd.*

Professor.

*You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with straits and strife.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'll blame your self, and me you'll justify.*

Did

Did ever any one a dying Bed
Lament that they were by Gods Spirit led
To crucifie their sins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jesus sake?
If Righteous ones, alafs scarce saved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holiness to walk, what e'r you say,
I from the paths of life will never stray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and strait,
And leads me also through a *Thorny Gate*,
Whose searching Pricks are very sharp and fell,
The way to *Heav'n* is by the Gates of *Hell*.
Your way 'tis true seems very smooth and wide,
Since you from Christ have lately turn'd aside.
My Paths seem long, yours short and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet Sir beware,
The safest path is not alwayes most even,
The way to *Hell*'s like to a seeming *Heaven*. (sure,
Shall proud Flesh wantons for a moments plea-
Expose themselves to shame, and loss of treasure?
They'll spend their strength, their gold, and their e-
Amongst their sensual dame-hellish-mates. (state,
Shall cursed Pleasures thus be priz'd, and must
The joys above be cheaper than a lust?
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoyst his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venture on the point of Spears,
And face the mouths of Cannons! nought he fears:
With courage stout how will he fight i'th' Flood,
When Brinish Seas are mixt with humane blood!

Shall

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run his lust for to fulfil?
And shall not I, when God commands me forth,
Engage for him with all my might on earth?
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless life,
Be judg'd a trifle, and not worth a strife?
That which vain man accounts most rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much cost and care,
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who ventures nothing, nothing gains.
And shall I then be startled with a frown,
When full assur'd of an Eternal Crown?
The strife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompensed be I'm sure i th' end.
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
His strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me!

Apostate.

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run
In your strict ways until you'r quite undone!
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
And you will find 'tis best for you to take
The Counsel which I give; for you'll espy
Great Ruin fall upon you suddenly.
Your Father will not own you for his Son,
If in this foolish strictness you'll go on;
His Face expect hereafter not to see,
If this your purpose and your pleasure be.

M

Professor.